# Labor and Socialism-An Interesting Address

fast branches of the Independent Labor party Rev. R. J. Campbell, of new theology fame, delivered an address in the Ulster Hall on "Labor and Socialism." Mr. T. Henderson presided, and the hall was crowded, the lecturer receiving

an enthusiastic welcome. The chairman, in briefly introducing the lecturer, said Socialism had entered on a phase in Belfast very different from that which it had to face some years ago. A Socialist could now go out into the streets and deliver his message, and, in spite of the efforts of opponents from the manager of the tramways down or up to blinded working men, it was making progress, and would make greater progress in the future. (Applause.)

Rev. R. J. Campbell, who was cordially received, said it might be perhaps that the cordiality of his welcome was in part due to the fact that he was an Ulster man himself-(applause)-though absolutely owing to circumstances over which he had no control born in London. (Laughter.) He had been asked to come to Belfast by a great many people from time to time, and he never quite knew who was who; but when he was approached by the London representative of the society under whose auspices he would speak the following night on the subject of Socialism he consented, adding the request that if possible that society should co-operate with the local I.L.P. (Applause.) Well, he did not know why that had not been done. Perhaps it did not matter much, but when he found out that the local I.L.P. wanted an address all to itself he thought it better to fall into line. (Applause.) He did not select the subject on which he had been announced to speak that night. As a rule he had found it better in addressing audiences of Labor men throughout England to confine himself to one or at the most two practical aspects of

#### The Great Labor Question,

but as they had announced him to speak upon Labor and Socialism he would do his best to deal with the general question first and the practical aspect of it afterwards, for there was sense in which the relaion of Socialism to Labor was one of great practical importance at the present day. All Labor representatives and Labor workers in the cause of economic freedom were not Socialists; but there was a practical alliance between the Labor party in the broad sense and the Socialist party in England, and he supposed it was the same in Ireland. He thought perhaps that relation needed explaining to an ordinary audience. It was his experience in England that even working men did not understand what was meant when ing necessarily of a party of Socialists—he merely an economic movement, and that was side laborers were from 14s. to 17s. per week, see that landlordism should not do as it pleas—the speaker) wished they were—(applause) why it was being preached today with all the and he was informed there were thousands of ed with population in congested centres?

NDER the auspices of the Bel- and others thought that Socialism had that Labor represented the class interest of the workers-that and nothing else. He hoped to show them that night that in conformity with the practical genius of the British people they had managed to strike out a useful working alliance between thorough-going representatives of Labor who were not necessasrily Socialists and the Socialists who were able to march side by side with them towards a more distant goal. (Applause.) At the outset he wished to state that neither Socialism as an economic ideal nor the Labor party as a whole were to be identified with any brand of religious thought or any kind of theology-old or new. He said that because it was possible his reputation had travelled as far as Belfast. As Paul said to the men of Athens he might say to the men of Belfast in the words of the revised version-"In all things

Ye Are Very Religious." (Laughter.) He dare not put it in the-other way. (Laughter.) He had not come to put in a plea for any kind of theology, either his own or anybody else's. He was glad to be side by side on the Socialist platform with men of all denominations and of none. On the other side of the water nobody had done more for Socialism than a section of the High Church clergy, and in the House of Commons they had in the Labor party Pete Curran, who was a Catholic, and local preachers of the Methodist denomination like Mr. Henderson, and men of all sections of religious thought. There was a movement rising spontaneously in every country in the civilized world, and it had developed what one might call an "international conscience" though it had scarcely attained to self-realization-and that movement was Socialism. The Belfast Orangemen -his heart titillated a little at the word because he once wore an Orange ribbon himself before his hair grew gray—(laughter)—if they were to go to any other country and parade on the Twelfth of July would find that no person heeded them, however strong their language about the Pope might be. (Laughter.) The people would not understand them. The party they belonged to was local and limited; it was not international; it did not matter to the rest of the world. Only to Socialism had it been left to say "We stand not for ourselves alone, but for mankind." (Applause.) They would have observed the protest made in the House of Commons against the visit of His Majesty the King to the Tsar of Russia. Whether that protest, politically, was wise or whether it was not, it sprang from the consciousness that the cause of the unprivileged in this country was the cause of the unprivileged in that country. (Applause.) There was no ignoring that movement. had to be taken into consideration by diplothey spoke about the Labor party in the House matists and statesmen of all kinds and of all

forced fervor of a religion. He thought therewere not a few men in that hall who would say that it ought to be, because at bottom it was what the Christian religion was really aiming at—the objective of Christianity was the creation of the kingdom of God upon earth as it was in heaven, and if that was not also the objective of Socialism he did not understand the meaning of the word. (Applause.) What was Socialism, and where did it come from? It was hard to give a definition that would satisfy everyone, but then he could not get a definition of Christianity that would satisfy everyone. (Laughter.) The definition depended altogether on the point of view. It might be defined from the material point of

An Economic Formula, and also from the ideal point of view. Socialism, like all great movements, started from a moral principle, "All for each and each for all." Modern Socialism began in a revolt, and though it could be proved that it had existed in the world for five thousand years it was for practical purposes only a few generations old. The theory of Karl Marx was not the theory of the I.L.P. They did not believe in the class war. They stood not for the interest, but for the emancipation, of a class. They did not believe in a revolution that would secure all they were advocating perfectly complete within twenty-four hours. They were now breeding a race of Labor statesmen, who were getting what they aimed at point by point. Instead of trying to gain their end by revolution they

were trying to gain it by Constitutional Agitation He could not refer to that without alluding to the debt the Labor party owed to trades unionism. That was not to say that trades unionism was Socialistic, but, so far as it went, it had aided Socialistic policy. After a sketch of the effects of the industrial system, which by the concentration of capital in a few hands forbade the workman to cross the gulf, the speaker said trades unionism had had to fight its way against persecution and opposition and in the teeth of the dominant school of political philosophy, whose motto was "Each man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost." They had not won the whole battle yet. Trades unionism had done great things yet. Trades unionism had done great things for the aristocracy of labor, but there were sections of the population for which it had done little or nothing. He had obtained some figures in regard to Belfast which seemed to show that, and if there was a row about them he would not be there when it broke out. (Laughter.) As they all knew from Rowntree's great book "Poverty," the minimum weekly wage on which a family could be brought up with health and efficiency was 21s. 6d. The cost of living in Belfast was not less 6d. The cost of living in Belfast was not less than York. Well, he found that the average

men working in the city for 15s. per week. Dr. Therefore the Labor party proposed to lay King-Kerr, the chairman of the Health com- strong hands upon the uncarned increment. mittee, pointed out the other day that the cost of providing groceries for contact cases at the isolation hospital was 1s. per day, or 7s. a week, per head. If an average family numbered five 7s. per week would mean 35s. for provisions alone out of 15s. 6d. or 25s. a week. There was still something for the combination of labor to accomplish in Belfast. Was it true that in Belfast three thousand men had been paid off during the past week in the shipyards? Trades unionism had not done everything that needed to be done in grappling with the

Power of Private Property

in such a respect as that. The time was coming when the programme of trades unionism would be enlarged, as it had been enlarged in the past, for in fighting a cause like that trades unionism and Socialism need not be in separate camps. They were marching shoulder to shoulder and side by side. (Applause.) was therefore one of those who thought that the alliance of organized labor, independent of economic theories, with the Socialism of the present day in returning representatives to parliament was a good practical working arrangement. He said that, while at the same time hoping to live to see the day that Socialism would be a force so formidable in the community that they would be the party of progress, called by that name, and all other parties would have to muddle together for protection against them. (Applause.) He now came to the second part of his speech. wished to say a word upon two practical aspects of the Labor party's programme. The people of Belfast were a canny race, and might, want to know exactly what they proposed to do next. Well, he could not go through the whole programme, but he could tell them a little of what they were thinking about in re-ference to the land question, particularly as it related to housing. The land question was at the bottom of most of their social ills in that city or in any other city. (Applause.) Prominent statesmen had told them, and all temperance workers, too, that if they would only grapple effectively with the drink traffic they would have solved the problem of poverty. Oh, no, no. It was not the public-house landlord they needed to deal with, so much as with the landlords, (Applause.) The question might not affect them the same way as it did in London, but had they got rid of the jerry-built houses in Belfast? Were they quite sure that their sanitation was ideal, especially in the schools to which they sent their children? (Applause.) A phase of landlordism came in there that they would have to tackle better than they were doing. An influence that was keeping back the solution of the education question in England was the influence of

The Cleric in the Schools. wages for corporation laborers in this city were Belfast had been growing. Had not the time

strong hands upon the unearned increment. (Applause.) They did not propose to lay violent hands on privately-owned land until they were ready to administer it, and the best and most practical way of getting their own was to make sure that speculation in land and errybuilding, which was only another phase of it, should be put an end to. They claimed the right of the public authority to take over all land at agricultural value, and only to the community which created it should the increment go. (Applause.) With reference to the question of female labor, he would point out to them that, while organized male labor had won a great part of its battle, that was far from being the case with women workers broadly speaking. They told him that in Belfast the question of female suffrage had not excited any general attention, or where it had it was received with derision. They could laugh at him if they wanted, but he saw the economic dependence of woman upon man was unjust. The time was coming when Socialists were going to insist upon women's citizenship and the endowment of motherhood. They might have to interfere a good deal with the laws relating to marriage and divorce, not because they wanted to break up the home, but because they wanted to save it. (Applause.) In some great London houses the wages paid to women were so low that they had to eke them out by shameful means. And not only was that known to the people who profited by their labor, but they were engaged on that understanding. (Shame.) He spoke of what he knew, but he told them honestly he could not prove it. Care was taken that one could not prove it. It might be the same, for anything he knew, even in Belfast. If it was not it was not the fault of those who employed women there at starvation wages. He was toldthey could contradict him if it was not true-(a Voice-"Call out their names")-that they averaged from one penny to twopence an hour -sweating. Twopence an hour was considered good pay, and the rate frequently fell below a penny an hour for making the cheaper class of goods. There was an instance which could be verified, and more such cases would be brought before the public before long, where a woman made shirts at twopence per garment, providing her own thread. A stranger was telling them facts that were at their own door. Let the citizens of Belfast see to it that these conditions which prevailed in every great in-dustrial centre, not only in Ireland but England and Scotland, were done away with for ever. (Applause.) They had to do more than talk chivalrously about women, and recognize that they performed functions for the state as important and more sacred than men. They should give to women the economic freedom they demanded for themselves, and so prepare the way for a new humanity, strong of limb, clear of head, and great of soul. (Applause.)

The meeting concluded with the singing of "The Red Flag."

## General Buller's Funeral

HE Tuneral of General Sir Redvers Buller, which took place today at Crediton with full military honors, and amid the mourning of the whole country, will be remembered as a most fittable event in the lives of those who witnessed it, writes the Exeter correspondent of the London Standard under date of June 5. All the details of the military honors—the slow, sad pro-

of those who witnessed it, writes the Exeter correspondent of the London Standard
under date of June 5. All the details of
the military honors—the slow, sad procession of the troops, with arms reversed, the coffin
lying on the gun carriage, the flutes wailing out
the Dead March in "Saul"—the guns fired as the
body was lowered into the grave beneath the limes,
and the bugles of the Rifle Brigade sounding the
"Last Post" when the Benediction had been given—
all these emblems of honor to the memory of General
Buller will be handed down as cherished traditions
with the tales of Drake and Hawkins, and of the other
Devon worthies who brought undying distinction and
renown to their native country.

Mourners poured in from every part of Devonshire; they passed up to the little red sandstone
church which dominates Crediton, and then they returned to take up their post on the route by which the
long procession was to pass. Before three o'clock
there was a row of people lining both sides of the
route, densely packed wherever there was any point
of vantage, and all, or nearly all, were wearing
mourning out of sorrow for the dead. The people
came from miles around, some of them on bicycles,
others by train; but it was plain that many had
walked great distances, feeling it to be their duty
to pay all honor on this, the last possible occasion,
to their great countryman. There was a long and
solemn period of waiting. Those in the churchyard
could hear the buzz of conversation in the distance,
never rising loud, but ever and again giving place
to perfect silence as the people thought that they saw
the head of the procession in the distance. From the
church could be heard the organ playing solemn
tunes, and the bells were chimed slowly, each stroke
enforcing the solemn note of mourning for the dead.

As the procession started from the house there was
the sound of the salutes from the gun, booming in
the distance, and making the church windows rattle.
The sound of the procession is the low note of the big drum
insistently

with their colors creped and with crepe enveloping their drums. The band formed up below the Yeomen, playing the "Dead March" as their comrades diled within the churchyard gates and lined they paths leading to the church.

The buglers of the King's Royal Rifles and the 3rd Battalion of the Rifle Brigade followed, immediately preceding the gun carriage, which was drawn by six horses, and bore the coffin. The Union Jack was spread over it and upon the top lay the late General's sword and plumed hat. Behind came Biffin, the charger on which the general rode into Ladysmith. A number of distinguished officers, including Sir Evelyn Wood, followed the coffin, then came the carriages with the principal mourners and more officers and then a detachment of the Naval Volunteers, the Crediton Fire Brigade the 4th Battalion of the Devons, and the Cyclists' Corps, carriages with the servants from Downes, and representatives from the Court and Chevy Chase Lodge of which Sir Redvers Buller was a member,

The scene at the churchyard impressed all who saw it by its dignity and by its magnificence. Behind lay the church, a background of dull red, flanked by rows of magnificent lime trees. Between the Devons, in their red tunics, standing, some with arms reversed and bent heads, some with their arms at present, stood the choristers and the clergy, with dark purple stoles and an occasional scarlet hood setting off the brilliant white of their surplices. At the head of the procession of the clergy was the crosier, and beside it stood the Bishop of Exeter. Slowly the coffin, followed by pall-bearers in brilliant uniforms, with their breasts ablaze with medals, and the members of the family, was borne towards the church.

Outside and inside the churchyard every man

bers of the family, was borne towards the church.

Outside and inside the churchyard every man stood bare-headed. From within the church came the sounds of Chopin's "Funeral March." There was a slight pause, and, with the sounds of the officers' scabbards ratiling on the rough granite setts, and of the Devons bringing their reversed arms to the present, the procession, headed by the choristers, moved into the church to the solemn opening words of the burial service. The coffin was borne up the aisle to the chancel, where it rested amid a mass of flowers, which gave their testimony to the admiration with which Sir Redvers Buller was regarded, and in the church the military character of the funeral seemed to fall into abeyance.

The church was reserved for the close personal friends of the late General, for the high military dignitaries who attended the service, and for his immediate dependents, and it seemed as if one were present at the burial of a tribal chief. The services that Buller rendered to the nation were forgotten in an instant, and it was clear that the tribute paid in the church was a tribute of affection and not a national duty, rendered however generously, with a tional duty, rendered however generously, with a sense of obligation. The family mourners and the pall-bearers took their seats in the channel above the choir, and the other military guests took their seats among the dependents who had come from the estate, the scarlet contrasting vividly with the black.

"Lead, Kindly Light," was started by the choir, "Lead, Kindly Light," was started by the choir, and the whole congregation joined with an intense spirit of conviction, all singing with low, subdued voices—voices crushed here and there by emotion. "Lord, Thou hast been our refuge and strength," was then sung, and after the wonderful lesson from St. Paul had been read, all joined in singing, "Peace, peace, perfect peace." The Dead March in "Saul" was played, and the procession re-formed and slowly moved down the church, headed by the choir, singing, "Ten thousand times ten thousand."

"Ten thousand times ten thousand."

The congregation gathered round the open vault. The coffin was lowered in perfect silence and, with a suddenness almost startling, the first of the seventeen salutes was fired, crashing and reverberating among the hills and trees. The frightened rooks fiew round and round, clamoring and cawing as the shots boomed out in rapid succession, interrupting the words of the service. All joined in a body and reverently repeated, "Our Father, which art in Heaven." The Benediction was pronouced, and the trumpeters of the King's Royal Rifles sounded the "Last Post": the mourners dispersed, the people outside the churchyard still standing silently respecting the grief of a family which has been dear to them for generations. The coffin bore the following inscription:

"Redvers Henry Buller, of Downes, General, Colonel Commandant of the King's Royal Rine Corps,"

C.C., G.C.B., G.C.M.G., P.C.. Born December 7, 1839. Died June 2, 1908."

The officers in the procession included Sir Evelyn Wood, representing the King; Lord Grenfell, representing the Prince of Wales; Sir Ronald Lane, representing the Duke of Connaught; Mayor Martin, representing Prince and Princess Christian; Generals Sir Ian Hamilton, Sir Reginald Gipps, Colonel Sir A. Davidson, Major-General J. C. Daiton, Sir Thomas Gallwey, representing the Army Medical Service; Major-General Miles, Major-General Sir A. S. Wynne, Lieut.-General Sir William Kelly, General Sir Thomas Fraser, Colonel F. Gordon and Lord Dundonald.

The pall-bearers were Sir Frederick Stopford, General Robert Wynne, General Sir Richard Harrison, Admiral Sir W. Fawkes, Quartermaster-General Miles, Colonel Pemberton, General Sir E. Hutton and General Sir Reginald Pole-Carew.

### KAISER WILHELM'S HORSES

The type of horse he prefers to ride is a big, powerful, upstanding animal that can get over the ground well. Englishmen who have seen the royal stables are surprised to find that the thoroughbred is conspicuous by its absence, but it must not be forgotten that in military Germany—where the needs of the army are considered first, last and all the time, and where few people except officers ride—the primary conception of a horse, unless for racing purposes, is of a regimental charger. The ideal steed is one that will look well on parade, carry trappings to advantage, and be docile and easy to train, without unnecessary nerves or fine-lady feelings.

The seven or eight horses regularly ridden by the Emperor are all splendid animals of their class and type. They include several big weight-carrying Irish and English hunters, and horses from the great governmental breeding establishments in Trakehnen and

Hanover.

The direction of the whole complicated machinery in connection with the administration, financial and otherwise, of the royal stables, is in the capable hands of Baron von Reischbach, a kaiser's oberstallmeister, who formerly served in a similar capacity to the late Empress Frederick. He, too, is a brilliant rider and an excellent judge of horseflesh, possessing a capacity for hard work and organization, upon which his position makes frequent demands. He it is who effectively controls the various measures for the proper feeding, exercise and training of 360 saddle horses and carriage horses and who maintains discipline and efficiency among the small army of grooms, coachmen and officials attached to the royal service.

To explain why the stables are royal, not imperial,

efficiency among the small army of grooms, coachmen and officials attached to the royal service.

To explain why the stables are royal, not imperial, it must be remembered that they are part of the appanage of the King of Prussia, not of the German Emperor, and all of their expenses fall on the Prussian exchequer, not that of the empire.

It is not often that the Kaiser is able to follow hounds, but once or twice during every season he manages to attend the meet of the royal hunt at Dobertiz. This pack of foxhounds hunts, not foxes—they do not exist in the Mark Brandenburg—but two-year-old wild boars, which are carted over from the royal forests. Usually his majesty rides one of his English hunters, Matador and Marlborough, fine gray horses both, quick movers and excellent jumpers. The pace on these occasions is almost always very fast. There are no fences to jump, but the quarry makes its way over some very rough country, and plenty of opportunity is found for plucky and skilful riding.

In the neighborhood of Potsdam and the Neues Palais, wide, smooth, level cart roads run for many miles under shady avenues of trees through the open, fenceless cornfields. Their light, sandy soil makes them a fine galloping track, and they are much used by the court.—Munsey's Magazine.

### How One Hero Died

OWARDS evening of a day in the late spring of 1905 two men pushed their jaded horses into the shifting ford where the Dalton trail crosses the Kicking Horse river, just above the point where the latter empties into the Chilkat, and marks a point on the international boundary line between Alaska and British Columbia. The crossing, always dangerous, was at its worst. The river, at flood height from melting snows, was surging by, its foam white surface tossing and rolling like the waters of a boiling caldron. Part of the firm bar of the ford was washed away, and in its place heaved a bottomiess bed of quick-sands. Halfway over, one after another, the horses lost their footing and began floundering helplessly in the yielding sand.

The first of the men threw himself from his sad-

in the yielding sand.

The first of the men threw himself from his saddle to ease his struggling mount, whereupon the frightened animal, released from its burden, sprang forward jerking the bridle from its riders hand, lunged its way through to the bank and galloped off. The other horse was swept down to a firm bar, where, regaining its feet, it picked its way to the bank, its rider still in the saddle. On regaining the trail, the latter was horrified to behold his companion, the grim resignation of the hopelessly doomed already showing in his face, rapidly settling down into the treacherous quicksands scarce thirty feet from the bank. With whip and spur he endeavored to force his horse to carry him to the aid of the sinking man, but the animal, shivering with fright, refused to budge. Failing in this endeavor, the resolute fellow sprang from his saddle and rushed down the bank and out into the raging river, bent on a desperate effort to save the life of his unfortunate comrade.

At this time not a sound had come from the man

effort to save the life of his unfortunate comrade.

At this time not a sound had come from the man in the quicksands. The icy fingers of the river crept higher and higher upon him as the sand pulled relentlessly from below. Now the water lapped about his waist, and now, as the current carried away a body of sand somewhere below, he felt its chill line upon his chest. He had struggled while there was hope, and when hope was gone he had ceased to struggle. He almost smiled as the horse balked on the bank, so far beyond human help he knew himself to be, but when his companion rushed into the river and started wading to his rescue, the careless look gave way to one of concern and consternation, and he broke silence for the first time.

"Get out of this, Jack, you fool!" he shouted above

gave way to one of concern and consternation, and he broke silence for the first time.

"Get out of this, Jack, you fool!" he shouted above the roar of the river; "you can't help me a bit, and you'll only get stuck yourself." Still the would be rescuer pressed on, fighting his way through the raging current to a point where another step would have placed him, too, in the grip of the sand devil. Then a sudden inspiration came to the doomed man. One of his submerged hands fumbled for a moment at his holster, to quickly appear above the surface with its numbing fingers grasping the handle of a big revolver, and the two men, friends of a friend-ship such as exists only between those who have done and dared together, looked into each other's eyes along the blue-barrel of the dripping forty-four.

"Jack, old man," came in steady accents from the untrembling lips of the man who held the revolver, "I've got less than a minute to live—don't send me to death with a stain of murder on my soul. You know as well as I do that these cartridges are waterproof. Come another step and I'll shoot!"

For an instant the other hesitated. In that instant the surface waterpress. For an instant the other hesitated. In that in-ant the surging undercurrent of the river tore

away another huge mass in the bowels of the sand bed, and he pulled himself back and reached a stable footing just in time to see his comrade, his hard set features relaxing into a smile of farewell, sink out of sight under a spinning patch of yellow foam.

The following day this brief entry was made in the record book of the Northwest Mounted Police at Pleasant Camp, under date of May 19, 1905:

"Constable Frederick Hillier met death by drowning at the ford of the Kicking Horse river while returning from border patrol duty at 5 p. m. yesterday. The report, brought in by Constable John Harford, reached here too late to go on record of 18th. Immediate application has been made to Sergeant-Major Barlow, Atlin Division, for a substitute, the miners' trouble at Porcupine making imperative the maintenance of the full quota of men at this station."

This entry, together with the incident which it records, reveals the two great elements which have conspired to make the mounted police of the Northwest of Canada the most efficient body of men of its kind in the world today, if not in history. A Story of Another Kind

The following story of Bismarck may serve as a companion picture to the foregoing: Bismarck was out shooting with a friend, when the latter slipped into a bog and cried for help.

into a bog and cried for help.

"I'm afraid I cannot help you unless I also die," said Bismarck, "and that would be no advantage to either of us. But rather than see you suffer a lingering death I will shoot you through the head. Now, keep still for the love of heaven or I may miss you.

With this he raised his gun to his shoulder and took steady aim. The sinking man was so horrified that he made one sudden and terrific effort, and was

"There you are, my boy," said Bismarck, "you see you could get out alone. To have attempted your rescue would have meant suicide for me."—L. R. Freeman, in New York Tribune.

Among the Canadians who are making a name for themselves in the United States is the Hon. Duncan E. McKinlay, member of the House of Rrepresentatives for the second district of California, says Toronto Saturday Night. Born and brought up in the neighborhood of Orillia, Ont., Mr. McKinlay, who is still a few years on the right side of fifty, left Ontario twenty-five years ago for the Pacific. Coast, where he won both fame and fortune. A Republican in politics, he is a warm friend and ardent admirer of Taft, and has been one of the Secretary's chief lieutenants in his fight for the Presidential nomination. An eloquent speaker and effective stumper, Mr. McKinlay is likely to be more prominent in his party, and much more widely known at the close of the Presidential campaign, in which he is booked to tour in the East as well as in his own state.

Mr. McKinlay recently visited his home town, to fulfil an engagement, made some time ago, but broken through illness, to address the Orillia Canadian Club on the subject of the Panama Canal, which he visited some time ago in an official capacity. He told a wonderful story of the marvellous progress made by the Americans in prosecuting that great work, which, he predicted, would for the first twenty-five years after its completion, at least, be of greater benefit to Canada than to the United States—that is, from the commercial rather than the military standard.

T is Bryan velt,' Lincoln Steffens isn't Bryan that I ture, steadier, qu

his doctrines are this is a remarka From the mo "cross of gold," leadership of the had against him ganization, and have you ever the the Democratic zation methods, appealed to the themselves, and counted. Like Follette and Fo power of public this power he has day in and day and preaching, he has been wat -best test of all defeated and defe

And he is un tion is unchange Bryan as much hate and fear M Roosevelt, Mr. I leader of his part ledges that he is ple, true to his p and full of hope.

In brief, there about the charact does he teach? What does he th does he propose

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"When I first we were resting, influence upon t myself never to a moral responsil gotten it."

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Mr. Bryan is vidualist, and h on the moral re woman. But he the conditions of cures, and when the cause of the

ready: "The opport We have a rich tural resources,