

ization will make it the greatest of centuries; a motto, whose incarnation in industrial life will show capitalist and laborer, alike, that their interests are mutual, and that each can advance only as the other advances; a motto the working out of which will settle the warring, which has taught the laborer that his employer is his oppressor, and, the employer that his workman is his robber. That motto is CO-OPERATION.

Nineteenth Century manhood has been unequal to this problem. The dying century bequeaths it to the dawning one. That dawning century calls for us the workers in its opening act to press onward to the highest goal of manhood.

With this diseased industrial life must be associated the diseased social organism. The social status of to-day cries to the dawning century for a remedy. "The Song of the Shirt," is the wail of a million voices, while a few more in their greed for glittering gold pile up their millions at the points of woman's bleeding fingers. The aristocracy of Caste cannot endure in our democratic age. The aristocracy of Culture yields to the advancing culture of the millions. But on the throne abdicated by Caste and Culture sits a more heartless tyrant. Aristocracy is bolstered on every side to-day by Capital. A chasm artificial, false, cruel, yawns between the social states.

The coming century calls for the incarnation of the "Sermon on the Mount," in its social life. The blighted life of childhood, the withered life of womanhood, the crushed life of aspiring manhood, wail between this artificial pressure. That wail is heard above the hum of the dawning century's industries, that wail is heard above the coming century's strains of social song, that wail declares that ere the coming century's social joy shall flow unimpeded, these wrongs must be avenged. These wrongs can be avenged by no etherial dreamers who would reform the world without doing the work of the Reformer; these wrongs can be righted by no select club, safely ensconced in softly-cushioned, and heavily-draped parlors, reading theoretical essays; they can be righted by no kid-gloved philanthropy, which is content to contribute money for the service, while sacrificing others' hearts in that service. Something nobler than money, must base the structure bridging the chasm. Across that chasm's gaping mouth must be flung the noblest manhood of our day and land. Only this sacrifice of such manhood can show that men are brothers, and that as brothers they must live. Hence the dawning century's cry, "To you, O Men! I call, and my voice is to the sons of men."

And the coming century brings its own problems. Already they gleam upon the horizon. Take the political corruption of our day. It stifles the public conscience, subverts the will of the people, AND RENDERS HONEST ADMINISTRATION IMPOSSIBLE. The past half century has witnessed a fearful growth of the spoils system in politics. Very