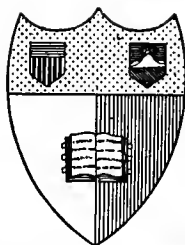


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BETWEEN ERAS

FROM

CAPITALISM TO DEMOCRACY

BY

ALBION W. SMALL

A CYCLE OF CONVERSATIONS AND
DISCOURSES WITH OCCASIONAL
SIDE-LIGHTS UPON THE
SPEAKERS

INTER-COLLEGIATE PRESS
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DEDICATED

TO THE FERTILE FELLOW-
SHIP OF MEN AND WOMEN
WHO RATE THE INTER-
ESTS OF THE WHOLE
ABOVE THE CLAIMS OF
THEIR SPECIAL KIND.

IF ALL MEN SAW THINGS
FROM THE SAME POINT
OF VIEW, THERE WOULD BE
NO SOCIAL PROBLEMS, AND
CONSEQUENTLY NO PROG-
RESS. THE WISER WE ARE,
THE MORE WE MAY ADD BOTH
TO OUR KNOWLEDGE AND TO
OUR VALUE FOR OUR FELLOW
MEN BY LOOKING OFTEN
AT LIFE THROUGH THE
EYES OF OUR OPPOSITES.

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THE PROBLEM

THE PROBLEM

I

THE PROBLEM

“The main thread of the story is the evolution of an ascending scale of wants in people’s minds.”

“AND bring them while I’m making out the order. *Nicht wahr*, old boy, first drown the taste of that show?”

“’Twas the limit in Paris last Winter, but set to blunt English it’s vile.”

“By way of rebate, though, I checked up a surprising voltage of Prexy Patton’s ‘moral indignation’! Case of survival probably. Didn’t know I still had that sort of talent!”

“If the gentle juice of corn fruit won’t restore our normal tone, there may be some virtue in the circumambient paraphernalia and deportment. If you want me to profit by your improving conversation, however, you’ll have to keep their various toploftinesses busy at a distance.”

“Things are rather correct here?”

“They give the plain Chicago voter a sinking feeling that his supply of used-to-it-all-my-life behavior may fail him at a critical juncture. I don’t suppose every college graduate in New York is a member?”

“Some of them have invested the equivalent in Yonkers house lots. Others are trying to work their credit up toward the figure, and meanwhile are serving their time in the army of discontent that fires blank ammunition at both clubs and property.”

“Do you blame them?”

“I should blame any man a heap more that had the price and didn’t get all there was in it.”

“Every time I come to New York lately,” diverged Lyon, “it seems to me more of a municipal panel house. You’ve got the scavengers and scavengings brushed out of sight, and the people in the show rooms put up a sober bluff of believing there’s no such thing as rot and riot behind the screen.”

“Are we different from Chicago?” cavilled Barclay.

“We have our share of the same old original sin, but you’ve done a lot more to develop your holdings.”

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"I thought Chicago owned up to being the wickedest town on earth?"

"Chicago doesn't own up to being the superlative anything. In the early days, when the men that made the place were too busy to be vicious, and too humdrum to make good copy, the newspaper boys worked their imaginations overtime turning out local stories. These pipes gave Chicago its reputation, and the rest of the country prefers fiction to fact. I'm no census sharp, but I'll confide to you my guess that fifteen feet of New York frontage cover more curdled milk of human kindness than the average Chicago block. We may be wicked, but so far as execution goes we lack form to keep with you into the semi-finals. We are fairly equipped with the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life; but for team work between them we are not in your class."

A scrap over the comparative merits of New York and Chicago was the regular warming-up practice whenever Barclay and Lyon had any time to themselves. Without it they would hardly have known how to resume their earlier chumminess. This time the wind veered till the standard of taste in the two towns was the storm centre. Lyon at last took to cover with the concession: "Yes, on the lower levels you distance us. We may be gluttons, for instance, but no one has called us epicures. If we could serve under-study terrapin like this, there would be less of the Chicago peril in Manhattan society. Stop me if it is *lèse majesté*, but my frontier taste demands a dash more sherry——"

"Honestly, can you get a decent meal in Chicago?" interrupted Barclay.

"If you are invited by the right people; not if you have to forage for yourself. For purposes of brute nutrition we're as well off as the rest of the world. If one craves the sort of feeding that insinuates flattering unction of combining all the virtues of philosopher, artist, patriot and saint—well, apropos! Chicago is not yet up to that method of administering the consolations of religion."

"Never mind Chicago any more in general," prompted Barclay. "You and Bob are the only worth-while particulars. Post me about him to date. You know his father never mentions his name in the office, and our orbits seldom cross

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outside. Mr. Halleck and I work together all right, but the suspicion won't down that I get on his nerves. I'm in the place he intended for Bob. He used to imagine a firm of Halleck and Halleck at the head of the New York bar. It will violate no confidence to remark in passing that one or two jealous rivals might possibly contest this rank with Halleck, Siemens and Barclay. The senior was to furnish the legal lore and Bob the fireworks. Mr. Halleck was never a good mixer, but he hoped his son would have a taste for popularity. The old man has the temper for a Tammany Boss, if he could get in all his work behind a figure head. You remember when Bob was a Freshman he could keep up his end of a wrangle with any upper classman, whether he knew anything about the subject or not. From the time Bob began to talk, his father's chief amusement was to tease him into argument and teach him all the logical leads and counters and side steps. He wasn't stuffed with books, but his father did everything he knew to make him shifty. If he had turned out a composite of Evarts and Choate and Root, with strains of Metternich and Disraeli and Bismarck, Mr. Halleck would have been merely satisfied, not surprised; and he would have credited honors about equally between blood and training. If Bob had gone into business and broken the code, his father would have shot himself like a gentleman. If the boy had run off with another man's wife, the stern parent in the case wouldn't have had to make a pretense of being mad all through; and when he fed the proper phrases to the reporters he would have been sincere enough; but he would have consoled himself in private with the offset that the rascal at least had nerve. But to turn out a parson! The governor has been groggy ever since. Vice might have the saving element of virility, but that a son of his, with the chances he had, should turn his back on man's work and take to preaching and praying, is a freak of nature without a redeeming feature that his philosophy can discover. It strikes him as a poltroonery, an unsexing of himself, something unclean and obscene, not to be excused nor even decently named. — But I've slid into quite an opening for the prosecution! You'd know I was the talking partner. The case has been making itself up in my mind though, these dozen years, and if my chief should give the word I could try it for him with a good

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deal of his own spirit. In his place I should feel about the same way."

Lyon was evidently taken by surprise. He began rather uncertainly:—

"I haven't exactly specialized on the clergy, but in this particular case the defense needn't go by default. The record might very well start with those little affairs in which Bob used to give Yale something to think about. To the best of my recollection, when he was ripping holes in the Elises they didn't act as though they thought the word 'virile' would overstate him. He's bucking a different line now, but it's a harder game. The toughs never had a stronger grip on our City Hall than they had a year and a half ago. Bob Halleck started a new Law and Order League. It turned out that he had to do the work while the rest hypothecated their moral support. He has had to fight everything, from averted glances to infernal machines, but the ordinances have never been so honestly enforced as in the past twelve months. If he should quit, the lid would be off in a week. He has paralyzed most of the church and temperance people by opening a resort in one of the labor districts, and running it seven days in the week in the interest of the men themselves. He didn't merely pronounce a benediction over a saloon and hand it back to the devil. He stays with it and steers it in the interest of good order. He says the way to tame the saloon is to tame it, and make it serve as a means, just as the right sort of club does for its members. He doesn't think one such experiment can cut any figure in competition with the bar business; but he is trying to show, in a sample instance, how the saloon evil might be turned into a relative good, with the right sort of management. He cuts out the idea of profits, and turns the whole net receipts into increasing the attractions of the place. He is making progress toward a system of memberships and petty dues that will carry the expenses without profits from the bar. Among other things, the men can cash their pay checks at the place, with no pressure to spend a cent. Bob doesn't expect to throw out liquor entirely, any more than he would tobacco; but nobody is bound to drink or smoke unless he wants to, and there is plenty of chance to have a good time doing something else. All the vicious elements in the town are fighting him on the crime, and the vicious and virtuous together are fighting him harder on the

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saloon. Whether his father would agree with his theories or not, it doesn't seem worth while to doubt Bob's nerve."

"But if he wanted to tackle that sort of thing," growled Barclay, "he could have done it better as a lawyer."

"Come now, dear boy," Lyon whispered, with a restraining *pianissimo* gesture, "we're not befuddling a jury. Our business is to get the law interpreted in the interest of our clients; and it isn't once in a thousand times that our client is the public. Bob knew what he wanted, and he chose his profession with his eyes open. He was as wise as you and I that if a lawyer puts in any time on social reforms people in the know either call it an advertising plunge or wonder what interest pays his fees. A minister may do things that get him rated as a fool, but that's supposed to be his job, and there's a presumption of sincerity in his favor."

"Suppose he is sincere?" fretted Barclay, "a minister's business sense isn't expected to go beyond touching the railroads for cut rates, and collecting easy money for wedding fees. He never gets a hearing with practical men when anything serious is up."

"That depends on the minister," Lyon calmly contradicted. "Before we are very far into the fight that's brewing in Chicago, the whole town will be calling on Bob Halleck and one or two other ministers of his stripe, with two or three women, to get things out of the hole your 'practical' men have dug. Professionally I can keep my countenance and reel off all the old stuff about the superior sagacity of business men; but personally, if I was gunning for owls I'd ask no better hunting ground than a directors' meeting."

"Then you pick Bob for a hawk?" cynically interpreted Barclay.

"For the kind of politics we're up against, yes, and the old style business man is as blind as a tenderloin policeman. I know lots of them that call it practical to make the wall as high and as thick as they can between themselves and their help, and to order a wage-cut, or a raise of prices simply because they have the power. They can't see beyond the better looking balance sheet tonight to the bad day-after-tomorrow. Bob Halleck wouldn't get chesty over that sort of monkeying with human nature."

"Human nature!" grimaced Barclay. "Yes, Bob took the thirty-third degree in that order when he married!"

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"The toast to the Queen might as well come in at this point," suavely proposed Lyon. "Woman! God bless her! We believe in her forever, in spite of all the women!"

They exchanged worldly-wise looks over the rims of their glasses, and Barclay vouchsafed the sage reflection:—

"The sentiment does you credit, my young friend, but it doesn't let Bob out."

"What do you know about his domestic affairs?" demanded Lyon with a touch of anxiety.

"I know enough for a salute of 'I-told-you-so's' if poetic justice ever comes to her own. From the time we squawked at one another out of our perambulators, Dora Doyle made trouble for Bob and me, until we went to prep school. We didn't set her to words, but if we had known how to phrase our state of mind we should have put her down simply as a necessary evil. Ridgewood was a handful of cottages then, and we three were the only children I remember. We seemed to be fixed in the order of things, and had to make the best of it. Dora was the sort of cross between turtle-dove and tiger-cat that lives to kill joy and monopolize privilege. Ten minutes of her pathetic racket would make us feel so mean she could bully us the rest of the day. We didn't see much of her for the next dozen years, but when Bob came back from Germany, and was waiting for a call, Dora was just settling her father's estate and managing her mother. There was little left but debts and the incompatible likenesses of the two women. Dora knew that Bob's mother had left him rich, but if she hadn't he was a man. His place in nature was to furnish a kingdom for feminine tyranny. The pathetic was mobilized and—I'm giving you my theory of course—before Bob could run up the not-in-control signal their names were on a marriage license. I felt a lot more like a pall-bearer when I had to pose as best man at that wedding. I should be a cad to talk like this to anybody else, but I'll be damned if I believe we're doing right by Bob not to call things by their right names. It's a tragedy, or I'm no mind reader. Nine years with Dora Doyle and Bob Halleck is either a clam or a slumbering volcano. I've never come to the point before, but I've always wondered when you'd begin to fill out the plot."

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"If you knew Chicago, 'twouldn't seem very strange," oriented Lyon, with uneasiness about passing from externals to the human factors. "Unless men are in the same line, living on the north and south sides might as well be New York and Boston. When one has business in the centre, and the other hasn't, they meet only by appointment. Bob belongs to one of the down town clubs that I do, but he seldom comes there. My father is treasurer of his church, and I'm down for my part at the finance end of everything Bob says is all right, but that's about as near as we get to each other. We have a 'phone talk every few days. I have probably not been in his house more than three or four times, and his wife was not always there. As a bachelor I'm not very well placed to entertain a minister and his wife; and to tell the truth she has handed the ice rather freely whenever I have made the attempt. That didn't strike me as particularly to her discredit. If she was not for me, she was clearly within her rights; and anyway I was too busy to chew the rag. But it's like having money in the bank to know Bob is within reach. Come to think of it, I'm afraid I've been letting him accumulate too long without drawing the interest."

"If I lived within as easy observing distance as you do," prognosticated Barclay, "I should take time enough from commercial law to follow one first-class case in alienism. Tolstoi and Zola never had better material. A woman with the soul of a siphon, and the cunning to work her weakness the harder, the less she ought to win; this woman with a life-lien on a man that's sheer strength and conscience—there's a situation to turn the best man's program upside down. Talk about your social problems! Here's a social problem all by itself. What can you say for a world that sacrifices such a man to a woman of her stamp? In a moment of freak generosity he promises to love and cherish her. If it had been a contract to deliver a load of coal, it could be vacated in the nearest court, on the ground that no equivalent could be rendered; but men are cheaper than coal. The most she ever did or can deserve of him is long distance charity, without further benefit of femininity. We rule that her claim to control and occupy is good, no matter if it licenses the worst in her and handicaps the best in him."

"I'm not quite on to your curves yet, Ray;—and Lyon's uncertainty was genuine. "What are you getting at, reform

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of the marriage institution in general, or a rescue expedition for Bob in particular?"

"Suppose we compromise and call it weather prediction. Here's an impossible situation. A woman who loves herself only, and with a cankered little love that is jealous even of an idea, if it refers away from herself. She's billeted on a man who wants to spend his life making the world better. Not a solitary thing can he undertake, from having a home with that spirit in it to winning business and politics over to his view, that isn't harder simply because she's his wife. Something's got to give way. Which is stronger, he or the situation?"

"Taking your estimate of ministers in general, along with your theory of Bob's matrimonial flunk in particular, it looks like an easy guess."

"That's all right, but I wasn't on oath in those sections of my deposition. Besides, if a good man couldn't make an ass of himself once in a lifetime without loss of rating, any one left outside the fool class would argue a broken down detective system. Bob is bound to realize his situation sooner or later. He's got to choose between carrying out his ideal and settling down as a caterer to his wife's perversities. If it was only a case of his whims against hers, it would be the old story of our play days. She'd win every time. But when it comes to a straight show-down between one shallow head and empty heart and the whole range of ideals that Bob believes in to improve the world, it's another proposition. What right has he to let her hold him back from making the most of himself? So long as it's merely a matter of carrying through a bad job, at the cost of his own comfort and happiness, why he'll be the same old dead game sport to the end; but if he once decides that he's being worked for a breach of trust, if he faces the immorality of squandering a leader of many men on demand of one hopelessly petty woman, if he sees himself as a pitiable type of defaulter, if he realizes that he is surrendering a mission to a superstition, the social proprieties will be due for a shake-up that will make his saloon and slum ventures look prudish."

"You wouldn't survive the disappointment if the catastrophe failed to connect?"

"Most likely not. You see, Dora was practically the only girl I ever knew. One of the reasons why I shall probably

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never marry, is that she is a fixed idea in my mind as a clue to every woman I meet. At any rate, if the boy is father to the man, it's a good gamble that Dora Doyle was mother to the woman that's Bob Halleck's wife."

"There's such a thing as change of character?"

"Yes, and then there isn't. Kingfishers don't grow up homing pigeons."

"But after all," ruled Lyon, "your case has no standing in court. You have produced no *corpus delicti*. Bob shows no signs of distress. He is making good all along the line. So far as the evidence goes, if there were Dora Doyles enough to go 'round they might make men of all the ministers."

"I'll admit the case isn't ready for trial, but I've freed my mind, and gone on record. Cause and effect may be off duty for a while, but if they are still earning wages you'll sometime remember what I've said."

"It may all mean something," Lyon admitted hypothetically, "but it doesn't appeal to me. My habits have given me the feeling that business and politics furnish the only actual troubles. To help us forget them, family scandals are invented, to be looked at over the footlights. They are no more real to my mind than Niobe's tears."

"Such simplicity I have not found, no not in Flatbush! You've got it precisely reversed. The serious things in life are not business and politics. These trifles are only the games we play to offset the private woes. Personal relations are our heaven and hell. We've contrived an intermediate state, but it's a doubtful success. The essence of life is the give and take of sympathy between man and man."

"That sounds like the real thing," endorsed Lyon, "but it's just the reason why it seems to me all a fiction that people who belong together can go back on one another. In business or politics, where men are mere counters, I'm prepared for it. I have never come in contact with treachery in real life between members of the same family. I can think of it only as part of the make-up of imitation people."

"Then Chicago parents ought to send their daughters to law offices instead of finishing schools."

"With judicious selection of the offices the daughters would be first-class risks. But on the material point, I can't imagine Bob Halleck's wife, whoever she were, clogging him in such a way that he would count her an enemy. However selfish or

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stupid she might have been at the start, he would be liberal and sane enough to pull her out of herself and gear her to his interests."

"Then you think the trees have sap enough to supply the surroundings with climate?"

"Well, I've always had the feeling that one fairly poised mind ought to have common sense enough for two."

"Before this night's memories get dimmed," blustered Barclay, "I swear I'll write a Willie in Wonderland. It's just the other way. A level headed man can stand all sorts of passive stupidity, and he can make a patient stagger at carrying it on his back, but if it gets domineering it's like a toothache. One can't be oneself with it. It's fight to a finish, one way or the other."

"To sum up evidence and argument," contested Lyon, "it's this,—You have a theory that the moon is inhabited; therefore that sort of folks can have no use for one another. If that's the grade of reasoning you sell as well as give away, my first duty when I get home will be to recommend a change of eastern advisers."

"My last act under the existing arrangements," notified Barclay, "will be to render my bill for dental surgery on belated wisdom teeth. 'Twas more of an operation than I bargained for. If I had suspected your innocence, I should have left it undisturbed. You might have gone back to your Chicago Eden without a doubt that it's all apple-blossoms and bowers of bliss with no trace of a serpent. But the mischief is afoot. Your mind has been poisoned. I suppose a sufficiently sophisticated suggestion might have served in place of a crime to inoculate the Marble Faun with a conscience. Any way, your eyes are open now. Bob is a problem play in real life. You can probably do nothing more than watch it for a while, but the time may come when you'll be drawn for a speaking part."

"Meanwhile it would relieve the tension," Lyon finically observed, "to know whether I'm liable for oculists' or dentists' rates."

"Slight overproduction of aliases and alibis, I'll allow," nodded Barclay, after checking up the connection, "but anyway all professions except ours charge what the traffic will bear."

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It was Lyon's turn to treat the subject confidentially. For a few moments the two men blew smoke rings in silence, and then in a half apologetic tone Lyon resumed the discussion:—

"I might as well own up that since we left the law school I've divided my time between getting the office into my head in the morning and pitching it completely enough out to sleep at night. 'Till I had to quit last year and take an ocean trip, my interests were either pure business or any counter irritant that would help me forget shop. That meant that I took nothing seriously except my own work. To start with, it was a good sample of the method we call 'practical,' to put a boy fresh from his books where an old head was needed. I stood fire all right; but the strain told, and left me rather numb for anything else, even amusements. I've been thinking lately that I've learned my lesson well enough to handle the professional end with a little lighter touch. What you have been saying falls in pretty well with a suspicion that began to creep in with that notion. I mistrust that business induces absent mindedness about the rest of the world. Since I've begun to take notice I feel like one of the babes in the wood. Except in corporation affairs I can't place things as well as I could ten years ago. Of course, we unlearn in that time a lot of things that are not so; but beyond that, people outside of my line seem to have got away from me. They're a little hazy and mythical. I have a sneaking feeling that either they are not real or I'm not. I make it out to be a demand for a change of ratio between business and life."

"Gives a fellow a sort of eaves-dropping-at-a-confessional feeling," undertoned Barclay, "to hear you go off in this fashion. When you swing over on such a tack I'm not skipper enough to follow. You might call it an air-ship chauffeur stunt. I'm not up to the part. I'm with you though that you can afford to look about a bit and watch other people."

Then after another silence, Barclay broke into a sort of apostrophe:—"Things are doing in the world that nobody understands. Whether they will go better when we do understand is another story; but people who like to see the wheels go 'round are missing the time of their lives in not prying more beyond their own circuit. I've always had a notion that the old chaps who tried to get a theory to explain life were picking up threads that would some day lead to something. None of them have arrived, so far as I know, but

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why shouldn't they? What is it all about? After a few billion more of us have served our term and made our record, there ought to be material for working conclusions. As far as I can see, fight and love are the two great commandments with promise. Life is automatic adjustment of their proportions. It takes a lot of fight along a lot of lines to get the conditions for a little love. Up to date, the problem for everybody is not whether to fight, but how. If you won't hold me up for what I said a minute ago, I'll let you in on my theory that fighting is the business of life. It's the biggest part of what we're all doing. We keep up a pious pother to disguise it, but the fight's the thing, wherever there's any going ahead. When we are wise enough to be genuine we shall stop trying to conceal it. After we've fought it out, love may have its chance. Love is the end, not the means. If any one can swipe a little of it as he goes along, he's that much ahead of the game; but the reason why we've made such a mess of life is that people have too soon got sick or ashamed of fighting. They have made a virtue of loving while it's only a luxury. That's the philosophy underneath my interest in Bob's case. He ought to be fighting that woman, not trying to love her."

Lyon was less able than usual to make out how much Barclay meant of what he said. With much the same uncertainty about himself he answered:—

"I've heard the theory that food and sex are the two forces that keep the world moving, and perhaps your 'fight and love' amounts to the same thing. It sounds like that crazy German Nietzsche, with his 'superman.' The philosophers may sometime get a clue that will place these things, but they all seem to be guessing at present. Edgerly, who married my sister you know, is professor of ethics in our University. His hobby is that the world so far has been a go-as-you-please race, and that the next step is to turn it into a scientific program. We've got to make up our minds what it's worth while to aim at, and then resolve ourselves into a coöperative world's bureau of social invention. His prescription is 'Take account of cause and effect in the whole range of life, select your scale of purposes, and adopt ways and means accordingly.' Your 'fight it out and love if you get a chance' has the call on the score of feasibility. It's a religion most of us could fairly well live down to; but I wouldn't name it as a winner in the

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long run. A fight is like stopping a fire by blowing up buildings. It's a confession that we've lost our grip, and it's recovery by means as destructive as the original evil. There's something wrong when we can't find any way out but a fight. This tussle we're up against in Chicago has got to be fought out of course. It's a simple case of must. I expect to fight as though I'd rather do it than eat. At the same time, the closer we come to it the more I'm haunted by the feeling that the whole business is a hell broth. As to the specific issues that are bringing the crash, we are absolutely right, and our position against the unions is strictly legal. I would rather fight till I'm beaten and forced into submission to superior strength, than yield another hair. All the same, I don't believe there should be any fight. We've got a false start so long as anybody has to be forced to surrender. All in all, things as we find them are a very respectable argument for resurrecting the devil hypothesis."

"When we get on a little further in penology," Barclay prophesied disgustedly, "there'll be a Class A in the bribe takers' penitentiary for your brand of trusties. Your price is a pious phrase. You pretend you don't believe in fighting, but you fight. I confess I do believe in fighting, because I fight. I size up the world by the same measure. What we do is what we believe, and we won't begin to do business on a cash basis till what we believe matches what we pretend. We have to fight for what we get in this world. Ergo, Have at! Give and take! Fight 'till the greater and less of forces have settled themselves. Then you have your world to stay. It's simply gravitation in all dimensions, with the disturbing factors of hysterics and hypocrisy thrown out."

"Edgerly would say you haven't sufficiently generalized your induction," objected Lyon. "It's his academic way of welshing when he hasn't an answer handy. I can't stop you, but I think you're off. You are simply blurting out what we are all doing; at least what we're doing first and foremost. You jump farther than I can to the conclusion that this tells the whole story. I can't submit a theory in rebuttal. I haven't thought beyond my sentimental challenge of appearances. I have a feeling though that our whole social system is assailable at the same point where I spot the weakness of your theory. The world is not made up of things but of people. Things gravitate, people climb. Things have a force

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of their own, but they get their values from people. Things are at most the housing. People are the life inside. I've never thought it out in this shape before, but to match your theory I'll spring the claim that the main thread of the story is the evolution of an ascending scale of wants in people's minds. Life is a game of living chess working out a more complicated scheme than any player could have had in advance."

"Repeat Edgerly again," gasped Barclay, "while I think!"

"No, don't think. Let's move for a stay of proceedings till next time. You New Yorkers mistake sunrise for the edge of the evening previous. I'm down for a heavy day's work before my train leaves tomorrow."

"Well, light one more any way, to help us back to earth."

Barclay and Lyon were fair specimens of that frank type of pagan upon which the destinies of modern Christianity depend. Their breeding might have been a theorem in eugenics. They had learned the traditional world in schools that still seemed to them the best of their kind. By grace of family connections they had learned the business world, through rapid promotion to responsibility that initiated them into commercial relations on a large scale. They had learned themselves, they had formed their own individuality, they had settled upon the valuations that decided their personal conduct, without conscious prejudice or embarrassment from any system or standard or code. They would have resented any imputation that they had not become themselves with perfect freedom from outside influence. The truth was that social moulds had merely eased pressure on them at the point where their world was tolerant of variation. They were accordingly of the time and of the social stratum that produced them, with the faintest marks of sub-classification. If hard pushed, they would have harked back to conventional beliefs amounting to a moral creed, and a wholesome one. Life to them meant doing, however, not defining. Their professional experience had come at them like troops of raiders. It had been a succession of challenges to repel attacks, to plan counter-attacks, to seize strategic positions, to follow up advantages. Their occupation had prescribed a rigid habit of mind. It had become second nature to choose distinct aims to be reached, and to rate everything at what it was worth

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as means to those ends. All their thinking and feeling was in terms of some concrete value-unit, avowed or implied. If anything was worth while, it was because it had a use in getting some result that they wanted. If they ever listened to talk of ideal values, it was in moments of relaxation that didn't count. They supposed themselves superior to illusions. In fact, their mental background was chiefly illusion, while their experience had explored a little segment of reality. They did not knowingly think by rule. They believed that the successful shall inherit the earth. If called upon to state their idea of success, more power in the market would be the chief item in the schedule. Yet they would insist on a blank reservation. If pushed farther they would say that success is control of the market, *plus*. Each of them had his moments of irritation because he could not put a clear meaning into that *plus*. Each of them occasionally wondered whether failure to run down that *plus* might not turn out to be leaving some vital point in his scheme of life unprotected. Yet these misgivings were wholly off-duty episodes. Expansion of trade and firmer grip on the conditions of production, were the chief landmarks within their horizon of strenuous action. All other good things seemed to them so absolutely dependent upon business that it cost no moral struggle to concentrate on commercial success. Although there was no recognized conflict, still the ghost of the *plus* might put in an appearance at any moment, either as jester or spectre, to cast suspicion on the completeness of the policy. The apparition had never been detained for examination. It was a fugitive conceit, passing with other fancies.

Certain anemic sorts of their contemporaries flattered their own self-esteem by labeling such as Barclay and Lyon "materialists." Their mean aims and sordid purposes were supposed by those same critics to mark the low estate of society. If the two men should plead to the indictment their answer would be:—"Our kind are the only respectable idealists. What's the use of dreaming about the impossible, or deifying the unattainable? It's a man's work to find the doable and do it."

THE MEDIATOR

II

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“Action, and happiness in action, and richer life for everybody as the result of action, were the literal terms of his theology.”

I N the four or five days just past Robert Halleck had been like the bearer of a flag of truce between two armies ready for battle. Old residents regarded the outlook as more threatening than at any time since the Haymarket affair. The form which the impending conflict had assumed during the last twenty-four hours had taken Halleck completely by surprise. He had for some time believed that a stronger labor combination was organizing than capital in this country had ever encountered. He was nevertheless entirely unprepared for the latest phases of its plan of campaign. All his attempts at conciliation had been wasted on details which now appeared to have been immaterial. He had not supposed it possible to unite organized labor in the United States in support of a position that would raise a radical question with capitalism. Labor conflicts had always before seemed to him mere trials of strength over division of spoils. They did little if anything either to promote the spirit of justice or to make its letter more clear. They merely measured the relative fighting force of opposing claimants. The conflict now at hand would mark a new departure and possibly open an epoch.

Both camps rated Halleck as their friend. He had volunteered as an informal mediator, and each had accepted his good offices. Both sides confided to him their views of the claims in dispute, but neither went so far as to tell him much more of its plans than was given to the public. Instead of showing results, the last few hours had revealed to him that his efforts had simply helped his friends in the labor party to gain time for more effective preparation against his friends the capitalists. The quarrels over details had merely masked manœuvres that were establishing bases for a fierce conflict of principle. Halleck was convinced of three points: first, the cause of the unions was just; second, the strike was wrong; third, peace was impossible.

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The faces of the two thousand people to whom he must speak the next morning began to shape themselves in Halleck's imagination. They all knew the signs of the coming storm. Whenever he preached they expected him to speak for the day and the hour. They knew it was not like him to put them off with ancient history, or with abstract theology, or with moral generalities, when they were interested in getting at the heart of a practical question.

Halleck was aware that this reputation was both his strength and his weakness. It made his opportunity and increased his difficulty. He never allowed himself to forget that he was trying to hold the attention of a type of people between those who ignore a preacher's appeals altogether, and those who want from him a "thus saith the Lord." Even the hearers who had been attracted by his method were enough like the average to want a dictum that would settle the right and wrong in specific cases, and show how the settlement might be enforced. They were not beyond suspecting sharp practice if they were told that there was truth and error on both sides. They were in danger of thinking it an evasion of the issue to trace the case in question back to fundamentals. They shared the common impulse to flout religion as a moral guide unless it offers instant relief of acute conditions.

Halleck was no writer of ethical essays. He did not believe in the pedagogue in the pulpit. If there had been times when the clergyman was the only person in the parish who was educated and could educate, those times were no longer in an American city. When he preached, he took for granted all the agencies for popular instruction. He assumed that his part was not to teach but to persuade and lead. He was a hard student, along lines which he believed to be closest to human needs; but he studied by system, not to furnish his next discourse. His sermons never smelled of books. His ideal was to know life so well that he could interpret it to his neighbors in a way to convince them of the direction their conduct ought to take. He did not put himself in special training for each next encounter with his congregation. He kept to his program of study, and thinking, and mixing with real people. Saturday evening and Sunday morning were reserved for suiting a message to the occasion. He mentally interviewed the persons likely to make up his audience, and the groups which some of them would represent. He asked

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himself "What is the glimpse into life that will most help these people at this moment?" The answer always came from the problem which he had found some of them tackling, or from some moral phase of an immediate public interest. Then he reflected whether the Bible contained any direct teaching on the subject. His mother's ideas had been formed before the Bible went out of fashion, and she had taught him to memorize at least a verse a day almost from the time he began to talk. At her death, when he was fourteen years old, he had most of the New Testament, the Psalms, and large sections of the prophetic books in a collection of indelible mental records. He was rarely embarrassed long in selecting from these his biblical precedent. He used it not as a proof but as an illustration.

A chess player might have said that he always used the same pulpit opening. It was after this style:—"The principle of life that I shall talk about this morning came to view in such and such an incident recorded in the Bible; or it was stated in these words; the surroundings of the passage show that the point was in brief this; now things are not true because they are in the Bible, they are in the Bible because they are true; I ask you, therefore, to notice how this principle that was discovered so long ago applies in our own lives."

As a rule Halleck had used his reference to the Bible and dismissed it in less than five minutes. He often said that one reason why the pulpit at present attracts so few people is stupid pulpit psychology. Most preachers treat the Bible like a collection of antiquities in which people must be bored into taking an interest. He believed he could best use the Bible as he would a stereopticon, to direct attention away from the instrument itself to the views that it projects.

Robert Halleck had outgrown the first flush of his youthful enthusiasms, but what he had lost in ardor he had gained in decision. He made out the plot of human life to be steady progress from crude beginnings into conditions making for improvement beyond any known limit. In his version life was a winnowing process, in which the deposit is types of individuals and types of dealings between individuals that on the whole form an ascending scale. He could not be dragged into discussing the scholastic question whether a better world could be imagined. He frankly confessed that he had no way to ex-

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plain some of the commonplaces of life so as to prove that the scheme which involves them is the best that might have been. He did not hesitate to say that he could not understand how some of the incidents of the common lot could occur, either with God's consent or without it. He neither doubted the existence of God nor tried to conceal his feeling that God might have done some things better. Yet he did not rush into the paltry blunder of assuming that his mental failure settled anything. He did not attempt to ignore the inexplicable. He recognized it without apology, but he steadied himself with the equally candid belief that if he knew more he would understand more, and if he knew all he would understand all.

Whatever might be conceivable in the way of a superior universe, Halleck was committed to work at his best in the world as it is. So far as he could see, human progress has to be paid for at a tremendous cost of pain and sorrow and waste. Good men die when their friends think they are most needed, and good efforts are defeated when the times seem just ripe for their success. The individuals have been rare in history who could clearly prove a margin on the profit side of their life account. Halleck conceded all this, yet it had no visible tendency to make him treat it as the final word. With all its discounts, life seemed to him a paying investment. He did not worry about partition of the dividends. To him the final inducement to work was his belief that someone, sometime, would profit by the work. Whether a metaphysic could be invented to justify it or not, the method of life seemed to him quite plain. His summary of it was, not to let our circumstances master us, but to master them; whether an experience brings pleasure or pain, not to be controlled by it, but to control it. The practical application of his philosophy was that it is stupid to fret over the more we might do, or might enjoy, if our circumstances were different. Our problem is to organize precisely the experience which we meet into purpose and action of a better quality than surrender to our surroundings. We shall amount to the most in the end, for ourselves and for the scheme of things in which every man gets his meaning, if we stoutly refuse to be counted out, and keep on using such strength as we have, in the direction of the best good we can see.

It was not interest in abstract speculation that led Halleck to his creed. For his own sake it would have been enough

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that he found work to do. The task would have been its own creed. As a minister, however, he had to hear the confidences of all sorts of people. He found his problems in their difficulties. He was not long in discovering that the traditional forms of faith were moulded to fit a mental attitude which he seldom met. The kind of first aid to the distressed that he was most often called upon to render created a demand for a version of life which appealed to the every-day man's sense of reality. There must be some common premises if there were to be common conclusions.

Yet he seemed to reach his least common denominator of life by accident rather than calculation. He did not deliberately set out to construct a theory. As he widened his acquaintance with plain people, and as he realized some of the differences between what they thought and what they were supposed to think, he became aware that a process of simplification was going on in his own mind. Figures of speech were yielding up a literal meaning. Particulars that had ranked as fixed terms in the equation of truth became algebraic symbols with varying value. Special formulas that he had held as fundamental merged into more general expressions of deeper meanings. His feelings quite failed to keep pace with his judgment. If he had been given to introspection, he would long ago have discovered a break between the mental habits which he inherited from the past and the perceptions which he was deriving from the present. He had observed that his thoughts were fast giving up life as a ritual, and were accepting it as a coherent system of cause and effect. Yet he was taken by surprise when he found that he had stopped trying to make out a case for the moral order of the universe in terms of the pains and pleasures of individuals.

In the first year of his pastorate Halleck was one day trying to use the idea of divine help to encourage a man whose affairs had all gone wrong. "No! No!" was the response, "don't tantalize me with that. Your errand-boy conception of the Almighty goes to smash against the facts." The young minister did not welcome the conclusion, nor accept it out of hand. It impeached all his theological training. He tried to avoid it, like a lost child afraid to look into the dark for its mother. He felt that it would rob both God and men of real personality.

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He was never guilty of fighting for a theory simply because he had once held it; yet he refused to surrender on demand to what seemed to him a stone-crusher version of life. He had no stomach for reducing the spiritual factors to mechanical forces. The substantial issue in his mind was between order and no order as our final version of the moral world. He found himself repudiating a supposed principle of order under which the likes and dislikes of persons made each into a world by himself. He took refuge in an idea of individuality which pictured every person not as complete in himself, but as made up of all the interests which link him with the destinies of all other persons.

Halleck's terms of peace with his own doubts left a soul in men and a sovereignty in God. They provided for what seemed to him a more real unity between God and men than his earlier notions had contained. The self that sets itself up as an end to itself chooses isolation in the moral world, and deserves it. The self that finds itself in falling into harmony with the larger scheme of things, cannot be isolated and cannot be disappointed. Its life becomes incidental, to be sure, rather than final. At the same time it becomes real rather than fanciful. The larger life comes to its own at the very moment when the lesser life meets defeat. "Let me die with my face toward the enemy" is the universal symbol of the successful life. Its measure is not its individual career, but the sweep of the movement to which it contributes.

In Halleck's hands this philosophy was not mysticism. There were timid souls in his church who even suspected it of materialism. It lacked all the vague otherworldly tone by which they were most suggestible. It did not borrow enough of the stock phrases of religion to assure them that it was Christian. Its working precepts were: Serve the best good you can understand; Don't shirk your share; Do your part; Look for your compensations not in the enjoyments that end with yourself, but in the on-going of the greater good. Halleck appraised religion chiefly as a means of fitting people into the economy of life. As mere sentiment, he classed it frankly with the other æsthetic enjoyments. Action and happiness in action, and richer life for everybody as the result of action, were the literal terms of his theology.

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His scheme of action left little room for bemoaning the evil in the world. It was altogether occupied with promoting the good. He did not flinch from his duty with the types of people who are tenacious of the luxury of sorrow, but he always made a botch of his efforts with them. His discordant hopefulness disturbed their glorification of grief, and his persistent prescription of work as a panacea often affected them as verging upon insult. He believed there would be ample time for futile bemoanings if he should outlive strength to lend a hand. Until senility vetoed effort, he preferred to put his regrets for the evils of the world into the form of work to remove the conditions that produce the evils. If he should die before reaching the age of fruitless regrets, he felt quite content to stand on his record.

The professional reformers looked askance at Halleck. They could understand neither his temper nor his philosophy. He notoriously neglected the inspiration of things out of joint. Rueful contemplation of social wrongs gave him no more joy than brooding over the sores he had seen in his clinic would afford to a healthy physician. Evils suggested to him not morbid reflection, but first thorough investigation of their source, and then radical treatment. The world's surplus of health and strength, physical and moral, over sickness and weakness of all sorts, impressed him more than the whole catalogue of casual ills. Gain, growth, healing, recovery, seemed to him the cardinal traits of life.

Halleck did not imagine that it ought to be as easy for the average man as for himself to believe that the world is sound at the core. He was all the time in touch with people who needed more nerve every day to keep their courage than his whole experience had required. He often wondered whether in their place he could be as brave. At all events, he was convinced of his mission to use his brighter outlook for the benefit of people whose position was less secure.

Never had Halleck felt himself closer than this evening to the limits of his resources. He had no misgivings about the permanent course of events, but the present and his share in it were in the balance. He doubted his ability to affect the attitude of a single partisan, and still more his power to get fundamental factors recognized. He was not ambitious to project himself personally into the coming strife, but the conflict, as it had betrayed itself in the last few hours, was

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bound to put on trial not merely economics and politics but religion. When hostile human interests threaten war on a large scale, and make anarchy of social order, must religion be a mute or worse? Can it contribute anything that will count toward peace? Is religion a social force, or merely a fashion in stage costumes, or the movable scenery of the play? Is religion the world's sanity, or simply a diversion of its morbid moods, to be dismissed when work must be done?

The one question under these different forms had not, at this late day, overtaken Halleck unawares. He had answered it for himself before he decided on his vocation. The answer had dictated his decision. It became his controlling purpose to do what he could to justify the answer, and to broaden the scope of its influence.

But at this moment Chicago was in a condition that warned every wise man to guard his words as he would sparks in a magazine. Thousands of men were ready to fight over claims which admitted no compromise. Each side represented an economic class. The interests of each class directly challenged those of the other. There was no standard of adjustment that both would recognize. So long as each party maintained its position, local business would be blockaded, and the effects might paralyze the industries of the country. Sooner or later someone must yield. As the hostile interests recognized no moral tribunal competent to adjust the unalterable minimum of their differences, the only alternative must be a test of force. But industrial war of the magnitude now threatened must soon convince every serious mind that neutrality is unthinkable.

Halleck set himself the task of analyzing the situation as he had seen it developing during the week. Ruling out prejudice on both sides, and neglecting lesser details, what were the essentials at stake? He did not feel sure that he could consistently play the rôle of a visitor from Mars, or of a historian tracing the record a thousand years hence, but he honestly made the attempt.

He had soon reduced the confusion to this form:—On the one hand are employers demanding "Must I submit to outside dictation? Have I not a right to run my business as I please?" The answer must be, "Yes, surely, provided your business ever can be yours in a sense that warrants you in fighting for it at the expense of your partnership with your

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employees, and your trusteeship to the public. On the other hand are employees with their contention, "Have we not a right to organize, and does not that right carry with it the right to use the power of organization?" Again the answer must be, "Yes, surely, provided your organization is not for purposes, or is not operated according to policies, which convert your partnership with your employers, and your social trusteeship, into piracy upon the rights of others who do not choose to join your organization, or still others who depend upon you for your share of the world's work."

But great combinations of fighting force, representing these opposite claims, were on the brink of war to force each other into submission. What could be said in the name of religion about such an issue? By an hour's hard thinking the ground had been cleared for the second stage in the process of preparing the message. Two hours later Halleck had decided on the main lines of his appeal for a Christian attitude toward the fighting issue.

Halleck had a volume of mediæval prayers, which had often been his recourse against unmanageable states of mind. They were voices out of a world with which he had hardly more than one impulse in common. In spite of mawkish details, he found in them genuine aspiration to reach a spiritual rendering of life that would silence immediate discords. For thirty minutes Halleck tried the tonic of Basil, and Augustine, and Anselm, and Bernard, and Gregory, and Thomas á Kempis. It did not give him quite the same kind of satisfaction they seemed to desire, but it calmed and steadied him. It slacked his mind's grip on the evening's problem. It sent him to sleep with a glow of assurance that whether his own work counted much or little, he was enlisted in a winning cause.

THE CRISIS

THE CRISIS

III

THE CRISIS

"It would surrender the fundamental principle that every business must be run by its owners, not by outsiders."

AS Lyon entered the "Twentieth Century" Saturday afternoon, the Conductor handed him a bunch of letters and telegrams. He ordered a table for his compartment, and sent for the stenographer. Before the train had passed West Point, answers to the letters were ready for his signature. Among the telegrams sent out at Albany was an order to his chauffeur to have his car at the Van Buren St. station at 8:55 the next morning. Another read:—

"Mr. Walther Kissinger,
4608 Woodlawn Ave.,
Chicago.

Meet me at office tomorrow (Sunday) morning at nine.

LOGAN LYON."

Kissinger was precisely on time, but he found Lyon already at his desk. Their greeting was that of men whose working relations were mutually satisfactory, without suggestion of further intimacy.

"It's rough to call you down here Sunday morning, Mr. Kissinger, but we'll get through in time to go to church, and that's my cue today at any rate. It will help settle my mind into the proper spirit if you tell me the worst up to date; and I can talk a little more to the point with my father this afternoon if the facts are in the back of my head during the service."

"We know nothing of importance beyond what I wired, except that late last night I got a pretty straight tip about the proposition the officers will ask the unions to endorse today."

"Is it the general strike?"

"No, at the start it's just the opposite. Whether the leaders have had this move in mind all along, or whether the new plan is an afterthought, I can't say. The last word, however, is for a complete change of front. Nothing that has been in dispute for the last two months is to be pressed, for a while

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at any rate, by any of the unions. The scheme is now to make a test case with us. They're not going to claim a grievance against anybody else, and other people will be drawn in only by helping us. They are going to make an issue with the Avery Company alone. The demand will be that the company shall give a place on the Board of Directors to a representative elected by the help."

"Have they lost their minds?" gasped Lyon.

"Some of them say they have just found their minds."

"What do they suppose they mean?"

"Well, you know Graham is touted as the smartest labor leader yet, and——"

"He's several different kinds of a scoundrel, but it remains to be seen whether a smart one is in the combination."

"At any rate he has hacked off a brand new chip for the shoulder of labor."

"I should say he had! It's a plain case of 'whom the gods will destroy.' On its face every labor fight ever heard of before has been a question of terms. It didn't strike at the underpinnings of things, except indirectly. This proposition means dynamiting the foundations of business, and turning the ruins over to lunatics as receivers. Does the fellow actually think he can get any one to stand with him on that sort of a bluff? If he is fit to be at large he can't imagine for a minute that business at this late day can be reorganized on Quixotic principles. What's his game, and how far does he mean to play it?"

For a moment Kissinger did not answer. He seemed to be balancing something that diverted his thoughts from Lyon's outburst. His features had been set in correctly emotionless business expression. Now a glimmer of light played under the surface, with good promise of flashing out in a frankly human symptom.

Kissinger's family had intended him for a place in the foreign office. He had served his term in the army, and had passed his first law examinations, when he had come to this country as a subordinate in a special commission. Before he had been in the United States a month his whole outlook was changed. Nothing appeared to be within easier reach than wealth. In two or three months more he had decided to remain in America. Diplomacy had come to look like a too long road to success, while business promised to be a short cut.

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The Avery Company was just beginning to develop its foreign trade, and could use a German correspondent. It offered Kissinger a position, with prospects of promotion. Without much hesitation he accepted. His accurate and methodical habits proved invaluable, but he had not the aggressive stuff that makes a manager. In a short time he was the confidential secretary of the President of the company, but that was his limit. For years he had done duty at his post with the loyalty of a soldier. He had long ago given up ideas of independent business ventures. So far as his employers knew, he had no other ambition than to serve the company for all he was worth.

Kissinger was essentially not a man of affairs, he was a seer of visions. He belonged to the race of Klopstock, and Schiller, and Arndt, and Uhland and Körner. A century earlier he would have been among those futile youths who first fought at Leipzig and Waterloo to free their country from Napoleon, and then formed the Burschenschaften to free it from itself. His prattle of "Ueberzeugungen" would have been as pious as theirs, and he would have had no doubt that lighting the Wartburg with bonfires of musty books was progressive statesmanship. He lived the double life of routine and sentiment. The problem of making the two consistent had never fairly presented itself, nor had it occurred to him that neither of them was whole so long as they were separate.

Practically Kissinger was an obedient and virtually automatic cog in the conventional machinery of society. In the office his devotion to the company was as unreserved as though the thought of economic evils had never troubled his imagination. Out of business hours he was never quite himself unless he was dreaming dreams of reforming the world. He read the class of literature, and he cultivated the type of acquaintances, that wasted no attention upon feasible improvements, but devoted themselves to theories of an ideal society. Instead of stimulating actual invention, this speculation tended to make him timid and perfunctory. He knew no ways and means but those of his every-day program. These got results. Any interference with them would have scandalized his sense of fitness. He was not aware of it, but his philosophy actually left room for only two alternatives; either to be content with the established order of things, or to expect a miraculous transformation of the real world into the ideal.

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Of forces capable of modifying social institutions he had no clear-cut conception.

But there was another and more pathetic contradiction between the two phases of Kissinger. Though he did not admit it to himself, he loathed the whole economic system, and all his affections responded to incoherent suggestions of a better condition.

He had spared himself the outright confession, but in fact he was haunted by a feeling of degradation. He was not heroic, he was merely impressionable. He was sure the world was ruled by the coarser motives instead of the finer, and he revolted in spirit against his acquiescence. If he had consented to his sympathies rather than his prudence, he would long ago have rebelled against the whole social order. He would have denounced it as a scheme of cumulative inequality; as cynical selfishness masquerading in a soiled domino of democracy; and he would have declared his individual independence. Since the luxury of that sort of genuineness was beyond his means, he simply allowed his practical and his speculative lives to develop each according to its bent, under an inviolable tradition of non-intercourse and non-intervention.

For an instant the crisis that the two men were facing almost surprised Kissinger into recognizing the antagonism between his two selves. The unions that would present their ultimatum next morning were simply his theoretical secession incarnated. They were merely putting into action at a single point the sentiments that he cherished toward economic institutions in the abstract. A stronger man would have accepted the challenge to renounce one side of himself or the other. Kissinger could neither reconcile his two selves nor renounce either. He could merely reserve them for favorable occasions. His theories had never of their own motion so far violated good form as to interrupt the course of business. Now that the actions of others had forced them into the day's work, he had a guilty feeling that they deserved arrest for disorderly conduct. Utopia seemed as much out of place in the Avery offices, as the company itself would be in Utopia.

As an item in an actual business proposition, the conflict between routine and affection was too unequal to last. Before the pause was long enough for Lyon to notice it, Kissinger continued:—

"I have seen Graham only two or three times, and have

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very little to go on except what his friends say. They make him look like a hard man to fight. We shall go wrong though if we size him up as a rascal. In the first place, he has a good deal more money than he will ever spend on himself, and he doesn't seem to care for more."

"Trust the people behind him to see that he soon has less."

"If they are in for that they are taking long chances. At present he is putting all his surplus into developing his mining properties in Idaho on a coöperative basis, and they all know it. He tells the men around him he is willing to pay his own salary and expenses, and a fair amount, like anybody else, to the common fund; but beyond that it's got to be share and share alike in hard work for the cause, and plenty of it. They believe him. When his father died Graham had a chance to hire superintendents and spend his dividends without going near his property. Instead of that he dropped law and studied mining engineering three years. In his vacations he worked with the men. When he was through studying he settled in the camp, and told the men his policy was not only to increase the output, but to find a way for every man in the camp to get out of the business all he put in."

"What does organizing strikes in Chicago have to do with that program?"

"It didn't take him long to find that competitors wouldn't let him alone. He had to come East to deal with other concerns, and he says the more he has to do with financiers the better he likes working men. He claims that the long end of distribution belongs to the man who works with his hands, and that wits should take a larger part of their pay in the comfort of their job. His theory is that the interests of workers are not taken care of because they are not organized, and that the best of every economic deal goes to the men that float stocks instead of those that do the work."

"The old story! Every raw recruit to socialism thinks he has invented a brand new idea, and the rear rank in the awkward squad expects to sweep vested interests off the earth."

Quarterly reports were so much more real to Kissinger than social reforms, and days of reckoning with the directors had so long been the chief signs of his zodiac, that he had nothing to say for applied utopianism that would not have sounded foolish to himself in a session with Lyon. He merely made semi-conscious notes of exceptions, and stuck to his facts.

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"I have not found out how long Graham has been working on this scheme, or how far he is looking ahead; but as I figure it out, this move against us doesn't bulk very large in his calculations, win or lose. It is merely the opening gun of a big political campaign. He reckons that there's enough workingmen's class-consciousness awake in the country to capture the government in most of the states and at Washington. It is only waiting for the right sort of issue to rally on. He doesn't pick the Avery Company as better or worse than other corporations. We are simply in the open and easy to attack. We really haven't anything that he would take as a gift. It isn't victory he's after but an issue. Any old question will do, so long as it makes capital and labor line up on opposite sides. He wouldn't give a picayune to get one of his men into our Board. Indeed the worst jolt we could give him would be to accept his terms on the spot, and tell him to name his man. What he is after is not directors but recognition of an idea. His strategy is to concentrate the working class vote on the principle of labor representation in control of corporations."

"In other words, if the thing worked out, nothing but labor would be represented."

"That's about the size of it. Labor and capital are to change places. Labor will dictate and capital must submit."

"Suppose we take this view of the movement, how much more do you get about the fighting strength it can muster?"

"There is nothing definite yet beyond their own claims. We can't tell how far they know their strength, or take stock in their own estimates. They say they are organized independent of the unions in half the states, and will be in the rest as fast as it is worth while. These organizations are supposed to be strike supporters. At the right time they will blossom out as political machines. They seem to be officered pretty largely by the union leaders, but take in everybody that thinks he has a grudge against capital. The funds are not held directly by the unions, and it looks as though they came from a good many sources that could not be tapped for strictly union purposes. Our fight will hold the attention of the country, and furnish material for a campaign of education along the lines of 'smash the trusts,' and 'government for the people, not for the corporations.' In other words, it is one more way of trying to get the balance of power for the labor interests. The fight will be narrowed down to the issue 'law-

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making by the many instead of the few.' It is not hard to show on paper how the results of two out of the last four presidential contests might have been reversed by a little less radical break with economic prejudice. Graham's friends think he can unite the different sorts of people who want a new deal, and they believe his plan of operations will succeed. Nothing is to be said about politics at the outset, but after the country is roused by the labor fight the political reserve will be brought to the front. If I am on the right track, things are to be so shaped up that the next election will turn on the one question of rule by the workers or the capitalists."

The two men had been by turns sitting, standing and pacing in zigzags across the office. The pantomime of jerky movement and cramped attitude fairly reflected their state of mind. Except when he had thrown in a remark, Lyon's manner had not shown whether he was listening to Kissinger or following an independent train of thought. As Kissinger stopped speaking, Lyon halted close to him, and for a few seconds looked steadily into his eyes; or rather he seemed less to be looking into Kissinger's eyes than trying to see something through them. Then, with the air of having settled a question, he seated himself and resumed the discussion. In sharp contrast with his usual habit, he spoke haltingly, as though he was feeling his way from each word to the next.

"Your theory, Mr. Kissinger, would explain several things that I see no other way to account for. I had thought of it before, but hadn't facts enough to test it. Whether it proves to be correct or not, I am ready to adopt it for working purposes. But that after all merely puts the case before us. It settles nothing, except that we rule out the bluff idea. Whether the plan in the large is crazy or not is their affair. We needn't resolve ourselves into a lunacy commission. Our first concern is that Graham can give us a fight, and we must assume that he means to do it. The next thing is to count the cost and decide whether the game is worth the candle. Our grade of labor can't be replaced offhand. It might mean a shut-down for months. That would cost us at the start several million dollars' worth of contracts, besides the indirect consequences. You think we could side-track the whole thing by letting one of them into our Board?"

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"Sure! Unless the terms are changed today, that would concede all they ask."

"And what then?"

"Why, they would have to pick out a corporation that would stand pat."

"Suppose everybody paid the price?"

"Well, in that case they would sooner or later get around to us again with a demand for two directors, and so on till they had a majority everywhere."

"I see, curing the morphine habit with more morphine."

A grim smile relaxed the tense expression of Lyon's face. It changed to a chuckle, and developed into a series of combined laughs and whoops that blended ridicule with admiration.

"It reminds me of a gang of amateur counterfeiters," he gurgled, "trying to bribe the United States Government. I wonder if they'd be willing to throw in a job to any of us under the new management!"

Kissinger's sense of humor was not equal to the occasion. To him both business and social reform were too serious for levity. His mind was baffled by the contrast between concrete and ideal principles. He did not harbor a suspicion that questions were begged on both sides; still less could he indulge in irreverence toward either; even when they came into collision. He simply waited till Lyon should return to a business basis.

Lyon's change of mood may have been either cause or effect of a new grasp of the situation. At all events, when his serious tone returned the problem had reduced itself in his mind to very simple terms.

"We could insure our business for several years at least by admitting a labor delegate to our Board?"

"That is my opinion," confirmed Kissinger, "assuming of course that we could remove the legal difficulty of making a director of a man who owns no stock in the company."

Lyon suppressed another spasm of levity and dryly remarked:—"I believe corporations have been known to overcome difficulties of that nature when it was to their advantage. But would there be any difficulty about reducing a director chosen under such circumstances to the value of a dummy?"

"I can't see how he could have any influence on the busi-

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ness whatever, unless the other directors chose to humor him."

"Precisely! In other words our insurance would cost us nothing. Our tangible assets would not be reduced, and our power of independent management would remain the same as before, but we should be free from labor disturbances for an indefinite period. Why isn't it a clear case of getting a whole lot for nothing?"

"It would be if it didn't violate business principles," Kissinger answered, with the air of a man testifying against his own interests under cross-examination. Lyon would as soon have suspected economic unsoundness in a cash-register as in Kissinger, and the signs passed undetected. On the contrary, Lyon had no doubt that he had rather shocked Kissinger by seeming to dally with temptation. He went on with the aim of restoring the confidence of the literal-minded secretary, as well as of clinching the conclusion.

"Now you come to the other side of the ledger, Mr. Kissinger. It would cost us nothing except everything. It would surrender the fundamental principle that every business must be run by its owners, not by outsiders. At just the time when it is more necessary than ever for all the business interests of the country to stand together against socialism, it would make us silent partners of the socialists. There is only one alternative, if we propose to keep on doing business. The other thing would turn us into pirates. We can afford to go to pieces fighting for our rights, but we can't afford to succeed by making common cause with anarchy. If the case they put up to us tomorrow turns out as we expect, there will be no room for a difference of opinion on the main question. We shall simply be up against the problem of ways and means to force the fighting."

If Kissinger had clearly understood himself, his dilemma would have been cruel. Fortunately his dreams had never shaped themselves aggressively enough to dispute precedence with his duties. For every-day purposes the decision seemed to him as inevitable as it did to Lyon. But to the other idealistic self that would answer to his name when he was fairly free from the atmosphere of the office, the logic was utterly irrelevant. The Czar might decree that there should be no more music in his dominions, and the music might have

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to stop, but it would not prove that tyranny is better than music. If we do not know how to make business anything but business, if business must be a tyrant, not a servant, then human rights must be devoured by business as tinder is consumed by flame.

Kissinger had found no way for the world to go on without taking business for granted; and so far as he could see, business principles were as fixed as the laws of physics. But there were all the human emotions and sentiments and aspirations. They made a world of their own. They demanded of business that it should take its orders from them, and build a world which they should occupy. There was insolence and sacrilege in the logic of business that arrogated to itself the right to own and regulate the world, and to denounce and defame moral contestants of the claim as mischief-makers and disturbers of the peace.

The talk then turned to details that must be taken up the next morning.

It would be too much to say that Kissinger had progressed in a couple of hours toward a common center for his two selves. Each of them had become more self-conscious, but the contrast was so much more evident that nothing but conflict between them was in prospect. The net result of the conference for his whole mental attitude was rather a confirming of his sense of helplessness and humiliation. He was nearer to distinct classification of himself as a bond servant to an inexorable machine. He was more aware that his own predicament was despicable. He was rather more persuaded that it could not be helped. He did not know that he was a fatalist, and he had never called himself a pessimist, but in the last few minutes his view of human destiny had passed under a cloud. So far as he could see, there was no prospect of promoting the kind of life his feelings demanded. From this time on his business fidelity was likely to be more dogged, but his temper would be more depressed.

With Lyon it had not been a question of feelings but of decisions. Business was to him a fully chartered sea. Until recently he had been no more disturbed by speculations about what might be possible if business were on a different basis, than a Sandy Hook pilot would be turned from his course by theories of possible geologic changes in the Atlantic coast.

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Lyon had imagination, and in college he was considered a good deal of a philosopher, but he had disciplined himself in dismissing non-essentials and in confining himself strictly to the point. Things took their turn, and at times received his undivided attention, which he would have been at a loss to place in a reasoned scheme of life. He was not conscious of needing logical schemes beyond his business system, and these digressions had not put him at odds with himself. They were merely diversions from the main current of business, and were not to be taken seriously as competitors.

Lyon had a practical man's horror of uncertainty. He had been worried not so much because of the coming fight as because it was so largely a fight in the dark. A theory of the campaign was a relief. Costly as the struggle was likely to be, he felt that the problem had been simplified, and that what remained was adjustment of details.

"We seem to have covered everything, and I can talk to my father this afternoon with my eyes open. Today's developments may turn us back to our previous theory, but we shall be prepared for either line of action tomorrow morning. My auto is waiting. Shall we go over and give Halleck a chance at us?"

"Mrs. Kissinger and Elsie will represent the family. I can do better at home."

"Then let Parker take you there after he drops me."

As the office door closed, Lyon had something like a sense of relief at leaving himself behind for a while. Kissinger felt a slight access of animation in prospect of rejoining himself.

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IV
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“Mrs. Kissinger subscribed in a passive way to the formal creed that it is everybody’s duty to be useful; but she knew of no way in which her own daughter could be useful without losing caste.”

IF Kissinger was less unreal to himself in his family than in the company’s office, it was because he took more for granted. He did not probe his domestic situation. It did not so directly antagonize his dreams. He had formed no distinct images of family life in contrast with his own. There had never been appreciable lack of harmony between himself and his wife. He was proud of his daughter, and she was always affectionate toward her parents. Yet Kissinger was occasionally conscious of a forlorn feeling that he was not a part of the family. It seemed to be less his larger self than a group to which he was welcomed by courtesy. If he actually belonged there it would have had a different tone. Something seemed to be lacking. In a vague way he felt an absence of sentimental factors, which might have made his home more complete. So far as he ever tried to account for it, he was inclined to rest with the explanation that it was simply the American atmosphere. He thought his wife would probably have had similar feelings if he had taken her to live in Germany. It was not to be expected that he could transform the whole American environment. Having married into a foreign country, it was probably inevitable that he should remain to a certain extent a foreigner in his own family.

Closer inspection would have raised the question whether the alien element in the family, was Kissinger or his wife. If men and women of her parents’ generation could have been called as experts upon the subject, they would doubtless have expressed the uniform view that the wife’s modification of the family was less national than individual. All that might be learned of her ancestry would tend to strengthen this opinion.

Ellen Wells retained vivid impressions, partly direct and partly transmitted, of the storm and stress period following the fire. Her father was one of the men who created the new

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city. Any enterprise that Enoch Wells failed to endorse ranked in the shady list. Mrs. Wells had come with her husband from an Ohio farm. She was rich in all those essentials that grow by grafting larger world experiences upon Scotch-Irish tradition. Her education was that of the prosperous rural home, the country school, and the Presbyterian meeting house. From girlhood she had met occasions as they came, doing her best in trivial and important things alike, never wasting speculations beforehand about her ability, and never nursing regrets over her limitations. When the artificial distinctions between Chicago people disappeared in the flame and smoke, Mr. and Mrs. Wells were among those who at once rose to the eminence of their qualities. They had courage, judgment, honesty, public spirit and the joy of work.

Never was charter patented to clearer nobility than was unchartered in the generation of men and women whose only capital was their character, but who wrought that character in a decade into the plant and the business and the ideals of the foremost western town. They never faltered till their work was done. Then they began to betray to themselves, rather than to each other or to the heedless world, a sort of bashfulness in the presence of their own achievements. Their work was greater than their thought. They had been adapting means to ends with but the faintest shadow of self-consciousness. They had not reflected that they were less building than planting. They had been the enterprising folk of a typical western county-seat. The chief esthetic element which their eager lives could entertain was a semi-humorous habit of picturing the larger destinies in reserve for the prairie metropolis. In their serious hours, and those not serious were minutes, they were planning and doing the hard work that the passing moment demanded. But distress relieved, homes rebuilt, business resumed, the machineries of life restored and improved, they had occasional time to look around and within themselves and to take thought of their record. Then the largeness of it all began to produce the first hesitation. These path-breakers had never distrusted themselves when work was ahead, but it had turned out to be so big, and mixed, so many new people had appeared, it was so much more conventional and impersonal than they had intended, that they began to be overawed. Life threatened to pass from the literal into the mystical. The World's Columbian Expo-

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sition was their resolution to repeat and so to reassure themselves. They would not abdicate their own realness. They would confirm the probability of their own past by doing the impossible in the present.

It was the audacity of a splendid humility. If they had builded better than they knew, they would now show that they well knew how to build. They had not gone through the discipline of difficulty to flinch from new enterprise. They were conscious of strength, and skill, and ideals, and to save their own self-respect they would put their reserve force into a piece of work fit to prove their past no accident.

Mr. Wells did not live to share in this masterpiece of Chicago maturity, and his wife was no longer able to act on the Woman's Board when the work approached completion, but no one had larger influence than they in forming the public character of which the plan and its execution were consistent expressions.

Ellen Wells grew up with the impression that the family standing was a part of the foreordained order of things, but never quite comprehending what it meant. Not to be "prominent" would seem to her a disgrace, but she had never thought out the different kinds of prominence, nor the different titles to prominence, nor a standard to determine what sort of prominence is worth while. To mingle with the leaders of Chicago society was to her the breath of life. Not that they were more congenial than others whose names never appeared in the papers; not that they were more like herself; it was simply family tradition to move with the leaders.

When she met Kissinger she was returning from the six months in Europe following the end of her school days. His foreignness had just enough glamour to dazzle her inexperience. It fitted into the rude frame of romance that she had pieced together from the litter of light fiction and the scraps of fact which her short excursions into life had collected. Their wedding was one of the smartest events of that relatively simple period.

Not long after came the sudden death of Mr. Wells, hastened no doubt by the shock of treachery that crippled his business and left but a fraction of his fortune. Then the lingering illness of her mother, the birth of three children, the death of Mrs. Wells, and an accident that confined Mrs. Kissinger herself to the house for a year, filled time in which

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her world left her far behind. Her old acquaintances had not forgotten her. Indeed she had often been surprised by signs of sympathy from persons hardly in her calling list. But she began to be vaguely aware that her own status was not precisely her mother's. People depended on Mrs. Wells, and looked up to her. Nobody seemed to find Mrs. Kissinger essential. She would have perished rather than admit it, but in the niche reserved for her heart's select skeletons there was a nasty suspicion that she was being pitied and patronized.

Thereupon her resources rallied around an absorbing purpose. It became the passion of her life to seem as important as her parents had been. Her family must be recognized. Her social standing must be respected. She must rank with the best people.

It was not a mean aim. Mrs. Kissinger wanted to be worth her reputation and to deserve her place. Her mother had, why should she not? That her husband and herself were lesser factors in the life of the town than her parents had been, she could not reconcile. That prominence equal to theirs, if not due to the accident of wealth, must rest on some sort of individuality much stronger than hers or Mr. Kissinger's, was an idea too subtle for her thinking.

Mrs. Kissinger was not an inferior woman, but she was obtrusively mediocre. She had not been obliged, like her father and mother, to make her surroundings. She was bred for a life that others had made. She would have fitted well in the situation that her parents' generation created, if that situation had not ruthlessly changed. She had neither imagination, nor force, nor leisure nor money to fill a like place in the newer life. Her instincts were wholesome rather than whole. She aspired toward better things, not because she had distinct and balanced aims, but her home life had started her in the right direction. She had become a club woman, not because she had very clear notions of what a club could do, but because a club was tangible, and might help to satisfy the longing she felt for something more than her life contained. She believed in "culture" without forming a definite notion of what it might mean. The "enlargement of woman's sphere" was a cardinal point in her creed, but beyond the dues of domestic loyalty, and the proprieties of the social intercourse to which she had prescriptive rights, the boundaries of that sphere were nebulous to her mind.

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Mrs. Kissinger's demands upon life were not really her own; they were invented by other people, and she felt forced to adopt them to escape being left out. She had a fitful fear that things were going on among the best people which she was in danger of missing. The early death of the two younger children brought her genuine grief, but she never realized the measure of the calamity which limited the scope of her natural interests. At this period all her anxieties centered about the problem of her daughter's prospects.

The discriminating classification of the society column placed Elsie in the category "beautiful and accomplished." That she was beautiful no one capable of recognizing radiant girlhood could have found excuse to deny. Her beauty was not a mere external aspect of facial form and expression. It was a compound of affluent health, sunny temperament, eager sympathy and a tact of mental coloring that animated her most ordinary actions. Both men and women, of all ages and types, frequently expressed in various ways their sense of debt to her for merely existing. Her presence always stimulated good cheer, and kindly feeling, and complaisancy with life in general. She seemed to be made for happiness and a maker of happiness.

The subject of her accomplishments was somewhat more ambiguous. She did everything so easily that she did nothing particularly well. She had no more recollection of learning her father's language than her mother's, and when she was taken at the age of twelve for two years in a *Töchterschule* with her German cousins, she had little trouble in entering their classes and getting as high marks as they did in all the work; but her knowledge of German language and literature halted at the level of a child of fourteen. At her graduation from Ansley Hall she had received the prize for the best rank in the class; but it was well known among the girls that she spent less time and worry than any of them upon her studies. With only the simplest rudiments of musical education, she could sing all the latest popular airs, in a decidedly "catchy" style, playing her own accompaniments from memory, and she had amused herself enough with the violin to prove that with study she might easily have become a respectable performer. She had often been cast for leading parts in school theatricals, but her success gave no real proof of ability to accomplish anything serious in dramatic art. She was simply

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her exuberant self upon the stage, and that was enough to satisfy all the requirements of amateur standards. She was called an athletic girl, but in outdoor sports she was invariably just skillful enough to be good company. Her interest in none of them was sufficient to make her excel.

For the sort of reasoners who derive generalizations from a single example, Elsie Kissinger would have settled a leading social principle. It might be stated in the form:—*Enlarged opportunity for women, without corresponding access of masculinity, is a misfortune.* She was irresponsibly feminine. She followed no resolutions of her own, but merely selected the pressures to which she would yield. While her instincts were all refined, it would require little imagination to conjure the plot of her ruin if she had been thrust into an environment that was discreetly bad. She was assailable not by temptation to defy her ideals, but by solicitation to comply with influences that would presently dissipate the ideals.

Mrs. Kissinger was unconsciously creating the rôle of her daughter's Nemesis. She was a protection against the sort of evil to which unguarded girls as pure as Elsie every day succumb. At the same time she had set a mark that virtually excluded aims for positive good. If Elsie had chosen for herself upon leaving school, she would have taken a full course of training either as Kindergärtnerin or as nurse. Each alternative was prompted by normal womanly traits. The girl was not yet so artificialized that she had to be useless in order to be happy. There was healthy human feeling in the impulse to have a vocation. There was undeveloped maternal instinct in her preference of occupations.

Elsie's inclinations affected her mother as distressingly vulgar. Mrs. Kissinger subscribed in a passive way to the formal creed that it is everybody's duty to be useful; but she knew of no way in which her own daughter could be useful without losing caste. The callings which Elsie was thinking about seemed to have no more in their favor than the position of a salesgirl in a down town store. Mrs. Kissinger would not have questioned the propriety of either for the daughters of people not in society, and she could frame no very dependable reason why it would be discreditable for Elsie to follow her choice. She was simply sure that some way must be found to turn her in another direction.

She was tactful enough to avoid direct discussion of the

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question. She was slightly subdued by a dim feeling of inferiority to her daughter in many ways, and she especially distrusted her ability to get the better of her in an argument. When the subject once came up indirectly, Elsie had expressed her ideas in such vigorous terms that her mother's eagerness to create a diversion was confirmed. Elsie drew a contemptuous picture of the plight of a girl without occupation, and forced by fear of social custom to advertise the constant confession "I am helpless and must stay helpless till some man marries me." As Mrs. Kissinger was at a loss to substitute a more favorable rendering of the fact, she applied her ingenuity in other lines.

A batch of invitations to Elsie for Summer visits gave Mrs. Kissinger more than ordinary satisfaction. With a little effort she contrived to prolong the series well into October. By that time she had completed arrangements for Elsie's "presentation to society." From the mother's point of view the daughter was an immediate success. More determined decisions than Elsie's would have weakened under the pressure of engagements that made her first season a continuous variation of delicious excitement.

It was no trouble for Mrs. Kissinger to bridge over the next Summer. In the first place, the season's experience had not only overtaxed Elsie's abundant physical strength, but it had operated as a moral anesthetic. If her opinions were unchanged, there was less energy in her preferences. It was easier to enjoy than to endeavor. She was left in a lotus-eating temper. In the second place, the competition for her visits was sharper than the year before. Circumstances easily insured gravitation into the second season and then the third.

In certain respects Elsie Kissinger had been improved by running the social gauntlet. She had apparently lost nothing of her genuineness, and she seemed not in the least spoiled by extravagant flattery. Probably because society offered nothing that she was sure she very much wanted, she had not developed the spites and jealousies of those women to whom society is a struggle for life. The game had not yet become desperate for her. She was present rather as an interested spectator. It was playful humor rather than cynicism when she said that she deserved no credit for readiness to step aside at any time in favor of other girls, because it might be different if she should ever meet a real man. She had amply veri-

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fied her premonition of the unreality of the life her mother preferred; and as a matter of pure judgment she believed more strongly than ever that it was dignified for a girl to choose a serious employment, in which she could be independent, while it was poorly disguised degradation to join in the social display of professional uselessness.

On the other hand, while her perceptions had been sharpened, her purposes had been dulled. The toxic effect of compromise was very evident in Elsie Kissinger's compliant continuance in a course she despised. She had apparently stopped balancing choice of careers, and had accepted a destiny which it would cost too much effort to reverse.

At the same time it is the irony even of the idle life that it is held sooner or later to a declaration of intentions. One cannot remain forever the guileless debutante of the first season. A girl who has not finished her play days, or people who have an assured position in life, may frankly use society as an end. When a girl is old enough for her status to become problematical, she may use society only as a means. If she is among the select few who justify themselves as bachelor girls, society bows to her success and is happy to hold her stirrup. If she is among the typical many to whom society is principally a matrimonial speculation, realization on the investment may not be indefinitely deferred. After the permitted period of grace, society becomes the sort of dissolving tableau in which the proud pose of the unsuited passes imperceptibly into the painful predicament of the unsuccessful. At thought of a fourth season Elsie was hardly yet apprehensive, but the order of events which she had hitherto regarded in a wholly impersonal light was at last beginning to suggest applications to herself.

What had been to Elsie an episode, with occasional forewarnings of a possible crisis, had really become the family problem. It affected her father and her mother very differently. They tacitly avoided comparison of views upon the subject. Both brooded constantly upon it, and this was really the flower, if not the root, of that foreign element which produced in Kissinger the uneasy feeling of an alien in his own household.

If he had been consulted, Kissinger would have heartily encouraged Elsie's earlier ambitions. His belief in the dignity of labor, for both men and women, was literal and sin-

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cere. He felt that evasion of the universal law of service was as dangerous to the individual as to society. He distrusted people who did not work, and he felt that his daughter would be contaminated by contact with them. He believed that marriage was desirable for both men and women, and he hoped that Elsie would come to the same view; but he had no dearer wish than that she might make herself independent enough to be able to marry from choice and not from necessity.

Mrs. Kissinger was neither mercenary nor unscrupulous, but she was frankly certain that it would be a misalliance if Elsie should marry outside the socially prominent class; and among the marriageable men in that class in Chicago her discriminations, to say the least, erred on the side of worldly prudence. She had probably never heard of Tennyson's Yorkshire farmer; but so far as she could influence her daughter it was strictly in the line of his policy. To do Mrs. Kissinger justice, it was guilelessness rather than indifference that led her to encourage the attentions of men who were received by well informed families only on the most distant terms, and purely from regard for their relatives.

Kissinger was hardly better posted than his wife about some of the men that surrounded Elsie, but he suspected them on general principles. Most of them belonged in the class that had been systematically predisposed to vice by the unwise indulgence of their parents. The best that could reasonably be predicted of them was that, for the sake of appearances, they would exercise their license within limits which would save exposure. That they would ever become good citizens was hardly to be expected.

The cloud gathering over the Kissinger household was ominous in two opposite aspects. The father was beginning to tremble for fear that his daughter might marry one of these perverts. The mother was in the first stages of hysteria for fear she might not.

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"It followed that if more churches could shed their religious trappings and adopt an essentially religious policy toward the needs of everyday people, they would presently be alive with the very masses that now stand aloof."

HALLECK was one of the few ministers in Chicago who preached to more men than women. A first glance at his congregation might suggest that it was a commercial association, with a sprinkling of additions from the families of the older strata. There was nothing ecclesiastical about the hall in which the service was held, and still less of the traditional demeanor of piety in the assembly itself. The details of seating the people, and of conducting the program, would impress a stranger as first of all business-like. At the same time one could hardly fail to note the general decorum and dignity and thoughtfulness. Anyone accustomed to classifying audiences would quickly decide that, while this one represented no extraordinary grade of intellect, it responded principally to the stimulus of reason, rather than of emotion. Perhaps it would not be remarked at first contact, but after one or two repetitions of the test it would be clear that a sectarian tone was conspicuous by its absence.

Indeed, though some of the older members of the church would doubtless repudiate the finding, it would not require phenomenal shrewdness to make out that the only basis of common understanding between congregation and minister amounted substantially to this creed:—"We have all the centuries of religious yearnings behind us. They have threshed out a great many religious conceptions. They have left us a record that is instructive. We learn from it much more about the limits of profitable prying into the mysteries of life than positive knowledge of what is beyond the range of human vision. This tradition, and especially the Jewish and Christian portion, furnishes a fund of common ideas which we accept or reject according to our own judgment; and it gives to our minds a certain sympathetic bent in deal-

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ing with fundamental questions; but it leaves us free to reach our own decisions. We have the same essential problems that have puzzled people before our day, but they come up in new forms, and it takes more to satisfy us with anything proposed as a solution. On the whole, the main thing seems to be to face life with perfect candor. We want to know the truth, whether it is new or old, and we believe it is our business to square ourselves with the truth, however it hits."

Although Halleck had never used precisely this language in explaining his own beliefs, his whole policy put it into consistent practice. Before he had been in the pastorate a year he had decided that his mission was chiefly with a type of people who had no respect for the cloth, nor for anything else that would prevent them from meeting whatever he might say with the challenge, "How do you know?" He did not feel bound in consequence to restrict himself to statements that he could prove. He simply made up his mind that he would never lend himself to the duplicity of trying to enforce by authority anything which he knew to be merely a matter of opinion.

At first Halleck had attracted only feeble attention. The church had been principally the personal following of a preacher gifted with a rare combination of qualities, and in the nature of the case his influence could not be transferred to a successor. The task which the young minister undertook was to build up a new constituency fast enough to replace defections from the old. His success was by no means rapid. In two or three years, however, he had won a hearing, and the congregation had so increased in size that a larger hall was leased. If the new subscribers for sittings had been polled for their reasons, the replies would have pointed more to Halleck's personality than to his preaching. He made his impression primarily as an earnest fellow-man trying to avoid shams in getting at a sane version of life. He was never a priest working the credit of supposed inside information about the unknowable.

Without the slightest affectation, or pretense or appeal to credulity, Halleck expected his congregation to grant one fundamental position. He believed, and in all his preaching he assumed, that the world had discovered no more convincing moral attitude than that of Jesus. He insisted that our judgments of ethical values are credible in the degree in

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which they may be reaffirmed from Jesus' point of view.

At the same time, Halleck always referred to Jesus as a test of the spirit of life rather than of the rule of life. In his thinking this was a cardinal distinction. He was sure that some of the most costly mistakes of the Church had been due to disregard of the distinction. He found the religious significance of Jesus not primarily in any addition he may have made to the world's knowledge of what is right, but in his influence upon the world's appreciation of the importance of doing the right that is known. He said for example, that Jesus had none of the special information necessary for drafting a Russian constitution, or an American tariff. His gift was the more fundamental one of knowing the moral attitude that a man ought to maintain when his duty leads up to one of these tasks.

The fact that his public was steadily growing, and that the proportion of men increased faster than the total gain, was not only a personal gratification to Halleck, but he took it as a valuable item of evidence in social and religious psychology. He did not question that the preponderating demand for religions of authority reflected the average mental juvenility of mankind. So far as they could not be disposed of as mere variations of religions of authority, Halleck was inclined to hail even the most extravagant of the religions of mystification, of which the last quarter century had been so prolific, as in part onsets of approaching mental puberty. But he believed there was already more maturity among modern men than religious statistics would indicate. He did not find the marks of it chiefly among the people who considered themselves highly cultured. On the contrary, if he had been a free lance in education, as he was in religion, he would have said that a so-called cultured person is one who is bound to show cause why he should not be suspected of superinduced incompetence to see things as they are. He detected mental maturity rather in the rare people, educated or uneducated, who are able to face life as a whole in a genuinely candid temper.

One of Halleck's unpublished opinions was that a considerable fraction of the unchurched, and the partially churched, were to be classed not as irreligious, but as more religious than the churches. It followed that if more churches would shed their religious trappings and adopt an essentially religious

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policy toward the needs of every day people, they would presently be alive with the very masses that now stood aloof.

The mental maturity that Halleck detected, as a trait of occasional men and women, was a sort of sophisticated matter-of-factness. It was a minority exception which proved the rule that most men like to be humbugged. It was a habit, which a few men get through scientific training, but more from the discipline of their occupations, of demanding the facts of everything that claimed their attention.

Halleck was sure that life had at last differentiated a type of men who want to be treated just as literally in religion as they expect to be in their trial balances, or the crop reports, or the statement of bank clearings. They do not require that religion shall appeal to the same interests, nor in the same terms, nor by the same standards. They require that religion shall observe the same distinctions between fact and fancy which have to be respected elsewhere. They require that religion shall justify itself as a literal interpretation of experience. They require that religion shall furnish a credible perspective of life. They refuse submission to religion as a discipline superadded to life.

A single case of the natural selection of a congregation of a couple of thousands from the population of Chicago would do little toward proving the general validity of a theory. Halleck realized that he might easily overestimate the influence of a single factor in his own success. It might be that he had a hearing in spite of being mistaken about the key to the modern man's attention. He was surely not tempted to magnify any inferences from his own experiments into laws for general application. He early adopted the rule for himself, however, that he would never utter in his preaching anything which he could not repeat in less formal words, in a casual conversation at the club, or to a chance acquaintance in the smoking room of a Pullman car.

Whatever Halleck might say, or refrain from saying, about the results of his work, he had attracted the notice of many other religious leaders. There had been vigorous debate among them about the extent to which his experience should be taken as a sign of the times. Arguments had often covered the ground between two extremes. It was charged on the one hand that the sort of thing which Halleck represented was not religion at all, but merely an unreligious

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morality, with forged endorsement of religious phrases. On the other hand, a great many of the younger ministers were saying among themselves that Halleck had given them a better idea of what the expected restatement of religion would be like in practice than all the other theories and experiments together had suggested up to date. Meanwhile what Hegel would have called the synthesis of the two extremes was the working organization of which Halleck was the centre. There was no more masculine moral force in Chicago.

On the previous Monday there had been a general ministers' conference upon the topic, What can the pastors of Chicago do in the approaching labor crisis? When one of the pastors told a large contractor, a vestryman of his church, that he was on his way to take part in the discussion, and repeated the subject, he received a flood of light from the frank ejaculation, "For God's sake, tell them to keep their mouths shut!" Belief that radical principles were presently to be on trial, and that there was danger of generating explosives in every attempt to guide public feeling, had been growing during the week. Halleck felt the current the moment he stood before the congregation. It thrilled and exhilarated him, and made him eager to do his part; yet he had to brace himself with all his strength against surges of shame at the audacity of trying to make his feeble voice a factor in the coming struggle.

Not precisely the same, but a corresponding conflict of emotions had quickened the pulse of the congregation during the earlier parts of the service. Halleck began his sermon in a tone which might have been called an echo of the hush that had fallen upon his hearers. There was no artifice in it, but merely spontaneous adaptation. His first sentence was equivalent to a pledge that, whether he said much or little, whether he spoke wisely or unwisely, he would try to deal frankly with the uppermost thought of the hour.

"We should look in vain for anything that came to the knowledge of Jesus, or that is recorded anywhere in the Bible, which is an exact parallel of the social situation in Chicago today.

"There have always been social classes, but until now never our social classes.

"There have always been class struggles, but only today our class struggles.

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"If there are people who think they can go to the Bible and get a ready-made solution of our present labor problems, as they can send the number of their watch to the factory and get a substitute for a broken wheel, they are doomed to be not only disappointed but dangerous.

"Yet, in his most famous popular address, Jesus touched on the problem of poverty, as it was known in his day. It was not the modern poverty problem. It was very much simpler. But in telling people how to act about the bare necessities of life Jesus sounded a note which contains the secret of all permanent social harmony.

"I quote enough of Jesus' words to indicate both the concrete conditions that he had in mind, and the general principle by which he would test all schemes for social improvement. This is what he said, as reported by the Apostle Matthew:—

" 'Therefore I say unto you, Be not anxious for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than the food, and the body than the raiment? Behold the birds of the heaven, that they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; and your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not of much more value than they? And which of you by being anxious can add one cubit unto his stature? And why are ye anxious concerning raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; yet I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. But if God doth so clothe the grass of the field, which today is, and tomorrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith? Be not therefore anxious, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed? For after all these things do the Gentiles seek; for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things. But seek ye first his kingdom and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you. Be not therefore anxious for the morrow: for the morrow will be anxious for itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.'

"Ever since these words were spoken," Halleck expounded, "the interpreters have been busy degrading them to base uses. It would be hard to find in the whole history of literature a more vivid illustration of the rough old saw, 'No teacher can furnish ideas and brains too.'

"Jesus has been made to teach that if people will be pious, God will do the rest.

"What Jesus meant was that God has done the rest beforehand, and real piety consists in acting accordingly.

"In other words, the only way to insure the supply of

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human wants is to lead the kind of life which draws rationally on the resources that God has already provided.

"Jesus did not say, Religion will feed you. He virtually said, 'Feeding yourselves is religion.'

"Jesus was apparently talking to people who were thriftless, like our southern negroes. They were tempting fate by shirking work, and, to use a slang phrase, 'laying down on God.' They were like an excessively pseudo-religious college classmate of mine, who one Sunday evening testified in prayer meeting: 'I had been taking a walk on the other side of the river. When the prayer meeting bells began to ring I was in the middle of the bridge. I dropped down on my knees and prayed the Lord that I might not be late.'

"To that sort of people Jesus said 'Stop worrying about what will become of you if you spend your time worrying. Take up your part in the scheme of things, and the scheme of things will take care of you.'

"The promises of religion are due only to the kind of piety that is practical.

"Superstition spends itself on grafting experiments to beat the laws of nature.

"Genuine religion learns the laws of nature, and conforms to them, and gets the benefits of their workings.

"Not worry, but work, is the worship that pays.

"Of course, a life philosophy so radical, packed into a few such proverbs as these, must be qualified and expanded and diluted in a thousand ways, before it can fertilize the popular mind. Expressed from the other point of view, human stupidity had to go through thousands of years of hard knocking against reality, before many wits were sharp enough to accept the truth of this philosophy.

"But in our paraphrase of Jesus' words, so far, we have repeated only the alphabet of his complete idea. So much fits the case of the ordinary man, in his relations to every day tasks. The pith of this philosophy, however, is contained in what follows; and I know of nothing in the entire range of religion that cuts closer to the quick of our present social situation."

By this time the hush of the congregation had become less strained. The audience had the manner of a greater jury

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interested in the case. Many bodies were bent forward, as far as the next row of chairs would allow, not because it was difficult to hear, for Halleck's voice easily carried its lightest inflections to every part of the hall; but rather as an involuntary sign of attention. Halleck too was reassured by a return of the feeling that he had a piece of real work on his hands, and he settled himself for the main action.

"In summing up his talk to this multitude of commonplace folk, about the working partnership between the providence of God and human conduct, Jesus coined an axiom of moral economy:—*'Seek ye first his kingdom, and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.'*

"If we listen to all the social philosophers who have the ear of the world today, we hear no word that rings truer than this generalization of Jesus.

"Curiously enough, and flattering to our pride of knowledge, the harmony is most apparent between the theorem of Jesus and the most modern phases of social philosophy. The interpretations of life which are giving most credible proof of their right to disturb tradition have at bottom most in common with the insight of the Great Teacher.

"The eighteenth century mortgaged the nineteenth to a view of life from which it is the task of the twentieth century to earn our release.

"The types of arms with which most nineteenth century battles were fought, are no more obsolete than the assortment and emphasis of ideas behind nineteenth century struggles.

"The eighteenth century persuaded itself that the social world is made up of individuals whose independence of each other is the first law of life.

"Wherever this general version of the world appeared with religious coloring, a sort of private wireless telegraphy between each individual and God was pictured as the central feature in the moral structure; while no clear consistent account was given of the bonds that unite men with one another.

"Individualistic philosophy at its best is merely a refinement of selfishness.

"It is a theory of paramount private rights unbalanced by recognition or guarantee of liabilities to the social whole.

"Men on the high places know that the individualistic interpretation of life breaks down in presence of the facts.

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“The intellectual and moral tone-givers of the twentieth century are confidently calling back to the half-seers of the eighteenth, ‘No! not the independence, but the dependence of individuals is the first law of life!’ ”

The illustrations and comments with which Halleck supported these abstract statements evidently did their work. There was no sign of wandering attention. The audience seemed to have followed the line of thought, and to be ready for the next step in the argument.

“There are almost as many theories about what Jesus meant by the phrase ‘the Kingdom’ as there are first-hand students of the New Testament. It is not necessary to catalogue them, nor to decide between them, in order to be sure of enough of the substance of his teaching for our present purpose.

“The gist of the whole matter is this. There is no hope of putting human affairs on a secure and satisfactory basis, until we transfer the meridian line of all social calculation from our own selves to a moral order that is bigger than our special interests.

“It makes comparatively little difference whether we mistake our higher or our lower interests for the axis on which our world turns.

“We may be just as fatally at odds with the final law of life if we suppose the centre of things is a plan for our soul’s salvation, as we are if we assume that the moral fulcrum is a scheme of individual rights in economic competition.

“We are bound to see things in a blur, and to tangle ourselves in moral confusion, in the degree that our theory and our practice presuppose that our selfish appraisal of our private rights can settle our relation to our fellow men.

“Magnify our inner life, and our individual worth, how we will—and we cannot overestimate them if the other factor at the same time gets its ratio of value—at our largest and our best, with all that we have and all that we are, each of us is merely an infinitesimal subject in a sovereign moral order.

“The elements of value are in ourselves, but the proportions of our values, and their claims to precedence, and the measure of influence they may justly exert upon the destinies of other

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men, are settled at last not by our separate standards, but by the supreme moral constitution.

"This final arbiter rates the individual, without preference or prejudice, on his merits as a factor in the well-working of the whole.

"Whether we arrive at this principle through the traditions of religion, or through direct perception, or through the findings of social science, it is the only secure foundation for society.

"If private interests may constitute petty sovereignties, each a law unto itself, there is no peace for the world till some interest shall destroy or subdue all the rest.

"If there is a sovereign order, then peace can assume its place in human affairs only through surrender of sovereignty by separate interests, and acceptance of allegiance to the supreme interest of the whole.

"Whether we call this foundation principle of human society, natural law, or the world order, or the welfare of all, or essential justice, or the Kingdom of God; whether we think of it in naturalistic, or legalistic, or religious forms, our present insight into moral relations affords us no further appeal.

"We have our choice between an arbitrary social world, and society progressively conforming to verified moral values. In that direction lies anarchy. In this direction is progress.

"We have our choice between taking our risks fighting for our chances in an arbitrary world, and working out our common salvation in a rational world.

"The one alternative is destructive and costly to the average man. The other is constructive, and insures to the average man the largest rate of return for his investment in life.

"We shall live in a world of disorder, of accident, of cross purposes, with a ruinous rate of frustration and disappointment, until our lives are federated around a common centre, and controlled by a common principle pervasive enough to organize all our clashing interests into mutual support.

"Allowing then for the necessary inaccuracy of great generalizations popularized in proverbial form, Jesus actually anticipated the soberest results of modern social science when he said 'Seek ye first the Kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.'"

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A few faces in the congregation gave signs of foreseeing the application of this analysis to the specific issue. Others indicated appreciation of the high plane on which the question was evidently to be considered, with curiosity whether a connection could be found between these generalities and the pending problem. The majority seemed to understand what had been said, but with a passive sort of intelligence which was docile rather than critical. Halleck made a mental note that he was calling on his hearers for a wider survey than usual, but he felt that he was driving down some stakes that would be permanent points of departure. His pause was a signal for a moment's recess of attention, and his manner when he resumed gave notice of transition to a different phase of the subject.

“For practical purposes, the constitutional law of society, or the Kingdom of God, has always meant, and always must mean, the largest conception that can be entertained, in a given situation, of the entire community of interests which fixes the proportional rating of all contending special interests.

“It would be easy, if time allowed, to recite historical illustrations of this fact. They range from primitive tribal conditions, in which that group survives and prospers which exhibits the highest degree of individual subordination to group interests, up to the standards of civilization, which set the limits within which stronger peoples may dictate to weaker neighbors. The record is so clear on this point, however, that we may merely mention it, and go on to its bearings upon our own case.

“Human knowledge of social justice, or of the Kingdom of God, is like the traveller's conception of the height of a mountain. It can be filled out only by practical experiment with the facts.

“For us, social justice, or the Kingdom of God, must be the largest sweep of human interests that we can bring into view, arranged in accordance with the truest scale of comparative values that we can understand.

“For you and me, social justice, or the Kingdom of God, cannot mean less than a fair field and an impartial judgment for every sort of human interest that is struggling for recognition today. The Kingdom of God has no place for pref-

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erence or concession to one interest more than another, except on valid evidence that progressing human well-being requires stimulus of this interest and restraint of that.

"'Pure religion and undefiled' does not mean today 'to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction.' That is common decency. It is matter of course. We have outgrown it as an ideal. There is harder work for religion to do now than that. Pure religion means to take the next steps toward realizing the Kingdom of God. Pure religion means to adopt into our conception of human obligation the most enlightened standard of moral action that we can discover. Pure religion means to quit taking refuge behind social conventionalities that exempt our interests from submitting to re-examination of their title. Pure religion means to unite in a perpetual peace congress with our fellow men, for inquest into the operations of established institutions. Pure religion means resolution to diminish the ill-workings of these institutions when they work ill, and to protect their well-working when they work well; to judge between the claims of vested rights and protested rights; to devise means of reducing to a minimum the obstructive possibilities of selfishness, and to accelerate every notion toward harmonized human progress.

"A keen newspaper man would find in a twentieth century version of this old speech of Jesus a first page 'story' for tomorrow's paper. It goes to the roots of our modern troubles, while most of the agitators and reformers are merely spraying some of the twigs.

"In a word, if we want the benefits of religion we must first get religion. If we are bound to let our world stay as crude and blind and bad as it is, we must take the consequences, and go on distributing the losses by insuring ourselves as well as we may against the extra-hazardous risk of living in such a world. To reduce the risk we must remove the hazards.

"There was never in the world before such a volume of demand for richer life, better secured, more widely distributed. It is not merely a demand for more fleshpots. It is also an honest cry for completer living. There is one way to satisfy the demand, and one only. Lift life to the next higher moral plane. Accept life as a common enterprise. Stop treating it as a handicap race. Retire your obsolete morality. Ratify the next clause in the constitution of the

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Kingdom of God, and you will presently begin to transform the waste of this half-civilized human struggle into the dividends of a loftier righteousness!"

Halleck's style seldom passed from the conversational to the declamatory. In the exceptional cases there was no pre-mediated effort for dramatic effect, but genuine feeling was allowed to utter itself without restraint. In the last few minutes Halleck had felt the freedom and the joy of a seer arriving within sight of a prospect unfamiliar to most men. The distinctness of the vision strengthened his faith. His voice responded to the impulse and spurred the audience like a bugle sounding the charge. After stopping long enough to avoid an abrupt contrast, he resumed the argument in his usual manner.

"We are tempted to consume such large outlooks as luxuries. We shirk our duty unless we capitalize them as investments. Our business is to bring the particular case that is nearest to our thoughts into focus within this wide perspective.

"From the view point which we have just considered, many debatable aspects of every special social situation are visible. We are likely to have occasion to deal with a long list of them before we hear the last of our present difficulties. We shall have done enough for one Sunday, if we make practical application of the principle before us in a single phase of its bearing upon our problem.

"Until we have accomplished the ascent to the next higher level of life, the Kingdom of God, as a goal to be reached, and as an obligation to be accepted, will mean, in a word, human struggle transformed into a system of mutual aid.

"If we want to take this principle out of religious terms, and give it a more commonplace phrasing, we may put the facts in this way:—Life is misunderstood if it is thought of as a collection of parallel interests which are at their best when they let one another alone. Life is a system of reciprocating interests. They cannot avoid the alternative of obstructing or promoting one another. The total output of life will be increased in quantity and improved in quality in the degree in which we learn how to advance from struggle

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between interests, and defeat and destruction of one interest by another, to concurrence and correlation of interests.

"We claim to have risen above the rule of force, and to have adopted the rule of reason; but we are marking time before the next great step in human progress. As a rule every interest persists in using against all rival interests the method of force instead of the method of reason.

"Let us look our present local situation frankly in the face. It sets our special task in promoting social welfare, or the Kingdom of God. At the same time it is merely one typical case of the universal problem of modern society.

"The men who earn wages, and the men who pay wages, are trying to get into position to defeat each other in a trial of strength.

"Both sides will be recruited from this congregation.

"Both sides will convince themselves with plausible pleas that they are contending for the right.

"Both sides will in reality throw their whole weight against the kind of right that is due for recognition in the modern world; and both will wage the fierce fight of conscientious stupidity—for what? Why the net outcome of your fight will be simply that you will insure another lease of life to the miserable régime of wrong!

"During one of our recent national campaigns, representatives of the different parties explained briefly, in one of the leading weekly papers, the essence of their respective platforms. The presidential nominee of one of the labor parties made a statement which at least proved that his party was endowed with its share of our common human nature. The argument amounted to these three claims:—'First, it is dangerous to the liberty of any class to be legislated for by a class whose interests are antagonistic. Second, the capitalists are now legislating for the laborers. Third, the labor party proposes to seize political power and legislate for the capitalists.'

"There you have it! It is not the wage earner alone. With different degrees of tact in masking our egotism we are all trying to win on the platform:—'It is wrong for you to regulate me, but it is right for me to regulate you!' We are all fighting for this policy. And we wonder that the world is no more prosperous and happy, while such an enlightened and beneficent conception of life prevails!

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"Labor and capital do not devise means of correcting their partisan claims by some non-partisan standard. They do not ask, 'How do our demands as separate interests look when judged, not from our special point of view, but from the standpoint of the whole civilization in which they are incidents?' Each ignores the right of the other to modify a one-sided conception of rights. Each party isolates itself, and magnifies its separate importance, and declares, in defiance of all the world 'These are our rights! These we want! These we will have!'

"The most inconsistent modern immorality is provincialism.

"Never have rivals, interests, competitors, classes, had such manifold effects upon one another's destinies.

"Never was it so evident that equity must be a composite judgment, in which conflicting claims are impartially represented.

"The peculiar social task of our era is to install the morality of legislating and regulating not for one another but with one another."

Halleck had none of the zealotry which flatters itself that the world's work is done when a truth is told. He was addicted neither to belittling his own division of labor nor to over-sanguine hopes of visible results. While he was putting all his resources into a restatement of the argument, and an appeal for recognition of the moral standard it presented, he was aware of a certain indifference as to whether or not any of his hearers ever gave proof of having taken his words to heart. He had at all events clarified his own mind. He had satisfied himself both of social needs and of social tendencies. He had crystallized his liquid conception of the radical element in the moral problem, and he had reassured himself of the mark toward which his own efforts must converge. Whether these particular hearers carried the truth to application or not, he had fortified his own faith that the truth would sometime do its perfect work.

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“No one remarked that prevention before the accident, or quick action afterwards, would have been worth more than the cure likely to be effected at this late day.”

SUNDAY noon at David Lyon's house would remind a New Englander in his sixties or seventies of Thanksgiving celebrations in his youth. Religion and domesticity and hospitality joined in a genial warmth that may not have marked the summit of social attainment, but it surely presented one of the fine types of life.

Sunday was Mr. Lyon's only home day. He wanted his whole family around him, and as many intimate friends beside as the size of his dining room would permit. The number this time was smaller than usual, for it included only the seven persons whom Mr. Lyon claimed as the members of his immediate household. Within this group there was greater intimacy and freedom, but no more genuine good feeling than a guest always recognized under David Lyon's roof.

The Lyon homestead might have ranked as palatial when it was built. It was no longer among the more pretentious residences of the city. It was designed for domestic comfort, rather than for display or elaborate entertainment. A standard of utility that was commonplace in kind, but liberal in scale, had evidently dictated the specifications.

The appointments indicated wealth without an insistent standard of taste. Except in the case of furniture bought by the set, it would have been difficult to assign a sufficient artistic reason for the presence of any two articles of use or ornament in the same room. The furnishings seemed to have been selected on their separate merits, and to have been assembled without the aid of esthetic principles that could have been definitely expressed. Although there were no glaring disharmonies, the passive incongruity would have produced an effect upon a sensitive taste very much like that of a rich and benevolent person without manners.

Mr. and Mrs. Lyon were choice specimens of a type of arrested development especially frequent among Americans.

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Their material prosperity had overtaxed their imagination. Their personal expenditures had by no means increased in the ratio of Mr. Lyon's gain of income, but the changes in their demands upon life were much more conspicuous in quantity than in quality. While Mr. Lyon's business had been a large factor in creating the new industrial era in the United States; while he was commercially not only a product but a producer of the times; his ideas of the relations between person and person showed only the faintest perception of the changes that had occurred in social conditions.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Lyon had been faithfully schooled in the elementary principles of integrity with equals and charity towards inferiors. Their social conceptions dated from the period when there was no dispute that industry, and honesty, and thrift, and fair dealing were infallible means of success for all, because all were supposed to have equal opportunity to practice these virtues. Their personal observance of the code which they had learned in childhood was not from fear, but from reverence and love. They had high-minded pleasure in the duties which their sense of honor prescribed.

If they had been told that the world had been transformed since the morality which they inherited had taken shape, they would have said that it could not possibly have been a change which made wrong right or right wrong. With them this would not have been a quibble, but to their best knowledge and belief a good and sufficient answer to all suggestions that obligation might be made more liberal or more exacting. If it had still been urged that the difference between people of a century or two ago, and modern men, was like the contrast between a population of primitive farmers, each peaceably providing for his own wants, with little dependence upon the rest, and the same population organized as an army to repel invasion, each dependent upon all the others for hope of life and happiness; they would have been honestly unable to see any propriety in the comparison. The world had grown more complex, of course. There were greater inequalities. But these simply corresponded to actual differences in diligence and prudence. They allowed for a certain modicum of mysterious misfortune, but they were convinced that, with this exception, rewards and merits on the whole corresponded, as they always had and as they always must.

They were equally candid in this view, and they held it with equal firmness, but there was an obtrusive contrast between the two sorts of evidence on which their faith reposed. Mr. Lyon frankly claimed that he had built up his fortune by his own efforts, without help from anybody. His success seemed to him merely a case of Providence protecting its credit. No one who knew him questioned his exceptional ability; few doubted that he had earned his success; and only here and there an extremist challenged his right to all he had.

Measured by the same standard, his wife was entitled to the rewards of fidelity in a comparatively humble position; but a thousand women whose personal desert quite equalled hers, still earned merely the modest wages of employments like that which she resigned to become the second Mrs. Lyon. Whether their rate of return for service or hers was in proportion to merit, the excess or deficit in the other case was sufficient to confirm the incredulous in distrust of the theory.

The work of the future Mrs. Lyon as head of a sub-department in one of the large down-town stores had been highly valued by her employers, and it was altogether to her credit until, after her marriage, she fell into the bathos of being ashamed of her former occupation. Her aggressive anxiety to make people forget it, not only kept the fact fresh in their memory, but it sharpened criticism of other traits that might have been overlooked. If she had shown the genuine pride in having earned her living as a business woman that her husband did in his advance from small beginnings, her other qualities might have conquered most of the doubts about her fitness for her present position. She really had all the homely virtues except indomitable simplicity. She would have been a model wife for a man whose income was not large enough to intoxicate her sense of importance. Promoted suddenly to opportunity for which she was untrained and unprepared, she remained true to her previous convictions, but she deplorably failed to bring consistent order and proportion into the confusion of values among which her choices now had to be made.

Her only child, Chester, more generally known as "Buck," now eighteen years old, was already cited rather freely as the legitimate result of Mrs. Lyon's limitations. His father had been too much preoccupied to concern himself directly with the boy's education. Left entirely to maternal discretion,

he had asserted his independence almost from the cradle, and had never learned the rudiments of respect for any authority but his own will. He had rapidly lengthened the radius of his freedom by artful use of the endless chain "all the fellows," and "everybody." The cumulative effect of assuming the sanction of all for what was approved by none, plainly marked the bunch chiefly of rich men's sons in which Buck both led and followed. Because the parents of each lacked independence to obey their better judgment, their combined timidity amounted to a conspiracy to defeat their unorganized scruples.

The fallacy and the pathos of Mrs. Lyon's whole mismanagement of her son lay in allowing him to presume upon the external results of his father's success, instead of grounding him in the elements of purpose and habit which had made the success possible. By permitting Buck to grow up without the discipline of responsibility, Mrs. Lyon had inverted the process of heredity, and although she was still fondly unsuspecting, he was already far advanced along lines of moral reversion.

Mr. Lyon's other two children had welcomed his second marriage. Logan was already in college, and Edith in an eastern preparatory school. They had known Miss Williams as Secretary of the Sunday School, and as a prominent worker in other church organizations, and the choice seemed to them ideal. Edith was four years younger than Logan, and after her graduation at Vassar she had studied music two years in Europe. With the exception of the year before her marriage, she had been at home only during parts of her vacations, and as her brother was absent still more, their relations to their stepmother had quite easily adjusted themselves on a cousinly basis.

Edgerly was the brother of Edith Lyon's college chum. He had been an instructor three or four years at Yale, and was in Berlin getting ready for his first semester, when the party containing the two girls arrived. During the two following years, he found it convenient to act as their courier in vacations, and soon after Edith's return the engagement was announced. They were married a year later, after Edgerly had taken his Doctor's degree in Berlin. Meanwhile he had been advanced to a higher position at Yale, and they had

lived in New Haven until Edgerly accepted the call to Chicago.

Mr. Lyon had not yet returned from church, and the sixth member of the group in the library was evidently the focus of attention. Hester Kinzie was hardly midway in her twenties, but the manner of the others toward her was an uncertain compromise between tolerance of youthfulness and deference to seniority. A casual glance would have gathered the impression that here was a girl who had herself excellently well in hand. Continued inspection would bring into relief the fine poise; the secure self-possession, with entire effacement of self-consciousness; the rare combination of repose with vigilant attention and stimulating sympathy. Perhaps more notable still was her economy of physical effort. She ran the gamut of emotion from grave to gay, in harmony with the others, but all her effects were produced with a reticence of tone, of gesture, of expression, that was almost telepathic.

One might have written down all these observations without having thought to propose that first question in the catechism of womanhood, was she beautiful? More than this, one might have neglected to review the evidence on the subject without counting the oversight an important omission. Nature might or might not have endowed her with beauty. Culture had certainly enriched her with charms that were more subtly attractive.

Hester Kinzie was the daughter of Mr. Lyon's lifelong friend, one of the original organizers of the Avery Company. She did not remember her mother, but from her earliest recollection she had been her father's companion. He had remained until his death a nominal member of the board of directors of the company, but had retired from active business shortly after the death of his wife. He was a graduate of Williams College, and though he had rapidly accumulated a large fortune, he often said that if nature intended him for money-making Mark Hopkins had vetoed the arrangement. He had a scholar's tastes, with discernment enough to be aware that he lacked the modern scholar's equipment. But he was not equally limited in his fitness to teach. From the time that he gave up business he devoted himself to his daughter's education. They travelled constantly, and studied together the subjects which he approved, with the exception of

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the languages. He found that she could acquire them so readily that it would be an injustice to hamper her by keeping to the methods which he found necessary for himself.

As long as she could remember, both Hester and her father had spoken of Mr. Lyon as their guardian. He had always held Mr. Kinzie's proxies for all purposes that required them, and he was the executor of his friend's estate.

Hester had not visited Chicago since her father died, a little more than a year before. Logan Lyon had always regarded her as a very entertaining child. He had romped with her, and hectoring her, and always called her "Gypsy," without taking notice that the girl gave promise of becoming a rarely notable woman. The promise had not been so visibly in the way of fulfillment when he last saw her, but he was now aware that a transformation had occurred, though he did not at once realize its extent.

Several years earlier, when Edgerly first saw Hester, his wife had asked his impression of her. At first he tried to get off with the reply that youthful prodigies always appealed to his pity. After further urging he admitted that her variegated hues would be fascinating if they were not uncanny. Finding that his wife would not be satisfied until he spoke with some show of seriousness, he said that he would not venture to label Hester without further study; but at present she appeared to be a rather volatile compound of Puritan tradition, Parisian taste, German mental affinity, and Salvation Army practice. Perhaps the only change that he had since seen reason to make in the analysis was substitution of the term stable for volatile.

When Mr. Lyon came in, it was like the appearance of Santa Claus clean shaven. He had been to the West Side to visit a family in trouble, and he seemed to be enjoying some of the superior happiness of giving.

Dinner had been waiting, and was at once announced. Mr. Lyon asked the blessing with phrase and fervor that were rather rare survivals from another generation. Then he began at once to tell of the errand from which he had just returned.

The Charity Organization Society had discovered a man and his wife entirely destitute, and so sick that neither could help the other. In tracing their record it was found that the man had been for fifteen years a skilled laborer in the employ

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of the Avery Company. An accident, caused by the carelessness or incompetence of another workman, had injured him so severely that when he recovered he was no longer capable of filling his former place, and nothing else was offered him by his employers. When he was sent to the Company's hospital, he had to sign a release of all claims against the Company. For half a dozen years both he and his wife had kept busy at any work they could find, and so far as the neighbors knew they had not suffered, until sickness had made them helpless.

Mr. Lyon told how he had verified the story of the day before, and had sent a visiting nurse with instructions to provide everything immediately needed by the couple. After inspecting their surroundings himself, he had made arrangements to move them to the Presbyterian Hospital. The physician whom the nurse called had assured him that proper nourishment for a few weeks was the chief element in the treatment indicated to restore their normal condition.

No one remarked that prevention before the accident, or quick action afterwards, would have been worth more than the cure likely to be effected at this late day. The thought may have been prompted, and possibly it recurred in veiled form a few moments later.

Mr. Lyon assumed that the couple were to be put on their feet again, both physically and industrially. Mrs. Lyon was no less eager than he to work out ways and means forthwith, and they pursued the subject so intently that at last Mrs. Edgerly interposed the query if it would not be the regular procedure to appoint a chairman and secretary and take stenographic minutes.

The hint was received with a sigh of relief by all, not excepting Mr. and Mrs. Lyon. Logan quickly followed it up with a challenge to Hester. Even as a child her ideas had always amused him, but he was beginning to take notice that she had a point of view which might yield something more than diversion. He tried to adopt his customary tone, but in spite of himself respectful qualification tempered former condescension, as he remarked:—"I was wondering, Miss Gypsy, whether we should get some new readings of our palms this trip."

Without turning her eyes from the figure she was examining in the table-cloth, Hester answered musingly:—"Oh

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no; *alles bleibt beim Alten*. All Chicago is still divided into three classes; the machine-tenders, the want-to-be-machine-tenders, and the escaped-from-being-machine tenders."

"You credit us then with a few escapes?" returned Lyon.

"'Credit' is your own version," answered Hester, fixing on him a comical expression of surprise. "I should say it is like the canary's escape from the cage. The first two classes are in the way of salvation, thanks to having their wants. The others are more lost than before, because they don't know what they want."

"Yet some of the canaries enjoy their freedom," ventured Mrs. Lyon.

"Yes, in their fluttering little fashion," continued Hester, as though dropping again into meditation, "but on the whole isn't enjoyment much less in evidence than bewilderment?"

Mrs. Edgerly was sure Hester was turning over in her mind something worth hearing, if she could be provoked to utter it. To furnish a random stimulus she interposed, with a mild affectation of anxiety:—"Promise me, Hester, that you will prepare our minds gradually, before you shake our republican dust from your feet to transfer your allegiance to an effete monarchy."

The only sign that Hester was taking up the aggressive might have been found in the somewhat irrelevant abruptness of her answer: "Isn't modern royalty more democratic than modern riches?"

"Does the key go with the cipher?" inquired Mr. Lyon indulgently.

"It's easier than the prospectus of Esperanto," chirped Hester, turning upon him a curiously confidential expression, which left everybody uncertain whether she was in earnest or simply preparing to tease her guardian. "Isn't the king today the chief worker in the settlement? Isn't he a trained specialist in public service? Isn't he the most representative citizen? Isn't he a sort of digest of the life of the people? Isn't he not only the symbol of the State, but the most active unifying agent? Isn't the modern rich man his opposite at all points? Doesn't he work people instead of working with them? Does he soil his hands with public service? Isn't he an exception, instead of a specimen? Doesn't he make himself a spectator, instead of taking his part as a plain man? On

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the whole, doesn't he do more to divide society than to unite it?"

"Really, Miss Gypsy," groaned Logan, with a fair imitation of dejection, "this is too much of a disappointment. You are billed to be original or nothing. These recitations out of the Anarchists' Handbook will ruin your reputation."

Still looking at the father, as though wishing to confine her attention to him, Hester answered parenthetically, "Remember, Logan, you didn't ask me for news, but merely to read your palms. A real seeress must be truthful though tiresome."

Mrs. Lyon never had toleration for flippancy on such a subject. Irreverence at this point seemed to her to threaten the gold of the altar. Following so close upon the evidence to the contrary, in the plans they had just discussed, these reflections seemed to her especially unkind. She usually avoided disagreement with Hester. She had a dread of mistaking play for earnest, and her distrust of her own sense of humor perhaps made her interpret the obvious in Hester as mystery. This time, however, although she suspected that her reply left much to be desired, both as to novelty and conclusiveness, she took the risk, before any one else could answer.

"But, Hester, you forget the millions of dollars given to charity in the United States every year."

"I didn't forget them, Aunt Jenny," Hester began soothingly. "Some of the blessedest dollars in the world are among them." Then returning to the more impersonal aspects of the subject:—"Some of them too are the same snobocratic dollars I had in mind. Their image and superscription make me wonder if modern royalty isn't more human than modern riches. We sit on our thrones and command the Grand Vizier of the Bank Account to scatter largesses, but Ahasuerus and all his ancient kind did that. It's not modern at all. While the up-to-date king devotes his life to finding out what his people need, and working harder than any of them to get it, aren't we the American rich spending our money like nabobs for anyone we can patronize, but do we any more make common cause with people outside our financial class than we take our cook into our box the first night of the opera?"

Edgerly was beginning to suspect that Hester was much deeper than an impressionist; and he was highly edified by

the effect of her heresy on both Mr. and Mrs. Lyon. For mental and physical cures alike however, he believed in ninety-nine parts nature to one of medicine. At the present moment he judged that the dose already administered might be enough for a single treatment, and that a diversion might be in the line of good policy as well as good fellowship. With a glance at Mrs. Lyon, for her permission to interrupt the argument, he volunteered his mediation.

"It has occurred to me, Miss Kinzie, that Logan got his references mixed. It sounds more like plagiarism from this morning's sermon."

Edgerly was not content to let his father-in-law drop out of the conversation. Few families more rigidly observed the taboo of "shop" in the household. From the table talk a guest would seldom be able to place Mr. Lyon; but the inference would almost always be drawn that philanthropy was his chief occupation. Edgerly reckoned that reference to Halleck's line of thought was an approach to forbidden ground, and that it would call for a defensive movement. Mr. Lyon did not take alarm, however, until Hester had tripped blithely across the danger line. She more than half guessed what was in Edgerly's mind. She had been privileged from childhood as an *enfant terrible* toward her guardian, and since she had arrived at ideas of her own she had often turned the rôle to serious account. With the carelessness of an ingenue exchanging banter she smiled back upon Edgerly:—

"Mr. Halleck and I have merely been reading the same palms. After one of his climaxes I retired into a reverie, and when I returned I fancied he had been saying, 'David Lyon, you are one of the best men in the world, but the social problem is how to get you into moral relations with your help!'"

To do both Mr. and Mrs. Lyon justice, their imagination was honestly lost in the attempt to put a workable meaning into Halleck's ideas. The only direction along which they could see any hope of industrial betterment, was through growth of intelligence in laborers that would show them the necessity of trusting the superior wisdom of employers. To their minds the wage system was a part of the order of nature no less than the changes of seasons. The application to Mr. Lyon in particular seemed so extravagant that both preferred to take it as a facetious way of retreating from the charge upon wealth in general.

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Mr. Lyon's patience with Hester's escapades of opinion was very much like the Kaiser's sufferance of his daughter's liberties with imperial dignity. They did not affect him as social symptoms, but merely as signs of girlish detachment from the real world. That Halleck should put arguments into the mouths of feministic theorists was another matter; yet this was a subject for the office, not for the family. To avoid the trap, he chose to treat Hester's allusion playfully.

"I heard Mr. Kissinger say yesterday that one of the young women in the office wants leave of absence for two months, to help her sister get ready to be married. I will recommend you for the position, Hester, and you can see what an ogre I am at close quarters."

"Oh, I've no doubt you'd be so nice to me that I should quite forget the personal and the business duality. But suppose I should join the Office Girls' Protective Union. Wouldn't you say I was trying to reverse divine foreordination, and wouldn't you boycott me?"

"Of course, if you should conspire against me. I should have to defend myself."

"Would my Office Girls' Union be more of a conspiracy against you, than your corporation laws, and your community of interests among capitalists would against me?"

"I will answer allegorically, Hester. Suppose the blades of corn in some farmer's field should form a union next Spring to outwit the climate. Suppose they agreed to grow in spite of drought when rain was needed, and to fill out fuller ears than usual even if rain fell all the time that sunshine was wanted. What would you think of the prospects of the union against the climate?"

"They would strike me as a rather forlorn hope, Uncle David, but I wish you would explain the allegory. The blades of corn represent——?"

"Why the members of your union, with your easy superiority to the laws of business."

"And the climate?"

"The climate stands for business of course, and the blades of corn must conform to it."

"You didn't mean to imply that the *employers* are the climate?"

"The employers understand the climate, and the unions do not."

"I see. That makes the allegory very striking. If I had a masculine mind, I suppose I should be convinced forever, Uncle David; but as I haven't, I'm foolish enough to imagine that something may still be said for the unions. Would you mind if I try my hand at an allegory?"

A gentle murmur of encouragement circled the table, and Hester proceeded:—

"One fine Spring morning, the blades of corn in a small patch, in one corner of the field, put their heads together and decided to form a syndicate to control irrigation. They said to one another, 'We know what we want, and the rest of the field doesn't know what it wants. All these hills of corn can't prosper of course. There isn't material enough to go around. We must make things come our way. We will keep ourselves well watered. We will wash plenty of soil from the rest of the field, if necessary, to cover our roots, but any way we will get rich and fat.' Would it be so awfully unreasonable, Uncle David, for the rest of the field to form a union, while the few hills were organizing their syndicate?"

The air of artless innocence with which Hester propounded the dilemma was too much for the gravity even of Mr. and Mrs. Lyon. Buck had been inwardly voting the whole talk an infernal bore, but the humor of the last turn drew him into the general outburst of hilarity. Mr. Lyon declared that he felt like sending a large check at once to the firemen's fund, in gratitude for the narrow escape from letting such a pyromaniac into his office. Logan said it merely went to show our need of an underground route to Siberia; and Ederly submitted that they had all guessed wrong, and these were advance sheets from a new Communist Manifesto.

Hester toyed demurely with her liqueur glass, and reflected that a little well placed irony now and then might help the world move on as much as many a ponderous argument.

While the others were returning to the library, Buck took the opportunity to extricate himself, with the notification to his mother, "I won't be home very early. Tom and I are going to take two of the girls on an auto ride."

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VII

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“The real issue is this:—How do you know that your better judgment hasn’t usurped more authority than it is entitled to as a dictator to men of poorer judgment?”

AT the head of the long table in the directors’ room, the President of the Company was dispatching his Monday morning’s work.

He might have been described as a twin of David Lyon, with reverse English upon every feature that made his brother lovable. In the lines of his face, as he rapidly disposed of one document after another, not a mark of a gentle emotion could be detected. He was following a routine, with no more betrayal of sentiment than is visible in a machine. After watching and listening for a half-hour to his curt comments to his secretary one might have said that his relentlessness in action resembled nothing so much as the strain of an express engine making up time lost from the schedule.

Yet this was David Lyon in his business character. Not dishonest, not dishonorable, not unscrupulous, he was simply unequivocal in his purpose, and unswerving, uncompromising, inflexible in its pursuit. He accepted the working world as a scheme of order as unvarying and inevitable as the harmony of the spheres. The Newtonian law of this system was, Capitalize all the wealth you can, and make it pay every penny of dividends it will produce. The general limitations of the system were defined by the statutes and the recognized rules of competition. Within these boundaries, success belonged to the strongest force.

No courts would have been needed to secure his observance of these restrictions to the letter, as he interpreted them. David Lyon’s word was always as good as his contract. But honor, as he understood it, required rigid respect for the rules no more than pitiless use of the power of economic resources. It would be burying talents in the earth to permit embarrassment of business by sentimental considerations. His whole office philosophy was once packed into a remark to Edgerly:—“We can’t go into battle without losing killed and wounded,

but we must win the fight first and attend to them afterwards. When human sympathies obstruct the operation of business principles, they are as much out of place as lace curtains and bric-à-brac in a foundry."

The difficult thing to understand was not the make-up of Mr. Lyon's two selves, but that he had never been disturbed by the contrast between them. He serenely accepted the beneficent provision of nature which divided life into personal and impersonal parts, the former of which subsisted upon crumbs from the table of the latter.

Perhaps more anomalous still, in a man of his type, was the fact that his partial suspension, in practice, of the fundamental law "capitalize," was not in accordance with a definite formula. He was liberal in his expenditures, and generous in his gifts, but this did not alter the material fact. In principle, his personal life was not the master but the pensioner of his economic life, and he had never attempted to account for the ratio of withdrawal from possible capital, and transfer to bounty, which his business self permitted his personal self to administer. The truth was that these habitual concessions to the larger life represented ideas and influences which flatly contradicted his business theory.

If he had been a philosopher, Mr. Lyon would have been a puzzle to himself. He would have seen that there was irrepressible conflict between the two divisions of life which his working scheme created; and the conflict would have presented itself to him as either comedy or tragedy. Whichever alternative he chose he would have had the curiosity to run down the contradiction, and to discover where the mistake was located which made his life revolve about two centres instead of one. Since he was not a philosopher, but merely a matter-of-fact man, he cared for none of these things; and instead of struggling to merge his antithetic selves into a unity, he held them apart, dividing his time between them, and turn for turn he was as conscientious about the program of the one as of the other.

It was Mr. Lyon's habit to do his routine work in the directors' room, in preference to his private office; and for two reasons. In the first place, there was the comfort and convenience of the larger space. This was the reason which he gave to others. In the second place, in the directors' room he could more easily imagine himself reaching out to touch every de-

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tail of the company's operations. He had more of the feeling of the Captain on the bridge, and of the Commander at staff-headquarters. He could fancy that all his heads of departments were present. This was the reason which he gave to himself. He would have been ashamed to confess it, for it was the one intrusion of sentiment which he had not barred from the premises.

The customary order of business filled the first part of the forenoon, with no incident to show that anything unusual was in the air. According to the newspapers, the program predicted by Kissinger, and talked over by Mr. Lyon and Logan after dinner the day before, had been endorsed by the unions, and a delegation had been authorized to make formal presentation of the demands to the Company. No directors' meeting had been called, because the situation presented no problem that had not already been settled in principle; unless it was the question whether an interview should be granted to a delegation submitting such an unthinkable proposition. As notification that an interview was desired had not been received, there was no hurry to decide how it should be treated.

The special program of the day was to set in motion the offensive and defensive plans which had been worked out in anticipation of labor disturbance. Certain large orders for material had to be suspended; customers were warned that the strike clause in their contracts was likely to become operative; pending arrangements with the banks were to be closed, and in particular, the necessary steps had to be taken to put in readiness the campaign resources of the different associations that were pledged to maintain the employers' side of the fight.

Until after business hours there had been hardly a moment of relief from hard work for the administrative officers. The lunch hour at their clubs had been nearly as busy as the floor of the Board of Trade during a break in the market. The directors had been coming and going all day, and now, after the doors were closed, half a dozen of them were gathered around the long table to talk over the outlook at their leisure.

At this moment Mr. Lyon would have been an ideal pose for Napoleon at Austerlitz, during the legendary twenty minutes when he held his Marshals in leash while the allies were completing their false movement. He expected a terrific

fight, but he had made his dispositions so carefully that he was absolutely confident. He was so pleased with the day's work that he had almost permitted his face to resume its human version.

When the talk turned from what had been done, to the question of attitude toward the strikers' deputation, it was quickly evident that this transformation was premature. At mention of the defiance which was to be flung at the Company, with the underlying provocation of implied contempt for business principles, Mr. Lyon's features instantly contracted into a hard, stern, almost fierce expression, that would have satisfied a rather rigorous conception of a headsman. Bringing both fists down heavily upon the table, he exclaimed, with a vehemence of which few knew him to be capable, "One thing is certain! You will never catch me demeaning myself by a parley with these freebooters!"

Most of the group represented primarily the bankers', rather than the employers' viewpoint, and they were inclined toward a more conciliatory policy. They argued that it was a mere matter of form anyway. They said it would do no hurt to be polite to these men. They thought it might even modify the animus of the struggle if the Company should avoid insolence in the beginning.

Mr. Lyon came back at them savagely. "Is it insolence not to ask a man to walk into your parlor, when he advertises in advance that his errand is bribery or blackmail? Politeness has its place, and some of it might be judicious if we were just at present doing detectives' work. But I draw the line on politeness to the man that asks me to be his accomplice in crime. You propose to bandy words with an illegal conspiracy. That would give these bandits the advantage of being treated as though they had a right to negotiate. It would give away our whole case if we should admit that they are entitled to a hearing. No! gentlemen. A burglar may break into my house at his own peril, but he will never get a chance to sit down before my fireplace and discuss terms of immunity. The scouts of these outlaws may wave their flag of truce till it rots. The only recognition they will ever get from David Lyon will be a volley!"

Logan Lyon had been pacing slowly around the table, in the rear of the animated circle. None of the talk had escaped him, but he had been thinking of Halleck, and Hester

Kinzie; and it was a relief from the grim tension of the day's schedule to look at it in the sort of colored light that he just at present associated with those persons.

So far as Lyon was aware, his object in turning from the practical to what he regarded as the dilettantish, was amusement, rather than anything more serious. It was a part of the "lighter touch" that he had mentioned to Barclay. It was a novel sensation to assume an attitude of aloofness, and to scrutinize business as an unbiased spectator. It gave him a feeling of self-possession something like the triumph of first ability to ride a bicycle without gripping the handle-bar. That the horizon which the Company made for itself was not the largest perspective in which it could be viewed without taking in a section of cloud-land, was almost as novel a revelation to Lyon as the fresh-air fund child's discovery that the world contains groves, and streams, and meadows, as well as pavements.

The new mood was an inclination to be coltish. From pure mischief Lyon halted at the foot of the table, and for the first time broke into the conversation.

"After all, Father, don't you think we're a little like the Quaker whose conscientious scruples against war couldn't keep him from firing just where the enemy stood?"

The blank look on all the faces at the table told Lyon that he had not scored; and he acknowledged to himself that it was a rather wild shot. After his father had answered, in a slightly groping tone, that he didn't see the point, Logan tried again.

"While you have been throwing bouquets at the Company for its long-headed preparations, I've been wondering how many of us had ever caught ourselves thinking that, win or lose, the whole campaign is a dodging of the issue."

Probably no one present would have found anything new in such a reflection from a literary man, or a social agitator, but the source and the surroundings gave it the effect of a cannon-cracker. Any remark, however unexpected, that was to be taken literally in connection with a business proposition, would have met ready enough answer in that group; but this suggestion from Logan Lyon was a complete surprise. Every one was caught so off his guard that for several seconds only a confused gurgle came of the spasmodic attempts to articulate before thinking. The first to pull him-

self together enough to sense the spirit of the query was Evans, President of the Fidelity Trust Company, and nearest of the number to Logan's age. He could contribute only the insinuation, "Does a hard day's work always rattle you, Lyon?"

"On the contrary," Lyon answered jauntily, "as the day's work hasn't called on me to extend myself, I need the exercise of playing the devil's advocate."

"If I was after that sort of exercise," joined in Snelling, of the Home National, "I should wait until my client had a case with at least a few technicalities in his favor."

"You may not be aware, gentlemen," continued Lyon, with mock solemnity, and seemingly regardless of the comments, "that I am considering the idea of employing my leisure in writing a treatise on the vices of modern business."

"On the principle that it takes a rogue to catch a rogue?" demanded Evans.

"Exactly," followed Lyon, "the confessions of a converted capitalist."

Nobody in the room could make out what Lyon was driving at. Jokes were not good form in the Avery offices, even after hours. The presumption neither of jest nor of earnest offered a plausible clue. If Logan Lyon had not ranked as one of the keenest minds in Chicago, the group would have been disposed to think he was gibbering. As he was never known to talk without saying something, the topic of the day was dropped and the curiosity of the whole company turned to the enigma he had sprung.

Semi-officially, rather than paternally, and as a caution against crossing the line of levity, Lyon Senior offered the tentative expostulation:—"It is to be presumed, Logan, that the confessions will be strictly individual rather than representative."

"I had thought it would be a good plan to make them general, for the sake of seeing how my fellow sinners would plead to the indictment. For instance, the first chapter will begin: 'Everybody knows that the patriarchalism of modern business is untenable.'"

"You might save making a show of yourself, by assuming a verdict of not guilty on that count, and throwing it out of the record," retorted Evans. He was quicker than the others in tracking Lyon's moves, but he was an index of the temper

of the rest. They all had the feeling that whatever Lyon meant it was entirely uncalled for, and perhaps seditious.

Paying no attention to the disclaimer, Lyon continued:—
 “The second proposition will be: ‘Even the interested parties now understand that the superstition of the divine right of kings was merely a primitive form of the illusion of the divine right of employers.’”

By this time the President of the Company was really uneasy. Under any circumstances he would have regarded it as beneath the dignity of the head of the legal department to indulge in such extravagance. In a crisis like the present, it pointed either to deficient sense of the gravity of the situation, or to mental vagaries of which his son had never been suspected. Not in anger, but certainly in sorrow, he undertook to close the incident. “It strikes me, Logan,” he interposed, with a manner that was an unsettled compound of gentleness and severity, “that it would be well to leave this sort of horse-play to the socialists, and confine ourselves to business.”

The young man’s respect and affection for his father were too genuine to permit trifling either with his opinions or his feelings. With the other men Lyon might have continued on the same line indefinitely. For his father’s sake, he saw that he must adopt a different tone. Still standing, with his hands in his pockets, at the end of the table, and now and then walking a step or two in either direction, he took a new point of departure.

“I’m neither an end-man nor a traitor. These things are strictly between us, and I’m not likely to let them clog the running gear. But, honestly, on the neutral ground between jobs, I would like immensely to find out how many of us are as satisfied as we think we are with the whole arrangement.”

“You don’t propose to quit the business, and get a place to spin cobwebs down at the University?” This time it was Dexter, of the Ninth National. He had hardly spoken since Lyon disturbed the session. His face had been lowering, from the first remark, and the innovation seemed to irritate him more in its literal than in its facetious form.

“What do you mean by ‘the whole arrangement,’ Logan?” asked his father.

“I mean this:—The Avery Company, for instance, is a sample of the sort of thing that has grown up all over the world. Nobody saw in advance just what was coming, but

new sources of motor power, new types of machinery, new markets, new legislation, new organization of economic forces, have gradually put into the hands of a few of us a new type of control over most of our partners in work. That is, the great majority of the people who make a modern industry have no more to say about the policy of the industry, or about business standards in general, than the Russian moujiks have about the constitution and laws of the empire. Our business, like every other, is necessarily a coöperative process. Each kind of labor, from thinking out the first steps in financing the company, to the least skilled work in getting out the raw material for our use, depends on every other kind. We couldn't get along without the work in the coal yards, any more than the coal yards could exist without the work in this office. But 'the whole arrangement' that I spoke of gives a handful of us relatively as much power over the great number as the Russian bureaucrats have over the nation at large. This is all very flattering to our vanity, and convenient for our side of the arrangement, but if we were called upon to justify it on grounds of good sportsmanship, we should have hard work to come off very proud of ourselves."

"That's the talk of a quitter, Lyon," snarled Evans. "It's always good sportsmanship to take what comes to you under the rules, not to whine when you get the short end."

"It's a great deal better sportsmanship," returned Lyon, "when everything has been coming our way, to be willing to consider whether the rules haven't artificially favored our style of play."

"If you'd get the muddle out of your rhetoric," sneered Dexter, "There'd be no excuse left for your Miss Nancyism about sticking to business. Come in out of the moonlight, and you'll see that it isn't a partnership, nor a gentleman's game. It's a fight. Every man for himself. It's all well enough to pity your enemies after you've got them where you want them, but if you give any quarter before, you will simply exchange places."

"There would be millions, Mr. Dexter, in a comic opera built around a national bank magnate blowing himself with the hallucination that business is 'every man for himself.'"

Lyon had crossed over to Dexter's side of the table and began to talk about him rather than to him. His manner was that of a lecturer demonstrating his subject upon a conve-

nient piece of material. The specimen seemed to stimulate in his mind a tantalizing mixture of curiosity and amusement.

"If it really were 'every man for himself,' Mr. Dexter, where would the bankers be? Not one of them could ever have got beyond selling newspapers on the street corner. But they couldn't have got that far, because enough capital never could have been collected or held together to publish a newspaper. The banker who thinks he has fought his way to the front without help, is capable of believing that he was born of his own will. You are Exhibit A, Mr. Dexter, in a problem of refutation that ought not to puzzle a schoolboy. Business in general, and banking as a shining instance, is 'many men for one another.' Not a business on earth could live a minute if it didn't have the benefit of a public franchise in some shape. When you look the facts square in the face, you find that business is neither a game, nor a fight, nor a partnership, but it is all three together. I see no reason to doubt that it will always be a combination of the three. For all we know, however, the proportions of the elements will have to be changed a great many times, before human affairs settle down in their final adjustment. So far as we have gone, business is a scramble to let in just enough friends, on the ground floor of a few preferred partnerships, to secure them in a winning fight with the rest of the world, the non-preferred partners included. The people on the inside couldn't spin a thread if a hundred times as many people on the outside didn't consent to work with them on terms which the insiders find profitable for themselves. Now my point is that there is always a question whether these terms are fair, and whether the outsiders have their share of influence in testing the fairness. Of course the insiders mean to be fair, but we are all the time fighting for the right to be our own judges of ourselves. We dispute every inch of approach of the outside partners to proportional representation in the controversy."

To tell the truth, Lyon was surprising himself more than his hearers, by his excursion into theory. He had not foreseen where he would land when he slipped his moorings. Without considering how seriously he would want to stand for what he was saying, he was enjoying the effect, on himself no less than on the others, of letting himself go and seeing what would happen.

The other men seemed to have lost the connection. Lyon's

line of thought was so far from their beaten track that it left them with a safe "never-touched-me" feeling. They were even recovering themselves enough to feel foolish for having allowed Lyon to ruffle them by an argument that ended in the air. Evans again gave the first sign of a changing mood. "When we get this dust of words laid enough to see through it, the bright particular moonbeam you seem to be chasing, Lyon, is suppression of the fit, and turning control of things over to the unfit."

"Lyon's conscience is troubled," chimed in Dexter, "because brains don't go to the bottom instead of the top."

"Whether there is any conscience in it or not," retorted Lyon, "the assumption that brains and nerve to hog the situation are identical, is an overdraft on my sense of the ridiculous."

"What remedy do you propose, Logan, for the evils you have in mind?" asked his father.

"That question seems to me to be the chief defense we offer for not hunting down the evils themselves," replied Lyon, for the first time appearing to speak entirely without disguise. "It turns out to be a defense that is no credit to us, when we think what it implies. It is no excuse for shirking today's work, that we can't predict how our great grandchildren will finish it. We might just as well hold up the doctors for finding cancer in their patients, because they haven't yet learned how to cure it."

"If we must use comparisons," returned his father, "the kind of sentimentality you are sampling seems to me more like condemning the human body because the mind controls the muscles, instead of the reverse."

When Logan was in good spirits, and completely at his ease, he had a yodling laugh that was more persuasive than argument. It had a wide range of expression, and it was especially effective when the ludicrous side of an idea struck him as its vulnerable point. His regard for his father made him use it now with subdued discretion, but even under restraint it gave edge to what he said. "The excruciating thing, Father, is that one set of muscles can gravely declare to the other sets of muscles, 'You are only muscles, we are mind.'"

"Suppose we drop the comparisons then," continued Mr. Lyon, "and say just what we mean. Whether there are preventable evils in the world or not, they would soon be multi-

plied a hundred times over, if we should start to cure them on the theory that the average man knows how to do his own thinking."

"The other half of that truth," responded Logan, "is a variation of the 'many men for one another' proposition. Neither the average man nor the phenomenal man is capable of doing all his own thinking. I wonder if each man ought not to have the right to do the fraction of his own thinking that is within his capacity, and to make his own selection of people to do the rest, up to the point where he begins to be a nuisance to his neighbors."

"It is weak and dangerous," insisted Mr. Lyon, with a revival of his previous energy, "to dally with the notion that the ordinary man could go very far without a guardian. I have no hesitation in saying that I know, better than people in general, what they ought to think about things in general."

"Suppose we grant that, father," responded Logan gently, "it doesn't touch the main question. The real issue is this: How do you know that your better judgment hasn't usurped more authority than it is entitled to as a dictator to men of poorer judgment? Political tyranny has always justified itself on the same ground. The argument of the few is:—'The many don't know. We do. Therefore we have the right to govern the many.' No one dares to say that in politics in the United States; but we still say it in business. The Kaiser thinks he knows better than his Germans what they ought to think about things in general, and he consequently maintains a government that regulates them, from the hiring of servant girls to declaring war. On the face of it, the results are in the Kaiser's favor. As a pure matter of good order we couldn't make a better investment than to call in our democracy, and hire a competent emperor to run us on the Kaiser's plan. But we think we are better off, all things considered, paying the penalties of our own incompetence as we go along, and meanwhile learning by experience. Isn't it conceivable that we should get more out of business too, in the end, if we diminished its Kaiserism and increased its democracy?"

"I suppose it is conceivable," mused Mr. Lyon, "that universal bankruptcy would usher in the millennium; but so many things remain to be said in defense of solvency that I can still oppose the experiment with a clear conscience."

The abstract turn of the discussion had made every one feel that it had passed out of the danger zone, and common consent seemed to have been reached that the whole episode was a natural reaction from the day's exertions. Although Lyon wanted to point out that at least two questions were begged in his father's reply, he preferred to accept the opportunity to allow him the last word. He was trying to withdraw gracefully, with acknowledgments to the company for the mental photographs they had contributed to his researches, when Dexter gave a parting sign that he had been hit.

"Before your debating society adjourns, Lyon, let me give you one bit of friendly advice. If you can still make people believe you know a little law, hold on to that graft, and don't take chances beyond your depth in political economy. You would avoid a world of worry about social reform if you would buy an economic primer, and learn the lesson that the only way for employees to improve their conditions is to stop fighting their employers and increase the productivity of labor."

As there was no time left for argument, Lyon merely observed, with an exasperating affectation of humility:—"It was a calamity to civilization, Mr. Dexter, that the primer you drew your wisdom from was allowed to go out of print a third of a century ago. Its enormous value was in the pointer it gave to employers. They might have multiplied our prosperity by taking advantage of it. If organized labor is fighting against fate, all capital has to do is to cut off the expense of opposing the unions, let labor defeat itself, and declare extra dividends from the savings. Of course motives of philanthropy towards laboring men have been the only reason why employers have not given themselves the benefit of that paragraph in the primer long ago!"

If Logan Lyon had actually been settled in the rôle of a dispassionate student, rather than of a partisan in social conflicts, he would have been aware that one era was dissolving into another less in the fight between hostile social classes, than in unconscious changes of views going forward in groups like the one now dispersing. He did not know that his own position had been shifted by the discussion. In fact, though he had changed no specific opinion, he had virtually made the decisive transition from the attitude of an attorney to that of an inquirer.

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VIII

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“The ground plan of a democracy is that all shares in the profits of the coöperation shall be paid for in work, and that no one shall have any rights that he does not earn.”

THE strike had been in full force for two weeks. The Avery Company had promptly posted notice that the plant would shut down six weeks for repairs. As there was no work for strike-breakers, picketing was not needed, and thus far there had been no violence of any sort that could be charged to the strikers.

The newspapers, as a rule, seemed to be completely baffled by the situation. It presented questions for which there was no stereotyped answer in their libraries, and they had for the most part confined themselves to platitudes.

The *Freeman*, which was making the most desperate attempts to seduce the labor vote, was not sure whether the present movement was an eddy or the main current. To cover its vacuity of opinion, it avoided direct statements about the merits of the particular case, and took refuge in more than usually clownish abuse of capitalists in general.

The *Courier*, whose editorial page was without a rival as a permanent exposition of the perfunctory products of subsidized insincerity, was alternately unctuous and scurrilous in its denunciations of the moral sin of entertaining beliefs not dictated by the class bias of its owners.

The papers which were taken seriously by the intelligent sections of the population made the most of the folly of strikes in general, and of the failure of the strikers, in the present instance, to bring specific charges against the Avery Company. They were shy of the question of principle that had been raised. While they were trying to decide how to treat it, they affected to regard the whole struggle as a purely theoretical issue, that had wandered out of its sphere and accidentally entangled itself with practical affairs.

The first mass meeting in the interest of the strike was in the Armory, Sunday afternoon. John Graham was announced as the chief speaker.

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Upon Edgerly's dare, he and Logan Lyon were in the assembly. For both men the excursion was a voyage of discovery. Neither had very distinct ideas as to what the demonstration would be like, but both decided to take the precaution of wearing cast-off clothes, to avoid being conspicuous.

The meeting had already been called to order when they arrived, but nothing that was taking place on the platform was audible more than fifty feet away. The floor of the immense building was filled with men who were densely packed near the speakers, but beyond the range of the voices movement was not very difficult. As they did not care for the football practice that would have been necessary to get within hearing distance, Lyon and Edgerly circulated through the outskirts of the crowd, trying to gauge the composition of the audience.

Their first impression was recorded in Lyon's remark to Edgerly, as they found an unoccupied spot under the balcony, nearly opposite the rostrum. "Before we're in any deeper, Ernest, it might be well to go home and change our clothes. I wouldn't be so very much surprised if an usher in uniform came and requested us to retire and dress ourselves with due respect for the occasion."

The faces of both men testified that they felt a good deal as though they had caught themselves offering a tip to the manager of the Blackstone.

"We might as well own up," stammered Edgerly, with a shamefaced substitute for a smile, "that we don't know our Chicago as well as we thought we did. This lot averages much better in looks than the grand stand rooters at a West Side game."

"Why, in everything but size it might be a Board of Trade crowd," answered Lyon. "It must be that most of them are spies like us."

After another quarter-circuit of the floor, they stopped again to compare notes.

"There are more different kinds than I made out at first," began Edgerly, "but I haven't spotted a specimen yet of the sort I expected to find in the majority."

"Yes, I've recovered my spirits a little," laughed Lyon, "since I've rubbed against one or two fellows that looked as seedy as we do; but after taking my life in my hands to find

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out how a gang of bullies would act, I can't make myself feel comfortable in such a ladylike collection."

"It's a model Sunday School," reflected Edgerly, "compared with the last Republican convention in our district. I expected to find a mob of fire-eaters, but most of them are not taking it half as seriously as we do."

"I never got next to a more good natured jumble of desperadoes," assented Lyon. "These scraps of talk we hear are pretty good samples of the ideas I suppose we mean by Americanism. As I make out the sense of the meeting it's about this:—There's the devil to pay, and it's time to get busy settling the score. But there's no use getting hot about it. We've got means to burn when we get good and ready to use them. The other fellows are well enough in their way, but they're getting too fresh, and need to be called. After the smoke clears we shall shake hands, and make up, and like each other all the better; but before it comes to that the bosses are due for a throw-down that they'll remember."

"I've noticed here and there what looks like a bad man prowling around," added Edgerly, "but they don't seem to belong to the real push, any more than we do. On the whole, it rather booms my self-respect to find out what a fine breed of chaps are my fellow-citizens."

Suddenly a shout rose around the stage, in the middle of one of the longer sides of the building. It spread in waves till it seemed to fill floor and balconies. Graham had been introduced. The reception settled all doubts as to the leanings of the crowd. It was hard to find a man who was not joining with the full power of his lungs, and holding his hat at arm's length above his head, wriggling to swing it in spite of the crush of his neighbors. Allowing for the contagion of mob impulses, it was plain enough that the reception was a fair index of the prevailing sentiment, and that it was due to sympathy with the movement which Graham represented.

If the speaker had faced that multitude alone, his physique might not at once have caused remark. The fifty men on the platform were nearly all above medium stature; and the chairman of the meeting had a figure that would have been notable in any ordinary company; but as they rose to lead the ovation one might have suspected that they had been selected for the purpose of making Graham look heroic by contrast.

Although Graham was tall, he was not a giant, and he was

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so well proportioned that his height was conspicuous only by such comparison. His presence had the pervasive quality which at once opens communication with every man in an audience. Before the cheering had begun to subside, nearly every one was in the peculiar emotional state which a few men have the power to produce in a crowd. Each felt as though he had a special understanding with the speaker.

The sheer absence of affectation in Graham's manner, as he bowed his acknowledgments, with a look of almost boyish pleasure, disarmed even the cold criticism of Lyon and Edgerly. The grey Tweed suit, with negligé shirt open sailor fashion at the throat, would have been an obvious makeup in the case of many men, but the costume helped to strengthen the credentials of Graham's genuineness. The careless mass of wavy brown hair was in frank secession from custom; but the lawlessness kept so well within the limits of reasonable independence that it had none of the marks of advertising. There was strength without coarseness in every feature of the face; and the olive skin, weather-bronzed but not hardened, seemed peculiarly pliant to generous emotions.

"It's a handsome brute all right," growled Lyon in an undertone. "A sure enough ribbon-winner in the stock show."

"Too athletic for an artist," murmured Edgerly, "and too esthetic for an athlete. If he lives fifty years longer, and lets his beard grow, he'll be an easy ringer for Jove."

Graham's instinct seemed to designate the moment when a gesture could bring silence. In place of the commotion that had reduced the previous platform proceedings to pantomime, and in transition from the paroxysm of welcome to the new leader, there came a few seconds of quiet so expectant that it was almost ominous.

Even to those nearest the platform, the first words did not seem to be spoken in a loud tone, nor with noticeable effort, but they reached every person in the hall. Graham had the oratorical temperament, with the physical equipment to make it effective.

"This celebration means that the soul of Abe Lincoln is marching on; we are here to ratify the vow that 'government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.'"

There seemed to be nothing forced about the outburst of applause that greeted the familiar words. The psychology

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and logic of the situation were:—The man who can manage this multitude must be a power: Whether we see it or not, whatever such a man says must have a meaning. If we kept still, it would look as though we didn't understand him, or didn't go with him: Therefore we must back up every word he says.

"New times, new tasks! It has been more than a generation since the people of this country asserted themselves. The call is sounding now for a new exertion of the people's power!"

Under cover of the cheers, Ederly commented to Lyon, "Whether he's going to say anything or not, you can't help liking the beggar."

"He has the dangerous gift of making you feel like a sneak thief if you don't intend to agree with him." Lyon was more than half afraid he would agree with him, but he hoped he would not be called upon to part with any of his choicest idols.

"The earth is the people's and the fulness thereof!"

The sentiment struck a sympathetic chord, and there could hardly have been more force and volume in the response if it had greeted notice of an immediate cash dividend on the equity.

"The next great task for the people is to make it impossible for too few men to control too much of the earth!"

This time the agreement was equally evident, but less demonstrative. The problem factor that haunted the proposition dampened extravagant enthusiasm.

"Prescription for a revolution;" stage-whispered Ederly, heavy-villainously. "One truism, before taken, to be well shaken."

"I'm not sure that it's so far out of the way," soliloquized Lyon. "A derelict truism is a mighty serious menace to navigation."

"With all its resources," continued Graham, "the world would be a wilderness without human labor.

"All the human labor that is concerned in turning the wilderness to human use is entitled to *pro rata* influence in controlling the results!"

The roar of approbation that greeted this sentiment was more confident than any of its predecessors. Every one recognized the key note of the labor movement. As usual, the

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slightly varied statement affected those already convinced as a conquest for their faith instead of a mere reassertion.

"The world is a castle, provisioned for the longest siege it will ever have to endure. The officers have got control of the supplies, and are turning them into dollars for themselves, instead of holding them subject to the needs of the garrison."

Lame as it was, the figure caught the imagination of the hearers. The jeers with which they greeted it showed that their attitude toward the situation was more contemptuous than bitter. Graham felt their mood and humored it by adding:—

"It doesn't help matters much for the rank and file, to know that the officers are mostly good fellows, and religiously believe that the world is better off with more dollars pouring into their pockets than with more goods going to the use of the garrison."

"If the garrison were disposed to be ugly," muttered Lyon, "that would be a nasty report to circulate. The safety valve for that kind of over-pressure, however, is our American fiction that we're only temporarily in the rank and file, and in a day or two our turn will come to be officers."

For ten minutes more Graham fortified his standing with his public by similar variations of familiar notions. Then came the real test of his persuasive power, as he tried to give the crowd working use of an idea slightly beyond their ordinary range of reasoning.

"Every democracy is a union of people working a certain plot of ground on shares.

"Our nation is simply a big ranch started on the coöperative principle, and branching out into diversified industries whenever they are demanded by the needs of the ranchers.

"The ground plan of a democracy is that all shares in the profits of the coöperation shall be paid for in work, and that no one shall have any rights that he does not earn.

"Any ranchers that are content to stand by and see that ground plan perverted, are not democrats but degenerates!"

Perhaps the words alone would not have made a strong impression, but carried by Graham's personality they struck an electric spark. It is not easy to tell when a thought is making its way through a mass of people. Mere transfer of nervous stimulus is often mistaken for mental action. Graham

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was not sure that the shouting multitude before him actually knew what he meant, but they were in a receptive temper, and he believed he could succeed in lodging his idea.

"Let me sketch a picture. I will use neither the darkest nor the brightest colors, but the lines will be drawn from real life.

"On that side are a brother and a sister. They were born in a good home. Father and mother were industrious, virtuous and happy. They did their best to give their children a start in the world. They guarded their health, and fed them with wholesome food and sent them to school, and taught them to love fairness and fidelity. But these parents had to work hard, and as soon as the children were of legal age it was necessary for them to begin earning their own support. The boy went into a trade. The girl began at the bottom in a big store. They were good workers. They were always worth more than they received. But to the end of their lives they never had a right to the next day's work. Their employers could discharge them if they pleased, and after they had used up the little savings that they could lay by from their meagre pay they would have only the right to take their chances between employers and other competitors for the same jobs.

"On this side of the picture are another brother and sister. Before they were born their father had come into control of enormous wealth. From babyhood they were watched and served and amused and petted by relays of physicians, and nurses, and governesses and flunkies. They were supplied with all the luxuries that money could buy. They were housed in private palaces, and had private parks for their playgrounds, and were carried in private cars, and entertained on private yachts, and even favored by private legislation. When they came of age they had never known a thought of any one's comfort but their own, and they had no intention of expending effort except in catering to themselves. Yet, in the same democracy, founded on the law of one and the same justice for all, this useless and effortless brother and sister are guaranteed life-long privilege. They have the vested right of wasting on themselves every year as much as a thousand brothers and sisters of the other type, working with all their might, can ever earn as their annual wage.

"This double picture is a snap-shot of the whole labor problem.

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"Every thing that capital and labor are fighting about turns on the decision of one question.

"Capitalism asserts that these do-nothing spenders are right. Democracy declares that these do-nothing spenders are wrong.

"The conflict is eternal until we remove the contradiction!

"Organized labor is the attorney of Democracy bringing action for adjudication of the question before the moral judgment of the world!"

So far as the immediate assembly was concerned, Graham felt that he had accomplished his purpose. He had stated the issue in a form so simple that he did not see how it could be made plainer. He had presented it as a conflict not of jealousy but of justice. Whether or not his hearers appreciated the difference, they showed that they were with him for practical purposes, and he felt his confidence increasing that the course of the campaign could be made to follow the general lines of his plan.

Graham did not count much on mass meetings as means of popular instruction. He said they were not the most economical way of getting knowledge into people's heads, but they were useful for putting people on better terms with ideas already collected. He did not think the total impression of the meeting on the crowd itself would be strengthened by anything he might say further. To set the movement right, however, before the larger public which would be reached through the newspapers, he had something to add.

"The campaign that we opened two weeks ago is along entirely new lines. We have reversed the usual order. We are not now fighting over spoils. We are fighting to change conditions that raise all the questions of spoils.

"Both laboring men and capitalists have tried to prove that we should fail because we were not fighting for anything tangible, but merely for a theory.

"The shortest distance to a given point is a theory, if it is only the right theory!

"Organized labor has cheated itself too long by trying to reach its aims without settling its theory.

"The present campaign is a labor-saving experiment.

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"After we have fought one or two fundamental questions of theory to a finish, we can apply the results at our leisure.

"I said a moment ago that all labor problems run back to one question. I want to explain that a little further.

"Business is the reign of capital. Democracy is the reign of people.

"Underneath all the details of the labor problem is this radical issue: On the one hand, Capitalism decrees that capital shall fix the destinies of people; on the other hand Democracy demands that people shall fix the destinies of capital.

"Between these two principles the conflict is as irrepressible in modern society as war between the principles of state sovereignty and nationality was in American history.

"There never can be peace between these two principles till one has surrendered to the constitutional supremacy of the other.

"In the clash of arms, neither fighters nor observers may always be able to see the whole meaning of every minor movement. If we ever lose our bearings in this campaign, we shall find them again by going back to first principles. Organized labor has enlisted for the war, and so long as the war holds on, and whatever its shifting fortunes may be, our object, first, last and all the time, is to suppress the sovereignty of capital, and to establish the sovereignty of people!"

The unflinching encouragement that came from the crowd made Graham feel guilty for questioning either its interest or its capacity. After illustrating the last point in ways that put it into everyday pictures, and restated it in familiar concrete terms, he passed to the last point that he intended to present.

"What I have said is a final answer to the charge that we don't know what we are fighting for. We know what we are after, as clearly as the United States government did when it warned the Spaniards out of Cuba. The last point I have to make today is that our plan of campaign is just as definite as the purpose which we mean to win.

"Modern business is a vast system of taxation, without representation. The hard working brother and sister labor and pay tribute to the do-nothing brother and sister, and have no

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chance to get a hearing for their side of the argument that the arrangement is unequal.

"The Avery Company directors are held within certain limits by the possible competition of other corporations. Within those limits they have the power every year to dispose of profits that run into the millions. They can make presents of bigger salaries to themselves as officers, or bigger dividends to themselves as stockholders, or future bonuses to themselves and fellow stockholders, in the form of undivided surplus. Labor was a partner in making those profits. Our campaign will not end till labor has a proportional partnership in distributing the profits!

"Our fight is not with selected persons, nor with a particular corporation, but with a system!

"We are not contending for any petty changes of policy; but for destruction of the system which damns its best policies by making them the dictates of despotism instead of the decisions of Democracy.

"Capitalism makes a farce of Democracy!

"Capitalism is disfranchisement of the hardest working partner in the business!

"Capitalism makes dollars domineer over men!

"Democracy demands that men shall be masters over dollars!

"Our fight is for recognition of the principle that all the different kinds of men who share in producing the dollars, shall share in the same proportion in disposing of the dollars!

"When we attacked the Avery Company, we merely opened fire on the most exposed outpost of Capitalism!

"Whatever happens at this point, we shall fight it out on this line till labor comes to its own as a recognized part of every business. If it turns out to be a hundred years' war, or a thousand years' war, there can never be permanent peace with Capitalism, till labor has its proper voice in the management of every business, and in enacting the laws that govern all business!

"In a word then, the aim of organized labor is the triumph of Democracy over Capitalism. The system by which we shall fight to suppress the tyranny of Capitalism will be removal of the restricted representation dictated by Capitalism, and substitution of proportional suffrage of all the interests concerned!

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“We refuse to coöperate any longer on terms that give the lion’s share of benefit to the men whose hardest work is watering the kind of stock they breed in Wall Street!

“The world belongs to the workers! We are fighting for the Democracy of merit! He shall rank highest among us who does the best work!”

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“But what’s the use? The only difference between me and the rest of the Company is that they don’t believe a word of these things, while I subscribe to them in the abstract but don’t believe they are available.”

IT was an item of Halleck’s fixed program to spend a part of Sunday afternoon with working men. If he was not at regularly appointed meetings, he would drop in at one of the headquarters, where large numbers were sure to be found; or he would accomplish the same thing by a couple of hours with the patrons of his “Casino.”

It would have been neither necessary nor easy for Halleck to disguise himself. With the exception of one or two priests, no clergyman in Chicago was intimate with so many prominent labor leaders, and probably there was no man in the city, except some of their own representatives, who would have been recognized in so many labor groups.

Halleck went to the Armory meeting, not to get acquainted with Graham’s ideas, but to observe their effect upon the crowd. Halleck and Graham had gone over the ground so often together that they thoroughly understood each other. Probably neither was aware how much he had been influenced by the other. Of the two, Halleck represented thought, and Graham action. So far as mere abstract ideas went, they did not differ very much. The antithesis between them was that between the philosopher and the man of affairs. Compared with most men of his class, Halleck was precipitate. Contrasted with men of Graham’s type, he was reactionary. In principle, the difference was that the one put the virtue of thoughts foremost, the other the efficacy of deeds.

If Halleck could have had his way, social progress would have been through stages of mental capillary attraction. New thoughts would have been taken up by new strata of people, and society would have assimilated new forces, and accomplished evolutionary transformations, without shock or catastrophe.

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Graham would have been at a loss for particulars, if he had been called upon to give an account of any study he had ever made of possible alternatives. He had never approached the subject by a philosopher's method. He had a practical man's conviction, however, that if an interest isn't getting what it wants the only way is to go after it. He had no faith in the policy of correcting abuses by submission of the abused. He would not, if he knew it, do evil that good might come, but he believed that suffering a wrong was a greater evil than fighting it.

In strict justice to Halleck, the contrast should be qualified. The two men differed not so much in policy, or in fundamental belief, as in choice of fulcrum for their effort. They would hardly be found opposing each other if a sufficiently long view were taken of final aims. Under a given provocation, however, Halleck would persist in trusting to reason long after Graham had decided that nothing remained but resort to force.

Halleck had no doubt that John Graham was much nearer than David Lyon to a correct vision of the final order of the world. He could not understand how an intelligent person could disagree essentially with Graham about what should be and must be in the course of time. Yet he could easily explain Mr. Lyon's obstinacy in the present instance. A town meeting government would so surely and so soon wreck the Avery Company, that it was perfectly natural to give short shrift to any proposition which looked in that direction. At the same time, Mr. Lyon's inability to question the finality of present social arrangements seemed to Halleck less excusable than Graham's incontinent idealism.

Halleck's problem was to lay off a middle ground that might be occupied as a basis of compromise between the policy of perpetuating conditions and the policy of forcing premature application of theories.

At present Graham was telling the truth in this sense:— This is the way the people of the world will work together when they have become adapted to working together in this way! At the same time, David Lyon was telling only a half truth, even if it was a less impotent platitude in form, when he insisted that Graham was inflating his balloon with nonsense, because people are not ready to work together in that way now.

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The directions were plain enough in which the two parties must move, if they were ever to meet on common ground. The Company must give some recognition to the principle that business should not be autocracy but partnership. Labor must concede that transition from the present system to more democratic methods must be by shorter steps than the ultimatum to the Company demanded.

Halleck had not expected Graham to say anything which they had not fully discussed more than once, but he had hoped that something might occur to furnish a clue to a practical suggestion. He had been disappointed. He saw no immediate prospect of conciliation. There was no reason to believe that either party would at present modify its views.

Kissinger had been a hearer of another sort. He had come early, and had stationed himself almost within touch of the platform. He was convinced in advance of much that Graham would say, and of more that he might not say. His problem was, can it be made real? Is there a transformation of energy by which unworkable truth may be substituted for workable error?

Neither intellect nor will was decisive in Kissinger, but each was a menial to his sentiments. The strike had rudely awakened him to his situation. He had never been compelled before to recognize the ugly facts. For a week the truth had been staring him in the face that the section of life which interested him most was practically a beggar's auction. Neither his thoughts nor his actions could bid anything which would tend to secure the things that his sympathies desired.

If actuality may be measured by degrees of assent and dissent, the Utopias which Kissinger knew by heart were more real to him than the business system in which he earned his living. They enlisted his affection, while business merely commanded his obedience. But the better societies, in which his imagination sought refuge, seemed to him to be separated from the literal world by a chasm as impassable as the spaces between the planets.

From the literature of social aspiration Kissinger had absorbed the poetry of prophecy without the logic. The brighter the visions the more the pity, as he brooded over them, that there was no means of merging them with our social system.

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Graham's contrast between people and capital as the standard of social value, and his distinction between autocracy and democracy as principles of business management, affected Kissinger as original discoveries. They seemed to point out a practical path from the unreal actual world to the impossible real world. At the same time they gave him such a sense of vindication and of power as Adams and Leverrier may be supposed to have felt, after probing the heavens at the point they designated had resulted in the discovery of Neptune.

But more important still for Kissinger, although he was not yet aware of it, was the effect of Graham's personal equation. If the logic that Graham used had come to Kissinger's attention in some other way, he might simply have woven it into the tissue of his dreams, without suspicion that it closed the circuit of reality. The fateful fact was that Graham seemed to be a working demonstration of the validity of his reasoning. He incarnated the principles. He was actually moving on the world with the force of the new ideas, and the world's resistance proved the energy of the impact. Graham's rôle was not impotent yearning. It was grappling the world with a kind of strength able to cope with its own power. For Kissinger, Graham was the Word made flesh.

Instead of starting directly towards home, Lyon and Edgerly turned north in State Street for a stroll through a section of the town which they seldom visited. They had no special interest in the surroundings, but the very dreariness was a magnet, and they wanted to avoid a route in which they might meet acquaintances.

They had been jostled apart by the swaying of the crowd during Graham's address. Each had indulged his own reflections, and at first, after reaching the open air, neither seemed inclined to talk. When they had walked far enough to have a comfortable area of sidewalk to themselves, Edgerly began, more in the manner of soliloquizing than of speaking to Lyon:—

"It had two chief effects on me. In the first place, I never get over my wonder at the homeopathic quantity of thought that can be made to go with a crowd; and then, if there is any nourishment in that sort of baby food, what keeps all the world from building up on it at once?"

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Lyon did not reply for a moment. There was nothing to show that he had heard Edgerly. He seemed to be turning over thoughts of his own. When he spoke, it was in such an absent tone that Edgerly suspected he had dismissed the subject of the meeting altogether, and was thinking about something else.

"You don't realize the apartness of the academic world, Ernest. You jobbers of ideas are sorting over the whole stock a season before it gets to the retailers. Of course everything you see in the show windows the day of the Spring openings looks out of date."

"If you'd make it bargain counter remnants," laughed Edgerly, "I might be willing to stand corrected."

"I couldn't honestly say it seemed to me like shopworn goods," objected Lyon.

"Of course I don't look for announcement of the latest scientific discoveries in a stump speech," explained Edgerly, "but it seems like a hideous waste of opportunity to have the ear of so many people, and send them away with two or three primary school proverbs that are as plain to everybody as the nose on your face."

"You learned folks flatter yourselves that your abstractions furnish the go-round for the world." Lyon's indifference had changed to animation. "The fact of the business is, primary school proverbs are the real pillars of civilization. Just think why we spend millions every year on our public schools. It isn't to manufacture advanced thinkers. It's mostly to convince the latest accessions to the world's ignorance that 'three from two you cannot take.' When they have had so much beaten into their heads, the majority of the newcomers have to leave school and hustle for a living. If they ever learn anything more, that their job doesn't teach, they have to catch it on the fly."

"All the more reason why they should not be put off with cheap talk when they line up for a lesson."

"No matter who you are," insisted Lyon, "you have to pull off a certain amount of sleight-of-hand to make a crowd listen. That ought not to count against him."

"I'm not condemning what he said, but simply regretting what he didn't say." In judging Graham by an impossible standard, Edgerly was at least partially sincere. He merely assumed his own personal demands as a measure for the pub-

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lic. He said what he would have stood by if his own kind had composed Graham's audience. While he was thus, to a certain extent, betraying his ignorance of the contrast between the mental needs of the many and those of his own class, he was intentionally overdoing the matter, for the sake of drawing Lyon out. The brothers-in-law had debated social questions enough to understand each other's prejudices. Edgerly's sympathies were with Graham, but he was experimenting to see whether a little opposition would bring Lyon to the rescue. The plan worked better than he expected; but it was less because Lyon was caught by the trick, than because he had been trying to think how he would conduct the case, if he had accepted a retainer from Graham.

"Suppose you had listened for Father, Ernest, not for yourself; would it have seemed so very commonplace?"

"Do you mean to say that he hasn't heard every one of those things a thousand times over?"

"That doesn't tell the story. We've all heard a thousand things a thousand times over, that we have no idea of putting into practice, except in a Pickwickian sense. We should have had the New Testament under life sentence to solitary confinement long ago, if it had got freedom enough to assert itself literally. There's no disturbance in the folk-lore that God is the Father of us all, so long as the rest of the legend runs that God hands out all the good and evil of our lot, just as they come. There's nothing to do but submit. It's an entirely different affair if we read between the lines that not the justice of God but the cussedness of man gives some of the children the apple, and the rest the core. With that version before the public, to remind ourselves that we are all one family spells revolution. The startling thing about these platitudes of Graham is that he means them. They are not mythology. They are items that he proposes to figure into future Avery Company contracts. When they are pious figures of speech they are bread pills. As straight business propositions they are bombshells. It remains to be seen whether they have force enough to break into the system."

Edgerly could not afford to go beyond objection to Graham's choice of weapons. Criticism of the purpose for which he used them would be a confession that he was playing a part. To hold Lyon as long as possible on his present course, Edgerly merely varied the form of his previous comment:—

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"I wish I could see any prospect that toy-pistol practice would develop the necessary penetration."

"Well," responded Lyon sharply, "he hinted at two or three kinds of attack that we could stop only by brute force. If either of them ever got a footing inside our lines it would mean radical reorganization of business."

"For instance," continued Lyon, "take his illustration of the brothers and sisters. The idea that men are equal in earning powers is too silly to talk about, but he didn't make any such claim. On the other hand, I don't believe there is one business man in a thousand who wouldn't endorse the abstract proposition that people ought to have only what they earn. We tumble over ourselves when we try to justify everybody's holdings so long as they are legal. If we couldn't run a steel plant without unloading on our customers a per cent of defective rails equal to the ratio of good for nothing spenders that our beautiful system has produced in the last generation, we should say we were dubs at the business. Instead of insisting that defective rails have as good claim to acceptance as perfect ones, we should admit that we had still something to learn about processes, and we should give our experts no peace till they had told us how to improve our output. We know perfectly well that thousands of people are flourishing without earning anything at all, and other thousands earn various fractions of what they get. Of course that means so much taken indirectly from the earnings of other people. We refuse to admit it, because we can't see how far the admission might carry us. Any one who has his brains with him must sooner or later discover that such a position is a logical and moral stultification. We say it is business to learn how to keep flaws out of steel rails, but it is not business to learn how to keep flaws out of the justice due to the men that make the rails! It may be a nursery amusement to turn the light on such an absurdity, but it will be revolution number one when business gets honest enough to acknowledge the contradiction."

Edgerly was ready to hold his breath for fear of stumbling into an interruption. His innocent concession, "I see that, of course," was offered less as a minor retraction than as a query about the rest of the argument.

"Then," Lyon went on, "it would be revolution number two if we should take literally the proposition that business

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is essentially partnership. Business today recognizes the partnership element only at the stock end. In its ownership and operation it is a few men making plans and using a great many more men as tools. When we get down to the real facts, we find that these men who rate as tools of the trade have a larger stake in the business than most of the men who own the stock. For the operatives the business is life. For the stockholders the business is only an incident of life. Yet the stockholders or the financiers behind them have the long end of the rights, while the workers have chiefly duties. It turns out that business is occupying the castle in the air today, while theorists like Graham are getting their feet planted on the ground. There is neither rhyme nor reason in a few people taking possession of the world's opportunities, and issuing notice to the great majority, 'You may stay on the earth just as long as you can make yourselves useful to us by obeying our orders.' Exploiting the opportunities of the world is a coöperative process. The scale of title to the results of the process is bound to be wrong, if it is calculated on the idea that some of the people engaged in the process have proprietary rights in the process while others have not. If we were not doing business under an optical illusion, we should see that ownership of opportunity in the world is usurpation, unless it is universally distributed. Every man born is an authentic copy of nature's passport to join in the processes of life, and to enjoy all the rewards and emoluments in the ratio of his own contribution to the common enterprise. The only just limit is the right of every body else to share on the same basis."

Edgerly was too much astonished to make any further attempt at concealment. He drew away to the edge of the sidewalk, eyeing Lyon as though he had sudden suspicions of mistaken identity. "Give me time to collect myself, Logan," he stammered. "Are you stringing me, or is this the latest variation of 'Saul also?' I can imagine Wall Street pulling for free silver, and the Steel Trust lobbying for repeal of the tariff, but there must be a mental aberration somewhere when I seem to hear you outgrahaming Graham."

"My death of strangulation will be on your conscience," warned Lyon melodramatically, "if you stop me again before I have had my say. There remains revolution number three. Whether we had one and two in their proper order, or started

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with three, would make no difference in the end. Either would bring the other two as necessary riders."

Lyon hesitated a moment, with the proviso that he had not scouted the ground quite as far ahead in this case as in the others. Then, as though he had found his reckoning, he pursued the argument:—

"The fact is, since we are all men together, and not some men and some things, I can see no maintainable reason why putting ourselves into the making of a business doesn't create, for all of us alike, a right of suffrage in the management of the business."

"Do you mean," broke in Edgerly, in spite of the warning, "that John Smith's work in the power house entitles him to an equal voice with your father in the Company's affairs?"

"I certainly do not mean that John Smith's work in the power house entitles him to equal voice with the President of the Company, and more than that, I know that God Almighty couldn't make their voices equal, unless he reprocessed both. What I mean is that manhood suffrage, for all it is worth, belongs to John Smith of the power house, in his relation to the Company, by the same right, and in the same sense in which it belongs to him in the state."

Lyon seemed to be casting about for a clearer way of expressing his thought. His next approach was indirect.

"Our ideas of democratic government are four-fifths fiction anyhow. That Russian Jew in the doorway has probably got his naturalization papers, and unless he forfeits his rights by crime no one can expatriate him. He is an American citizen as much as we are, and the whole power of government may be invoked to keep any one from depriving him of his rights under the law. That's one side of it. Now what share has he in the government? Why, we say he has the same share that I have, and it is represented by one vote apiece. That's where our hallucination begins, and where it fondly lingers. Instead of being the crowning glory of citizenship, that vote represents an irreducible minimum of political influence, which grades up to the boss rule or the popular idolatry by which one man sways the nation. The ballot is merely a clumsy device for registering the public opinion which is formed by other means. Freedom to exert oneself completely in shaping opinion is the substantial democratic asset. A hundred members of a woman's club of the right sort may

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do more to decide the next election than a hundred thousand masculine nonentities with votes in their hands. Our Russian friend back there may cancel my vote, but he can't outweigh my influence till he gets a thousand means of making himself felt that I can use and he can't. I'm not jealous of him, because the interests that I represent are able to form combinations enough to maintain a fair equilibrium with the interests that get his support."

After considering a moment, Lyon drew his conclusion. "That comes pretty near furnishing a model for industrial equity. John Smith of the power house can never weigh as much in the business as any one of a thousand other men all the way along up the line, not to speak of those at the top; but his share in the work gives him a perfectly good claim to make his suffrage felt precisely one John Smith's worth in the Company; and perhaps a thousand John Smiths ought occasionally to combine and defeat the head of the concern. A few trifling questions in arithmetic will have to be worked out, to be sure, before the claims are adjusted; but we shall simply be hanging on to a semi-barbarous makeshift, instead of arriving at an enlightened organization, so long as a few dozen of us are the Company, and the thousands mere casual hirelings."

They had wandered west, almost to the river, then north, and were now sauntering east on Monroe Street. As they reached the corner of La Salle, the deserted brokers' highway, in the dusk of the Sunday evening, was as gruesome as a prison corridor. Edgerly stopped, and with a sort of crossing-policeman's gesture halted Lyon. The place had prompted a ghoulish thought. "What's to hinder me from turning an honest dollar, Logan, by dropping into one of the newspaper offices and selling them your interview? I reckon 'twould be a scoop that would crowd Graham's stuff out of the morning edition."

The conceit tickled Lyon's fancy too, for a moment. "Wouldn't it scorch the sheets!" he chuckled. Then the associations of the region seemed to recall him to reality. "But what's the use?" he muttered, with a long breath that might have meant either regret or resolution. "The only difference between me and the rest of the Company is that they don't believe a word of these things, while I subscribe to them in the abstract but don't believe they are available. It comes

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to one and the same thing at last. Graham gets it harder from me tomorrow morning than from any one else in the bunch."

"If they are true," shifted Edgerly, "how do you know they are not available?"

"Simply because the ordinary man's expectation of combining knowledge with a saving sense of proportion isn't an insurable risk. The same truth makes one man a good citizen and another a dangerous crank. We can't admit these things within the range of working influence, because there is no guarantee that they wouldn't be carried to the extreme of upsetting everything. I hadn't thought of it till this moment, but it just occurs to me that I might as well schedule myself as incipient revolution number four. You can't make yourself surer of a practical man's contempt than by telling him he has obligations to truths not yet available. I find I'm drifting into the class of suspects who would have it the most important business of business to make truths available, instead of ruling them out of consideration till brought to terms by outside force."

They called a taxi at the Palmer House, and arrived at David Lyon's just in time to calm the first stages of panic. The family party had nearly persuaded itself that the absentees were victims of violence.

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“The key to the social struggle in its present stage is the question:—Shall the social aim be to use men for the sake of capital, or to use capital for the sake of men?”

SOcially the Patriarchs' Club still ranked first among the commercial organizations of Chicago. There had been a time when no local enterprise of large scope was sure of success until it had received the stamp of the Club's approval. During this period, little of the work that made Chicago the metropolis of the Middle West was finished without the active aid of the Club, or some of its members. If its prestige had declined, it was not because the average character of the Patriarchs had changed, but because growth of the city necessarily distributed leadership over a wider area.

When the original members were in their usual places at the Club dinners, everything that occurred had the importance of a public event. Whether the Club endorsed opinions expressed by speakers, or merely listened without committing itself, or repudiated the views, the fact was always considered worthy of report and usually of editorial comment.

If the smile or the frown of the Patriarchs was no longer as decisive as formerly, there was still no equal number of men in the city whose collective opinion of a business proposition would carry greater weight. They were the bulwarks of Chicago's most conservative financial traditions.

The last meeting of the Club for the season was to have been addressed by the Secretary of Commerce and Labor. Illness had compelled him to abandon the trip at Pittsburg, and his regrets had reached the Club Secretary only a few hours before the time of the banquet. Quick work by the executive committee had induced Edgerly to stand in the gap.

It had been thought best not to advise the members of the disappointment, and they were present in nearly full numbers, each with the guest that the rules allowed. Under any circumstances it would have been a formidable array. While it could not have been truthfully described as the brains of

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Chicago, nearly every man in the company was in the front ranks of his specialty; and between members and guests all the principal divisions of business and the professions were represented.

To be perfectly at ease in talking to such a body, one should have a subject so remote from the ordinary interests of the hearers that immunity of prepossession might be assumed. Even then, to rob the ordeal completely of its terrors, time for ample preparation would be indispensable.

Edgerly could take refuge in neither of these conditions. Indeed, he had partly consented and partly proposed to discuss a subject with respect to which it was safe to reckon every man present as both suspicious and sensitive. It was a subject, too, with which all his dealings had been purely scholastic. He had an ample supply of raw material for its treatment, but if he had allowed himself more time for reflection he might not have risked the imprudence of trying to work it over, on the spur of the moment, into publishable conclusions.

Although Edgerly had never been accused by his university colleagues of over-weening self-distrust, his first inventory of the social authorities grouped at the tables had dampened his assurance into limp fear that his undertaking was both farcical and imprudent. He could not remember that he had ever had a more thoroughly miserable time with himself than during the earlier stages of the seemingly interminable process of serving the dinner.

On the other hand, Edgerly was one of a half dozen men at the University who were adepts at a peculiar art of linguistic legerdemain. It was a manipulation of polysyllabic diction, and rapid-fire elocution, that might not be admired, and might even be resented, but it could not be resisted. Its effectiveness in compelling a hearing increased with the general intelligence and self-importance of the public on which it was practiced. It kept the most blasé audience taking notice. It piqued suspicion that, for better or for worse, it was not just what it seemed. The higher the hearers rated themselves in the scale of sophistication, the more they were bound to watch out not to miss a trick. It was a species of audible puzzle-picture. At one moment it was apparently an endurance test of verbal and vocal acrobatics. At the next, it had turned the assembly into involuntary clinical material,

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for measuring capacity to distinguish between opulence of thought and resounding permutations of the vocabulary. Again it was provocative implication that the stylistic pyrotechnics were merely incidental excitements, to pique the ennui of the undiscerning; while the occult thread of esoteric wisdom would manifest itself throughout to those of elect understanding.

Ederly was in doubt how much of this section of his equipment it would be safe to unlimber for use upon the present company; but the sense of having it in reserve offset some of his compunctions, by affording the prospect of a partial means of escaping the full penalties of extemporaneity.

Yet this was not the whole case. Ederly had never flattered himself that he was cast in an heroic mould; but when accident thrust on him this opportunity, the decisive factor was the feeling that he would be showing a yellow streak if he did not make the most of it. He frankly believed it was plain rawness in business men to bar his kind from their councils. He cherished no conceit that the world would be better off under an autocracy of theory; but he was sure that more cross-fertilization between theory and practice would improve both. He had never been guilty of the pedantic arrogance which assumes that practical men are an inferior caste. On the contrary, his acquaintance with Chicago business men had taught him to admire and envy the superiority of certain powers in them which usually remain rudimentary in the scholarly type. At the same time, he had no doubt that the two kinds of people needed each other, and that all the world's work would be done better after they had arranged a more intimate division of labor.

A precocious approach to this view had determined Ederly's choice of a career. His father was a prominent New England cotton manufacturer who had hoped that his son would succeed him in the business. Ederly had left Yale, however, with the uppermost thought that it did not call for the whole of a man to deal with the problems of *things*, especially since we had scarcely made a decent beginning with the problems of people. The only net gain upon this conclusion that he could credit to the years of his apprenticeship as tutor, was the conviction that he had never yet learned anything worth knowing. Without a distinct

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notion of what the Germans might do to make his previous abortive studies fruitful, he got the idea that they were nearer than anybody else to the sources of knowledge; and he resolved to make a pilgrimage to them in quest of a scientific method and program.

Shortly after their arrival in Berlin, while each was trying to convince himself that he was not desperately homesick, Edgerly and Halleck had met one Sunday morning at the American chapel. Although they had never competed in the same events, they recognized each other as former members of rival athletic organizations. Under the circumstances this was an immediate bond of union. They soon discovered deeper congenialities, and the upshot was that they became almost inseparable during their whole stay in the city. Although the one made theology and the other philosophy his center of operations, they found that their specific interests led close to the same path. With the exception of a semester which Edgerly devoted to experimental psychology with Wundt in Leipsic, there was no time when they were not hearing one or more courses together. If they did not reach identical opinions, common factors in establishing their methods of thinking were the lectures of Pfeiderer, and Weiss, and Paulsen, and Harnack, and Schmoller, and Wagner and Simmel.

The two men left Berlin with the feeling that they had learned to look at the ranges of truth which it would be their business to study, through the best instruments that had been constructed up to date. In some respects they were more oppressed by their own ignorance than when they left America, but by the same token they were in less danger of obsession by other people's presumed knowledge. They had become acquainted with the rules of evidence, and with the state of the testimony at present in hand, and they believed it would be their own fault if they did not give a good account of themselves as independent thinkers. They felt strong in acquaintance not only with their own powers and limitations, but also with the resources of other specialists, and how both to consider their opinions with due reserve and to draw on them for reinforcement.

There was nothing of the transcendentalist or the ascetic about Edgerly. He was an honest feeder. He kept himself trained as fine as a Fort Sheridan trooper. He could play

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as lustily as he could work, and he had never let himself go stale by skimping his quota of amusement; but he made no pretense of not taking himself seriously when he was on duty.

Not in his class room only, but whenever he was called upon for opinions in public or private, Edgerly was governed by modest assurance that he had a mission. He did not impose himself as an oracle. He did not whine if the world failed to dance to his piping. He simply compelled himself to be genuine. He put his best into his tale of work, and turned it into the common stock, without wondering that the world seldom took it at his own appraisal. He believed that every piece of real work is a part of the world's structural material; but he was cheerfully resigned to the economy which consumes most of the material without awarding individual credits.

It was in this spirit that Edgerly consented to act as emergency man for the Patriarchs. He was certain that he saw some things truer than they did, and that it would promote social progress if they could be convinced of their error. Not that he ever expected anybody to be convinced of anything by one argument. But these men were symptoms of social conditions. He would apply a first treatment to the symptoms, and as it was sure to be followed up from time to time by other men, along with treatment that went underneath the symptoms, the appropriate effects might appear in their sons' or their sons' sons' generation. The torments that he endured early in the evening were real enough, but it was only half true that he took them as the proper penalty of his presumption. That was his cynical version of the incident. In reality, after recovering from the dispiriting effects of the first impressions, he did not dread his task. He was simply tortured by the pains of inhibition while waiting for the work to begin.

After the intermission of ten minutes following the coffee, the company rearranged itself at the call of the gavel.

The President was one of the younger members of the Club, and was rather exceptional in his fluency of the sort of speech which makes a successful presiding officer. The circumstances of the change of program had of course been thoroughly discussed, and it only remained to make formal announcement of the withdrawal and of the rearrangement, in

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terms as considerate as possible of the feelings of the substitute. The President's tact was equal to the occasion. His expressions of sympathy for the expected speaker, and of regret that he was unable to be present, were no more complimentary than his references to the courtesy of the gentleman who had consented to act as alternate. After facetious felicitation of the company upon the superfluity of going outside of Chicago for enlightenment upon any subject, he concluded:—"I have therefore great pleasure in presenting one of our numerous exceptions to the rule that remoteness is necessary to reputation:—Our fellow townsman Professor Edgerly, who will speak on the topic: '*An Academic View of Labor Problems.*'"

Because the President had especially emphasized the indebtedness of the Club to the speaker for his acceptance of the invitation upon such short notice, his reception was as cordial as though he had been a first choice. In restless relief from restraint, Edgerly started at once with a partially chastened sample of his volubility.

"Mr. President and Gentlemen:—The diplomatic but deprecatory deliverances of the amiable presiding genius of the evening, reduced to relatively intelligible terms of the vernacular, advertise the untterrified local opinion that it would be treason to Chicago to admit that a casual half hour's stroll, in any precinct of the city or its suburbs, would fail to encounter one or more average citizens qualified to assume at a moment's notice, and to adorn indefinitely, the position of a cabinet officer.

"While subscribing without reservation to the general pertinency of this equally patriotic and perspicacious sentiment, a decent respect for the opinions of mankind constrains me to present my humble commiserations that Providence has cast your lot in such facile proximity to a population of telephone-order duplicates.

"Though this is demonstrably not my fault, it is undeniably your misfortune, and I am painfully conscious of my incompetence to mitigate its severity. Indeed, I have grave fears that my obligations as a faithful friend will require me to accentuate the calamity.

"At the outset I have encountered evidence that my first well meant endeavors to forestall embarrassment have gone wrong. After the importunity of your representatives had

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partially overcome my reluctance to function as the active agent of your present discomfiture, my final surrender to their insistence was conditioned upon a single stipulation. It was nominated in the bond that I should be free from every actual or implied restraint upon proclamation of the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, as the spirit might give me utterance.

"That this covenant affected your committee as sinister in motive and portentous in prospect is patent in their unusual precaution of excluding the representatives of the press. My first use of the liberty guaranteed under the terms of our agreement must be in protest against the superfluous and regrettable innovation. If it should be adopted into the permanent policy of the Patriarchs' Club, its effects would be mournfully deleterious upon the high and civilizing art of after-dinner speaking. Ever foremost among the spurs to achievement in this laudable field of endeavor, is the promise of learning from the morning papers what unsuspected potencies of variation, and inversion, not to say of gyroscopic tergiversation, are latent in the most laboriously lucid periods, when quickened by the magic touch of repertorial and managerial amplification!

"Let me, however, hasten to relieve your minds, gentlemen, of any apprehension which you may share with your committee, that I come to you with inflammatory intentions. On the contrary, I would if possible warm your hearts with a breath from that atmosphere of serene seclusion, of sterilized segregation, of judicial deliberation, of imperturbable repose, of catholic comprehension and of pacific moderation, which every one who conjures his facts from a perfervid imagination recognizes as the calm perpetual environment of life in the up-to-date university.

"Proceeding then without dilatory preliminaries directly to the topic of the evening, I have no doubt you have already remarked the nice discretion with which, in marking off the boundaries of my discussion, I have employed the definitive capabilities of the indefinite article. By the phrase "*an* academic view," instead of "*the* academic view," the subject is lifted at once from the low plane and petty province of practical politics, to the high altitude and large scope of broad generalization. Indeed, gentlemen, such a phrase as "*the* academic view" would be not only solecistic in effect, but it

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would be still more inaccurate in fact. If a conjunction of opinion corresponding to the phrase should ever supervene, it would indicate either concurrent paralysis of academic individuality, or such wholesale conquests of the hitherto undiscoverable that the occupation of universities would henceforth be gone. At the present moment, no subject under the sun occurs to me, from the nebular hypothesis to denatured spelling, in connection with which such an omen as unanimity among academicians is conceivable."

If he had been talking to the Commercial Travellers' Association, Edgerly would have given freer rein to verbal exuberance. In deference to the dignity of his present audience however, he had kept within the requirements of comparative circumspection, and he was approaching transition to a more serious manner.

"Yet, I must call your attention in the first place, gentlemen, to the paradoxical fact that there is nevertheless an academic point of view, which deserves your unremitting consideration. This is the first plain truth which I reserved freedom to expose. It is radical enough, when all its implications are reviewed, but still not so instantaneously subversive that it could not safely have been intrusted to the reporters.

"During the recess a few moments ago, your President remarked to me that I did not appear quite like myself this evening; that I betrayed symptoms of nerves. I admitted it, and pointed out that the thought of addressing such a company as this was a legitimate excuse for nervousness. 'Pooh!' he replied, 'there's no call to be nervous here. It's the most ignorant crowd you could get together. Not a man of them knows anything but his own business!'

"At first shock I was blinded by the irreverence of this apparent slander, and I could not have been induced to make myself an accomplice after the fact by repeating it, if I had not presently detected its subtle symbolism. It was a painless method of giving me my finish by a stab that could not be parried. The cold steel was so adroitly thrust into my soul that at first I did not know I was hurt. But my eyes were opened and I saw the worst. Even on this plane of amenity, the President could not repress his impulse to glorify

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his own class at the expense of mine. Translating the sinuous irony into direct declaration, this was what he said:— 'Well may a man of your class tremble here. These are the really learned men. They know enough to know their own business. They do not pursue the academic folly of trying to know everybody's business beside their own.'

"Let us not misunderstand each other, gentlemen. We are equally aware that among practical men a proposition is damned, beyond hope of probation or purgatory or redemption, the moment it is branded with the defamatory epithet 'academic.' Yet I venture before you, gentlemen, with the confident affirmation that this customary resort to linguistic lynch-law is neither intelligent nor moral nor respectable.

"A practical proposition is merely small change of the current legal tender; while an academic proposition is a first mortgage on the property, and a long time investment.

"An academic proposition is like government two's, or still more like a title to growing timber; perfectly good, but in a panicky market not always convertible. A practical proposition is perishable goods. It is worth what it is worth, but its value can be realized only through immediate consumption, or transformation into more permanent capital.

"A practical proposition is a stake driven at a given spot. An academic proposition is a survey of the continent.

"Now there is one large academic view which controls, if it does not harmonize the confusion of variant views. This comprehensive academic view is that we must all consent at last to run our line fence not solely with reference to the stake we have driven, but also with due respect to the general survey.

"Dropping metaphor, and speaking straight to the point, the one essential idea which it is the inalienable duty of academic life to project into practical life, is that we do not put the whole of our mind or our conscience into our work until we are able to fit that work loyally into the whole range of relations, the whole system of cause and effect, in which it plays a part.

"To explain fully what this means would require a complete treatise on the whole modern conception of life. In a word it means this:—No man's place in life belongs to him in a sense that can be covered by a calculus which makes his

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own private interests the decisive factor. Each of us deserves or does not deserve his place and his fortune, whether it is high or low, much or little, according to the ratio of his contribution in that place to the developing interests of the entire human family.

"Putting this in terms of labor problems, for illustration, no man is loyal to the logic of life, who allows his position in a conflict between capital and labor to be decided beyond appeal by the probable effects upon himself or his class. No man has a right to act as though he and his class were privileged to be the weighers and gaugers, applying their own standard to the interests of others. On the contrary, life is the measure, and we and our interests are material to be measured.

"The last estimate we can reach of the total effect of alternative courses of conduct upon all the interests of present and future generations, is the rightful arbiter of our attitude in a labor quarrel. It is not this year's nor this decade's wages or profits alone; it is not alone a possible modification of business policies, or redistribution of managerial responsibility; it is not alone the probable influence upon the permanence or proportions of industrial classes. It is all of these together, calculated to their last discoverable effects. The only criterion worthy of a man of brains and conscience, is the most disinterested judgment that can be formed of the probable influence of his conduct upon the common human enterprise of clearing the way for general progress in material and mental and moral well-being.

"Yes, gentlemen, I am perfectly conscious of the magnitude of my offense. In spite of everything, I have made common cause with that despicable and preposterous pretender, the academic proposition. I have done it deliberately, and I have gloried in it!

"I remember that it is more than archaic, in these incredulous days, to assume the minatory office of the prophet; but for good measure, to assure my conviction in case there may be some loop-hole for escape on technicalities from the merited penalties of my previous guilt, I repeat and reaffirm. There will be no secure industrial peace till the conflicts of classes abandon the policy of settlement by clash of hostile force, and substitute the arbitrament of dispassionate inquiry into the conditions of human progress.

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“Every truth of any consequence that we now regard as settled, has had to fight its way up from the despised and rejected status of an academic proposition. The human race had stumbled through much the larger part of its elapsed time before the multiplication table was adopted into the category of useful knowledge. It was only at a relatively recent stage of growth that people recognized the necessity of believing that twice two are always four. For a long time before they finally went into practical operation, Magna Charta, and the Bill of Rights, and the Declaration of Independence and the Emancipation Proclamation, were academic propositions in the mouths of visionaries and fanatics. Men but little past middle life remember when antiseptic surgery was an academic proposition too ridiculous to be treated decently by conservative practitioners. Today we do not even dare to have ourselves manicured or barbered, unless previously guaranteed that conformity with the prescriptions of chemistry and bacteriology has rendered the operation innocuous. The day will come, and I do not believe it is in the remote distance, when this academic view of labor problems will be common knowledge. A conflict between capital and labor is never simply a question of dollars and cents, or of immediate ways and means, between employers and employees. A conflict between capital and labor is a re-examination of the validity and the virility of our whole underlying system of thinking!

“But I have in a way anticipated a later consideration. Microscopic analysis of my plan of argument would discover that at present these applications to labor problems are merely incidental and illustrative. The substance of my first point may be recapitulated in a sentence:—Judged by the standards of civilization, and not of classes, business in general today is short of the academic collateral necessary to support its circulation!”

The men surrounding Edgerly were not of a type likely to betray by outward signs any conclusive evidence of assent or dissent. If they had been bored, their manner would have told it, and Edgerly's worst fear had been that he might not be nearly enough equal to the occasion to hold attention. Approval or disapproval was a quite secondary matter, if interest enough could be maintained to keep thought on the subject.

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So far, however, there was no doubt about the listening; and the general appearance of settling into comfortable positions, and of surmise about what was coming, assured Edgerly that he was at least not yet counted out. At the same time the quizzical expression on most of the faces left him uncertain how attention was divided between his thought and his performance.

In the moment's pause before he took up his second point, Edgerly could not help wondering how far he ought to compare himself with the violinist whose bravura execution exerts ambiguous applause, although the semi-assured artistic insight of the audience suspects that an exhibition of tone-taming technique is trifling with its demand for real music. But having whetted interest, he was prepared to rest his case less on the manner and more on the matter. His main purpose was not to win credit for himself, but to blaze a path for the conclusion that other ideas are abroad in the world, beside those prevalent in business, about the relations of business to life; that these ideas are backed not merely by the spirit of selfishness, but also by the spirit of truthfulness; and that the ideas are bound sooner or later to win their share of influence upon the course of social change. When he resumed, his tone, if not his choice of language, was in striking contrast with that in which he had begun. It was deliberate and colloquial, but it was quite as carefully calculated.

"So much for the first point. The second is like unto it. Yet there are differences which justify a doubt whether in this connection the absence of reporters is an unrelieved disaster; not on account of anything I shall actually say, but because the efflorescence of their poetic license might be over-stimulated by the associations.

"The second proposition is this:—If there exists, in the conservative *index expurgatorius* of things prohibited, a term of reproach more irrevocably foreordained to rouse the wrath and fiery indignation of the practical man than that long and innocently suffering adjective 'academic,' it is the infamous epithet 'socialistic.'

"Before commenting on this proposition I must claim the privilege of my promised freedom of speech, for a word of personal explanation. I am not a socialist. I do not believe in socialism. I have no intention of undertaking, here or else-

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where, a defense of socialism; but I am obliged to say, gentlemen, that from the point of view which I am representing this evening, if there is anything in the shape of social menace less defensible than socialism, it is the typical business man's attitude toward socialism! Your peremptory ostracism and outlawry of the subject either impeach your good will, or they demonstrate your woeful deficiency of information.

"If the modern lords of business could command the services of the Bourbon *lettres de cachet*, metaphorically at any rate socialism would forthwith be immured in the deepest dungeons of the Bastille, to be released only by the Revolution! If your capitalistic class-prejudice can once force upon a proposition the convicts' garb of that attainting attributive 'socialistic,' you go on your way rejoicing that there is not enough left in favor of the idea to warrant a hearing by the Board of Pardons!"

Under other circumstances, in spite of the bespoken freedom of speech, the Patriarchs would have set down this plain language as an abuse of liberty. They would have denied that they objected to calling a spade a spade, but their position was that it turns liberty into license to denounce an honest spade as an instrument of oppression. Edgerly's relation to David Lyon however, made him in a sense one of themselves, and although he had at a stroke put himself under suspicion, his eccentricity could be considered by the Patriarchs with less heat than if it had been wholly an attack from without. Edgerly's strategy was to do just enough jolly-ing to insure attention, with realism enough in his allusions to facts to show that the nonsense also carried a literal argument. After a pause to allow the indictment to take effect, he returned to his text, with no sign that he was aware of having transgressed the commonplace.

"Judged from the academic standpoint, the behavior of the typical business man toward socialism is on a level with the child's fear of the dark, or the hysterics of the farmer's horse at meeting an automobile. The horse indeed has the better excuse. The auto is a real menace, while socialism is a boggy.

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"It is absurd, in the first place, to shy at the word socialism, because it means so many things that it means nothing.

"If you should put all the current definitions of socialism into a hat—by the way, to hold them it would have to be big enough to fit the Sphinx—and draw out a dozen, the chances are that they would be as irreconcilable with one another as a like number of definitions of orthodoxy, selected by the same method. The world is girdled by an alternating current of conflicting orthodoxies, from the Mikado's priests of Shinto to the apostles of Brigham Young. You have an orthodoxy or a socialism wherever you have a defender of any faith who cares to use either name. The consequence is that when you have said 'orthodoxy' or 'socialism' you have merely applied a general name to a heterogeneous diversity of things which can no more be disposed of in one wholesale judgment, than you can treat all corporations as uniformly good or bad, or all laws as equally wise or foolish.

"For his philanthropic efforts at the town which bears his name, Mr. Pullman would have been entirely within his rights if he had called himself a socialist; and he could have made out a much stronger claim to justify his appropriation of the term than many species of everything and nothingists who apply it to themselves. On the other hand, there is a socialism which in its practical effects is in no way distinguishable from anarchism. By your treatment of the word 'socialism' therefore, you damn with a common label a vast variety of ideas and efforts between these wide extremes, some of them more good than bad, some more bad than good, but all containing a residuum of saving grace. And you are unconscious of anything wrong, until you consent to take a look at the anomaly from the academic point of view! Although there are orthodoxies and socialisms that outrage all reason, it is pitiable logic, and still more pestilential policy, to taboo all religious and social inquiry not mortgaged in advance to our own conclusions."

The knitted brows, and the alert watch which his hearers were keeping on him, showed Ederly that they at least thought he was worth notice. He had deliberately used up the bulk of his time guarding his approach, in the hope that the way would be open for a single sharp attack. It was now a question of making the most of the time that remained to

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deliver his real message. He made another change to a direct, staccato manner, which said even more plainly than his words, "So much for side issues, now to the point."

"But, after all, these two propositions were merely to muzzle inconvenient watch dogs at the gate, before I could enter your premises on my main errand. The really important outlook upon labor problems, from an academic point of view, is indicated in my third proposition, namely:—

"It is the presumption of business that its duty is done when it has played the dollar game for all it is worth. On the contrary it is the business of business to help mark the limits where the game ceases to be worth the candle, and to discover how so much of the game as is worth playing may be improved in the interest of general welfare.

"Everything that I have said so far would be equally in order, with slight changes of details, if I were talking to an audience of labor leaders. The present proposition also has its applications to the labor side of the problem; but it would be a waste of time to devote any attention in this presence to that aspect of the case. You surely need no help from me in detecting the sins of organized labor. I am not now concerned with motes in the eyes of the absent, but with beams in the party vision represented by the present company.

"If I were asked to pass judgment upon the merits of the particular issue that embarrasses Chicago today, and to declare an opinion about the respective duties of the contending forces, I should most emphatically decline. A third party could properly pass upon the specific questions involved only after full presentation of the case by both contestants had furnished the means for a judicial decision. In what I am saying I am in no sense prejudging the balance of right and wrong between capital and labor in the present instance. I am exhibiting certain universal features of labor problems, as they appear from an academic point of view. The question arises at your post of duty, not at mine, What consideration do these general factors deserve in the pending conflict?

"Viewed then not merely in the perspective of the day's work, nor as measured by the interests of a given investment, but as an incident of the universal conflict of class-interests, every labor problem is a test of the strength of the presumption that human institutions are subject to change.

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"It is not invariably true, but with certain exceptions capital today stoutly maintains the negative of that presumption. The exceptions are partly accidental, partly special cases of aggressiveness, and partly exceptions only on the surface.

"The sullenness and the stubbornness of labor conflicts cannot be accounted for by the value of the prizes immediately at stake. These are usually mere trifles in themselves. The real issue is the ultimate shifting of the balance of power, in case ground should be gained in the direction of more influence by the labor factor.

"Capital does not usually care a rap about a mere matter of a few cents more in the pay envelope, or a few minutes less in the working week. If laborers would accept such concessions as acts of grace by employers, and therewith an end of it, these sops could often be tossed to employees and expensive struggles avoided.

"The persistence of labor and the resistance of capital are for far deeper reasons. Whether intelligently or instinctively, each side is aware that something much more important is in the balance, namely, gain or loss of right to share in the control of the capital, and in distributing its profits.

"The instinct of employees is to distribute, and of employers to centralize the control of capital; and there will always be labor problems until a permanent balance of these two forces is established.

"The trouble which I took at the outset to challenge the letters of marque and reprisal under which you are accustomed to use those sharp-edged weapons, 'academic' and 'socialistic,' was entirely a precautionary measure with reference to the present point. All the different species of social movements, from the most inoffensive to the most dangerous, which you attempt to put out of commission by force of that opprobrious epithet 'socialistic,' have one characteristic in common. Their fundamental position is directly contrary to that of capitalism. They frankly maintain the affirmative of the presumption that human institutions are subject to change.

"You justify the traditions of your class by pointing to the foolishness of many of the changes proposed. But until wisdom and skill have been gained by honest experiment with the conditions to be controlled, stupidity is the common lot of mankind.

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"Whatever may be the merits or demerits of the particular issues involved in a given case, either party to a labor conflict puts itself in the wrong, if its position virtually antagonizes the principle of social change. Readjustment of social conditions is not violence of life, but the law of life.

"Progress is the net outcome of life simply because the inertia of vested interests cannot resist the momentum of human destiny. My argument is that it is the business of business men not simply to hold things as they are, but to be leaders in adapting social institutions to changing conditions.

"To give my third proposition its full force, I must ask you to consider it a moment from another angle. Every labor problem runs back not only to the question, Is there any thing new to *do* about social organization? but to the still more radical question, Is there any thing new to *think* about our inherited institutions?

"Here too, as a rule, we find capital defending the negative, and labor contending for the affirmative. The visible possibilities of new thought range from plaintive pleas for translation of the primary rules of homely honesty into the practices of business, to philosophies that in a generation or two would turn the world back to savagery. This is the peculiar opportunity for the other of the two weapons of extermination to which I have referred. Business intolerance jumbles these miscellaneous propositions under indiscriminate suspicion, invokes its own peculiar 'law of reinforced defense,' and decrees their banishment to the hopeless region 'academic.'

"But frankly, gentlemen, there has never been an age of the world whose prepossessions have not been revised by its successors. There is not the faintest probability that our era will be an exception to the rule. On the contrary, the change from the tallow dips and fluid lamps of half a century ago, to interior and exterior electric illumination, is but a feeble analogy for the intellectual light that has been shed, meanwhile, upon every subject of human knowledge. The aspect of the world and all it contains is presenting more rapid and radical transformations to our minds than to any previous generation. The man or the class that pins faith upon petrifying society in its present forms, is due for as impotent a bout with fate as though he staked his hopes on keeping the face of nature as it is in January unchanged through the month of June.

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"Nor are we at a loss for indications of some of the changes immediately to come—indeed the modifications have already gone so far in men's thoughts that we could hardly be overtaken by surprise at any speed of transmuting them into action.

"To cite a single instance, closely related to our subject: The world is rapidly rediscovering its superiority to its wealth. For three hundred years we have been forgetting that wealth is for the sake of life, and falling under the illusion that life is for the sake of wealth. We have created artificial legal persons incorporating the abstract principle of accumulation. These artificial persons inevitably assert their supremacy not only over their servants but over their masters. They become ends in themselves, to which all men must be tributary. The fight of labor against capital in corporate forms appears to be a fight of one group of men against another. In its deeper reaches it turns out to be a fight of laboring men for manhood in general, against the devouring power of capital.

"When capital is made into a legal person, the only possible attitudes of natural persons toward it are for and against. There can be but one crime against capital; namely, conduct tending to diminish its quantity or its value.

"Behind all petty and important incidents of labor conflicts, therefore, is the antecedent question of choice between ruling conceptions of life. The present social situation confronts men of thought with the moral dilemma:—"Choose ye this day whom you will serve. Shall it be men or capital?" One of these aims must slave to the other. They are not, and never can be coordinate, because the one is personal, the other impersonal. The strategic point in the whole social struggle is at the parting of the ways, the one leading to more capitalization, the other to more humanization, as the terminal of social effort. Expressed more literally, the key to the social struggle, in its present stage, is the question:—Shall the social aim be to use men for the sake of capital, or to use capital for the sake of men?

"I am not impugning motives. I am not making a partisan plea. I am not catering to the popular demand for sensations. Under present conditions especially, and even under ordinary circumstances, I should not feel at liberty to say in public precisely what I am saying here. As a privileged communication, however, I am confiding to you one of the

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aspects which our social problems present from an academic point of view. In spite of the apparent egotism of the claim, I venture to add that our society does not at present afford a standpoint more favorable than the university outlook to just and penetrating judgments of social tendencies.

"In a word then, gentlemen, my message to you, as wielders of power in business, is that you have not well read the signs of the times which indicate the function by which you might best serve your fellow men. In a world whose law is change, and in an era in which the operation of the law is gaining accelerated motion, there is peculiar demand for your friendly coöperation with the principle of progress.

"Whether we like it or not, the world is every hour generating a higher pressure of ambition to architect its own fortune. So far as we can see, the era that we are entering is to be distinguished by the dominance of a distinctly modern temper toward human conditions. It is to be an era of determination not to be content with such improvement as accident may bring, but to create improvement by inventing means to satisfy social demands. You may antagonize this tendency, but it will surely triumph over you. It has the strongest impulses of humanity behind it, and they cannot be permanently arrested by the interests of a class. If you will work with the social movement, you may do more than any other fraction of society to insure a maximum of wisdom and a minimum of foolishness in future programs of improvement.

"The type of men endowed with the most splendid talents for bringing things to pass must sooner or later discover that the largest scope for their powers cannot be found in the paramount service of capital; there is a wider radius of action in higher loyalty to the general weal.

"The manhood suffrage of this new era of social adaptation will be universal freedom of investigation.

"No dominant interest has ever permitted investigation which questioned the rightfulness of its domination.

"Vested interest is vested prejudice; but where prejudice is law truth is an outlaw.

"Whatever the immediate issues of labor problems, they are incidents in the process of repealing the common law of the passing era, that it is treason to society to question the justice of the constitution and by-laws of capitalism.

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"In the new era it will be common law that no interest may estop investigation of anything that is affected by a public interest. In the new era it will be common law that the whole force of society shall guarantee investigation of every condition which obstructs general progress.

"The day on which the leaders of business unite with the leaders of labor to promote the incorporation of these two principles into the fundamental law, with pledges to abide by the results, will mark also the final end of industrial wars.

THE PILLARS OF SOCIETY

XI

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“Everything that the gentleman said about capital would have been equally true in itself and equally irrelevant to the question at issue, if it had been alleged of the atmosphere and the sunlight, instead of capital.”

THE slang dictionary has no phrase for the effect of Edgerly's talk upon the Patriarchs, unless we summon the aid of mixed metaphor and call it a heated frost.

If Goliath had been surrounded by an atmosphere that changed pebbles to soap-bubbles before they hit, the shepherd boy would probably not have cut much of a figure in subsequent history.

While a pelting with vapor pills may not jeopardize life, liberty nor estate, it tends to compromise the dignity and agitate the sensibilities of the victim.

Even an experienced literary critic would have been puzzled if called upon to sort out and apportion the different elements of Edgerly's talk, from permissible to proscribed sarcasm, from solid argument to excursions of fancy, and from innocent matter-of-fact to offensive insinuation. The Patriarchs were not prepared for such classification. It was a question of total impression. If their composite reaction had reported itself in the most guarded form, the terms would have been “ill-judged” and “inappropriate.” An unedited version of the feelings of the majority would have declared that the speech as a whole was an exhibition of idiotic conceit, and a gratuitous insult to the Club.

Responsibility for the decencies of the occasion fell rather heavily upon the guests. However their opinions may have been divided, they felt indebted to their hosts for a unique entertainment, and when Edgerly was done they furnished applause enough partially to cover his retreat.

It was an awkward moment for the President. He had never faced a more delicate situation. He had to guard the proprieties toward the guest, and yet he must represent the dignity of the organization. He even feared that his effort to preserve the balance might move some irascible member

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to make a scene. If he had not been in the chair, he would himself have been disposed to break a lance with Edgerly, and he had no doubt that others might be more accurately described as ready to break the offender with a lance. The faint demonstration as Edgerly finished left the chairman little time to adjust his reflections, and he rose without feeling quite sure what he was going to say. He began in the manner of a man testing thin ice:—

“As the chief guest of the evening intimated, at the opening of his remarks, he gave our committee fair warning that what he was likely to say would tax the tolerance of the Club. As to the occasion for this warning, I take it that no one is inclined to accuse him of not making good. While the opinions which the speaker has expressed are not altogether unfamiliar, it could not be expected that men who are acquainted with the world should find themselves able to regard them as conclusive or even plausible. Indeed, we cannot offer higher praise than by expressing our regret that the admirable skill which the speaker has exhibited in advocating untenable beliefs is not enlisted in the service of a better cause. While I am sure that the members of the Club are not convinced by the eloquence to which they have listened, it is possible that they are temporarily silenced. I wait your pleasure therefore, gentlemen, with reference to further discussion.”

Mr. Dexter was on his feet instantly, and although the chairman was doubtful whether Dexter could keep his temper, he was glad to yield the floor, and to enjoy a reprieve from responsibility.

Both in business and in politics, Dexter had an honorably earned national reputation. Nobody rated him as a broad man, but he was fiercely dogmatic in all his opinions. He was known by his more intimate acquaintances as careful rather than safe. His views were so restricted that his judgment was never reliable except within the range of well established precedent. In another age he might have been a martyr to any cause that he espoused. His loyalty to his principles was beyond suspicion, but the sources of his convictions were so confined that he often weakened his own side of a controversy more by furnishing grounds for the charge of fanaticism, than he could injure the other side by the strength of his attacks.

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If Edgerly had been in collusion with fate to furnish point to his argument, he could not have been better served than by the presence of Dexter. The same provocation would not have worried any other man present into betraying ocular proof of the partiality of the capitalistic point of view.

The Patriarchs were by no means exceptionally narrow men. On the contrary, in comparison with the average of their fellow citizens they were eminent for intelligence and catholicity. They were simply cases under the universal law that all men are affected by the bias of their peculiar interests. Edgerly's whole argument might have been compressed into the theorem that the bias of the capitalistic interest needs watching more than any other single factor in present social problems.

If all the members of the Club except Dexter had spoken in their usual manner when addressing the public, the total effect would have gone far toward shifting the burden of proof back upon Edgerly. Their tone would have been so calm, their form of statement so fair, their references to the higher motives of life so sympathetic, that it would have seemed like malicious aspersion to suspect them of undue influence by anti-social interests. Edgerly had implied no lack of respect for the good intentions and high character of the typical business man. His argument had dealt with the compelling power of capitalistic standards. He had pointed out that capital must either command or obey, and he had claimed that wealth, not manhood is the dominant interest in our present social system.

It was at once evident that Dexter was having difficulty in controlling his emotions. His face was tense. His eyes had the far-away look of a man in a trance. At first his breath was caught in hasty gulps. His voice was husky, or rather sibilant. His arms were busy with clutching, swinging, pushing motions, which had no meaning as gestures, but were merely involuntary means of discharging inconvenient nervous force. After the first few sentences his pitch transposed itself into a piercing falsetto, and then his gestures became the beating and slashing sort that naturally accompany violent emotion.

"I regret extremely," he began, "that there is any necessity for replying to the speaker of the evening. The circumstances under which he came entitle him to our considera-

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tion. If he had failed to give forcible expression to his ideas, it would have been our duty to overlook his weakness, in view of the brief time at his disposal to collect his thoughts. I need not say that there has been no occasion for sympathy on that score. Rarely has a speaker before this club seemed so able to say precisely what he meant.

"If the address to which we have listened had been confused, and if the doubtful views were merely implied in references that might have been misunderstood, it would be the dictate of courtesy to ignore them. Nothing of this sort is the case. The opinions to which we have listened were not incidental. They were the substance of the argument. Nor could they have been improvised for the occasion. They were evidently premeditated and deliberate.

"Since this is the situation, there can be no impropriety in using the same freedom of speech which the gentleman reserved for himself. He has told us that business men have no use for academic ideas. Even after the sample of academic ideas which he has presented to our astonished gaze, I presume he will wonder that we are of the same opinion still. He has ridiculed business men for not wasting their time on people who think they are serving the real world by telling what a glorious world it would be if wishes were horses, and if pretty sentiments were food, clothing, shelter and pin money. And yet I suppose he would think it very impertinent if we should ask him why academic men refuse to listen to inventors of perpetual motion, and people who demonstrate that the world is not round after all, and mind readers, and fortune tellers, and fakirs in general.

"He has intimated that capital is the most suspicious character outside the rogues' gallery. Capital has fed him all his life, capital has given him his education, capital keeps him, just as it directly or indirectly furnishes the support of every other man in the world, and now it is the final deliverance of academic wisdom that it is time for humanity to turn and smite its best friend!

"Since the same penetrating perception that has given us this inspiring discovery has issued an injunction against taking the name 'socialism' in vain, because it doesn't mean anything in particular, I will confine myself to language which we shall all understand. Whether it is the brute violence of the Chicago thug, who kills for gold, or the mystical blood-

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thirst of the Russian terrorist, who murders to shame the devil, or the pedantic egotism of the academic theorist, whose artful phraseology undermines respect for the fundamental institutions of society in order to advertise the superior quality of his own intelligence, in each case alike this wanton, stupid, wicked assault upon social order is nothing polite nor tolerable that can be imagined. It is simply and solely despicable and damnable anarchy!

"There is always an explanation, if not an excuse, for the brute who commits a crime of violence. He is merely an animal, with none of the restraint of reason. But when the high priests of reason itself, the men who pose as arbiters of logical science and sanity, the men who are constantly rebuking all the rest of the world for not taking lessons of them in thoroughness of investigation, and fairness of judgment, and caution of utterance—when these men join forces with the outbreaking enemies of society in propagating the most insidious incitement to destruction of the whole fabric of social order, then excuses vanish, and imagination exhausts itself in search for palliation, and language refuses to lend relief!

"For our own sake it would not be necessary to notice the fantastical and fatuous doctrines on which the changes have been rung in our ears this evening. They can do us no more hurt than scratching parlor matches on the sides of our battleships. But these ideas are scattered broadcast among people who do not know how to protect themselves from the evils they produce. These pernicious parodies of truth are making honest labor irksome; they are chasing contentment from the homes of prosperity; they are breeding vipers of class jealousy; they are teaching men that agitators and revolutionists and destroyers are the only good citizens.

"We have been silent too long. Business men must enlist as crusaders to counteract the propaganda of confusion which ordinary criminals and extraordinary academic perverts are conspiring together to spread. We owe so much at least to our patriotism, our morality and our religion!

"Where, outside of the ravings of maniacs, do these accusers of business men find any presumptive grounds for their calumnies? What is this capital, which we have been informed this evening is the most dangerous factor in society? In the face of such detraction, shall we who know what capital is, and what inestimable services it renders to mankind—shall

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we be silent, and allow these poisonous falsifications to circulate without protest? If the men who claim to be the guardians of truth, and the umpires of fairness, systematically malign us, if they will not tell the people what they owe to us for making human comfort and happiness possible, then, not in the spirit of boasting, but in all sincerity and humility, we must instruct the people about the indispensable part which we perform in making the conditions and in maintaining the processes that are necessary to human well-being and progress!

“What then is the plain truth about capital? The falsifications which the tortuous imagination of these mischief-mongers has foisted upon the facts make people in general blink, and squint, and grow watery-eyed before they can bear the clear light of the truth. Capital is the beneficent fostering mother of all desirable human effort. Capital feeds the farmer while he is extracting from the soil food to insure the next campaign of human advancement. Capital supports every other wrestler with nature for new supplies of raw material for the myriad uses of mankind. Capital is the patient beast of burden, bearing nature’s treasures to and fro, first to the points where other capital carries on human industry, in its labor of transformation, and then to other points where human needs are eager to satisfy themselves by consuming these products. Capital builds houses and cities, and subdues wildernesses, and explores the remote regions of the earth. Capital sends the messengers of commerce that unite widely separated peoples in the mutually beneficial bonds of trade. Capital girdles the earth with means of communication, and makes the sea and sky a continuous sounding board, to serve for instant exchange of news between the remotest men. Capital organizes our systems of maintaining order, of preserving peace, of guaranteeing individual rights. Capital is the conservator of the arts, the promoter of science, the sustainer of religion. Capital provides means for the ordinary man to earn his livelihood, and opens avenues for the careers of genius. Yes, I am compelled to say, capital is so unstinted in her benefactions that she even endows the contemptible ingrates who convert her bounty into a corruption fund, to mislead and betray their fellow-men!

“It will doubtless always be necessary for us to maintain hospitals, to alleviate the ills to which flesh is heir. We may

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never outgrow the necessity for asylums, for ministration to feeble minds. Among the burdens of the weak, which the strong may never escape the duty of helping to bear, we may cheerfully assume the obligation of patience and kindly toleration toward unavoidable ignorance. But, in the name of all the gods at once, it is our duty to unmask the treachery and the ignominy of those blind leaders of the blind who are the pampered agents of society to conduct gymnasiums for mental strength, and to guard the search lights of human understanding, but who prostitute their office and their opportunity, who spread the contagion of depravity and lawlessness, who deny the truths and defy the obligations of civilized society! Free thought is one thing. Cultivated imbecility is quite another thing. This incident ought to convince us that we have reached the boundary line where patience ceases to be a virtue. There is no inheriting the earth for the sort of meekness that sits dumb, while flaunting falsehood triumphs over us. The men who are the main leverage of civilization must lift their voices loud and long enough to silence the betrayers of society!"

Dexter sat down to the accompaniment of a silence still more void than the perfunctory punctuation of Edgerly's number in the program. Although Dexter had in a way voiced the opinions of the Patriarchs, he had not represented them, and the situation was much less satisfactory than if no reply had been made. The President was in more desperate straits than before, but he hailed it as a sign of hope when Joseph Morrison addressed the chair.

In nine out of ten lists of the half-dozen leading merchants of the city, Mr. Morrison's name would be included. His appearance would mark him as a scholar rather than a man of affairs. He seldom volunteered many words, either in public or in private, and this gave importance to the present exception. He was much in demand for addresses on occasions that invited the utterance of ripe and successful experience. Although he protested that he had no qualifications for such duties, and although there was hesitation and almost diffidence in his manner whenever he undertook them, he never failed to impress his hearers as having spoken wisely and well. His own shyness, along with his reputation for unerring judgment in practical matters, was in effect a certificate of good faith. It appealed to the confidence of people who would have

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been repelled by a man who exposed his consciousness of power. When he spoke there was a contraction of the muscles of the lips, that might have been from mere embarrassment, but it seemed to be also a playful and kindly smile, which was a further commendation to his hearers. Even in this company of his friends, none of whom would have been credited with more fitness to speak for all, he spoke as cautiously as though in doubt whether he were really entitled to the privilege.

"I have nothing to add," he began, in a scarcely audible voice, "to either side of the argument. I simply thought it might help me to get my bearings, and perhaps incidentally afford space for all of us to take soundings or a solar observation, as the case might be, if I occupied a few moments, without preventing the thoughts of the other gentlemen present from being better employed."

The irenic effect of this quaint self-depreciation was visible at once. The dubious looks began to relax, and it was evident that there was a returning sense of security.

With but slightly increased force in his voice, Mr. Morrison continued:—

"While our friends have been speaking, my thoughts have turned to the feelings I have sometimes had in the theatre, as I watched a transformation scene. I have never been able to give myself up to the deception. Perhaps if I had begun to go to the theatre when my mind was more nimble, the case would have been different. Probably we do not get our money's worth unless we put our imaginations in the hands of the stage carpenters. It is the proper thing, I suppose, to accept fairyland for the time being, and to forget hard facts. I have never learned the knack of doing it. I always remember that if I don't keep my coupon, I may be called upon to give up my seat. I never forget for a moment that I am surrounded by folks just like myself, and that the strange look of things hasn't made a particle of difference in the world where our lot is cast.

"During the last few minutes especially, I had begun to wonder whether I hadn't at last been caught by a stage carpenter's trick. Before the talking began, I had a comfortable feeling that the people present, even those at the speakers' table, were all fairly good fellows. We had every appearance of being well disposed toward one another and the rest

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of the world. Then came this play of words. It threw such a mist over us all that no one seemed to keep his everyday shape. To tell the truth, I had to grip my chair, and the edge of the table, and then I pinched myself to make sure that my senses were in working order. Now that you are taking on your natural looks again, and nobody seems quite so bad nor quite so good as we were pictured, the net result of the argument foots up in my mind about like this. So far as I can take account of stock, we have on hand a working exhibit of the kind of rumpus that may be kicked up by a couple of highpower word-machines if they get beyond control.

"The discussion has reminded me of a dream which I had several times when I was a boy. It probably started with a last look at the bed-post. In my dream I was looking at that bed-post. But it didn't stay a bed-post. Something was the matter with it. First it grew to the size of a tree. Then it was a steeple. Then it filled the whole sky. At last it sucked up everything in sight, and burst with a terrific crash. When things got to that pass I woke up, and found myself sitting bolt upright, staring at the same bed-post.

"I wonder if that dream wasn't something like what happens when we turn words loose. Our differences of opinion are bad enough, but the men who hold the opposite views would be much less likely to take on the appearance of bogies, if they could be satisfied to refer to each other in unfertilized language."

Hosts and guests together forgot their dignity, and took the opportunity for a good rest in boisterous enjoyment of the gentle caricature. When quiet was restored, Mr. Morrison began once more in his most cautious manner.

"This was all I had intended to say; but while I am on my feet it may not be out of place to add a single remark.

"The more I think of how many different kinds of people it takes to make a world, the more I am inclined to compare the condition of each one of us with that of the practical astronomer. He has the use of a very expensive plant. The instrument may be the most powerful in the world; but after all it is pointed out through a narrow slit in the dome, and the observer may spend night after night, and at last his whole working life, in studying a patch of sky too small even to attract the passing notice of the average unscientific man. I can very well understand that such an observer might get so

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absorbed in his special interest that he would be intolerant toward other scientists who were observing other parts of the heavens, and especially toward investigators of other facts of nature, which tended to weaken the theories he had formed from his particular point of view.

"Now, while I am unable to see that there is any such case against capitalists as has been intimated this evening, I can easily imagine that, if our telescope were pointed through the opposite side of the dome, we might discover facts which would modify our present calculations.

"Probably none of us have a right to assume that our outlook settles the truth for the universe. In my judgment we all ought to be willing, and I believe the great majority are willing, to take account of all the facts from every quarter, whenever they are properly presented. More than that, if we can be sure that we are in the way to correct hasty conclusions, and reach fuller information, and arrive at juster theory and practice—if we can be reasonably sure that we are doing this, and not merely making a magic lantern of our telescope, and pulling the observatory down over our heads in our excitement, I believe there would be an overwhelming vote of business men in favor of encouraging every sort of investigation."

This was the first good opportunity for the Patriarchs to express themselves without restraint, as to the real situation. Their endorsement of Mr. Morrison's remarks was unmistakable. There was a general feeling that peace had been restored. In the changed humor several of the members were mischievous enough to call for Mr. Lyon. The suggestion caught the fancy of the whole company, and the call became so insistent that he was obliged to make a show of response. He was glad the test had not come immediately after Edgerly had spoken, for he would have had no escape from the quandary. He was now all smiles, and entirely self-possessed.

The assembly worked off more of its pent-up feelings by vigorous applause after he had risen. His reply was contained more in his beaming countenance than in his words.

"I duly appreciate this delicate attention, gentlemen," he began, in his most courtly manner, "and I need not assure you that the occasion has been one of deep interest to me. The only contribution which I feel moved to make to the discussion, however, is the safe remark that, for me at least,

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silence is golden. It has been one of the rules of my life to exclude business discussions from my family circle. The working of the rule the other way forbids me to recognize any of my family skeletons in public. They will have to be dealt with in their proper place. At present I am glad to subscribe to the remarks of my friend who has just taken his seat. I do not know how we could better express our attitude toward so-called social problems."

The President felt that the psychological moment had arrived for giving the leading speaker the usual opportunity to close the discussion.

Edgerly had by this time lost all feeling of embarrassment, and he spoke as freely as he would in a faculty meeting.

"I realize," he said, "that it is presuming upon your patience to reopen the subject, after the admirable statement of our friend who has given us such an effective object lesson in the use and abuse of figurative language. At the risk of boring you, however, I venture to sum up my case as directly as possible. It would be a misfortune if this occasion should pass without a better understanding of different views of social conditions which we all in a certain way find puzzling. On the other hand, I should feel that I had not lived in vain if I could be sure that I had got before this company a distinct view of the point which the gentleman who followed me utterly misapprehends.

"Everything that the gentleman said about capital would have been equally true in itself, and equally irrelevant to the question at issue, if it had been alleged of the atmosphere and the sunlight, instead of capital. They too are 'the beneficent foster mother of all desirable human effort.' They support the farmer and the artisan and the transporter, and the magistrate. They conserve every thing useful to the human race. I have no more question about these facts in the case of capital than I have in the case of air and sunshine. But they do not come within striking distance of the point.

"In order to approach the real issue we must suppose that someone has invented machines which can collect all the air and the sunlight of a city or a county, and store it in tanks. We must suppose too that patents have been granted upon the machines; that the laws protect the owners in using them; and that they propose hereafter to deprive their fellow citizens of the use of atmosphere and sunlight not drawn from

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their tanks and paid for according to their own tariff. We must suppose further that this monopoly of the air and sunlight franchise is handed down to their children and children's children. How many generations do you suppose it would be before the heirs of that monopoly would be heard eulogizing themselves for conferring upon their fellow men the inestimable benefits of air and sunshine?

"Now, gentlemen, I am not taking liberties with the argument that has been submitted in reply to mine this evening. I am not putting any farcical element into it. I am pointing out the literal absurdity that constitutes the whole problem.

"The only difference between the case of capital and the one I have supposed is that while we cannot possibly appropriate any credit at all to ourselves for the atmosphere and the sunshine, each of us may, by due exertion, have a share in the creation of capital. But the share that the ablest of us may contribute to capital is but a minute fraction of all the work of other men that goes to make up that same capital.

"The panegyric of capital to which we have listened deserves to become a classic in the history of human error. I doubt if any man has ever gone on record with a more spectacular begging of the whole question. The argument confidently assumes that the men who now, under the laws of society, control capital, have themselves, and themselves alone, created the capital, and endowed it with its beneficent qualities, and that the heirs of these men will have an incontestible right, to the end of time, to draw revenues from the same capital. There has been no more arrogant blunder since King Canute imagined that the royal prerogative included the tides of the ocean.

"I am ready to grant for the sake of argument if you please, that every man in any way connected with property deserves some credit for the benefits that inhere in capital. If you demand it, I will concede that the man whose business activity consists in watching a ticker and wiring his broker to skim off a margin when prices go his way, is entitled to a microscopic tablet in an obscure corner of the Westminster Abbey of capitalism. I say I will concede it for public consumption, whatever my private opinion may be about his proper place in the Potter's Field of pauperism. I will agree with you, without any mental reservation whatever, that there are capitalists whose organizing and constructive origi-

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nality entitle them to all the rewards of merit that are due to the world's great inventors and discoverers. Between these extremes there are capitalists who have done everything that is in the power of one man toward producing the larger or smaller capital they control, while there are others who are the legal owners of capital, who have rather less claim to credit for the existence of capital, or for the benefits it confers, than the man who washes the bank windows has for the sunrise.

"Still further, the most meritorious service that is ever performed by the ablest man, in producing or employing capital, starts with the endowment left by all the previous generations, and yet he would amount to nothing if he did not work in harness with hundreds or thousands or millions of fellow laborers. Whether it is the head of the house of Rothschild, or Number 999 in the shovel gang, he enters a world already fitted out with the arts, and sciences, and laws and technologies, and stock and good will that the coöperative work of the ages has accumulated.

"If the best of us were left strictly to ourselves, without the use of the accumulations and support of other men, we should never be heard from, any more than if we were infants abandoned in our cradles.

"All this gives edge to the distinction that the fact of capital and its benefits is something as different from the system of human contrivances for handling capital as the existence of air and sunlight is from a concession of a right to tax people for the use of these natural agents. Some men actually do work without which capital would not be produced, or if produced would not be useful, and yet they have no legal claim to a dividend from capital. Other men enjoy the honors and emoluments of capital who no more deserve them, than credit for the gifts of nature belongs to the men who make themselves rich by befouling and beclouding the air and sunlight that belong to their neighbors.

"There is no question at issue then about the benefits of capital. The whole social problem turns on differences of opinion about the fairness of the artificial code which we have devised to guard property rights in capital.

"In a word, the point is this:—It is not a matter of abridging anybody's rights, but of verifying titles to rights. Our institutions have grown up in such a haphazard way that the

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adjustment of rewards and merits which they secure is irregular, inconstant, and inconsistent. This leaves an open problem of improving our system in the direction of reducing these anomalies to a minimum.

"Instead of committing an assault on the structural principles of society, therefore, I have simply taken this occasion to state facts which are just as real as those reported by the weather bureau. You, of all men, should have a clear view of these facts. If you will, you may do more than any other class of men to insure wise action in view of the facts. I believe that your class is to develop the leaders of the future, who will find their chief occupation in solving the problems which the facts involve. In the whole range of practical business there is nothing more certain than that we are face to face with open questions at once of practical adjustment and of pure morals, touching the principles of distributing control of economic force. We cannot dodge these questions. They will open wider and wider, and will never be closed until the terms of settlement command the assent of the sense of justice alike of the man without a dollar and the man with his millions."

After the meeting was declared adjourned a dozen members of the Club came to Edgerly to say that they were glad he had spoken his mind. Each was careful to say either that he did not agree with him, or that he was not sure whether he agreed or not; but they said it was a good thing to have his side of the case presented.

Halleck was among the guests. On the way to the coat room he caught Edgerly's arm and hastily half-whispered, "You never did a better day's work in your life, old chap! There'll be nothing to show for it, of course, but it's all to the good. You deserve a pension for your fight tonight as much as any veteran that fought for the Union!"

Logan Lyon was present on his father's invitation, and his auto was at the door. It was but a few minutes' run to Mr. Lyon's house, and on the way no reference was made to the discussion. As the car stopped to leave the older man, he remained sitting a moment, as though there was something on his mind of which he wanted to speak. Apparently he dismissed the idea, however, for his manner as he changed his position seemed to say, "But we will let that pass." His only

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words were, as he laid his hand on Edgerly's shoulder, while one foot rested on the step, "Good night, boys. It was an extenuating circumstance, at any rate, Ernest, that you had something to do with keeping the reporters out."

The two younger men rode in silence several blocks, until Lyon, reaching for the lamp over his head, and turning the button, peered into Edgerly's face, as he quoted:—"I never get over my wonder at the homeopathic quantity of thought that can be made to go with a crowd."

Edgerly did not at once make connections, but felt around a few seconds, till he picked up the clue, and answered out of a rather sour smile, "You mean can *not* be made to go with some crowds!"

Lyon gave full vent to his yodle. He felt like a boy that had been obliged to keep still in church, getting all the noise he could out of his freedom. "'Twas as improper as a monkey and hand-organ in the Supreme Court! You couldn't have shocked those fellows more if you had told them it was their duty to take turns playing the clown in the circus! It'll take most of them the rest of the year to find out whether their champagne was doped, or it all happened!

"Seriously though," he continued, after the spasm had passed, "some time or other that sort of thing has got to come, as sure as the old earth keeps on turning."

Then, as they stopped in front of Edgerly's house, Lyon added:—"But you don't get ahead arguing with an iceberg. It's only a question of how long it will take it to melt."

THE DOOR OF HOPE

XII

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“Whether the world is getting closer together or pulling wider apart, depends upon the number of us that shake ourselves free from handicaps, so that we can count for all we are worth in the common interest.”

FOR the first three days following the Armory meeting Kissinger was in the state of mind of a life-long prospector who had at last struck pay dirt. The future was in his hands. It was simply a matter of detail.

A German restaurant not far from the Avery building was a rendezvous for men after Kissinger's own heart, and he usually dropped in on his way home from the office for a stein of *Bairisches*, with an incidental flyer in philosophy. He burst upon the group Monday evening, with such a confident program of practical politics, in place of the usual transcendental poetry, that his change of base had some of the same effect on them which Graham had exerted upon him. Instead of talking abstract theory, he gave them a prophetic description of the necessary workings of Graham's plan. He had its application figured out as a sure geometrical progression, both in time and space.

Kissinger did not usually set the pace in these cross-planetary runs. He was rather more used to the position of time-keeper or referee. The surprise was not chiefly, however, in his taking the lead, nor in his sanguine tone. The indicative, or the imperative, never the subjunctive, was parliamentary in these symposiums, and the unwritten law contained another clause, seldom honored in the breach; namely, the less demonstrable the proposition the more dogmatic the assertion.

But accustomed as they were to course at will over every field of human speculation, these enthusiasts were not prepared to hear Kissinger read the specific doom of his own company. There had always been a sort of tacit understanding that if particulars had to be used as terms of the arguments, they were merely algebraic signs, and did not mean that anything invidious was to be alleged of an individual

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x or y ; nor that, if there had been, any intermeddling with other people's private affairs was contemplated.

Obernitz, a reporter on the *Volksblatt*, was the first to draw the practical moral, and to throw it back upon Kissinger as a personal problem. "That sounds all very well. It's the way we long have sought, so far as words go. But if you believe it, Kissinger, what business have you any longer with the Avery Company? You are Adjutant of the regiment that is holding the first line of defense. You put in your whole fighting time and strength defeating your own wishes and principles and predictions. If you mean what you have been saying, you're an infidel till you act accordingly. It's up to you to quit this treason to your own cause, and get out and hustle the rest of your life with Graham."

Happily for Kissinger the sparring was lively, and two or three of the group at once countered on Obernitz with the same *argumentum ad hominem*. The *Volksblatt* had a large circulation among working people, but it was never known to support a proposition which employers in general opposed. It was doing its best to discredit the Graham movement. That very morning it had run an editorial which the debaters denounced as final proof that it was an enemy of democracy. It was betraying the people's cause to work for such a paper.

Along this line Obernitz was pushed so hard that Kissinger was forgotten, and unobserved he presently went his way.

At the same time, this rude awakening marked a longer step toward self-discovery than the exhilaration which the Armory meeting had stimulated. As he boarded his train Kissinger was saying to himself: "I have only been in a parachute after all, dangling a little lower in the clouds than I was before. It isn't *terra firma* till it will bear one's weight."

The reaction did not carry him quite back to his former fatalistic position. He had got beyond acquiescence that nothing can be done. Though the element of resolution was entirely lacking in his new ideas, though they did not converge upon a change of his own actions, they brought into focus a picture of feasible general action, in which, however, he could not yet find a place for himself.

Unsupported by a stronger will, Kissinger was hesitant and helpless. He could execute another's plan. He could pro-

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pose one for another to adopt. Every detail would be prompt and clear. He often submitted to Mr. Lyon alternative schemes, each carried out with such minuteness that his chief would choose between them instantly, and would have little occasion to modify the specifications. To assume the responsibility of decision, however, was another matter.

Kissinger had so long acted only upon orders, that he dared not trust his own judgment until it had been endorsed by a higher authority. He had gone so far as to profess his faith in a policy and a program. He accepted it as concrete truth, not merely as abstract principle. He even welcomed the half-clarified perception that it was no truth for himself until he could do some of it; but here the light failed.

Kissinger did not admit that he had argued himself to a standstill. He would have been more at odds with the world than ever if he had recognized a deadlock. Although the new insight made an end of ignoring the collision between his occupation and his ideals, and although nothing was visible that promised a change in his position, yet he somehow felt that he was making progress. He thought of Bunyan's hero, after he had seen the way but had not resolved to start. He thought of the rich young man who was directed to find eternal life by giving all he had to charity, and casting his lot with the wandering teacher. He thought, with suddenly inspired worldly-wise shrugs and sneers, of the smug doctrine of the mobility of labor; but on the whole he reassured himself that he would move, and was moving, and that his rate of movement was rather commendable, or at all events that his detection of the traditional under-estimate of the difficulty of moving entitled him to credit for the equivalent of moving.

On the other hand there was no escape from two facts:—the Avery Company represented everything that the new democracy opposed, and he was the Company's servant. Yet he was less baffled by the problem of finding a position not open to the same objection, than by the difficulty of reconciling himself to separation from the Company. His case against it was thoroughly impersonal. Kissinger admitted to himself that if Graham's ideals could be realized tomorrow he would ask from the Company nothing better for himself than he had enjoyed from the beginning. He was interested in improving his own condition only in the sense that, as he saw it, the prime minister of a king was inferior, other things

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being equal, to the prime minister of a tribune of the people. He frankly confessed to himself that it would be not only out-of-date bombast, but out-of-character pretense, if he should affect toward his old employers any of the fabulous Roman sentiment, "What's banished, but set free from daily contact with the things I loathe!"

Whatever might have been the chances that Kissinger would resolve the situation alone, he was not left to the experiment. For the twentieth time Obernitz went to Graham next morning in search of a "story," and in the course of the interview Graham's allusion to his need of helpers led up to the mention of Kissinger. There might be nothing in it, but they agreed that no harm could be done by a talk with him. When the suggestion was first brought to Kissinger, however, his obligations to the Company seemed to veto his personal inclinations. He said that such a meeting was impossible unless he first resigned his position. He could hardly enter and leave the strike headquarters without being recognized, and there was little probability that in the present state of public sentiment the incident could be kept from the newspapers. Whether he was supposed to be a spy, or an informer, or the bearer of a feeler from the Company, the complications would be too serious to be risked.

Graham had not intended to be understood as proposing a meeting at his office, but on some neutral ground, and under circumstances that would seem accidental. Through further mediation of the reporter, whom both knew to be reliable, they agreed later in the season to be on the path bordering the lagoon inlet south of the German building in Jackson Park, at two o'clock of a Saturday afternoon. There was safety in such publicity, as there was only the remotest chance that either would be recognized, and none whatever that both would be known by the same people. Besides, a few minutes' casual conversation in such a place, even if it were observed, would have no significance.

Graham not only remembered Kissinger, from chance encounters in groups of labor leaders before the strike, but in advance of Obernitz' latest reports he had been sufficiently informed to schedule the Avery executive as border territory. Graham divided the business population into three groups; first, those who do no thinking outside the routine of their

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occupations; second, those who rate business as grab, and take the game as it is, on the chance of sometime being among the lucky ones to get the rich pickings; third, those who are on principle disgusted with the system, and would quit it or reform it if they could. He had no doubt that Kissinger was in the third class, but he realized that it would be a much harder problem to get effective action out of this last class than to make theoretical converts from the first to the third.

Kissinger was so wedded to habit, and so loyally conscientious, that after they had stopped in a secluded spot on the sunny slope of the terrace, and had stretched out on the turf, he made the first approaches to the vital question. He began by protesting that it must be considered a purely personal interview, with no bearing whatever on the campaign between the strikers and the company.

Graham met him quickly with the response, "We won't misunderstand each other, Mr. Kissinger. I take it to mean simply that if we were astral bodies we should hover in the same plane?"

This way of putting it was neither quite direct enough, nor in a figure sufficiently familiar, to suggest a proper reply. Graham was one of the men, however, who accelerate other people's mental action, and make them surprise themselves with unexpected conclusions. Seeming to take agreement for granted, he assumed the initiative without waiting for an answer. "In other words, you must remember, Mr. Kissinger, that I could no more afford to have our talk misinterpreted than you could. If it should be known that we had approached each other, it might easily be said that I was weakening, and trying to find a way to hedge. I need protection against that thought in your mind too, as much as you do against the possibility that I may suspect you of willingness to give the Company away. Now let us put both these ideas aside. Let us say nothing about the strike at all. If I believed you were the kind of man who would betray your employers, I should have no use for you; and if I were looking no further than the mere issue with your Company it wouldn't be worth my while to talk about any goods that you have a right to deliver. I am after something much more important than that, and I will come to it in a minute."

The man's genuineness was even more transparent in such a face-to-face talk than when he addressed an audience. Kis-

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singer did not need to be disarmed, but he was immediately reassured, and had no more compunctions about waiting for developments.

"It would be mere guesswork to talk about numbers," continued Graham, "until we have some way to make an actual count; but every body who has taken the trouble to keep his eyes and ears open knows that discontent with our economic system is not confined to wage-earners. There isn't a rank in the business or political scale, from bank messenger to Chief Magistrate, which hasn't its quota of representatives who might be loosely termed socialists. That is, they knuckle to the present order of things because they can't help it. They have all sorts of grievances against it, from superficial to radical; but a lot of them believe it is a pretty virulent case of blood poisoning. Some of them have no theory of a way to better things, beyond demanding the general rule of the square deal. Others see that new principles have got to be injected into the system before it will be very much improved. But with all these men, except one in a thousand perhaps, bread and butter have the last word. If these people could follow their own instincts they wouldn't let things alone another minute. They would ask no better occupation than social surgery. But they have got to live, and that's the end of it. I figure that there are thousands of first-rate men who are reformers at heart, but they can see no way to finance their affiliations. If the dollar question could be disposed of, it wouldn't take them very long to make the proverb read, 'Where there's a way there's a will.' I count you in that class, Mr. Kissinger."

With more ring in his voice than usual, Kissinger answered promptly, "If you had asked me that question within forty-eight hours after the Armory meeting, I should have said yes, without turning a hair; but now I am not so sure of myself. It would cost me a good many different kinds of wrench to break away from the connections I have made in more than twenty years. I know just what to expect where I am. I fit there. Perhaps I can make as much impression after all in the line of my social theories in my old place as I could anywhere else. Perhaps it is impractical to count on reforming business in one man's lifetime, and after all I'm not sure that a man is best placed to help reform when he's on the outside. Suppose I could get into a business that was

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run according to my ideas. Wouldn't the same reasoning that pushed me into it drive me to look for further trouble bucking against the deeper evils of the world? If we should get our economics on a moral basis, there would still be all the other pains, and sorrows, and accidents, and disappointments of life, that we can't touch. Wouldn't it be just as practical for me to retire to a desert, and flock all alone by myself, or commit suicide, because the world is a crazy affair anyhow and I can't help it, as it would be to throw up the work that I can do well and launch out on a doubtful experiment? Suppose I have another twenty years of work; is the world likely to be any better, at the end of that time, for anything I can do in another place, than it would be if I kept on with the Company?"

"That's easy," Graham answered, in his most energetic manner. "The world is always better off when one more man concludes peace with himself. No single one of us is going to star in the United States Census, whatever he does or leaves undone. He can make neither a mountain nor a cavern of himself. But the world is composed of these minute units after all, and whether the world is getting closer together or pulling wider apart depends on the number of us that shake ourselves free from handicaps, so that we can count for all we are worth in the common interest. From nine o'clock till four every day you do more to perpetuate the system of exploitation than you can offset for democracy in the rest of your twenty-four hours. We don't ordinarily consider it much of a puzzle to fix the standing of a man when he is running behind at that rate."

Because Kissinger was convinced but not persuaded, he could find nothing more to say. Graham waited long enough to satisfy himself that it was not a case for argument, but for impulse, and then he rapidly sketched his plans for putting his democratic propaganda on a permanent basis. He described an educational undertaking that combined features of a press bureau, and university extension, and correspondence study for wage earners. He explained that he had intended to develop this work regardless of the results of the Avery strike, and to continue such strikes for their educational value, whatever the economic outcome. He showed how the plan of instructing working men was to be combined with systematic pressure upon employers, on the one hand, and upon the poli-

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ticians on the other, to make room for labor's share of representation both in business and in law-making. On its active side it was to be a clearing-house of labor interests. It would not set up a theory of social organization, beyond the fundamental principle that wage-earners have interests which are not sufficiently protected at present, and that concerted action by wage earners is the only means of getting fair recognition for their share in the economic process. The bureau must have branches for half a dozen different nationalities which could be reached effectively only in their mother-tongue. The enterprise was not a mere temporary expedient, but was to become a fixture among our economic and political institutions.

Then Graham stated briefly the financial standing of the project. He would himself guarantee the working capital, and expansion of the scope of the bureau would be provided for by holding and increasing the present membership. The small fees would secure the publications and pay the expenses of local organization.

"Now, Mr. Kissinger," he concluded, "neither of us is in a position to commit himself absolutely on a matter of this importance. I simply want to put before you a tentative proposition. Entirely apart from this democratic crusade, I must have a permanent Chicago office for my western business. I see no reason, however, why the agent in charge of that office could not at the same time be the executive officer of this bureau. He could then have his share both in experimenting practically with the principle of labor representation on the business side, and he could spread the theory in the educational campaign. He would not be responsible for the plans in either case, except as one among many; but chiefly for carrying out policies which I should adopt with my directors. In that respect it would be very much like your present position. Your experience with the Avery Company, and your direct touch with the Germans, are the two elements that would make you valuable on the basis of your fundamental social theories. I am starting east tonight for a few speeches in the Massachusetts campaign. I may be gone two weeks. I simply ask you to decide in that time whether you would consider a proposition to take one or both of these positions, provided I could satisfy you that you would lose nothing financially by leaving the Avery Company."

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Very little more was said on either side, and with the understanding that they would arrange through Oberritz for another meeting after his return, Graham hurried away through the amphitheatre toward the Sixty-first street station.

Kissinger crossed the boulevard, and walked south along the lake front. He was not the first theorist whose fine-spun systems had buckled when tested by the weight of a trial. He believed still, but he was shaken in his assumption that his beliefs had the carrying power he had supposed. He began to compare himself with a man who had spent his life designing trusses to span a stream, but had paid no attention to the piers. The call to risk himself upon his own constructions forced attention to the subject of adequate supports.

It was one of those plausible Spring days which would assure a stranger to the capricious climate that Summer had taken possession. Kissinger stopped on the bridge by the side of the Caravels, seating himself on the parapet and dallying with the query whether Columbus' adventure was really more precarious than Graham's proposal. Then he wandered shoreward along the boulevard to the extreme park limit. While hesitating whether to return by the same route, or to circle the lower end of the park, he stood inviting the gentle fanning of the breeze from the lake. He gradually reversed his position, till the broad stretches of awakening verdure made the half of the picture on his left, while the pall of smoke that filled the upper quarter on the right took from imagination all excuse for effort in construing the harbor entrance as the jaws of the pit.

A few days earlier Kissinger would have felt that he was doing a man's part if he had poetized the contrast into a symbolic expression of the difference between life as it should be and as it is. With Graham's realness still clutching him, he hadn't the face so to dignify child's play, and his more virile thought kept breaking into his passive contemplation with the impish question, "Yes, but what does it mean for me?"

It was not true that Kissinger was hiding behind his wife. He was too much of a man for that. He knew that if he could manage himself, he could easily take care of the other obstacles. Still he frankly dreaded the unavoidable family discussion, in case he should decide to take the plunge. He did wish that he could have his wife's help in settling his mind, but he had long ago given up that recourse. They

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could talk only about utterly indifferent or perfectly obvious subjects.

Kissinger would have respected his wife's differences from him in opinion if he could have tolerated the grounds on which her opinions rested. The fact that nothing which he regarded as important had a similar rating in Mrs. Kissinger's mind, and that the things which seemed to her essential had for him simply the value of trifles, left as alternatives either constant friction or exchange merely of the most colorless and commonplace ideas. He always felt humiliated whenever he and his wife disagreed, and even more so when he was obliged to insist upon his own view than when he yielded to hers. In neither case did the outcome represent arrival at a common judgment. It was a mere giving way by one to the other, for no reason that was regarded as sufficient by the acquiescing party. Kissinger was too chivalrous to be comfortable in requiring concessions from his wife, and in their case, therefore, the law that without concessions there can be no partnership had resulted in reducing their married life to a drearily empty alliance.

From babyhood Elsie had been their one effective bond of union. However their own interests were drawing them apart, their common devotion to the child had always been a stronger factor. Their views of life necessarily converged upon very different ideas about Elsie's interests, yet Kissinger had usually been able to convince himself that a mother's judgment about a daughter has the better claims, and he had seldom felt bound to go far in urging his dissenting opinions.

Although Elsie had been absent for several weeks on an eastern visit with Hester Kinzie, she unconsciously helped her father to tide over a difficult evening. The incident of the afternoon embarrassed him as though he were harboring a guilty secret. Mrs. Kissinger was not at home when he returned, but she arrived just at the dinner hour, and her prattle about Elsie's visit, and the letter that had come from her after Mr. Kissinger had left home that morning, was a welcome cue for dismissing less agreeable things and getting all the sunshine possible out of their one common interest.

After dinner, instead of turning to the evening paper, Kissinger insisted that his wife should read the letter aloud. She assented, on condition that he would hear it to the end without comment, and would discuss it as a whole afterwards. He

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accepted the terms, and after he had lighted his cigar Mrs. Kissinger read with as much sympathy as though she had written the letter herself:—

“My best beloved Ones:—

“Hester says it’s only the Boston altitude, and I would get used to it in time; but looking inward at any rate I’m growing wilder-eyed the longer it lasts.

“We have scratched the surface, from the Cambridge elms to Plymouth Rock; and we have had some deeper glimpses too, for there is no doubt that the family altars of the Arlingtons and the Beacons, as well as the Hartleys, are safely within the Holy of Holies.

“Of course the mysteries are not solemnized very elaborately between seasons, but that leaves the neophyte with a little self-assertion, instead of completely overawed, as would surely be the case under sudden introduction to the full ritual.

“We have been in the presence of all the extant antiquities and local peculiarities celebrated in song and story, from Old South Church to baked beans, and codfish, and clams in a dozen lightning change characters. The ruins are as authentic as restorations ever dare to be, but the menu is no longer much more to the manner born than a shopping procession in front of Marshall Field’s is made up of aborigines. So far as *things* go, half a dozen pairs of contrasts that I can think of between different parts of our piebald Chicago, are as extreme as any difference I have noticed between the two cities as a whole; but it’s the people! The hysterics of streets in the old part are really something to be grateful for. They afford me instant relief. They seem to be saying, in the only unstudied language one finds, that once upon a time the inhabitants did as they felt, and the thought that the same may happen again sometimes lasts nearly back to Commonwealth Avenue.

“The folks keep up a mental action that would register large figures on the cyclometer, but it doesn’t seem to be thinking. It is more like a machinery for automatic selection of predigested foods, and the tableware to match. I am sure the confirmation questions must start with the danger of falling into mortal sin by serving vegetables in the soup tureen, or drinking hock and claret from the same kind of glass. I infer, too, that when spiritual unction is nearly ready to descend, the moral chasm separating a Websterian from a Worcesterian pronunciation is opened up in its whole appalling breadth and depth; and at last, when the sensibilities are in their most plastic state, the veil is lifted and the novice is given a vision of the fall from grace that would be involved in an uncontrolled exclamation of surprise, when a vaguely questioning contraction of the optic muscles would convey the precisely adequate degree of attention.

“The day’s program doesn’t seem to leave any place for yourself. You are merely a celebrant reading the appropriate offices. It reminds me of the Delsarte system of expression. It is all right if your breeding has predisposed you to associate postures and sentiments in that way; but what if the Avaunt-and-quit-my-sight passages, for instance, suggest to you only a deaf and dumb lady who has washed her hands and doesn’t find a towel?

“Living on cold-storage emotions doesn’t remind me of the upper ether, but of a diving bell and breathing through a tube. Hester and I have developed a set of private signals. When she slowly deflects her chin

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in my direction till a straight line to the tip of her nose would run at an angle of 25 degrees with her shoulders, and when in that attitude she fixes on me a heart-stirring look of mingled warning and appeal, which the spectators are too polite to notice, but which they take in all the same, as saying plainer than words, 'Child of wrath! Let us beware lest we fail to be duly impressed by the profound import of all this propriety!'—when she does all that, it means a wink. The rest of the code is equally elaborate.

"On the outside, Hester fits into the function as though she didn't know any better, but I see now why she wanted me. When we can let each other know by wireless that we are throwing hand springs in spirit, we take courage from the recollection that we have lived through other similar days and that there will be respite presently in our kimonas.

"We have seen fifty Boston girls that are the real article. I like them too, and shall take their part hereafter no matter what people say. They can't help it. They're genuine inside at the start. They have good blood and could be counted on to better the record of their ancestors if they had a chance, but it's the environment. They're perfectly healthy modern girls, and to cramp them into their department must hurt in the beginning as much as it does when they stuff their physical culture bodies into the fancy ball costumes of Louis-Quatorze beauties. By watching specimens at the different stages, from sixteen to forty-five, I have decided that the asbestos veneer spread on by their education is carnivorous. It eats its way in from the outside with greater or less rapidity according to circumstances, till at last the arteries are encased in it, and it acts like the ice on the coil of tubes in the water-cooler.

"There's another side to that, too. Something that I haven't stumbled on must upset that calculation when these girls marry, because they do make perfectly fine husbands out of the most depressing material. I have turned with fond recollection to our letter carrier and gas inspector as antidotes for these youths in their twenties. Some of them are said to have been the delegates to take their year's beating from Yale in various events, but they appear to be too far out of training now for anything more strenuous than selecting haberdashery. If they were as precocious as the stories say, perhaps nature evens up matters by exacting a lifeless decade or so before they recover their grip. At present they seem to have no surplus left over from the preoccupation of retouching their own mental photographs.

"The Hartleys are dears. They show what all this was when it was in the making, when it came from the inside, when it didn't have to be put on like blinders on a thoroughbred. They are interested in everything, from Bible classes to prize fights,—at least I accidentally discovered that he goes that far in the way of keeping up his information,—but every thing about them seems to be in the only proper proportion to everything else. If they are serious, they are gay, and studious, and sportive, and sympathetic, and restful, and busy and affectionate enough to make each part of it seem just perfect. They never make me uncomfortable, yet whenever I am with them I have a feeling that it would be nice to repent of something, if I only knew what. They keep me thinking that perhaps people will all sometime learn to make life as beautiful as they do.

"I don't know whether I understand at all what architecture means, but the other day as I was looking at the original drawings of Trinity, the idea came to me that, if it should ever be completed according to the

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design, it would be a true picture in stone of the Hartleys as I have seen them.

"But we have only to make the short run to Channing's in Brookline to see the father undone in the son. In looks he will be his father's double at the same age, but unless he mends his ways that will be the end of the resemblance. He might as well be a grub-staker burrowing for gold; only in his case it's politics. He says he is practicing law merely to keep himself out of mischief when he can't be laying wires that will end in the Senate. I call him an instance of the reclaimed incorrigible, but his wife says he is no better than a Chicago man.

"Two or three letters ago I began to tell you about the other half, as we had seen it from the Settlement. We are not through, but it's a long story, and I don't believe you would care to have me put more of it on paper.

"It is getting to be second nature with me to think, talk, dream and scribble philosophy—if that is what you will call this letter. I feel it coming stronger. I will let you off with this much now, but I have caught the infection, and just as likely as not it will become chronic. You must expect progressive worse.

"With lots of kisses to my dear both

ELSIE."

Following the reading, for seconds that may have run into minutes, the father and mother merely met each other's silently inquisitive smiles. Mrs. Kissinger's patience first reaching its limits, she prompted her husband with the gentle spur, "Tell me what you think, Walther."

"You know," he hesitated, "Boston means little to me but State Street. I wouldn't risk an opinion beyond that."

"Yes," persisted Mrs. Kissinger, "but on general principles, does it sound as though the visit would be of any use?"

"Why, she is evidently getting some new ideas," Kissinger reflected. "Whether she is right or not in her estimates, she has got her mind on discriminations that are worth making. I have no doubt it will help her look with sharper eyes on Chicago people."

"But that wasn't what I meant exactly," returned his wife. "Will it help her socially? Will she be any more likely to take advantage of her chances? You know a girl can't afford to keep on too long regardless of her prospects. I had thought she might meet some one in Boston who would impress her more than any one seems to have here."

Although Kissinger was not often humorously inclined, he could not refrain from recurring innocently to the very strong impression that Mr. and Mrs. Hartley had evidently made upon Elsie!

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"You are too exasperating, Walther," Mrs. Kissinger pouted. "You ought to realize that it makes no difference what Elsie thinks of the present generation of pilgrim grandfathers. You are never willing to admit that we are taking our duties too lightly about getting her a husband."

"My observation has been," Kissinger submitted, rather tangentially, "that in this country at any rate, the less the parents show their hand before they hear from the young people the safer they are from putting their foot in it."

Kissinger was aware that this reflection would touch a tender spot, but he had not much hope that his wife would be decoyed from pursuit of its substance by the provocation it gave to her jealous zeal for form. He guessed that Mrs. Kissinger was looking for an opening to introduce a conference about several men who were within the radius of her hopes or fears. He was not only in a partially contrite mood for the errant conduct of the afternoon, but he foresaw that he would not remain constant enough to block off further temptation. Acting as his own confessor, and assuming occasion for both absolution and indulgence, he resigned himself to the unwelcome discussion, as the most convenient form of penance.

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XIII

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“All the men whose brains are not thicker than their necks will come to it sooner or later. Some of them still get their fun going West to kill bear, but as a pure sporting proposition coming East to rescue the unconscious rich from themselves has a sure shade.”

AT first Hester Kinzie's interest in Elsie had been merely a renewal of obligation under a debt of gratitude incurred in his early manhood by her father. When young Kinzie came a stranger to Chicago, Mrs. Kissinger's parents had been timely and effectual friends. Not only had they smoothed his way to social recourse from the dismal isolation, or more dreadful promiscuity, which would have been the alternatives in those earlier days, but the business connections which enabled Kinzie in a few brilliant years to take his place among the richest men of the town would hardly have been formed without the help of Mr. Wells. When the reverses came which hastened his benefactor's death, Mr. Kinzie was in Australia, and he knew nothing of the difficulties till it was too late to offer assistance. After his return he was able to be of more service than he permitted Mrs. Wells to know, in recovering something from the ruins of the property; but his sense of obligation was quickened by the incident, and he later cultivated the sentiment also in his daughter.

During their irregular visits to Chicago, in her childhood, Hester gravely took for granted a partnership with her father in a sort of formal protectorate over Elsie. The difference in their ages favored this juvenile affection. Only within the last few years had the two girls begun to be drawn together by mutual attraction. Neither was fully aware that a change was going on, but in a short time the stilted acquaintance was merged into spontaneous affection.

Superficially Elsie was the active, virile element in the friendship, and a compensation for Hester's negative gentleness. The precise contrary was the underlying truth. Elsie was buoyant, and vivacious and insatiably interested; but instead of proving constancy of will and steadiness of purpose,

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her animation merely reflected her guileless vagrancy, and her tractability by any sort of alluring stimulus.

Hester was externally placid. She had only rare moments of effervescence. This was not because she was dull or tired or cold. She had tested a range of reactions far beyond Elsie's experience, yet there was not a sated fiber in her body. For her own consciousness every nerve was an e string; but although a beginner she was too well trained to permit a note to be strident. From her outlook upon life not an Autumn tint was in sight. Even the storms were benisons. But somewhere she had picked up the clue that life is a palimpsest, and that the surface readings are mere minor flourishes upon the deeper lines that all say "Problem!" and "Mystery!" She had found a life centre for herself in the implied challenge. She had no desire to be known as learned, and she did not care to delve very far into the lores that had made the reputation of scholars, but she found her animus in the incessant provocation to pry beyond accepted versions into the remoter meanings of familiar things. Her appetite for life was uncloyed simply because she was not dependent for variety upon a succession of new tastes. None of the old sensations had lost their zest. If she was not constantly detecting fresh flavors, she was sure they were playing hide and seek with her. Instead of finding the world in herself, she was trying to find herself in the world. Her manner of mildly amused serenity was not passiveness. It was merely a decorous, if withal a coquettish veil for vigilant scrutiny of life, and for the resolved unwomanliness of forging toward a fulcrum for moving life, instead of submitting without recourse to the decrees of tradition.

Hester's mental attitude was not apparent, because its betrayals were mostly inquisitive rather than assertive. If she ventured to express secessionist ideas, they were usually in the form of questions, or at most of playful satire. In Johnathan Edwards' time her skepticism would no doubt have been charged to belated childish forwardness. It was in reality one of the active phases of her maturing sense of responsibility.

Without her knowledge or consent, Hester had been doomed to the vocation of wealth. While her father had never caught other views of the social basis of morality than the detached rays which real life perforce refracts upon the

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most opaque individualistic philosophy, he had done his best to teach his daughter all that he himself understood about the duties of wealth. As she was about to become her own agent in performing these duties, she found herself reopening the questions, What are they? and Why are they?

Hester was so much a child of the present that, without recognizing many of the sources from which she drew the opinion, she had reasoned out for herself that "ought" is merely a guide-post to the directions in which our actions might do other people good, while "ought not" is a warning of directions in which our actions would do other people harm. When she had gone so far, it was a short step to the inference that the duties of wealth must be discovered by finding out just how different kinds of actions connected with wealth affect, well or ill, near or remote human beings. She was not aware that she had worked her way back close to the foundations of social philosophy. Not as a technical scientific pursuit, however, nor as a mere intellectual fad, but as a conscientious preparation to act her part with the most good and least harm to others, she was quietly practicing the art of tracing cause and effect in all sorts of human actions.

If this search was worth while for herself, Hester thought, why would it not be the proper initiation into life for everybody? She did not believe that people generally took very long views about the consequences of their acts, nor that they cared so very much about the consequences, except for themselves. For this reason she was forewarned when she found in the legal, or moral, or social codes, or the economic systems, or the religious doctrines that people had built up, greater or lesser elements which provoked her active doubt. What else could be expected of the narrow and selfish people that we find ourselves to be? For the same reason, she reflected, the sophisticated attitude, both toward our own individual impulses and toward public institutions, is not standing in awe of them but in judgment over them.

All this reasoning was a sort of by-conscious process in Hester's mind, and it rather stimulated than retarded her complaisant avidity of life. She divulged her speculations, even to Elsie, only in the concrete; but two people cannot be constantly saying to each other, "This is better or worse, truer or falsier than that," without gradually coming to an open agreement or disagreement about the implied standards of

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judgment. Since resigning her precocious protectorate over Elsie, Hester had neither in thought nor in act assumed the more priggish rôle of proselytizer; yet the mentor and the guide were rather privileged than submerged in the friend. The two girls could not have selected each other if their kinship of spirit had not been on a high level. Hester did not try to persuade herself that no mission was concealed in her affection for Elsie. It was not a project of conversion, however, but of rescue from perversion. Hester read Mrs. Kissinger like an open book, and was sure that Elsie's instincts were truer than her mother's turgid ambitions. She accordingly had never a compunction about plotting like a terrorist to secure for Elsie liberty to be herself.

It was merely a consistent detail in this program for Hester to claim Elsie's company on her latest visit to her father's only sister. Between the houses of Hartley and Lyon there had long been amicable feud over Hester's first allegiance. She did not know in which family she felt the more at home, and she tried to divide her time so evenly between them that no preference would appear in the comparison.

Channing Hartley advertised no altruistic motives for his share in politics. He neither coined pious phrases, nor protested superior principles. He simply joined a new crowd that settled down to business with the blunt notification to all concerned, "We're in the field to stay until we down the fellows who have been 'it' so long they suppose they own Massachusetts for good and all." Any one who knew Hartley would be sure that in his own mind there were finer sentiments behind this coarse profession of policy; but he accepted the fact that politics, to amount to anything, must be rough riding, not a Spring review; and he thought it would be ample time to check up moral values after actual results were in evidence.

Hartley was entering his auto Sunday evening, after a few moments at his father's, when he recalled something and returned to the house. Following their voices to the music room, where Hester and Elsie, in deference to the day, were attempting some passages from the Messiah, he interrupted:—"It just occurred to me, girls, that in the course of your researches into the impending poor and the impenitent rich you might care for a side look at politics. I am to preside at a big meeting in Mechanics' Hall Tuesday evening, and your Chi-

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cago trouble-maker, Graham, will be the chief speaker. If you are interested, Clara will add the matronly dignity, and I will provide seats and escorts."

The suggestion was caught up so promptly that Hartley was further inspired, "If the species should turn out to be worth studying under the microscope, as well as through the opera glass, come to breakfast with us Wednesday morning. Graham will be there, and may be you will be able to persuade him to be good when he returns to the seat of war."

"My impression is that he is not a native product," corrected Hester. "He is said to be an exotic of rare variety. It would be unwise to miss him though, don't you think, Elsie?"

"Irrespective of the question whether there are imaginable contingencies in which a Chicago man of high or low degree could fail to afford temporary mitigation in Boston," ruminated Elsie aloud, "I should like to shake hands with a real anarchist. Unless his teeth and claws have been drawn, it will be too exciting for anything. Nothing could keep me away Mr. Hartley."

The personal note was clearest to both girls until the chairman had finished his opening address. The hall was simply one among many halls, and the audience merely a duplicate of other audiences. The particular issues of the campaign were rather indistinct to Hester and Elsie, but the chairman was a dashing speaker. He evidently knew how to reach his hearers, and if his special guests missed any of the fine shading of his allusions, they more than made up for the failure by their zeal in applauding every winning of applause, and by their prompt signals of congratulation to Mrs. Hartley at each of these passages of her husband's success.

There was no time to exchange interest for indifference before Graham's personality began to make its own appeal. The vague expectations of a ruffian or a freak were forgotten until the talking-over after reaching home; and the surprise of a presence so incongruous with reputation enforced attention.

The speech was in substance the same that Graham had delivered at the Armory meeting, with variations adapted to the local situation. Although the thought did not escape Elsie, it was again the personal that affected her chiefly. To her the speech was an exploit, and the speaker a champion.

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A mere exhibition of impulsive, dare-devil defiance of his class-traditions would have been amusing as a spectacle, but not convincing. Graham's apparent plane of action, however, threw the usual motives of men into such sordid shadow that the contrast in his favor was splendid.

If this personal aspect did not make the chief impression upon Hester, it was not because she observed it less, but because she attended to the wider meanings more. Not that she heard anything strictly new, but impersonated in Graham mere thoughts became vital and spiritual as conviction and effort. The world had predestined this man, like herself, to service in the livery of wealth. He was resisting subjection to the service and seizing its control. He was promoting the service from serfish to knightly. Was this merely a temporary individual digression from the straight and narrow path of general necessity, or had he broken an arbitrary tether, and recovered a liberty that would help others to freedom? Was there anything in his solution that might fit as a key to her own problem? The question came to her:—If the working of the world's machinery frees some people, without action of their own, from all concern about the necessities of life, why isn't it the first duty of such people to invest their freedom in working on the problem of ways and means to endow everybody with the necessities of life?

The breakfast table was under an awning near the western veranda, and Mr. and Mrs. Hartley waited for their guests in a marquee, flanked by silver birches, toward the foot of the lawn. Hester and Elsie arrived but a moment in advance of Graham, and after he had been presented Mrs. Hartley, leading the way with Graham toward the breakfast tent, began to furnish conversational pointers by adding that their cousin was at home in Boston, but Miss Kissinger was from Chicago.

Elsie was ready with the expected demurrer, and maintained the claim of Chicago to Hester. After a skirmish that was rapid and general, Mrs. Hartley triumphantly appropriated the results of its inconclusiveness:—"So you see, Miss Kinzie is not only altogether a Bostonian, but Miss Kissinger herself is almost naturalized."

"I must still beg your pardon, Mrs. Hartley," Elsie resisted loyally, "I am neither naturalized nor even domesti-

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cated. You have no idea of the main force it requires every minute to protect all these decencies of civilization from the scandal of my savage instincts."

"While we have our logic in working order," interposed Hartley, "we might as well clean it all up in one job, and prove Mr. Graham a Bostonian."

"If taking the precaution to be born in Ohio, then in a moment of over-confidence risking one's birthright by coming to Harvard, and in the nick of time getting back to reality via the crags and peaks of Idaho proves it, there is no need of a contest," was Graham's quick confession.

"Then you surely know many Boston people?" encouraged the hostess.

"Whole white-robed choirs of them, Mrs. Hartley," Graham asseverated solemnly. "At least I did, but I fear their faculty of forgetfulness knows what is expected of it. I should probably run into a sharp fall of temperature if I ventured to presume on the past. It is a long way back to '95. Even two fairly serious years in Law would have quite a record to show in the way of effacing eligibility, but the dubious meanwhile leaves no margin for doubt. If anyone dared to admit by-gone acquaintance with such a renegade, the limit would not go beyond your husband's venture; that is, recognition for politics' sake only."

In the few hours the two men had been together, they had found a common footing which put them on easy terms. They had agreed on such fundamental matters that they had been able to chaff each other rather roughly over differences about somewhat important details. Even before his display of skill with an audience, Hartley had decided that Graham had in him the material for a national leader. Graham's independence of thought, and courage in action, were no stronger confirmations of that judgment than his modesty and his playful humor. Hartley said he always deducted a few cubits from his estimate of a man's stature if it turned out that he wasn't big enough to laugh at himself. Meeting Graham on his own ground, Hartley retorted:—

"I don't really believe the story that you've taken the anti-dress coat vow, Graham."

"Just as likely as not I may some time have some more evening clothes built," conceded Graham, "if they would save society extra expense for special police. I have no implacable

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quarrel with them. It's chiefly the terra-alba-frosting people you have to level down to when you wear them."

The women had been biding their time for luring Graham into talk of his campaign. He avoided it in such company only to the extent of insisting that the advances must be made by others. Mrs. Hartley surmised as much, and threw the fly in the rather glaring hint; "I thought last evening that in time I might learn partially to approve of you in the abstract, Mr. Graham, if it were not for the danger of your convincing my husband."

"It's the only first-rate substitute for out-door exercise, Mrs. Hartley," returned Graham gaily. "All the men whose brains are not thicker than their necks will come to it sooner or later. Some of them still get their fun going West to kill bear, but as a pure sporting proposition, coming East to rescue the unconscious rich from themselves has a sure shade."

"I'm afraid this mixture of idioms is a little beyond us all, Graham," laughed Hartley. "Break it gently, and in home-made terms."

"If I should be more literal," Graham objected, "I should be talking shop in spite of myself."

"So much the better," fugued Hartley and the three women, each in a different version.

"With apologies barred then," consented Graham, "at your order I'll yard-stick and scissor a length of my dry goods. In the first place, I take it everybody with his red corpuscles all right gets more excitement out of a game that contains possible new situations, than out of one in which all the variations are understood and plotted. The money game has been reduced to a mechanically exact science. Not everybody is competent to play it, of course, any more than every one is fit to play chess. But if the people who have the talent for either game want to learn it, and can get a license, and will pay the price, they can make the one about as regular as the other."

"Then you don't have a chapter of the Down-and-Out Fraternity in your part of the world?" punctuated Hartley.

"Of course we have the scramble between individuals, to strip one another of the wealth that is produced, and this introduces uncertainty. On the whole, this confusion is better in the long run than the other extreme of dropping competition, and settling down content to feed on our own fat; just as the blood vendetta is preferable, biologically, to the misery

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of mere incestuous breeding in and in. As a strictly social proposition, however, we have played the money game to a stalemate.—I'm mixing this chess figure a little, and it musn't be carried too far, but it helps some—The social game has never been played at all, beyond the bare rudiments. It all remains to be worked out, and this gives its superior sporting value. To turn back on myself a bit, the really gamy thing that is right ahead is to take hold of our economic interests and organize them into full harmony with all the other social interests somewhat as though we had now only checkers, and were wrestling with the problem of variations that would finally turn out to be chess."

Hester had thus far hardly joined in the conversation except with her eyes, or as an occasional monosyllabic echo of one and another. As Graham paused, and no one else vouchsafed a reply, she observed demurely, "It isn't possible, Mr. Graham, that you took down a roll of rather large figured wallpaper, instead of plain drilling?"

Graham's laugh rippled with the others, but as he seemed to wait for further specifications, Hester added, "In other words, could it not be brought within the reach of a still feebler grade of intelligence?"

"It's not easy to get one's breath after such a rebuke, Miss Kinzie," faltered Graham. "If I'm as muddy as that, I'm in a bad way, but I'll make one more try. In a word, civilized society has gradually taken on the character of a machine for the manufacture of capital. The machine is not run for the supreme purpose of promoting knowledge, virtue, art, religion, or merely general human comfort. All these are merely incidental and secondary to the single purpose of the machine. Most of the men who engineer the machine don't know this. They think it is under their control, a docile domestic servant, trained to do the bidding of their higher impulses. They think it is malicious libel to lay bare the real situation. It doesn't make any difference how lofty minded men are. Capital either does or does not have the last word. If it does, whether they know it or not, they are committed to a program that consumes men for the sake of producing things. There is going to be a time when political parties will split on the straight issue, 'God or Mammon;' and when they have got that antithesis far enough into their heads to realize the actual rôle it plays in human affairs, very likely the pro-

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gressives will give themselves the grand air of having discovered a brand new principle of social cleavage."

"Let me point you not to use that metaphor in the Massachusetts campaign," Hartley interjected half-seriously. "The coroner's verdict might be, 'Didn't know it was loaded with Rum-Romanism-and-Rebellion!'"

Graham facetiously crossed himself, but he was thinking less of the warning than of a more effective way of expressing his meaning.

"If I seem to be talking poetry instead of literal every-day politics," he resumed, "let me recall a parallel case. I have a friend nearly twice my age whose father was a large slave owner in the South before the war. The son is now a farmer in his home state. The first time I visited him there he gave me his theory of the economic weakness of the slave system. He said it meant simply clearing more land, to feed more niggers, to clear more land, to feed more niggers, to clear more land, and so on in an endless, empty circle. Clearing land and feeding niggers was a process that tended to impoverish both, and to keep the people who imagined they were masters of the process from realizing that they too were its slaves. They were not able to get outside of it far enough to take their bearings, and lay their course toward a more profitable purpose. Now my Southern friend's historical analysis put me on the track of the radical vice in our business situation. The capitalistic system is simply a disguised repetition of the same stupidity. Stripped of all fine phrases, its program in brief is to employ more capital, to employ more labor, to employ more capital to employ more labor, to employ more capital, in an endless series. But the last thinkable term of the process always turns out to be capital, not people. The human beings concerned are not considered as persons, but as labor force, worth what they are worth as producers of capital. The magnificent fellows who are officers of this system are usually honest when they deny that they are heartless and heedless of their fellow men. There is genuine tragedy between their personal sentiments and the gravitation of the system in which they are satellites. The men who are supposed to be the realists *par excellence* of the modern world, the men who never lose their heads, the men who see things as they are, and act always and only upon evidence, and according to the evidence,—these men have brought into the

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world, and are frantically fighting to fasten upon the world, a system of control of which the essential principle is a direct inversion of real values. The highest and best that we know anything about, the last sane reason we can offer for the continuance of the world at all, is the happiness, and prosperity and development of human beings. Everything which is tributary to that is good. Whatever tends to become a substitute for that is bad. Our capitalistic system in its present spirit reverses the destiny of humanity. It puts last first and first last. The big thing for men to undertake, therefore, is the subjugation of capital. We have got to redeem our machinery, and run it for all it is worth in the interests of people, and for the production of more machinery only when the interests of people create the demand."

The monologue passed into lively discussion, and the party had returned to the marquee, where the women were resuming work on some banners to be included in the scheme of decoration for a garden party that was on the program. His wife was so absorbed in the argument that Hartley had been obliged to propose the move; and after they were comfortably disposed in the new location he reopened the proceedings:—"We were just getting warmed up to the subject. Go ahead, Graham."

"You have been explicit enough at last, Mr. Graham," Hester deposed by way of supporting the motion, "to give me one or two gleams of comprehension. It is getting a little like calling the culprit by name, however. I feel like throwing myself on the clemency of the court by admitting that when anyone says 'capital' it may include me, though I'm by no means an officer."

"I feared the worst, Miss Kinzie," returned Graham, with a rather well executed counterfeit of solicitude. "Capital, like other contagions, respects neither youth, beauty nor innocence. I had already discovered its marks upon your noble brow, but as you were evidently let late into the plot, it would be unjust to regard you as an original offender."

Then, with the thought that this personal application barred further argument, Graham began to inspect some of the unfinished work, at the same time taking the most obvious line of retreat by moving to discontinue. "To tell the truth," he protested, "there is no stopping place when one

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starts on this subject; and I am much more interested in hearing your plans for the lawn fete than in listening any longer to my own voice."

"But we can't let you off so easily, Mr. Graham," urged Mrs. Hartley. "You had not come to the point at all. It was about the sporting proposition."

"I don't just—yes! I remember," stammered Graham. "It was about more fun in an improved game. That's easily cleared up, and then no more shop till tonight in Haverhill. To put it briefly, the capitalistic game reminds me of football in the days when mass plays were in their glory. The game was reduced to a dreary minimum of nothing but brute force advancing the ball. It was entirely negligible sentimentalism to make mention of the life or limb of players, or the happiness of spectators. At last the rule-makers have apparently got a glimmering of the idea that the players are the main thing, not the ball. All the ball is good for is to furnish a use for the players' skill, and to mark their success in applying their abilities. With this idea in mind, the problem is to make a game which the players can put themselves into at their best, and out of which they can get the maximum enjoyment, without too much brutalizing of themselves and their friends. The players are to be no longer merely concentrated weight. They are to be men organized just enough to get the best use of their bodies, while keeping themselves safely within the limits where mind turns the scale against matter.

"The comparison won't bear too close examination," Graham commented, "but in our financial game 'the interests of capital' take the place of advancing the ball. However humanitarian the sentiments of individual capitalists may be, capital as an impersonal interest sets the pace, not capitalists as persons in the full sense; and they must reach its mark or drop out of the struggle.

"The most energetic men in modern society have turned the game of life into the capitalistic game. It is something as though the game of baseball had gradually been perverted from its present character to a method of manufacturing balls and bats, and the change had gone so far that the mass of balls and bats in the world was steadily increasing, while freedom to use balls and bats was constantly becoming more restricted.

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“The last play that has been worked out in the capitalistic game is known as ‘concentration.’ It raises the force of capital to its highest power, but at the same time it shows that unless the rules are changed the game will presently devour the players. Here is where the livelier sport comes in, Mrs. Hartley, and you are probably correct in your suspicion that your husband is the kind of man who is bound to get his share of it.”

The signs that his comparisons had not been wholly successful kept Graham at his task.

“I doubt if it is possible to make such a fine distinction very clear in words, till it has dawned on us gradually, after we have formed the habit of occupying the spectators’ seats, and looking down on life as disinterested witnesses of the show. The gist of it all, as I have said, is first that capital is merely accumulated material; second, its proper function in the economy of life is simply and solely to serve as a means for promoting the physical and spiritual well-being of people; third, by legal fictions that have turned men’s heads, this physical stuff, along with privileges to corner more stuff, has been made into a superhuman personality; fourth, this artificial person, capital, is converting the masses of men into drudges to drag its chariot, and the rest into more or less glittering followers celebrating its ghoulish triumph.

Graham must have abstracted himself from his surroundings for a moment, and have got into communication with a larger audience, for he seemed to be shaping a passage for a speech when he concluded:—

“Modern life has been run off into a blind alley by this personification and Caesarization of capital. The next era of democracy has got to be filled up with the ascent of personal interests to the dominant place, and the reduction of capital to its normal function as their tool. The present democratic problem is to change the working formula of life from ‘The interests of capital require this and that of the people,’ to ‘The interests of people require this and that of capital.’ The keenest wits in the world, scattered through all classes of society, have been making out the signs of the times in this same sense. The vast mass of human interests that have been crowded out of place by capitalistic interests, are feeling their way back toward combinations that will restore the balance. The collision of principles is as sure as

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fate, and it forces upon modern people the most difficult strategic problems, on the highest level, that civilization has ever tackled. It will not be long before the finest minds in the world will be in full flight of competition for the prizes of leadership in solving these problems. We are simply making a modest beginning in our campaign for 'the right of labor to a voice in the control of capital.' For a man who believes in his fellow men, there is more satisfaction in planning such a campaign than in managing the biggest financial syndicate on earth."

"Then this is your version of socialism, Mr. Graham?" pursued Mrs. Hartley.

Graham's effort to meet the question humorously stopped with a hesitating laugh, and he continued in the same literal tone:—

"There is a good deal to be said for the socialists, Mrs. Hartley, but I am not one of them. They have queered the name by being so much more certain about the solution than about the problem to be solved. I am not a socialist, in the first place, because I am sure nobody can foresee how democracy will adjust itself in its next form; and I am willing to let anybody dream about that who pleases. I go only so far as to say that there are democratic principles which haven't their proportion of influence in the present order of things, and that it is our business to get busy making them plain, and finding out how to rectify the ratio. After we have fought our way to the concession of so much, the rest is going to be a matter of progressive adjustment at a thousand different points. Society is not likely to reform itself by accepting a present of somebody's ready-made garments."

"My conscience has been troubling me," Hartley once more joined in, with a suspicious inflection, "about the stagger at a confession that my cousin made just now. It started off as though it meant to amount to something, but it hedged so disgracefully that I feel bound to let out the whole truth. The entire affair, Graham, was an ambush contrived by these women to make you fight at a disadvantage. Before you are led in any further, it is my duty to tell you that Miss Kinzie is not only a minion of capital on general principles, but that she is a not inconsiderable fraction of the Avery Company itself."

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Graham's embarrassment did not have to be pretended; and in spite of Hester's protests that the mean tactics had all been on the side of the defense, he declared it would be a merciful finish if he could be shot on the spot for conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman. On his petition for sufficient respite to show that he could simulate decent behavior by extraordinary effort, he dropped carelessly into his part in talk that was safely guiltless of seriousness, until Hartley carried him off for a meeting with the campaign committee before leaving for the evening appointment.

After dressing for dinner Elsie wrote to her parents:—

“My dearest Dears:—

“It's all off with the philosophy. I've seen a man. Even the letter carrier and gas inspector are fading fancies. He's big and boyish, and I was going to say brilliant, for the sake of another b, but he isn't that. I can't find just the word for him, but perhaps it's *assuring*. He makes you feel as though you wanted to roll up your sleeves and help get the housework out of the way all at once, so that everybody could be free to enjoy the good time coming. He has a fair chance to be President some day. At least Channing Hartley says so, unless there is something in the Constitution about ages that will keep him waiting a few years.

“He's going to be in Chicago in a week or two, and I asked him to come to dinner with us as soon as I get back. I am sure you will like him as well as we do. Hester said not to mind her invitation; she'd come anyway; only to be sure to give her notice.

“I forgot to say that his name is Graham; the one who started the strike. He said he knew you, Daddychen, but I don't see why you haven't told Mr. Lyon that there is some mistake, and that he ought to see Mr. Graham and settle it.

“We are just back from Brookline. It all happened at the Hartleys. On the way, Hester and I tried to decide whether we should be Grace Darling, or the Daughter of the Regiment, if we turned out to be the peacemakers.

“There is a whole lot of philosophy tangled up in this incident too, but I don't know whether I shall ever unravel it. Anyway, the atmosphere seems less stifled than it did, so the altitude theory must be wrong.

“With a hundred hurried hugs,

ELSIE.’

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“While one of the chief counts in his theoretical indictment of the system was that it was mechanical throughout, from power house to President’s office, with no room for human sensibilities, yet after his feelings had been moulded into a certain form for a generation, he could not rid himself of the hauntings of a thoroughly inconsistent loyalty to the Company.”

THE Avery shutdown scheduled for six weeks had extended into late summer.

On the surface neither side had changed its position nor improved its prospects.

While each party counted on depletion of the other’s resources, as the most reliable feature in its calculations, neither had for a moment relaxed its efforts to fortify itself for aggressive action.

So far in the campaign the strikers had furnished the only surprise, and if the deliberations of the Avery directors had been made public, they would have proved that it was a development for which no one was prepared. It was the unexpected moral and financial strength that had rallied to the support of the strike.

Everybody whose judgment counted for anything “on the street” had said that, while some strikes had a fighting chance, this one had gone out of its way to insure failure. It had picked out one of the strongest antagonists in the field, and it had risked a fight on the weakest kind of issue.

The notion that labor would assess itself to wage war for a mere abstract idea was on all hands jeered at as too absurd to be treated soberly outside of a young ladies’ reading circle. If a foreman had discharged a drunken loafer, and had refused to reinstate him, the Company might have to defend itself against everybody in the country that wore a union button; but if people with good jobs felt able to indulge in the luxury of throwing them up because the Company refused to adopt their particular color scheme for painting the

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clouds, it would not be long before they would find themselves left to pay for their own esthetics.

But the predictions had perversely miscarried. Not the employees of a single establishment alone had listened to a radical idea, and had made up their minds to fight for it, but there had been such response to the same idea the country over that it already disturbed the plans of the practical politicians in state and national machines.

There was a history behind the movement. It was not the impulse of a day. It was the heir of a thousand sporadic and seemingly ill-fated theories and experiments. Yet if we could see the past in its true perspective we might learn that no peer of the impulse now at work had ever been born into the world with briefer or less turbulent travail. We might discover that progress toward a conscious program of economic democracy had been merely the latest demonstration that ordinary men are more fully equipped than in any previous period, and that whether or not the rich are growing richer and the poor poorer, in ability to draw instruction for their own advantage from the wisdom of the world the footfaring millions have at least been closing up the gap between themselves and the careering few.

At all events a popular movement much larger than organized labor, a movement that temporarily drew organized labor into a more inclusive popular program, had adopted the idea of which Graham was the most masterful exponent. The new conviction was that today, unless it is coupled with economic democracy, the political democracy which men a century ago regarded as the sufficient guarantee of equal freedom is little more than a toy to pacify children.

Whether the policy had given new life to this old idea, or the idea had created the policy, the movement that supported the strike seemed further to endorse with equal vigor the peculiar plan of attack. The Avery strike was promoted as a test case. It was not the local employees, nor the men in the branch establishments, but democracy at large, against the Company. While the strikers were bearing the brunt of the fight, a vast multitude of believers in the principles of the struggle were perfecting an organization which adopted the fight as a popular interest. These backers insured the supplies, and they might at any moment for strategic reasons shift the battle ground to any other industrial centre.

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People who had made no predictions, who had simply watched the facts, and analyzed their meaning, had begun to suspect that they were observing the birth of a new epoch. The syndication of capital was forcing the syndication of people; but as is always the case with a popular movement, comparatively few of the supporters of the new impulse clearly perceived what it involved. Although they idealized their enterprise in a hundred variations of "democracy against plutocracy," when the meaning of the slogan was examined it turned out that the majority were simply struggling against a special class of their fellow men. The few who stood aside and reflected on the conflict saw that it was more than a struggle of men with men. The demand that all sorts and conditions of men should be admitted to a share in the control of capital implied the purpose, which would later become conscious, to terminate the primacy of capital as an impersonal interest, and to absorb and distribute it as a proportional incident of all personal interests.

In the beginning David Lyon had entertained no doubt that it would be an easy matter to starve out the strike. When six weeks had not sufficed, it was a mere detail to decide that a little further patience was the cheapest and surest policy. But two facts of almost equal significance had compelled sudden reversal of plans. Barclay had forwarded information which he had carefully verified, that a rival company was already incorporated under the laws of New Jersey. Double the Avery capital had been pledged. It was controlled by dangerously strong men, who saw an opportunity to capture the Avery market. The location had been selected, and plans for the plant accepted. Construction might begin at any moment.

The other fact was the failure of the Company's agents to get ahead in securing new help. Wherever laborers of the class needed were approached, they were found to be fully posted about the strike, and either in active sympathy with it or sure that the chances were too much against them if they tried to better themselves by becoming strike-breakers. Between strikers and competitors the Company was rudely roused from its composed contentment to let things take their time coming its way. Among themselves the directors acknowledged that they had on their hands a struggle for ex-

istence. They must either begin soon to fill orders, or allow new investors to put them out of business.

It was promptly decided to start up the plant at once; to notify the tenants of the Company's houses that they must either immediately report for work or vacate; and to force the plans for delivering help from every direction. Parley and preparation were past. It was now the tug of war.

So far as the strike-leaders could control, personal violence was ruled out of the campaign. On the other hand, no strike ever commanded a more elaborate system of boycotting for every one, from the milk man to the railroads, who had any dealings with the Company or the new men it might employ.

But these larger factors were not the only forces which were likely to share in turning the fortunes of war. There were subtler influences, some of them too trifling to be reported to the Board, that were making the moral conditions which would presently turn the scale. One of these trivial incidents, which had an accidental bearing on the course of the struggle, was Kissinger's personal and domestic problem.

Soon after Graham's return he had arranged a second meeting with Kissinger, and then a third. In brief the result was mutual understanding that the subject must be dropped till the end of the strike. Kissinger believed in Graham's program. He saw no way to approach the ideals which for him meant justice and progress, unless people of like mind with himself would volunteer to work in the right direction. But he was a creature of routine and habit and tradition. He was distracted by a double duty. For the first time in his life he squarely confronted the alternatives of principle and precedent. When he had abandoned the profession selected for him by his parents, the choice was merely between two policies on the same moral level. It was a question of which would turn out best for his selfish interests. Besides, he was nearly twenty-five years younger then, with congenital caution not yet confirmed by a quarter-century of stereotyped conformity to system. While one of the chief counts in his theoretical indictment of the system was that it was mechanical throughout, from power house to President's office, with no room for human sensibilities, yet after his feelings had been moulded in a certain form for a generation he could not rid himself of the hauntings of a thoroughly inconsistent loyalty to the Company. Probably closer analysis of this in-

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fluence would have resolved it into personal loyalty to certain officers of the company, and feelings of comradeship toward some of his associates. At all events his feeling was obstinate that he had obligations to his position. From his theoretical point of view there was only impertinence and fallacy in the compunctions begotten of his military training; yet practically they were irresistible. He could not reason coldly enough to chase out of his conscience the accusation that leaving the Company now would be desertion in the face of the enemy.

On the other side, the moral value of such an idyllic sense of honor arrested Graham's zeal and disarmed his reasoning. He feared that a man who remained negatively wrong so conscientiously might be worth more to the world than by doing the positive right, if that brought him under conviction of sin. At any rate he was not vandal enough to covet the tarnished glory of procuring a conversion from such wrong to such right. By mutual consent, therefore, the whole matter was suspended until the end of the strike should open a way to reconsider the subject on its merits.

By a still more intricate process Graham found himself halted in another direction; and he was not altogether surprised that the second arrest returned to his thoughts oftener and more vividly than the first. Hester and Elsie had been at the Hartley's when he called after his circuit was finished, and Elsie's invitation had been repeated. Graham mentioned to Kissinger that he had met his daughter twice in Boston, but he did not feel at liberty to inquire about her return. He even had time a little later to reflect that, by rejecting his proposition outright, Kissinger might have cleared away certain limitations of his freedom which were now as imperative as they were inconvenient.

There were moments, once or twice there were hours, when Mrs. Kissinger's extravagant agitation tended to provoke her husband to the opposite extreme. She had taken instant and feverish alarm at the possibilities suggested by Elsie's meeting with Graham. She said that the Hartleys, and perhaps even Hester, might safely risk the consequences of putting themselves on an equality with vulgar people, but that Elsie could not afford such compromising indiscretions. She assumed that nothing could be said in Graham's favor, since Chicago society regarded him as an undesirable citizen. If the scru-

ples which alone influenced her husband had been explained to her, she would have welcomed them as makeweights, although they would have been without effect upon her mind if they had happened to interfere with her estimates of social utility. While Mrs. Kissinger was obliged to recognize several grades of nobility within the charmed circle which she called society, all outside the pale, when the possibility of consignment to that no-man's land was associated with her own family, were an undifferentiated rabble of ignobility. Graham was by choice one of this herd of the impossible. Beyond the fortunate detail that some of them used a little more soap than others, Mrs. Kissinger would have been at a loss to mention offhand marks of discrimination which would distinguish certain of this unhallowed multitude as less inferior and ineligible than the rest.

Mrs. Kissinger had little other thought of the strike than that it was merely a varied form of essentially the same vandalism as burglary and murder. Yet her letters to Elsie made no reference to moral taint from acquaintance with a striker, but simply to loss of social rating. This seemed to her so certain that her fears were beyond control. She dismissed her usual discretion. Instead of disapproving and discouraging, she repudiated, and forbade, and vetoed and prohibited in so many different keys, that a less spirited girl than Elsie might have been provoked from indifference to resolution. The excess of her mother's energy however, was sedative in its effects upon the daughter, for it stimulated her sense of humor rather than her active resistance. She assured her mother that with proportional increase of insurance on the house, and a platoon of mounted police to patrol the block, with a private detective or two at each door and window, there would be no extraordinary risk in Graham's call; but if it would still overtax the family neurology she would forego the experiment.

Mrs. Kissinger was not affected by that sort of irony, and she did not allow the march of domestic events to drag. Not many hours after her return to Chicago Elsie wrote:—

“My dear Mr. Graham:—

“If you were a mere individual, it would be hard to write what my recently discovered duty dictates. It has been impressed upon me that you are an Institution. As the case has been presented to me, Institutions at best have no souls. At worst they are so bad that people who lay claim to souls must not associate with them. In my mother's mind you have no

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existence as a person. You are Revolution. You are Anarchy. You are Subversion of Society. In other words, you are no better in her eyes than Samuel Adams or Patrick Henry would have been to a Tory dame of '76. No self-respecting, and particularly no Society-respecting member of Society could receive such an Institution into her house. It is not quite clear to me why one should expect a bad, soulless Institution at the same time to be sufficiently an individual to sympathize with the embarrassment of another individual. Without trying to find the answer, I confess that I think you will understand my mother's wishes, even if I do not accept her opinions. I will not try to smooth over this frank statement of the reason for not giving a date to my invitation.

"You may get the impression that I am always as tractable, and therefore a model daughter. At the present moment I am so subdued that I cannot rest under even that imputation. If my defense had been stronger I might have been rebellious. What could I do when my purpose actually was to make the obnoxious Institution and not the individual the guest of honor? I am not a pervert, but I shall continue to pay attention.

"Very truly,

"ELSIE KISSINGER."

And Graham answered:—

"My dear Miss Kissinger:—

"Permit me to present my respects to your mother, with the assurance that while I have no appeal from her decision, its justice would have been less doubtful if it had rested on disapproval of the individual rather than of the Institution. As the matter stands, the problem of the contents of the platter between Jack Spratt and his wife was easy compared with my plight between Mrs. Kissinger and her daughter. The former will have none of the Institution. The latter graciously intimates that she will have naught else. Unfortunately for me a non-detachable union between what little there is of individual and Institution has not yet succeeded in making much headway for either; but their only hope is in sticking by each other to the end. My recollection is that it was a good many years before the like of the Adamses and the Henrys got the privilege of treading the hall rugs of the Tory dames; but the world moves faster in these days, and if the Institution shows new energy, one of the reasons not given to the public will be the motive to make good for the sake of breaking down barriers against the individual. In pursuing its mission to uplift the world, the Institution will be kept mindful by the individual of your obdurate mother and your partially convinced self. It would be only fair play if the Institution should a little later find a way to speak a good word for the individual.

"Sadder, wiser, but still in the tourney,

"JOHN GRAHAM."

Except as a last resort, Mrs. Kissinger seldom called upon the titular head of the household for help in making the social plans of the family. His cue was to accept previously settled programs, and to bear the imputed unrighteousness of failure to arrive, for which he could have had only mystical responsibility. In this instance Mrs. Kissinger prejudged the situation with more than usual finality, and she put corresponding

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vigor into her demand upon her husband to endorse her decision. Kissinger had never before been so clearly aware of the difference between his wife's ideas and his own; but they happened to agree on the inexpediency of social relations with Graham under the present circumstances; yet Kissinger was more uncomfortable in this agreement with his wife than in most of their differences of opinion. Her reasons were so unlike his that he could not support her objections to Graham without sacrifice of principle, unless he was willing to be drawn into full explanation. He had no taste for the sort of profitless arguments which always grew out of attempts to arrive at understandings with his wife on generalities. He knew that it would do no good to discuss Graham and Grahamism in the abstract with his wife, nor was he ready to tell her the whole story.

Although he foresaw that silence now would make it all the harder to disarm his wife's reproaches if he should ever decide to follow his convictions, Kissinger took the chance of future difficulty for the sake of present comfort; and instead of expressing himself directly he resorted as usual to satirical thanks for the compliment implied in the form of referring to him for promotion of Mrs. Kissinger's social prearrangements.

The eviction order operated as an incubator upon Kissinger's half-born resolutions. He knew some of the men who would have to leave the homes they had occupied for years. Right and wrong, as he saw them, could not have been more sharply defined than in the contest between the proper rights of these men and their treatment by the arbitrary power of the Company. It required this impersonation of his theories to give Kissinger the necessary impulse for action. He felt that if these employees were driven from their homes he could not continue to serve the Company without becoming a partner in the wrong. When the evils that he had impotently brooded over were thus brought to his own charge, and not in the form of abstract sentiment, but in the person of fellow employees, men whom he had known for years, and whom he believed to have an equity in the Company as good as that of stockholders or officers, his hesitation at last passed into determined contempt for the flimsiness of the reasons that had so long secured his acquiescence. He decided that his weak-

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ness had not been chiefly from romantic loyalty to his employers, nor from fear of the risk he would run in giving up security for uncertainty. He found that in the last resort neither of these considerations restrained him as much as his distaste for the disagreement he must encounter in his own home. Summing it all up, the best he could say for himself was that he had been too easy-going to face the fuss it would cost to change the even tenor of his ways. However he might shrink from the process of withdrawing from his position in the office, and much as he dreaded the task of adapting himself to new requirements, these obstacles together deterred him less than the inevitable awakening of the dormant disunity in his family. Kissinger was not made of stern stuff. His moral courage was of the sort that preferred suffering the pains of self-suppression to outbreaking conflict even in self-defense. Peace was more to him than progress. Although goaded finally by a clear sense of duty, he might still have shirked, if he had not discovered that Elsie was on his side, and that Hester was likely to play an important part in neutralizing Mrs. Kissinger's opposition.

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“As a matter of fact, the world never possessed an absolutely infallible automatic consumer of human rights until it invented capitalism.”

WHY Kissinger was moved to make his decision known first to Logan Lyon rather than to his father was not altogether clear to himself. This was his choice, however, and he put a note on Lyon's desk, asking for a half-hour's talk before he left the office. Kissinger was the older, and his contacts with the Company's attorney had been rare except in the course of strict routine. Never before had Kissinger felt impelled to ask the confidence of the son about a matter that primarily concerned the father. The Secretary was familiar enough with the imperious manner of the President of the Company. He had often seen him dictatorial to the verge of violence, but he was not afraid of him. He knew that Mr. Lyon was as just in his intentions as he was dogmatic in his decisions, and that he was gentle in spirit even when immovable in purpose.

The clue to Kissinger's exceptional indirection was less in his desire to avoid his superior's wrath than in his habitual study to shield him from annoyance. He did not rate himself as essential to the Company, nor even to Mr. Lyon; yet he knew that he had made himself sufficiently useful to be valued, and that his defection at the present moment would be peculiarly irritating. He knew further that Mr. Lyon was likely to treat any brief statement which he might make as a confession of disloyalty if not treachery, and that an attempt to argue the case would be sharply repulsed. He had no reason to suppose that Logan Lyon's opinion would differ from his father's; but on the other hand a statement to the son would not be equally embarrassed by personal considerations. Kissinger hoped that Lyon would prefer to make such a report to his father of the substance of their talk that the unpleasantness of the necessary interview might be partially relieved.

In his private office, after the day's business was closed, Logan Lyon waited with not a little curiosity for an explana-

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tion of the Secretary's unusual request. Kissinger had carefully thought out what he wanted to say, and he tried to go straight to the point. His introduction was intended to be as literal as a Euclidean theorem. "I have decided to resign my position, Mr. Lyon, and without knowing exactly why, I felt that it might be better to tell you the whole story before I had to speak to your father."

Nothing further was needed to convince Lyon that the matter was important. From the strictly business point of view such an incident would ordinarily have been too petty for his notice. Hundreds of times he had said himself or had assented to others' saying, "Men are plenty enough." As the stock phrase rang in his mind, however, like an automatic busy signal shutting off a call, he as quickly answered himself with the equally trite proverb:—"but so are children; yet one prefers one's own." Lyon knew how much his father valued Kissinger, and how hard it would be at his time of life to be comfortable in getting similar work out of a substitute. The same half-conscious motive that had sent Kissinger to him at once enlisted his interest in the errand, and without a word in reply his manner certified that he would be attentive to particulars.

The plunge once taken, Kissinger's premeditated program was for a moment disarranged. Ingenuousness was "large" with him, as the phrenologists used to say; while tact was an acquired form rather than an indwelling spirit. It was a part of his equipment only so far as it had been drilled into him by discipline. It did not spring from his disposition. He was too conscientious to be discreet. He was apt to make a clean breast of the worst, with consequent buffetings by seas of fussy troubles largely of his own creating.

"I may as well say frankly to start with, Mr. Lyon," Kissinger hurried on, as if anxious to put burned bridges between himself and retreat, "this strike has made me see that I don't belong here any longer. My heart is with the strike, not with the Company. I must give you the further details that I have had a number of talks with Graham himself since the strike began, and I believe in him. He is on the track of the right way to solve labor problems, or rather to make them impossible. He has made me a proposition that I can accept when the time comes, and it will give me a chance to work the rest of my life with my convictions instead of against them."

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Lyon's professional restraint was gone in a flash, and he was on his feet glaring at Kissinger as though at the next move he would throttle him. That Kissinger held secessionist economic opinions was surprising enough; but the manner of them, as evidenced by his own words, was intolerable. "Do you mean to tell me that in the thick of this fight you are deserting to Graham?"

Kissinger was aware in an instant that he had put the wrong foot foremost; and in his zeal to tell the whole truth, as it made both for and against himself, he went farther in extenuation than he had intended before his blunder. "In justice to myself," he expostulated eagerly, "I should have started by saying that I refused to consider the proposition till after the strike ends, although Graham's plan promises me the chance of my life; and I am reporting my decision to you, not to him. In justice to Graham I should say that he offered no objection to putting off the proposition till it would be clear of all entanglement with our fight. Not a word has passed between us about this particular skirmish. He is working out a campaign that will go on, whatever comes of the Avery Company affair. In my way I am as interested as he in that main campaign. My sentiment for the Company won't let me go to the other side though till the point of attack has changed; but I am no longer able to carry out the Company's orders, and it is up to me to state the facts and get an honorable discharge."

Lyon could hardly have been more astonished if one of the calculating machines had begun to give out theories in economics. He had never suspected that this plodding, mechanical, taciturn man had a sufficient reserve of imagination to impeach existing conditions. He was reassured, however, as quickly as he had been excited, that Kissinger's behavior toward the Company had been strictly correct; and with prompt acknowledgment that he was satisfied on that score he settled himself to hear the rest of the story.

As Kissinger went on to explain the meaning of his decision, he was surprised to find that it was easier to talk about than he had expected. Lyon showed no further sign of impatience. Half a dozen times he interrupted with a direct question, and again he more than once joined in making the explanation complete by indirectly prompting:—"I'm not quite sure that I get your meaning there, Mr. Kissinger."

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If he had been a physician listening to an account of a patient's symptoms he could hardly have seemed more attentive to every particular. Kissinger had no reason to suspect that the attorney had any tolerance for the views themselves. He interpreted Lyon's courtesy rather as a recognition of his personal loyalty to the head of the Company. He put all the stress he could on reiteration that he neither expected nor hoped to promote his selfish interests by a change of position. He gave the Company credit for the best treatment any employee could demand on strict business principles, and he tried to make it plain that he was acting not on the impulse of a private grievance, but because he believed in an idea which the Company could not accept; and because he had to choose between working as a servant of the Company to defeat his own beliefs, and claiming his freedom to do his best in the interest of his faith.

There was no index by which Kissinger could detect underneath Lyon's impassive bearing, after the first outburst, a contradiction between the official and the man. He had no means of knowing that Lyon not only felt the force of the abstract logic of his position, but was tempted to tell him so. During a long pause, after Kissinger seemed to have finished, Lyon made no sign of reply except by keeping his eyes fixed on Kissinger as though they might penetrate to some meaning that had not come through the ear. Kissinger inferred only that the attorney might be trying to decide how to report the case in a way that would least disturb his father. At most he might be considering whether the incident would be closed when the inconvenience to his father had been discounted; or whether it should be regarded as a symptom which indicated something about the prospects of the strike. When Lyon spoke he gave Kissinger the impression that he was concerned merely about ending the matter without a scene.

"If you were in my father's place, Mr. Kissinger, what would you do under the circumstances?"

"In your father's place, and with his views," Kissinger answered promptly, "of course there is but one thing to do. I should be very glad though if he felt like recognizing my regard for him personally, and my attempts to fill my place during all these years, enough so that he could say good-bye

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to me in a friendly spirit, and tell me that he respected my motives, even if he could see no justification for my opinions."

"If it were a matter between you and my father only," Lyon continued, very much as though he were trying to find the basis for a trade, "he might be able to disregard the opinions, and make it possible for you to keep your position in spite of them. But he must be told that you have had dealings with Graham, and he could no more answer to the Company, if he kept you in your position, than a bank president could who allowed a subordinate to be on friendly terms with a cracksmán."

It was Kissinger's turn to be excited. Lyon had never before seen him bristle with indignation, but in his newly declared independence as a man the Secretary had shed the deference of the employee. Yet before the anger had found words, Lyon's show of surprise pointed to misconstruction of his meaning, and Kissinger merely protested:—"I hoped, Mr. Lyon, that my statement went far enough to free me from suspicion of playing for a higher bid."

"I gave you a wrong impression, Mr. Kissinger," Lyon retracted heartily. "I meant to imply nothing of that sort. I was merely thinking of my father's side of it, and that he would have no fear of treachery from you. I wish for his sake you had either kept away from Graham, or had not thought it necessary to give me that part of the details."

Kissinger saw that he had not yet made his position clear to Lyon, and the fact gave him his first definite perception that the currency of his idealism was subject to heavy discount when offered as a medium of exchange in the market. He felt as though he had undertaken to make a fourth dimension intelligible, or a sixth sense. With no wavering in his conviction, but with glimmering appreciation of the difficulties of bringing it within the range of practical calculation, he braced himself for a strenuous attempt to make his ideal visible if not convincing.

"You do not get my point at all, Mr. Lyon, if you suppose that any arrangement which your father could make would tend in the least to meet my needs. No mere alteration of details under the present system of doing business would go to the heart of the matter. There is no place for me in business until the whole system is revolutionized. To put it bluntly, I am just admitting to myself that I have been a slave for years,

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but it was a slavery to a régime that I saw no way to change. It gave me as good a living as I deserved, but it denied my right to a man's share of influence on the business in which he earns his living. I should probably have been the patient ox to the end, if the system had not laid on me the last straw in the shape of its order to be its agent in evicting that colony of my fellow slaves. I know some of those men who have worked in the shops as long as I have been in the office. Their work has been as necessary in its way to the prosperity of the Company as yours or your father's. It is simply legalized fist-right that gives the Company power to send them into exile. They have a moral equity in their homes and in their jobs which has as clear a claim at the bar of social justice as the Company's legal equity in any dollar of its property. By the law's decree the Company has an arbitrary *ex parte* power over some of the moral rights of its help. It is as wicked to use that power to separate those men from their homes and their work, which they have made part of themselves, as it would be to banish them from their wives and children. I shall not be a man till I am free to work for all I am worth against a system that tolerates such inhumanity. I want liberty to count for what is in me toward vindicating the principle that all workers are partners. I don't know whether American business men are fools or hypocrites when they get hot at the Czar for not letting the Russians have a hand in their own politics, and in the next breath get hotter at Americans for wanting a hand in their own business. Politics is only the packing case of business anyway. Why are rights to handle the boxings and burlaps worth bothering about if there is no right to the goods inside? The claim of every man who works, to a share in the ownership and control of his work, rests at last on the same ground as the claim of every man who helps maintain the laws to a share in making and enforcing the laws. Democracy in government is only a blind unless it is carried out to the logical result of democracy in business. You might just as well attempt to divide the management of transportation between a democracy for roadbeds and an oligarchy for rolling stock. There is no stopping place for democracy till every full grown man has a man's full share in managing all the world's arrangements that touch his interests. The only power that one man can have at last over another man in a democracy is the power either of the expert or of the

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official. In either case, society's judgment of its own welfare, not the individual's self-interest, must make the rules to govern expert or official in the use of his position. Democracy is an insult to human intelligence unless it means progressive elimination of all arbitrary power of one man over another. Our present system of property is an artificial invention that delivers the many into the hands of the few. A righteous system of property will rest on work only, and one kind of work will create as valid claim as another to stock in the world's opportunities. Our present business principles assume that we have gone as far as we can toward securing human rights. As a matter of fact, the world never possessed an absolutely infallible automatic consumer of human rights until it invented capitalism. Our capitalistic system is a siphon that sucks up men's rights by a law of accelerated motion. Simply give it time and let it alone and it would end before very long in having every cubic inch of land, sea, and sky bonded to a clique of financiers, and then the terms under which the rest of the human race might be permitted to stay on the earth could be dictated in the licenses granted at their own price by the syndicate. Because human wills in the last resort are stronger than habits, and sentiments, and logic and laws, this thing won't work out. Men will stand it up to some limit that no one can predict. Then they will rebel. Whether they have a theory thought through by that time to expose the fallacy of this capitalistic program or not, they will some day rise up in their might and declare that the earth shall belong to men, and capital shall be reduced to its place in the ranks of tools. For years these things have been brooding in my mind with no prospect of anything practical hatching from them. I see now where I can keep on earning a living, and at the same time make my work count toward the future freedom, instead of forging more links in the chains of slavery. It's a sorry figure one cuts at best, obliged to confess that one has lived nearly half a century without ever daring to be quite one's self. The other side of it is that most of the human race are not yet far enough along to suspect their humiliation. It is something to arrive at the feeling that one has a soul and that it has a right to assert itself. For me the Avery Company means the wrong side of the irrepressible conflict between capitalism and democracy. I should like nothing better than to work with the men in the Company, if they could transfer

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their allegiance to the human side. As that is out of the question, I shall get my first taste of real freedom when I am fully enlisted in the other camp."

Neither Kissinger's resolution alone nor the profession of faith behind it would have been likely to impress on Lyon the feeling of a new sensation. The apparent metamorphosis of this monosyllabic man, however, this prosaic pursuer of routine, into a rhetorician and a rhapsodizer and a revolutionist, was a psychological paradox at least, whether it might be worth notice otherwise or not. As he listened, Lyon had found himself wondering whether something of the same sort may have been the basis of fact that had passed into the New Testament tradition of the gift of tongues. Not what Kissinger believed, but the way he believed it, might have made a less open mind than Lyon's speculate whether such amiable faith could be altogether out of tune with reality. While Lyon noted every word of Kissinger's monologue, Barclay and Dexter came back to his thoughts, with their fighting version of life. Then Halleck, and Graham, and Edgerly and Hester Kinzie seemed to chord in with Kissinger's voice. Lyon humored the conceit that the confusion of notes was a sort of tone-rebus; a parody of the problem that for months had been haunting the background of his reflections,—Is conflict the main undercurrent of life or is it harmony?

Before Kissinger had started on this peroration Lyon had set down the business side of the episode as a closed incident. He did not see at once how he could reduce its annoying effects upon his father to a minimum, but he had all night for that problem, and with these two factors in the case temporarily disposed of he gave himself license to improve the occasion for giving rein to his investigating interest, and allowing himself to dally a while with Kissinger on the plane of purely abstract theory.

It was not merely trifling, however, either with Kissinger or with himself. The strike so far had confirmed Lyon in the opinions which had been his platform before it was declared. He had seen no outlook for an alternative. At the same time the "unavailable" in his opinions had gradually assumed the character of a factor that possibly might have to be reckoned with. If he had taken strict account of his impressions after the season's costly experience, he would have

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discovered a larger element of fear, or perhaps it would be truer to say of suspicion, that the factors which he had dismissed as "unavailable" were the very elements in the situation which changing circumstances were forcing to the front. It might be possible that the chief business problem of our era was adjustment to these same "unavailable" factors. He had not expected light on the problem from Kissinger, but the thought that he might be symptomatic, that he might be a sign of social currents which had not been rated at their full force, made it worth while to go back of his individual connection with the Company, and to treat him as an index of general conditions. When he spoke, Lyon gave Kissinger the impression that he had checked off his affair as settled, and was opening another question:—

"I shall have to consider," Lyon said reflectively, "before I am sure of the best way to present this to my father. Leave word with Hiehorn that you will not be at the office for a day or two and that he is to report in your place. I will advise you further tomorrow. But for my own curiosity, Mr. Kissinger, I want to ask whether you really think these fine sentiments can ever have any practical application to business. Or in making this new departure, do you think of yourself as getting out of business and taking up the employment of an experimenter in philanthropy?"

Kissinger was not at all disturbed by the challenge. Indeed it was a relief for him to dismiss the practical aspects of the subject and to pass into the realm of theory. Here he felt himself at home. No one had a right to prescribe his thoughts. His judgment was as free as another's. There was something like compensation for his subordinate rank as a business factor, in having opinions that would be ridiculed on the street; in feeling sure that he was right and the street wrong; and in believing that time would justify his estimate of things. It gave a sense of superiority to people limited by capitalistic standards, like that which a civilized man would feel toward savages, even if he were their prisoner. Beyond this, in meeting Lyon on the level of pure theory, he felt that he was free of obligations that had been heavy ballast in their previous relations. He no longer felt responsible either for justification or defense or persuasion. As far as he knew, Lyon was immune to his type of democratic sympathies, and talking with

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him about them would be like two enemies under a flag of truce discussing the ultimatum which neither expected to change except by resuming hostilities. Kissinger met Lyon's question, therefore, in a quite different attitude from that in which he had begun the interview. The relations of the two men were altered. Kissinger dropped into the casual man-to-man tone of a confidential communication affected by no other motive than sheer interest in the ideas; and he was conscious that Lyon on the other hand waived his official position and accepted the neutral situation.

"If we were navigating a ship, Mr. Lyon," Kissinger began, in an indirect style that sustained Lyon's surprise, "and if we found that our compass was disturbed by some force that we couldn't calculate, would we call it practical navigation to reckon the best we could with the causes of the deviations?"

"I see what you mean," assented Lyon, "but can you make out a parallel?"

"Perhaps not exactly" returned Kissinger, in a tentative tone, as though he were revising a hasty expression, "still I think the two cases are at bottom alike. The current phrase 'the social unrest,' stands for a lot of ugly facts. Whether we have any theories to explain them or not, they must be counted with. As I see it, a policy of trying to find out how to cancel as much of the social unrest as possible out of the business situation would no more be changing business into charity than seamanship is turned into philanthropy by allowing for the variations of the compass."

"That's a catchy way to put it," returned Lyon, with an incredulous shrug, "but it's a weak prop for a revolution. So far as calculating variations is concerned, business has to correct more cranky compasses every hour in the day than sailormen ever dream of. What you really have to go on when you talk about correcting errors is an impossible ambition to correct facts. The world is full of infinitely unequal people. Business is what it has to be as a result of these inequalities. Your 'social unrest' simmers down to a demand for tearing business to pieces and starting from the bottom on the assumption that all these unequal people are equal."

Whenever Kissinger had tried to express his social ideas before, it had either been a solitary exercise of his imagination, or in the company of kindred spirits whose minds were made up in advance, and who held one another to strict account for

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opinions only when they had something decent to say of existing institutions. In such an atmosphere a radicalism that had very little to rest upon might pass as plausible. It was a different matter to save the same notions from seeming silly when the presumption was reversed. Kissinger was not sanguine enough to suppose that Lyon was open to conviction, but he was anxious to show the attorney for capitalism that something remained to be said for democracy. Although he could not regard Lyon as a promising subject for missionary effort, yet a certain proselyting fervor began to prompt Kissinger's side of the discussion. The new problem of making his theories presentable to an unbeliever cautioned him back into a prudence of speech which was in equal contrast with his novel outburst of zeal and the usual staccato commonplaceness of his business utterance. In fact, not his words only but his ideas seemed almost as strange to himself as he thought they must sound to Lyon.

"If you really think the democratic movement means demand that unequals shall be equal," began Kissinger experimentally, "it is no wonder Graham looks impossible to you, and you set down the strike as a trifling with fate. Perhaps it is work enough for one era in civilization to clear a fraction of the confusion out of our notions of human equality and inequality.

"Let me take myself as a sample democrat. I suppose I understand what is going on in the minds of men farther along down in the economic scale than you do. I am nearer to them, and see things from nearer their standpoint. Judging partly from what I meet in them and more from what I find in myself, you put a completely wrong construction on the underlying democratic motive. I know that your father would be a more valuable factor in business than I could be, under any system that approached the present complexity. His judgment is reliable where I wouldn't trust my own. Without a brain like his at the centre, a big business would soon begin to go hard for all concerned; and that would be true, as far as I can see, in any kind of society that might take the place of the present order.

"On the other hand, your father would be worth less than I am to the business if he had to do my work, and I suppose there are easily a thousand men in the employ of the Company in ordinary times who would discount either of us if

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we had to work along side of them at their own jobs. Whether under any circumstances all men could ever learn to do the same thing equally well doesn't seem to me however a practical question. There is another sense in which all men are equal, and that sense is the mainspring of democracy. We are all equal in our interest in being ourselves, with freedom from control by other men through force, or fear, or fraud, or privilege, or anything else except reason pure and simple."

The saving clause "not available" came to Lyon's relief in full strength; and without a quiver of distrust that at least so much ground was secure, he promptly protested this draft on his assent. "How often would an army get through a war on the winning side if it was run on a democratic plan?"

Kissinger's imagination was warming with the discussion, and he began to glow with the excitement of real scouting service for democracy. He felt more sure of his insight into the weakness of the enemy's position than of his own ability to make successful dashes to take advantage of the openings; yet he was gaining confidence that he could keep Lyon from uncovering anything untenable in his own defenses. At the same time this access of the militant spirit did not mislead Kissinger into accepting the implications of Lyon's martial analogy. The reply was on his tongue's end instantly, and at the same time he made the mental note that meeting this form of attack had given him a new group of clues to the conditions of the campaign. Without hesitating long enough to give a sign that the answer had to be considered, he persisted:—

"But there you're falling back on one of the false premises that vitiate the whole capitalistic calculation. Life isn't all war, and it isn't even all business. Life is a process of getting a fair field for the promotion of all human interests in the proportion of their merit. War and business are tools that people have to use in the course of this process. We have to learn how to get the most work out of all the tools of life, business and war among the rest. To the extent that we are dependent on our tools, we have to submit to the dictation of the conditions in which they are capable of their best work. This doesn't prove that we are doomed to turn life into a slavery to our tools. That is reversing the relation of means and end."

"I'm trying to follow you clear beyond my depth," interrupted Lyon. "How are you going to adapt yourself to the

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necessity of organization in business, which means responsibility and authority in somebody, and subordination and obedience in somebody else, if you are going to get the tool value of business; and at the same time have employer and employee equal?"

"In the same way that we have a constitution and laws of the United States and a President to enforce them, yet when it comes to individual rights every man in the country has as sure a title to his share of them as the President himself. It is no more decreed by the nature of things that a business must be a military monarchy because it needs organization, than it is that the United States must be an oriental despotism because we need a Chief Magistrate. It all turns on what I hadn't finished saying about equality. I suppose there are people in the world who believe that a thousand babies born the same day, and given exactly the same chance in life, would turn out precisely alike in their character and ability. Some people may believe that each of those babies might learn to do whatever the others could, and that there would be no good reason why one should count as a more important member of society than another. Without going quite that length, I believe men are more equally endowed by nature than our social conditions give them a chance to show, and that democracy is bound to reduce the proportions of this needless inequality. I understand Graham to believe the same thing, although I imagine he would stop before I would in estimating the probable limit of equalization. But whatever turns out to be the truth on this point, it isn't what I am at present talking about. Suppose we assume that Number 17 in the coal-yard gang and the President of the Company rank precisely in accordance with the actual inequalities of their makeup, and that, in spite of everything men may some day learn to do, the remaining differences between men will always cover a scale as wide as those extremes. My point is that Number 17 in the coal-yard gang is equal to the President of the Company in right to work out his own salvation unhandicapped by the ownership of any other human being."

"If you mean to join in with the socialistic rant about one man owning another in our day," interposed Lyon, with symptoms that his tolerance was evaporating, "you are out of the region where discussion pays for the breath it wastes. Since the era of free contract came in, Number 17 in the coal-

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yard gang has been as free as the President of the Company, or any one else, to go where he pleased and get a better job. When people begin to talk about one man owning another under our modern laws, it shows me that they have thrown up their attempts to sustain their claims with facts, and have taken their last stand on an appeal to unreasoning feeling."

"You simply play into my hand when you put it that way," retorted Kissinger, almost dizzy with the delight of unconstrained freedom of debate with Capitalism as he personified it in Lyon. "When people of your class resort to the pretense that a figure of speech can have only one literal meaning, and try to hush up analysis of the social problems by the platitude that this literal meaning has no existence in modern life, it shows me that they have run short of ammunition and are using a 'thus saith the Lord' of their own fixing up as the easiest way to cover their retreat. If Number 17 in the coal-yard gang and the President of the Company were both thrown on the resources that they individually command under our laws, regardless of the good-will of any other human being, to find a new job, the President of the Company would have several million times the freedom of Number 17 to insure himself against starvation. Not in the literal legal sense, but in effect, one man owns another to just the extent that he can control him. On our merits as plain human beings each of us owes something to all the rest, because each of us affects the ability of all the rest to make headway in working out the problem of life. But our system of property gives to the employing class an artificial means of commanding the conduct of the employed class. The 'social unrest' that I was talking about is not at bottom a kick against the legitimate claims of man upon man. It is not a demand for a system that shall rob some in order to give charity to others. Not a very big fraction of it is a claim that all workers shall have the same wage. It is in a word demand for an honest attempt to put our property system on a basis that will give each man just the influence over other men which belongs to him by virtue of his share in human work."

Lyon had rather rapidly recovered his philosophic temper, and while he felt that they were spinning an exceptionally fine thread of abstract theory, he was in a frame of mind to give Kissinger all the stimulus possible, to see where the argument would end. He had a feeling that, whether Kissinger

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was within sight of the facts or not, something further might be not far out of reach about certain things that had been referred to in the talk, and he turned the discussion back to an earlier point of departure.

"Suppose we grant all this for the sake of argument, Mr. Kissinger," Lyon conceded, "we have not gone very far toward showing that it can ever have a practical application."

"That was what I was feeling after with my illustration of the disturbance of the compass," responded Kissinger.

He did not know it, but he was facing the same perplexity which sooner or later confronts social theorists of the widest outlook. After they have analyzed things as they are, and have made up their minds about the emotional attitude most favorable to promotion of things as they ought to be, they are more or less aware that they have shot their bolt. They are helpless before the question, What acts that we or anyone else can perform would bring people into that emotional attitude? His feelings, rather than a strict process of scientific analysis, had brought Kissinger into contact with one of the profoundest of social facts,—the debt of every man to the work of other men, and the coöperative character of all human effort. Instead of putting him in closer touch with practical men, his perception that every business, and life in general, is a partnership in operation, and implies corresponding partnership in control, virtually insulated him from actual affairs and ordinary currents of thought. Like thousands of wiser social philosophers, he was facing the experience of discerning a truth with utter distinctness, while helpless to make other people either see the truth or act as though it were true.

Exhilaration had been Kissinger's first reaction in this initial experience of an apostolate to the gentiles; yet his judgment was sobered by instinct more than by reflection that for his faith to impress Lyon it must be lifted above suspicion of the taint of extravagance. The sense of responsibility steadied his vision and stirred him to a reply more politic, if not more persuasive, than the dogmas which sufficed for his own satisfaction. In consequence, it even occurred to Lyon that Kissinger might be reconsidering.

"My belief," resumed Kissinger, "that the application is going to come, runs back to this idea. If an interest that all men share is baffled by artificial arrangements, the question is not whether there is any practical way of satisfying that

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interest. The real question is, How long will the artificial arrangements be able to stave off the inevitable readjustment? How long will it take for that interest to claim its own, and to retire all the accidental hindrances to its satisfaction? Unless we go back to physical interests, that men have in common with other animals, I can think of no more universal human interest than every man's desire to be his own master; the wish to be independent of the dictation of any other human being. Your father was simply acting out every-day human nature when he turned down Barclay's suggestion yesterday that a merger with the New Jersey people might be the cheapest way to handle that end of the situation. When he shook his fists in the directors' faces as though they were the New Jersey people trying to force the proposition, and when he swore he would die a pauper sooner than tie up his own business, that he had managed all his life, so that he would have to run it under orders from somebody else, he was merely showing off a little more highly developed form of the same interest that every working man feels. Judged not by the laws, which are our present best stagger toward a square deal, but by the whole of the human process that is gradually showing us what the laws ought to be, no group of men can have a right to own any business in such a way that they have power to dispose at will of the lives and fortunes of other men who are operating partners in the same business. We have no doubt that minority stockholders have property rights which the majority must respect. Our laws recognize the principle and protect the rights. There are sound reasons why they should. We shall some day see that there are equally sound reasons for the principle that investing labor in a business is just as good ground for property rights in the business as investing capital."

Temperamentally Lyon was a judge rather than an advocate. Although circumstances had forced him into the rôle of legal champion for a single aggressive corporation, and partisanship was therefore his profession, it had not become his preference. So far as he felt at liberty to act on his personal impulse, he was always inclined to take the side of the unrepresented interest. His escapade in the directors' room the day the strike was announced, was inconsistent only on the surface. It was quite in character with his constant impulse to

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look for the best that might be said by the absent party. He had followed his propensity this time in giving the impossible a hearing till his sense of fairness, rather than his self-interest, seemed to accuse him, and to call for an end of the conference. Kissinger had observed nothing which led him to suspect that the attorney's mind was at all divided between official policy and abstract opinion; but Lyon had encouraged the airing of social heresies so freely that he had really begun to feel like an abettor of conspiracy against things as they are. As in his Sunday evening soliloquy with Edgerly, facing the question, What is the next thing to do? dissipated the mirage of the ought-to-be and restored him to his schedule habit of affirming life as it is. As he mentally dismissed abstract theory and returned to the level of daily transactions, there was a parallel change in the quality of his voice. The pliant labial softness of the inquirer hardened into the metallic finality of the man of affairs. There would have been as much incitement to debate in the multiplication table as in the form or the substance of his answer:—

“But meanwhile we have to live and do business in a world where nobody recognizes that principle. Practical men deal with each other on the basis of facts that everybody accepts. We might as well talk about shipping goods via the milky way.”

The hint in Lyon's changed tone notified Kissinger that the interview was over; but his courage had been strengthened rather than shaken by this test in action with a real opponent, and he put the whole zeal of his faith into a final assertion:—

“When the Americans took their stand on the principle ‘No taxation without representation,’ not a man of them could foresee how the principle would work out in the Constitution of the United States; but sooner or later every truth creates its own application. We can't see just what sort of social machinery the principle of the universal partnership of all workers is going to create; but whether we admit it or not the principle itself is in the nature of human society, and conflicting interests will hammer away on one another until all our institutions are wrought into a shape that will give the principle full scope. The main question between classes today is not in the first instance a matter of ways and means. It is the question whether they will line up for or against the principle that all laborers are partners. We are using fictions for the

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foundations of society till that principle is fully accepted. After it has won its way the applications will follow. Men will not stop fighting for real justice and real democracy till each one's investment of labor for the common weal fixes his rights of suffrage and his rights of property."

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"These two weeks burst the shell of Hester's intuition that, for her class, relief of distress was less goodness than polite evasion of the issue."

HESTER KINZIE became a factor in the strike from the moment of her conclusion that treatment of causes rather than effects is the way to social betterment.

Graham's talks had not struck the same note in the minds of the two girls, but they had produced similar results.

In Elsie the stimulus of a man weighing conventionalities in his own scales, and dedicating his strength to purposes appraised at his own valuation, quickened dormant protest against the passivity of her own life, and brought a return of unabashed will to work.

Graham personified to Hester her more special problem. He made it real and distinct and insistent. His solution could not be taken over bodily into her program of life, but it had crystallized her fluid desire to find a solution of her own. He seemed to be wrestling with the question, What is the best work that one can set one's hand to who has inherited the power and privilege that go with wealth? She had long been inquiring without effectively answering, Having money has one different duties from one having none?

The reports that came from Chicago lent force to the habitual impulse of both girls to relieve human need. On the return trip they resolved to make a start in finding something to do that might help to improve the situation. Like most well disposed people with healthy social instincts, their imagination halted with cases. It did not press farther into the meaning of cases as fair fruits of conditions. They offered their services as friendly visitors in the Associated Charities district that included the Avery works. It was the closest approach to finding a fulcrum for moving the world which well-meaning young women of their class would know how to make. With equal good faith their offer was accepted by the Society.

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Two devoted weeks sufficed to develop the baffling perception not that such effort was useless, but that it was a hopeless substitute for removal of causes.

Contact with instances of destitution, and even of pauperism, merely accentuated the paradox that poverty was less puzzling than prosperity.

First-hand acquaintance with charity workers, and with neighbors of families in need of assistance, shifted the apparent centre of social unrest from the impossible to the competent. The persistent *motif* of discontent was not that no one would give help, but that society was in a tangle which kept the majority of the self-reliant from doing their best to help themselves. It was not a condition of feebleness but of handicapped power.

These two weeks burst the shell of Hester's intuition that, for her class, relief of distress was less goodness than polite evasion of the issue. What better could be done was not much clearer to her than before, but two or three insights had taken shape in her mind, and they had quickened her instinct that it was vulgarity not to be in search of more effective measures. She was sure that something was out of gear in society. Her suspicion had grown stronger that some of the trouble would sometime be located in the morals of property. The most distinct impression of all was that it was more the duty of those who had property than of those who hadn't it to find out what was the matter.

Hester faithfully permitted full freedom to the feminine fashion of personalizing abstract problems. In her case, however, the foible was exceptional in giving a judicial severity to her reflection, which most approaches to social problems from the upper side conspicuously lack. Instead of refusing to admit that there might be open questions about social principles which touched her interests, Hester habitually treated herself as defendant, without presumption of innocence. She saw no way to settle social principles till she could give a conclusive account of herself. Without effort of her own, she was mistress of millions. She had power to make life harder or easier for several thousand human beings. She had never done anything for them, but their labor created her income. Parts of these facts she had lately discovered. Other parts she had taken for granted all her life. The bald statement of them, which her latest encounters with life had dictated, nar-

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rowed her concern with the social problem down to the radical question, What gives me a right to my rights?

A week-end visit to the Lyons at Lake Geneva was less an outing for Hester than an opportunity to push her inquiry.

The Lyon cottage would have rated as a defacement of the scenery, if it had not been so enshrouded by trees that it was visible only within its own preserve. Externally it was merely a magnified log cabin. It contained, however, all the necessities of modern comfort, and some of the luxuries, but none of the display. The landscape gardener had enjoyed scope denied to the architect. The home grounds were the hospitable front yard of a model farm. The farm itself was traversed by a scheme of park roads, extending several miles inland, and converging in a broad avenue that encircled The Lodge.

It was one of those faultless afternoons of the Indian Summer, in which it was easy to remember leniently the rest of the year, and to claim for the region the fairest climate in the world. After a trip down the lake to church in the morning, and the usual Sunday reversion to dinner at noon, the party was gathered in a corner of the lawn from which the rovers of the miniature sea could be observed through a cloister of trees.

A change had come into the temper of the family. Whether permanent or temporary, for the time being it admitted business topics within the domestic circle. Seriousness had always been the most obvious finding mark of the Lyons' family life, but it was now crossed by an ill-omened tolerance of the dreaded subject which had forced its way to the center of attention. The tact of all combined was not able to keep interest aimed long at a time in other directions. The family tradition had stood hard on its dignity, but in the last week or two it had almost abandoned the field. The strike, or some of its connections, ruled the thoughts of the whole group, and by tacit consent there had been a gradual lifting of the embargo on the usually tabooed theme. At first the impertinent topic had been remanded after little more than passive admission that there was such a thing as labor disturbance; but today Hester used a recurrence of the main subject as an opening for active inquiry. She had been thinking out the substance rather than the form of questions which she wanted to propose, and she was hardly more forewarned than her guardian

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against the first query, "Did it ever occur to you, Uncle David, that labor troubles will be stopped when you can eliminate me?"

Unless they were of the obvious order to which common usage had given a current value, figures of speech were usually objects of suspicion to Mr. Lyon. To minimize risk he chose to take the question literally, and he kept well under cover with the answer, "I had not heard that you had been mixed up with labor troubles, Hester."

"Then possibly I'm the clue to a comedy of errors," extemporized Hester, while she was trying to adapt her questions to this unpremeditated version. "I've been doing a lot of thinking lately, and I have decided that I am the wicked partner. You may get an entirely new view of the strike when you find out that I am the real grievance."

Mr. Lyon's habitual complaisance with Hester always allowed her playfulness liberties which he would have rebuked in another. Mrs. Lyon was less liberal. She felt that under the circumstances the subject was too dubious for light treatment. To tell the truth, Edith was of much the same mind, although she easily accepted Hester's unexpectedness as an offset for her lack of veneration. Logan Lyon and Edgerly were about equally divided between amusement at the chill which Hester's apparent jauntiness imparted to the atmosphere, and curiosity whether her latest conceit would presently disclose an idea.

Both Mrs. Edgerly and her mother quickly took refuge among the magazines of the month, while the two younger men swung lazily in their hammocks, with the appearance of noticing nothing beyond their cigars. They were really taking in every word of the dialogue, and their interest grew more alert as they pondered on the probable bearings of the argument.

Hester's fancy plainly gave Mr. Lyon no clue to her meaning, and on her part it was an economy of effort to become more literal. To be less enigmatic she took a new start:—"I wish you would explain to me, Uncle David, how anybody gets a right to an income from the Avery Company."

"Why, Hester, by earning it in some way or other." Mr. Lyon had a feeling that this was escaping from the absurd to the axiomatic.

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"That is my idea, too, Uncle David," and Hester was sure she could make use of the admission; "but can you help me find out what I have done to earn my dividends?"

"Why, that is a different matter of course," Mr. Lyon stammered; and his mind would not have been open to conviction that his "of course" was the exact equivalent of the proverbial woman's "because." "You have a right to your dividends by inheritance."

"Yes, Uncle David, I know those words by rote," pursued Hester, "but they seem to me merely a way of hushing up the difficulty. If the way to get an income is to earn it, what right has anyone to invent such a device as inheritance, which makes it possible for some people to get an income without earning it?"

"If you push the matter as far as that," and Mr. Lyon made a long pause before finishing his sentence, his deliberateness plainly showing that he was not quite ready with an answer; "a complete explanation would take us pretty deep into technicalities. In a word, though, your capital earns it."

"If you won't mind the technicalities, Uncle David," Hester insisted, "I should like to make an effort with them. When you say 'capital earns it' you seem to me merely to be putting the mystery in other words, instead of explaining it. I used to discuss this point with Papa by the hour when we read political economy together. He was always obliged to end by telling me that I would understand these things better after I had had more experience with business. The longer I think about it the more it seems to me that all the variations of 'capital earns it' are really different ways of begging the question. Indeed, I must confess that it seems to me to beg two questions, and either of them is important enough to put the fairness of things in the doubtful class. I don't want you to think, Uncle David, that I am so foolish as to imagine myself wiser than all the world put together. I simply don't understand, and it seems to me that if the world is right it ought to be wise enough to make anybody understand who really wants to know. I will do my best to follow what you say, if you will tell me a little more about each of these questions separately. It may be you will see where to begin if I acknowledge the whole of my ignorance. In fact I have never been able to think of an instance in which capital ever earned a cent."

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Hester's declaration affected Mr. Lyon very much as if she had said she had never known the sun to shine or the grass to grow. If a man had made the avowal, Mr. Lyon would have supposed he was either imbecile or insincere. Neither alternative would apply to Hester, and although it seemed incredible that she could have remained so juvenile in her views on such a subject, while she was in other ways so sagacious, her guardian quite consistently assumed the explanation that "childish" and "girlish" told the whole story. He accordingly inferred that correction of the error was merely a matter of directing attention to a few facts that are everyday commonplaces for men.

"I should hardly nominate myself as a tutor," he ventured, "where your father's teaching ability had failed to open your eyes. I shall have to answer your question as a plain financial proposition, just as if you asked me for advice about starting a business. Suppose we go back before the Avery Company was organized. Some men see a chance to build up an industry. They think it all over and decide how they want to begin. Some one must give his time to work out plans. A proper location must be found. Lawyers must be engaged to draft a charter that will give the Company the rights it needs. Architects and engineers must be selected and told what is wanted, and their advice must be studied very carefully before it is adopted. Contracts for buildings and for machinery must be let. Experts must be employed to take charge of different divisions of the work, and they must pick out a large body of operatives, many of them skilled laborers, others unskilled. Large quantities of raw material must be used. A great amount of fuel and other supplies must be consumed, and all this before a dollar's worth of product can be sold. Now what pays the expenses of all these organizers, and their expert assistants, and the builders and operatives; and what furnishes all the material which at last begins to put on the market something that can bring a return for the cost?"

"That is all very plain," conceded Hester, with a docility which gave her guardian the impression that this one case from real life had settled the matter. "Capital has to do all this. But what I don't see is that capital earns anything by its part in the business. Let me suppose that you and Papa were the only organizers. You had earned enough money

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before to pay your own expenses while you were planning, and to pay the salaries of the different experts, and the wages of the workmen, and the cost of all the building and equipment and material. Now it seems to me that you and Papa and all the other men worked and earned all that was made in the plant. Your labor in the first place kept the capital from losing its value, by using it, and then your labor brought more into existence, but the capital itself was all the time powerless except as your labor changed it into things of more value."

Mr. Lyon was not in the habit of drawing precisely such distinctions. He had concerned himself very little with economic abstractions beyond the stock phrases of every-day business, and he did not foresee the dilemma to which Hester's approach was leading. He had no specific objection to her way of stating the facts, but he preferred the form with which he was more familiar, and he did not see any need of giving it up. To guard the rights of the customary view, he continued:—"Of course labor is necessary to make the capital productive, but on the other hand the labor could not be productive without the capital."

"If nothing more than that were involved," returned Hester, "I could understand it. I know that every one except savages gets on by using things that have been saved up, instead of destroying them. By turning the products of previous labor into means of promoting present labor we expand our ability to supply our wants. That is all as plain as day. But then you add on to that something which is not at all plain. It seems to me like the conjuror pulling ribbons and rabbits out of the empty hat. You say the capital earns this output. That doesn't mean anything to me. Suppose the capital which you and Papa had earned were already in the different forms which your labor could make useful—a part of it in money, part in provisions, part in stone, lumber, steel, machinery and so on. Now if that capital were left to itself, with no human labor applied to it, not only would no new capital be produced by it, but in a very short time some of it would begin to lose its own value, and it would not take long for quite a portion of it to disappear altogether. That was what I meant when I said that I had never found a case of capital adding a cent's worth to itself, except as a result of human labor."

Mr. Lyon had not surmised that Hester was working out a deliberate strategical plan. He assumed that her ideas were as rudimentary about business matters as they appeared. He supposed therefore that he had but to provide for the most primary statement of the situation, without anticipating more searching inquiry into deeper phases of the facts. He accordingly walked straight into Hester's snare.

"Why certainly, my dear," Mr. Lyon responded encouragingly, "if it will help you out of your difficulties I am quite ready to acknowledge that you are right in a way. If we leave out natural increase of plants and animals, which I believe the economists put under the head of 'land' or 'nature,' rather than capital, there is no such thing as increase of capital in the strict sense except by exertion of human effort. In that sense of course all wealth is the reward of human labor."

Hester gave no sign that she was aware of having scored a point. Her method as an ingenue was that of repression. In the same tone of eager inquiry she proceeded:—

"I'm glad to hear you say that, Uncle David, because it will help me a good deal about the next point that troubles me. Perhaps I shall find that what you really think is not so different from my ideas as I supposed. The next thing that I am curious about is this. When you and Papa worked with your capital in starting the Avery Company, you earned your profits as the reward of your labor, just as the other men earned their salaries and their wages. It might be put in that way, might it not?"

"Certainly, Hester," assented Mr. Lyon, rather relieved by the evidence that his ward was not infected by the delusion that the capitalist is not worthy of his hire.

"So far all is plain then," continued Hester, with temporarily concealed consciousness that the colloquy was approaching a crisis. "But a great blank comes into my mind, Uncle David, when I try to understand how my father earned any thing any longer, when he retired from the business and became simply a stockholder."

The design in Hester's innocence had not yet revealed itself to Mr. Lyon. Instead of a long step in logical strategy, the question was to him only another exhibit of infantile unsteadiness in learning to walk. He had no feeling of the instability of his premises as he fell back upon the familiar formula:—

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"Why, my child, his capital was still earning for him."

"But, Uncle David," urged Hester demurely, "I thought we agreed just now that human effort does the earning, not capital."

The gathering stringency of the argument was not yet fully apparent to Mr. Lyon, but he began to lose patience with himself for supposing that even as bright a girl as Hester could be an exception to the rule that it is impossible for the feminine mind to understand business. He felt, however, that his way out of the difficulty must be not by convincing her of ignorance, but at least by showing that her ideas were out of place in real life. It was too late to retract the unguarded admission to which Hester appealed, so he tried to make the best of it by forcing its meaning.

"Precisely!" insisted Mr. Lyon, without a misgiving that he was contradicting himself. "The effort that your father exerted in creating that capital goes on working in the capital, whether he works with it or not."

"But suppose every one else in the business stopped working at the same time," persisted Hester, "how would Papa's effort show itself? Would his capital continue to increase because he created it by work?"

This inquisitiveness of his ward began to affect Mr. Lyon as uncanny. He saw that he must either go over the same ground again and arrive at the same point, or turn her thoughts in another direction. He was not aware that he was unwilling to face ugly realities. He firmly believed that Hester was toying with imaginary difficulties, and that he was telling her the unvarnished truth. He was inclined to think that her interest in such things was unfortunate, but he was unwilling to close the conversation without another attempt to make the facts as direct and simple as possible.

"Perhaps it will help you understand the matter," he resumed, "if you look at it in this way. Your father worked a certain number of years, and saved a certain amount out of his earnings. Now would it not be a very strange and unjust state of affairs, if he could not use those savings in any way he pleased? Would not that be equivalent to denying him his right to the reward of his labor?"

"I should think so, of course," assented Hester, again with an eagerness which encouraged Mr. Lyon to hope that he had found the right clue, "but if I see what you mean, it simply

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implies the answer that I can't understand to the other question. Let me suppose a sum that is not large enough to confuse my mind. Suppose Papa had saved a thousand dollars. Now it seems to me natural that he should have a choice between two ways of enjoying his rights to his earnings. He could either spend the money on things that he wanted, or he could work with it as capital, and earn more with it. Whenever he cared to stop working he would have a right to live on what he had saved, or he could keep on working and use up all that he earned from year to year, without taking anything out of his capital. But whenever he preferred to stop working entirely, the only right left to him would be the enjoyment of his savings. My difficulty is to see how he has any right to eat his cake and have it too."

"But, my dear child," exclaimed Mr. Lyon, "investing his money is one of the ways of getting the benefit of it."

"My trouble," continued Hester, regardless of her guardian's apparent opinion that there was no room for further doubt, "is that investing the money turns out to be a way of getting the benefit of it and a good deal more. It looks to me as though investing the money is simply one way of saving it, and it would end with that if artificial contrivances had not been invented. If Papa wanted to escape working with his money for the rest of his life, he had the choice between hiding it somewhere and leaving it in the hands of people who would work with it and give him security for its return. If he had hidden it, he could have drawn from it whenever he pleased till it was all gone, but he surely could not have used more than he hoarded. When he puts it in the hands of workers, he does no more work himself than if he had buried the capital in the ground. But the protection which the laws give makes the workers really insure the money, so that it is safer than it would be if it were buried. Nothing that Papa does seems to me to give him a right to enjoy more than the bare amount of his earnings in the second case more than in the first."

In casting about for something to say which would meet the needs of such incredible simplicity, Mr. Lyon experienced a fleeting gust of sympathy with teachers, if this was a sample of the sort of reaction against the obvious which they had to correct. He was not intentionally evasive. He meant to deal candidly with Hester's difficulties. Her queries had not sug-

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gested to him the remotest possibility that she might have proposed questions which undermined primary assumptions of business. Her inability to accept every-day commercial propositions seemed to him rather like his own boyish state of mind when he scoffed at the multiplication table. He did not consciously avoid the issue. He supposed that he was speaking directly to the question when he took recourse in the stock irrelevance—"You do not stop to think, Hester, that very few people would invest their money unless they could get profits on it."

The failure of her guardian to meet the questions did not surprise Hester. Her father had gone over the ground so often that she knew precisely what to expect. She was not so much hoping for new light as she was exploring her guardian's mind to see if recent events had tended to unsettle any of his opinions. She was satisfied that no breach had been made in his defenses at the first point of approach, and without the slightest confusion about her guardian's failures to reply, and without a sign that she knew he was retreating to quite different ground from that which her questions reconnoitred, she was not unwilling to test the strength of the second line of defense.

"Papa used to insist on that," Hester admitted, "and I have no doubt about it, but I do not see how it proves all that it is supposed to."

She was still playing the part of an inquirer, and carefully concealing the aggressive aim of her questions. "If you have patience enough to hear it, Uncle David, I will explain my trouble with your answer. You will think it is foolish, of course, but you can't help me unless you know just how things seem to me. I can say what I mean best by comparison with something else. Suppose I had lost a thousand dollars, would anybody who found it have a right to keep it?"

"Certainly not, without taking proper means to find the owner," replied Mr. Lyon, with evident curiosity to learn what connection Hester could find between such a case and profits on investments.

"But if I should offer a hundred dollars for returning nine hundred," continued Hester, "would the finder have a right to accept the reward?"

"Of course," Mr. Lyon returned emphatically, "and it would be good policy to make the offer, because we cannot be

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sure that people are honest enough to do what is right without some advantage to themselves."

"But suppose you found my money, Uncle David, would you have a right to the reward?"

It was not a doubt about the proprieties of the supposed case that caused Mr. Lyon to hesitate. His feelings were perfectly correct and unequivocal in this connection, but he was not used to finding words for such scholastic suppositions. With the impression that Hester was losing her interest in the main subject, he humored what he took to be a new fancy by replying, "My right to the reward would be as good as any-one's, but of course I could not take it."

"But," persisted Hester, "is that not unbusinesslike? If it is proper for the loser to offer the reward, and for the finder to receive it, why should exceptions be made?"

Mr. Lyon was nearer than he realized to another trap. As the subject appeared to him quite disconnected with anything else, however, he did not feel the need of qualifying his reply. He had never tried to explain such a case before, and it was as though he were working out a question in mental arithmetic, for his own satisfaction, as he responded:—"A reward for returning lost property, apart from trouble and expense that it may have cost the finder, is a sort of spur to good-will and honesty. Very few people care as much for other people's interests as they do for their own. Many people are not honest enough to respect other people's rights unless there is some gain in it for themselves. Everybody ought to want everybody else to have all that belongs to them, but everybody does not feel that way. A reward in such a case helps some people to act as though they were honest than they really are, and we are better off when we pay the reward than if we trusted to honesty alone. But the honest we are, and the more we care for one another's interests, the less possible is it for us to make gain by helping others to what really belongs to them. Between friends, accepting a reward for returning lost property would prove that the friendship was counterfeit."

"You have expressed my ideas better than I could, Uncle David," Hester commented gratefully. She did not see much prospect of making the argument effective upon her guardian, but his analysis confirmed her belief that she was on the right track, and that she could trust her own reasoning even when

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it led away from current conclusions. Still she was not entirely hopeless of making some slight impression with her comparison. Meanwhile it would not have added to her confidence if she could have measured the inertia of Mr. Lyon's mind as she proceeded to apply the analogy.

"Papa always used to rely at last on the same justification for profits that you have given, Uncle David, and it seems to me that it is good up to a certain limit. The last winter we were in Vienna we read Böhm-Bawerk's books together, and we had several conversations with the professor himself about his theories. My own feeling was that he had shown the absurdity of all the standard explanations of profits from capital, but had offered a substitute as absurd as the rest. But your own way of expressing it makes me feel that I have not been so very wrong after all in putting two things together, and thinking that the reason you give for profits is precisely the same reason that you give for rewarding the return of lost property. When we cancel the fictitious 'earnings' of capital and the actual earnings of capitalists who do necessary work with the investment, and deserve their wage like other laborers, all I can see left that has any force, in the usual theories of profits, is the claim that something is needed in the shape of a prize, to spur people who couldn't be depended on to do right for its own sake to do it for the sake of the reward. This answers one of my two questions, but I am very sure you will not want to put the same meaning into the answer that I do. For me, what we have said amounts to this:—The idea that capital itself earns anything is a delusive rhetorical expression. The earning is all done by the people who do the different kinds of work with the capital. If people who own capital do not need to consume it, and do not want to work with it themselves, it is merely good citizenship for them to save it in the most useful way, by allowing other people to work with it. It seems to me that, without knowing it, they are only good citizens for a bonus if they claim pay in the form of unearned profits for doing what it is to their own advantage as well as other people's that they should do anyway. The idea has been growing upon me that the people who make this something-for-nothing demand on their fellow citizens create the social problem. I have been studying reports on Papa's estate, and it seems that I am credited each quarter with a little more than the quarter before, for doing nothing

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and allowing other people to increase my capital. I didn't mean that I am the only one responsible for the strike, but am I so far out of the way in thinking that the root of the trouble can be traced to my class of people?"

So long as the conversation was confined to generalities, Mrs. Lyon and Edith had only once or twice noted a fragment of the dialogue. At this apparent return to a personal application their interest was once more piqued, and they instinctively listened for a signal that would show them the affinity of their sympathies.

Edgerly and Logan Lyon had given no sign that they were paying attention, but each in his way had made critical notes on everything that had been said. Each had observed that, as the strike situation had grown more acute, all Mr. Lyon's allusions to it had become more dogmatic and resolute. Each was on the watch for indications whether these symptoms meant that the older man's convictions were growing stronger, or whether they were merely his way of fighting off possible yielding of his convictions under pressure. Each realized too that either a support for the old order, or a factor that might turn the scale in a new direction, was taking shape in Hester's mind. They knew that if she decided to exercise her own judgment, she would hold a balance of power which might reverse the Avery Company's policy. They could not regard the episode as mere talk. It was a critical phase of the pending struggle. Without intending to mix in the argument, both men exchanged their hammocks for chairs which they placed nearer to the zone of inquiry, and the evidence did not escape Hester that they had been less indifferent than they seemed, but had found something beyond triviality in the discussion.

At the same time it began to dawn upon Mr. Lyon that he had on his hands more than an infant-class exercise. Considering Hester merely as a girl indulging her curiosity, it made very little difference whether or not her ways of thinking conformed to those of the street. Viewing her as a power in the affairs of his corporation, the sort of advice which she accepted became momentous. When Graham had advertised the ideas which Hester expressed, Mr. Lyon promptly set them down as vicious weapons in the hands of an enemy of society. For Hester to coquette with such opinions meant dangerous weakness among the friends of society. For the

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first time Mr. Lyon realized that Hester's wanderings with her father, and her samplings of all sorts of social influence, might have infected her with ideas which could be turned against him in the present struggle. He did not admit the possibility that she might have found some more reliable clues to the truth than his beliefs contained. It was an invincible conviction with him that any social theory which called in question a fundamental assumption of business was either ignorant or criminal. The only judgment he could pass upon an inclination to dally with such theories was that it indicated arrested or perverted development. While his paternal feeling toward Hester could not be changed to harshness by finding her a victim of either misfortune, the necessity of rating her state of mind as one of the practical factors in the situation threw his executive consciousness into circuit and turned this domestic incident into a business complication.

"My dear child," he began, with an unstrained mixture of affection and authority, "it never can do any good to play with the sort of powder you are handling. The world is what it is, and wishing differently won't change it. Fire burns, and water drowns, and poison kills, and all the tears we may shed for the victims will not have the slightest effect in changing the laws of nature. It is the same with the laws of property. You know the Bible says, 'To him that hath shall be given and he shall have abundance.' That is the way the laws of property work, of course, and it is hard for those who have no property to be reconciled to it, but those of us who know that brains, not sympathies, make the rules of business, have the duty of setting ourselves against every silly scheme to substitute sentimentality for the laws of economics. There would be chaos in the world if property were not sacred. The rights of property put you in possession of the estate your father legally created. It is just as foolish to question your right to that estate as it would be to doubt your right to be born. The position for you to take, Hester, is that you are providentially entrusted with large business responsibilities, and that it is your duty to accept business principles and carry them out to the best of your ability in administering your property."

Outwardly Hester gave no appearance of energetic thinking. No visible change in her bearing corresponded with her guardian's sudden intensity. Not even Mr. Lyon, and cer-

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tainly not the younger men, knew Hester well enough to measure the mental and moral force behind the gentleness which was both an inheritance and an art. If Mr. Lyon could have read her thoughts, the protest which he had just uttered would have been a feeble expression of his surprise and fear. In fact Hester was appalled at the vision which Mr. Lyon's answers gave her of the distance between her viewpoint and his. With the sanguineness of generous youth she relied upon a sufficient love of truth for its own sake to open the door for it everywhere. Although she had never been able to get her father's assent to many of her versions of social facts, his rejection of her ideas was a matter so apart from practical life that it did not have the effect of Mr. Lyon's obduracy in the present crisis. He had furnished ocular proof of a certain judicial impotence. Even in the presence of a collapse in the workings of his business principles, he could not admit the possibility that anything might call for a reconsideration of the principles themselves. This evidence confirmed Hester's impression that there must be something wrong in conventionalities which so jealously resented inspection.

No further demonstration was necessary of her guardian's insuperable prejudice; but Hester feared that she might not have another so favorable opportunity to talk with him at leisure, and she hoped that at worst his opposition would sharpen her conclusions. Her short experience in the Bureau of Charities had put a keen edge upon her zeal to get a more definite account of her place in the world; and Mr. Lyon's assertion that there could be no appeal from business rules struck her as a type of fatalism which was not only arrogant but improbable. The one reverse which she had received during the interview was a sense of the hopelessness of modifying her guardian's opinions. She realized that he had a conception of the world which nothing was likely to alter, and her suspicion was approaching certainty that it was a conception which pitted itself against the final laws of human progress. She had not yet formed the distinct judgment that her guardian's contention was pathetic. She was merely aware in a vague way of a new foreboding that the destiny she was trying to make out for herself would be doom for him.

These were but a moment's flash-light impressions, and merely the accompaniment of Hester's indecision whether to

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continue a quest which was bound to be ineffectual. On the other hand, the very uselessness of the attempt was a discovery in itself. It marked one fixed point of departure in her life problem. It was a term in the calculation of her proper course. She did not pause long enough to indicate that she was balancing alternatives. She showed no sign of recognizing the reproof and warning in Mr. Lyon's last words. As if unconscious of a changed tone in the discussion, she pursued the calm course of her inquiry.

"Before I was quite ready for it, Uncle David, we have gone over to my second question. I'm afraid I shall succeed only in convincing you that I am incorrigible. But let me go on as though the first question had been settled. Suppose we have accounted for Papa. I am unable to see how that justifies me. Suppose it was true that my father was entitled to his profits for life because his labor and his capital earned them. But, giving myself the most liberal interpretation I can think of, the only work I have ever done was as Papa's companion for a few years, after he had spent several times as many years as my preceptor. Then it might be said that, for a few months, I was his untrained nurse. If I had saved all the wages earned in that way at usual rates, the whole would amount to much less than my present income every month; while girls of my age who are skilled workers in their trades can never earn a fraction of my income. Do you really expect me to believe that you justify such a contrast by saying that property is sacred? It seems to me that justice is more sacred than property. As I understand it, the system of arrangements which the word property really means is a collection of attempts to do justice; but if we find that these arrangements fail to do justice, then they look to me no longer sacred but stupid."

David Lyon would no more have wronged another in his property, knowing his act to be wrong, than he would have assaulted a member of his family. He would as soon have conspired to overthrow the moral law not to lie, or steal or kill, as he would have condoned an evasion of justice as he understood it. But he was honestly at the limit of his intelligence when called upon for credentials of his right and wrong. It was as though he had been challenged to show cause why up is up and down is down. To Mr. Lyon "property," "justice," "morality" and the like, were words that stood for the abso-

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lute and unchangeable nature of things. He was by no means a stranger to the great historians, but whenever he had read of past events he had always judged the actors by the rules which he would apply to his own conduct. These rules seemed to him to require right because it was right, and he knew of no more searching reason. He would have denounced it as vicious trifling with words, if he had been told that what we call right is only opinion, as strong or as weak as the reasons upon which it rests. The proposition that right is always an adaptation to circumstances, and that any alleged right is essentially right in the degree of the fitness of its adaptation, would have seemed to him sheer repudiation of morality. He knew well enough that the laws of property in different ages and countries had varied in detail, but he had never realized that more than one basis of property institutions is conceivable, nor had he ever comprehended that property is essentially the specifications of a bargain under which persons consent to live together. He had made no allowance for the fact that many of the persons so acquiescing had practically no other alternative; nor had he considered that the same balancing of interests which once made the laws of property would be continuing precisely the same process if it reconstructed those laws when the social value of interests had changed. An assertion that the institutions of property are liable to modification whenever the conviction prevails that the terms are less favorable for some than for other parties concerned, would to his mind have meant plain anarchy.

Mr. Lyon had never distinguished between the abstract moral principle that every one is entitled to his own, and the particular application of the principle in a given system of property. It had never occurred to him, and he could not have entertained the idea, that a property system is merely an organization of human opinions about what ought to be regarded as each one's own. In his view the political device was as sacred as the supporting moral principle, because he had never harbored a doubt that they were identical. Moreover, to his way of thinking, rights were inalienable endowments of individuals. They were features of the divine image in which man was created, and as unalterable as the archetype itself. Property, as he viewed it, was simply those pre-established rights recognized and guaranteed by law. Property was therefore sacred because the rights were sacred; and it was

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a sign of something wrong in anyone's make-up who would imply that property is impeachable.

To be sure, Mr. Lyon had been quite consistent with one phase of himself in admitting that the institutions of property worked anomalies and hardships. He was equally sincere, however, in classing these accidents with the other mysterious orderings of Providence, and even more rigid in his belief that they must be accepted as such. All distresses from lack or loss of property seemed to him, like pain, disease, and death, inscrutable dispensations. He wished they were not accidents of the human lot. Quite in accord with the similar clause in Halleck's creed, he was willing to admit that his faith in God would be easier if they did not occur; but he was sure it amounted to one and the same thing whether we blamed property, for its share in them, or Providence. The dilemma which Hester had presented affected him, therefore, merely as a querulous complaint against the divine government. He was too strongly entrenched in his religious beliefs, and in the conventional morality which they protected, to be disturbed in his confidence that they could not be thrown on the defensive by collision with facts. He was shocked and grieved that Hester could actually make a virtue of impatience with the Supreme Wisdom; yet his paternal fondness promptly filed the excuse that her experience had been too limited for efficient schooling in humility and reverence.

The two younger men detected rather clearly the remoter bearings of Mr. Lyon's perplexity. Edgerly had a hundred times analyzed with his classes the general situation of which his father-in-law was a symptom. While he listened he had found himself dramatizing the dialogue as an encounter of a passing and a coming world-spirit. For years he had taught that ideas still gripped business practice which more penetrating philosophy had dismissed as archaic. He credited in Mr. Lyon all that was worthiest in presumptions fairly appropriate to a simpler period; but insistence on them, in spite of changing conditions, affected Edgerly as a forlorn hope of barricading the sunrise. By contrast, the impulse and the insight of Hester's ingenuous reflection of the world as she saw it impressed him more as confirmation than as consequence of the dawning perceptions.

Logan Lyon's interest had been wholly curious at first. As the immediate practical bearing of Hester's questionings pre-

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sented itself he had tried to think of them in their business relations, and to give them a rating at their strictly logical value. Instead of making for an abstract judgment, however, this attempt at a severely judicial hearing had passed rapidly into an emotional attitude. Lyon had never served formal notice on himself that the girl he had so long treated as a precocious infant was already beyond classification as a child. Viewing her impersonally, considering her argument as he would a contention in court, following her method of thinking, he recorded his first distinct observation that Hester had become a woman. Her mind was not merely responding to casual stimuli. She was not merely receptive and acquiescent and imitative. She was selecting, and correlating, and judging and estimating.

But this impromptu psychological analysis served only as a brief introduction to a personal reaction. When he was at the point of submitting in rebuttal his ultimatum of unavailability, Lyon was checked by strange stirrings of feelings that with Hester's spirit as an impulse the frontiers of availability might be indefinitely advanced. With the suggestion, his whole scheme of life seemed to come up for audit. He had a moment's view of it against a background of alternatives which he had never considered. He wondered whether he was affected more by disgust with what was or by desire for what might be. He was sure only that his attention had shifted from the questions to the questioner. Instead of interposing an objection which might have embarrassed Hester, he hoped to help her express herself more fully by submitting the query:—"As we are all in the same class, Hester, so far as drawing dividends beside our salaries, what do you see for us to do to make ourselves less troublesome?"

Hester wished she knew more of Logan on the business side. He had always been good fun as a teasing big brother. She believed in him heartily up to the point where she began to regret him as probably a too faithful copy of his father. As Logan had kept his professional equation wholly out of her view, she had no evidence that he tended to vary more from his father's opinions than from his character. She had no reason to suppose that his question was an exception to his quizzical habit, and with the faintest parrying smile she still directed her appeal to her guardian.

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"If I am repeating the same thing, Uncle David, it is because I am trying to find the plainest words for my idea. Let me tell it this way:—A great many kinds of people must work together to create a business. Some of them contribute unskilled labor of their hands; some of them skilled labor of their hands; some labor of their brains; some, like you and Papa, not only labor of hand and brain, but special supervision and wise judgment, without which all the rest of the work might be unsuccessful; and still other people have helped by putting into the hands of these workers some of their wealth to be changed into new forms of wealth. Is it not plain truth that all these kinds of contribution were necessary to make the business? Could it have been created by one kind alone? Up to the paying stage, has there not been a necessary partnership of all the makers of the business? But what happens after the business is made? Do the persons who have contributed work only, either of hand or brain, retain their rating as partners? Are they not mere hired help? Those who are supposed to have contributed wealth, with or without work besides, are now the only partners, are they not? They own the business. They are the business. After the hired workers have received their pay, and the other costs are covered, these contributors of capital claim all the output that is left, with all the added value that comes from many sources outside the business. If the business turns out to be as prosperous as the Avery Company, every ten years or so, although these partners have collected from the business every year a high rate of interest, they divide among themselves a surplus equal to the whole amount of their previous principal. None of the other partners, except these controllers of the preferred factor of capital, have any voice or share in this distribution, but why should one class of partners in its production be entitled to dispose of it and not all the others?"

This time Logan Lyon deliberately rode for a fall. He was sure he could provoke a reply that would bring out Hester's version more distinctly. In his most serious manner he protested:—"But, Hester, haven't all these other people had their pay at market rates?"

"Yes, Logan," Hester sighed, and the hardly perceptible depression of light in her face told him that she could find less palliation for his tardiness than for her father's, "let us hope that they had, always including the money-lenders. For

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that very reason, if full market rates of pay to all concerned have still left a surplus undivided, why should it belong to one group of its producers rather than to all?"

Hester had scarcely glanced at Logan in replying to his question, and was still apparently consulting only his father.

"But there are some more questions, Uncle David. If we had come from another planet, which had only the laws of the physical universe in common with ours, is it not possible that we might be astonished at this arrangement? Might we not say that it was largely a clumsy make-shift, and that it corresponded only in the roughest way with the elements of justice involved in the case? Might we not decide at once that this treatment of great numbers of the makers of the business as not-partners, and the reservation of partnership rights for a favored section of the makers, was arbitrary? Might we not prophesy that, whatever may have been the causes that led to such unfair arrangements, they could never permanently satisfy rational beings, and that removal of the injustices would begin as soon as people reached a high grade of intelligence? It may be I have lived as far from your business world as though I had been on another planet. Anyway, the appearance it presents in the glimpses I am getting is chiefly amateurish."

By this time Mr. Lyon had dismissed the thought of correcting these vagaries at once. He was so convinced of his helplessness that he had given up the attempt to instruct, and was merely following anxious curiosity to draw out any unspoken reserve in Hester's ideas. "Most business men are on the lookout for ways to improve their methods," he protested with an effort at humor, "and would be willing to pay liberal royalties to anyone who could show them how to become less amateurish."

"One of our modern engineers would call the pyramid-builders amateurish, would he not, Uncle David," and because she well knew how her confession had hurt her guardian Hester tried to speak soothingly; "although he might not be able to tell how the knowledge and tools at their disposal could have been used more skillfully? As a stranger from another world, I must respect the skill applied in your economic system, yet I must be frank enough to say that it seems to me an impossibly boorish system."

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"Do not spare the particulars, Hester," sadly exhorted Mr. Lyon.

"Why," continued Hester, "I should suppose that things are worth what they are worth in serving people. As I understand your economic system, it makes people altogether subordinate to capital. Does not such an inversion of values make the system essentially savage and superstitious?"

Hester did not at the moment remember that she had used one of Graham's phrases. She had consciously enough, and often, thought over his arguments, but her concurrence with them had been endorsement rather than absorption. She was really trying to find a view-point of her own, and her method would have been telling evidence against the imitation theory in social psychology. Her sense of loneliness in this search had grown more oppressive with every gain in clearness of vision. She had not yet made out that not Graham alone, but Halleck and Edgerly and even Logan Lyon were moving from different starting points toward the same outlook; and her very devotion to the individual problem, together with her feeling of solitude in the pursuit, retarded her perception that Mr. Lyon represented a declining phase of the world-order, and that her forereaching was merely one among innumerable signs of the latest human awakening.

"If what you call 'an inversion of values' could really be brought home to it, I should have to accept the impeachment," Mr. Lyon provisionally admitted.

"But can what we have agreed to about the facts of the system have any other meaning than an inversion of values?" pleaded Hester. "If we frankly invent fairy stories, the more fanciful they are the better, because they set out to be a complete vacation from hard realities. But I have always resented such mixtures of fact and fable, of gods and men, as Homer's description of the siege of Troy, for instance. It affects me as tantalizing sane reason to credit men with heroic exploits and then, just as their deeds are about to achieve their natural ends, to interpose actors who are independent of rational cause and effect, and make them defeat the results. But I can see no more superstition in mixing up mythical gods with a Greek tribal conflict than in your making a person out of capital and allowing it to nullify the rational relations between laborers."

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"Your Greek is surely Greek to me, Hester;" and Mr. Lyon's inability to see any pertinence in the parallel was not feigned. "I can think of nothing that calls for such a comparison."

"Have patience with me just a moment longer, Uncle David,"—Hester was not happy in wounding her guardian, but she was obeying a strengthening sense of obligation to be genuine toward the problems she was facing,—“and I will say it in only one more way. It seems to me as plain as the lawn and trees and lake before our eyes that we should make the world better if we were willing to accept the consequences of some very simple facts. Is it not clear that life is just people learning how to live together so as to help out one another most in turning nature to their uses? Are not people and nature the only real factors in the problem? When we have worked together long enough to have government and laws and beliefs and business, are any new factors really concerned? Is it not an illusion if we imagine that these variations are anything more than combinations of the work of nature and of people? Can any business possibly be an exception to this rule? Is not a business merely means that nature affords, fitted by some people's work to furnish their share of the exchanges by which all the people in the world satisfy their wants? Is there any sanction in unspoiled reason for excluding from a business some of the persons who have created it, and giving their places to this upstart fictitious person, Capital? Have not the people who put their lives into the business made themselves more a part of it than those who merely put in their money? Can a system built on the contrary assumption be anything but an accumulation of accidents? Is it not a complete inversion of values, a jugglery of greedy force, a conspiracy to consecrate wrong, if we try to perpetuate this structure of fictions in the place of nature?"

Mr. Lyon was entirely free from misgivings in classing Hester's ideals as a somewhat more advanced variation of crying for the moon. Upon that supposition he was wise in presuming that experience would be the best teacher, and he restricted himself to the incredulous prediction, "As you grow older, Hester, you will probably learn that there are difficulties in the way of putting our preferences in the place of the plan the world was built on."

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Hester refrained from reminding her guardian that he was again begging the question, but she saw more plainly than ever that the clue to the difference between them was his inability to conceive that anything remained to be discovered about the world's workings. She offered larger bonds than she was aware for the lawfulness of her thinking, when she further confessed:—

“I acknowledge I have no idea how far it is possible to go at once toward changing capitalistic business into human business. Perhaps it may require an era merely to install the belief that this is the next great problem. It may be that evangelizing the world with such a gospel would be salvation enough for one epoch. I'm afraid I shall not be a patient waiter for the fruits of this righteousness till all the world has received its seeds. Such a religion ought to begin early to be justified by its works as it goes along. At all events, if I understand Mr. Graham, he is simply a prophet of this faith. He is not an enemy of business. He wants business to make itself more human by repudiating an irrational principle. He insists that every worker in every business shall be recognized as a partner in the business, with his proportionate share of property in the business and influence upon its policy. He does not profess to know how the proportions of property and influence will be worked out. He claims only that the next move toward fixing these proportions must be admission of the neglected principle. So much at least he demands now in the name of justice, and all the facts that I can see tell me he is right.”

For several minutes Edith Edgerly had been standing behind her father, her hands resting caressingly on his shoulders, and as it seemed to her husband, instinctively guarding Mr. Lyon against something impending. Edith was nearer than Mrs. Lyon to thinking and feeling as Hester did; but quicker sense of the crushing meaning which submission to such valuations would have for one man, than of the advance it would mark for other men, spurred wife and daughter alike to silent resentment. While absorbed in her inquest, Hester had not failed to regret the tension in their family circle, yet she did not doubt that it was unavoidable. It seemed merely a reduced reflection of the business conflict. She saw no hope that the one could disappear without the other; but she was in doubt whether her skirmishing had more

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advanced or retarded the adjustment of either situation; and no one in the group felt more relief in following Logan's timely call for a sail in the launch before sunset.

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XVII

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"We should have no saving of life by means of the operating room if some one hadn't the nerve to cause suffering for the sake of relieving it."

MRS. LYON alone remained at The Lodge. The rest of the party took the early Monday morning train for the city, with the understanding that if the weather held good all would return for one more Sunday at the Lake. Mr. Lyon planned to take his meals at the Club and to sleep at Logan's apartments. Hester was visiting Elsie. The schedule for the week was rather crowded, but nothing was in sight to show that the season's conflict was nearing a decision.

The Edgerlys consorted with a University coterie who called themselves The Riffraff. They had been drawn together by miscellaneous attractions. Before they were fully aware of their affinities, Fessenden of the economic department observed that they were what the sociologists would call a group; and he explained that the reason why sociologists existed was that there were a few things left not worth anyone's else attention. The members of the bunch scorned to inquire whether the joke was on the sociologists or themselves; but from that hour they began to have a group-consciousness, which they afterwards learned was also sociological. Without deliberation for or against, and without surveying themselves in the abstract, as we are viewing them, they spontaneously assumed the function of academic safety-valve. They admitted that they were a providential provision against the pressure of too protracted and pervasive profundity. Their operations were not reduced to rule. They mostly happened. When human nature could endure no longer, they fell back on reversion to type. Their only plan was to have no plan, but to vary their recuperations according to a general law of non-conformity. They descended upon one another's abodes in designedly irregular rotation. Usually by themselves, but occasionally for the redemption of a wider University constituency, they behaved like naughty boys getting even with parole-officialing academic dignity.

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The old guard of the group numbered exactly twenty. As many more had been recruited from time to time. They were the men and women of the academic community who had the most compatible and infectious gifts of laughter or its proxies, and the temper to make them restorative and tonic. They were no close corporation. Their boundaries were adjustable. Within the circle indeed were two or three pairs of feudists who departmentally were always at each other's throats, but in the group atmosphere professional animosities were as evanescent as professors' salaries. The Riffraff merged with everything non-vocational about the University, and once or twice a year it managed to fuse the whole faculty body for an hour or two into a mass of homogeneous good-fellowship.

This time the call had read:—

The Riffraff collects with the Edgerlys Monday evening.
Committee of the whole to consider the state of the Universe.

Mrs. Edgerly had asked Hester and Elsie. They came for dinner too; and the table talk was largely biographic of the more salient personalities to be expected.

It was not like the usual rallies of The Riffraff. The combined effort to relax placed no net result to its credit beyond general disclosure of unreconciled temper toward social conditions. Vacation was just over, it is true, and "the strain of toil, the stress of care" had not yet told to the reacting point.

The real reason, however, was subtler. Along with the smoke and the Stock Yards' aroma, the strike streaked the University atmosphere. And it was not with the surface effect of dust that a tuft of feathers whisks from its lodgment. It was the drain of virus in the blood. The Edgerlys were the only University family with a negotiable interest in the labor issue, but it would have been hard to find a member of the faculties who was not brooding over the situation as though it were his immediate individual affair. Few of them had definite and organized opinions that would go far as a basis of settlement. They had rather desultory and disquieting feelings, fine scruples that this, that and the other aspect of the case on either side ought not so to be, compunctions that the morals on trial were vulgarly under grade, but withal a curiously concerted certainty of dogmatic imprecision that somebody ought to do something.

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David Lyon's vocabulary would not have enabled him to characterize this state of mind as a coincidence of neurasthenic parallels. If he had known where to borrow the terms, and had been advised of the occasion for their use, he would doubtless have employed them promptly. He would thus have satisfied his conscience without unparliamentary divulgings. In spirit, too, he would have represented most of his directors, but they would have troubled themselves less about non-conducting language.

Yet the diagnosis would have quite misconstrued the significance of this academic sentiment. Only a small fraction of the University community had given more than layman's attention to labor problems, from the standpoint either of the business man or of the social theorists; yet almost without exception the faculty men reacted to social conflicts as promptly as temperature to the sundown. Without an articulate account of it, they were accepting themselves as parts of a social conscience in the making. As a result of influences which they could not have scheduled, they were forming the habit of looking at themselves as among the responsible parties behind all the good or evil of society. Though they had no ready cures for moral ills, they were fast shedding the shame of secretiveness about the ills' existence. Their instinct was becoming declarative that a breakdown anywhere in the social process was not wholly, nor perhaps mostly, a refusal of individuals to keep faith with the social order; but more a probable case against the intelligence of the ways in which society was trying to work. For David Lyon's kind to despise the symptomatic value of such people, was as fatuous as it would be to deny their competence to ring in an alarm, because they didn't belong to the fire department.

When an individual has gone wrong there may be some hope of bringing him back by ridicule. When it is a whole industrial system, ridicule has the effect of much ado about nothing, till particular persons can be haled before the bar of public opinion, charged with specific and recognized transgressions.

The fly in the ointment of The Riffraff was invisible to the naked eye, and this was the prime unsettling of their spirits. That the economic process in Chicago was nearing halt on a dead center, was plain enough. That civilized industries were not beyond liability to such arrest, was sad enough. But the

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worry to the dispassionate observer was that no distinguishable individuals were in sight to whom it could fairly be said, "Thou art the man!" No corporation in the country had a more spotless reputation than the Avery Company. Its officers and largest stockholders were among the people of whom Chicago was proudest. On the other hand, the more the strike leaders pressed their case, the stronger the set of public opinion toward Halleek's early conclusions.

University sentiment was more sensitive than that of the general public to both sides of the dilemma. There was a stealthy feeling that a social deadlock was somehow a contradiction in the logic of life. There was half-conscious confession of humiliation and guilt at inability to speak the word that might expose the flaw in the reasoning and start up action along its rational course.

This sense of incompetence gave the pitch for the evening.

Seymour, one of the biologists, was the first to arrive, and he brought Graham as his guest. He would not have gone so far without an accomplice. It was Hester's work; and her private reasons went back to Graham the individual, not the Institution. She had urged Seymour to come early, promising to be answerable for the consequences. Seymour and Graham had roomed in the same hall for three years at Harvard. Between the alternatives of conflict and complement open to such opposites they had accomplished a durable natural selection of the latter. Hester's suggestion to Seymour, who was a long-time friend, had been that Logan Lyon would be invited by his sister; and that a meeting, under such circumstances, might do something indirectly toward settling the strike. If the argument was ingenuous in its substance, it was slightly overdrawn in its sanguineness, and besides that it was surreptitiously advanced several numbers in the rating. In this particular connection, the strike was in fact quite incidental to Hester's more personal purposes.

Halleek, whom Edgerly had invited, was the only other guest. When Seymour presented his friend to Edgerly, and later to Lyon, it was "Graham of Harvard," "Edgerly of Yale," "Lyon of Princeton." Beyond this it sufficed that they were gentlemen. After Hester felt that Graham had settled his dues to his hosts, she maneuvered a topic which included the Edgerlys and Seymour, but offered no inducements to Graham.

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The elision occurred according to a law not mentioned by Grimm; and furthermore the phonetic change was apparently unobserved when Graham detached Elsie from the discourse, and formed a diphthong which at once showed capabilities of sustaining itself without adventitious support.

Hester's back was turned, but she needed no assurance that details were immaterial. With an introspective withdrawal not betrayed to the rest of the circle, she indulged a momentary reflection that things were not so insuperably intractable after all. In any event, her self-imposed function of mediation had been discharged without announcing itself, and the inward reward was prodigally disproportioned to the visible merit.

"I wonder, Miss Kissinger," Graham ventured, "if an outlawed Institution still rouses enough curiosity to bring a negligible individual within the range of vision."

"The Institution has been behaving so atrociously of late," Elsie reservedly replied, "that the individual may perhaps elicit a degree of morbid interest from the thoughtless and injudicious."

"Then the individual must be in for a lonesome time of it this evening," sighed Graham, "unless there are non-apparent resources for diluting the social medium."

They had taken a few steps toward the library door, and the Colonial fire-place which occupied one end of the room at once struck Graham as a strategic position. Without allowing space for an answer, he continued:—"One of those chimney corners might possibly take us back to the Boston level at which we parted company."

"I haven't decided yet," skidded Elsie, while they moved slowly in the proposed direction, "whether the Boston that I found had risen above or fallen below the chimney corner level."

"At this moment," Graham deposed complaisantly, as they occupied one of the settles, "there is no room in my mind for doubt that, compared with a particular chimney corner, Boston, past, present or future, is a sub-basement."

Elsie was neither prepared for a metamorphosis of Graham into the ordinary society jollier, nor was she so inexperienced as to attach more than a surface meaning to such speeches, even from the most matter-of-fact men. On the whole the remark affected her as probably a made-over from the student

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repertoire, and it was distinctly disappointing. Graham in earnest was impressive. She feared for the staying powers of the interest if he began to exhibit the marks of a trier-out of debutantes.

Graham's next lead was hardly more fortunate:—

"The facts might easily be distorted into the charge that I had been shadowing you and Miss Kinzie."

"And the undistorted facts are?" queried Elsie.

"My program takes me often into your charity district, and I have several times had to execute some quick right-about to keep outside your lines."

"I see," Elsie interpreted, "the Brahmin avoids the Sudra's shadow."

"On the contrary," amended Graham, "the unsanctified respects the sanctuary. If the sort of thing you are doing weren't so futile, it would be holy."

Elsie was not sure whether Graham's real emphasis was on the depreciation or the praise, but she left the move with him by the inquisitive protest:—"Then you imagine one's conscience may be so easy with its secret of futility that one needs to be taunted with it?"

Graham was both pleased, and at the same time, in the classic English of his self-examination, "stung." He was happily surprised by Elsie's insight, but she made what he intended as sincere, if qualified, appreciation look like brutality. Yet her implied anticipation of the thought in his mind was a sign that she had looked farther into the situation than he had expected. He was disgusted with himself for his awkward beginning, but his very blunders helped him the sooner to find firm footing for frankness. He was more like Elsie's previous estimate of him when he further explained, instead of retracting:—

"If you look at it in that way, Miss Kissinger, whether it is holy or not, it is heroic. I have come across plenty of traces lately of you and Miss Kinzie doing things fit to earn you sainthood, and I meant to applaud them heartily. I wish you would tell me though just what led from my way of putting it to your phrase 'secret of futility.'"

"Confessing for myself costs nothing," Elsie answered deliberately, "but I can speak for no one else. You mustn't infer from me anything about Miss Kinzie. How far we think alike or differently, I have no right to say. I don't

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mind telling you, though, that I have kept on doing friendly visiting with the feeling of carrying a mangled child to the hospital after I had been riding in the machine that ran him down. There would be some virtue, I suppose, in making all the amends in my power, but there would have been so much more in preventing the reckless driving."

"Have you ever carried that idea over to the credit of the Institution, Miss Kissinger?" suggested Graham searchingly.

"Why! Mr. Graham," and Elsie was instantly almost beligerent; "at this moment the Institution is the only reckless driver! Isn't it just as bad for the boy, whether he is run over by the freight truck or the fire engine?"

"But," pleaded Graham, "you might have pardoned the engine driver for running over one child, if he had saved the Iroquois hundreds?"

They stopped a moment to take bearings. Each picture seemed plausible, but neither was satisfying. After adjusting her reflections as well as she could, Elsie showed that she was puzzled more than defiant, when she speculated, "Isn't the answer that no driver can be sure of saving the hundreds, but he may take care of the one?"

"If you will pardon me, Miss Kissinger," Graham resisted, "I think that is just the feminine of it. It is emotionally fine to help the near individual, but it is rationally weak to magnify him over the remoter many."

"Of course," yielded Elsie, with scoffing humility, "it is my duty to believe that the masculine of it is the right of it, but sooth to say I have never been so persuaded. The hypothetical many in the distance may be worth more than the actual one present, but reason seems to me stronger if it makes sure of the real one, and deals with the unreal many when they materialize. Preachments and programs about humanity may have their place, but the need of the Higgins family next block is a neighborly hand. It seems to me that real humanity must mean joining one neighborly hand to another till all the world is in touch. I can't understand the arithmetic that expects to sum up the whole by leaving out the parts."

"And you lay that at the door of the Institution?" wondered Graham.

"Why shouldn't I, Mr. Graham? When you explained your campaign in Boston, it sounded almost convincing. But I come back to the Avery district and everything seems to

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contradict your theory. A year ago the region was full of people who were getting on in the world with tolerable satisfaction. They were working hard, but instead of finding fault with that, most of them would have given up all the hopes they had ever pinned to luck, or politics, or fine sounding theories or anything else, for the assurance of a chance to do that same kind of work to the end of their days. Those of them who were careful had saved something from their earnings. They were adding comforts to their homes. They were starting their children better than they started themselves. They didn't live in Paradise. They had heard of spots on the sun, and they knew of exasperating things about government, and even about their own industry. In proportion to the substantial welfare of their lot, however, the economic and political evils were hardly more prominent in their calculation than the sun spots. Now comes the strike, and in place of that prosperous and comfortable and decently contented population, all are unhappy, hundreds are miserable, and scores are desperate. What is the change for? To elevate 'Labor!' Where is this 'Labor,' and what is it? You would say it is all-the-laborers, and they can be benefited only at the cost of some-of-the-laborers. What the employers fall back on sounds a little more impersonal, but it really comes to the same thing. They say everything must yield to the interests of *Capital*. In either case it's imaginary people preferred to real people. Both the strikers and the corporation have a theory of the greatest good of the greatest number, but in practice the only ones you can be sure of don't count in the least. Between your upper and nether millstones of Capital and Labor you grind the life out of the actual, near, flesh and blood man who is most worth considering. He bears the brunt, whether of work or fight; but whatever happens to him Capital and Labor manage between them to keep work or fight going on in the interest of the absentees, who in either case are in no danger."

It was not easy for Graham to deflect the force of this arraignment, especially as his own thoughts had been running in the same direction. In sheer fighting strength the organization had gained with every week of the strike. But the tolls of war had to be paid, and experience at the place of collection tended to make the price look larger than its purchase. In principle Graham had never faltered for a moment, nor

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as far as he knew had any of his supporters. For substantially the same reasons that Elsie had expressed, however, he had lately been turning over in his mind the possibility of terms with the Avery Company that would leave the skirmish line a visible distance in advance of its original position, and would relieve the first combatants by transferring the thick of the fight to another part of the field. Simply because he had not been able to hit upon a feasible proposition, he was obliged to decide that the time had not come for altering the plan of campaign.

Graham had hardly more heart than hope for an effort to acclimate Elsie's sympathies to such a north temperate atmosphere. He was not comfortable under her criticism; still there was refreshment in the contrast between her warmth toward people in particular and the necessary chill of a war policy that had to treat humanity as an abstraction. Nor upon second thought was he inordinately proud of his generalization that a presumption in favor of actual people, as against contingent prospects, was peculiarly feminist. On the contrary, he remembered that precisely this preference was the first principle of practical business. He saw that an apology was due to Elsie, and that he must accept the burden of proof that her bird in the hand was not worth his two in the bush. His confidence in his own judgment was not wavering, but he was almost as uncertain of his wish as of his ability to change Elsie's view. His usual decisiveness was well in the background as he took up his defense.

"You wouldn't admit, Miss Kissinger, that you are appealing to the philosophy of 'let well enough alone?'"

Elsie was unhappily neither as sure as Graham of her outcome, nor was she as reliant upon her own reasoning. She was in contact with a mass of saddening facts, and she connected them correctly with their immediate occasions. Beyond this she was in the same fog with older and wiser people. If there was a difference, it was that few of the older and wiser gave themselves as much uneasiness about a fog-dissipeller. Graham's insinuation touched a specially tender spot, and he charged up another *gaucherie* to himself when Elsie answered:—"Is that degree of harshness necessary, Mr. Graham? One might suppose it would count as a mitigating circumstance that I said first aid to the injured is futile compared with shutting off the supply of injuries?"

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Graham could have choked himself for his tactlessness. It was a new experience to miscue in this stupid fashion. He felt as though he had suddenly found out that one of his senses had stopped working. He thought it must have been his campaign habits. A season of sharpshooting at the worst and the weakest in opposing opinions must have reorganized him for offense only.

At the same time Elsie was trying to restrain herself from too fickle parting with her illusion that Graham was tolerant and magnanimous. His uneasiness was so obtrusive, however, that she could understand it only as a taking of liberty to be angry at her disagreement.

With a doughty effort to put himself right, Graham threw over his misplaced confidence in abstract reasoning, and recklessly followed his impulse. It was a lucky stumble into reinstatement in Elsie's sympathy.

"I don't know why I'm floundering so, Miss Kissinger," he blurted out boyishly, "but it's probably what's coming to me for dragging the day's work in at all. My instincts claim you as an ally. It was farthest from my intention to worry you into professing my opinions. I have been wrestling all Summer with friends and enemies who had at least the one purpose in common of beating the dust out of one another's arguments. Those of us who were fighting shoulder to shoulder against the Company have fought one another as hard, not to defeat one another but to chase everything out of our calculations that can't justify itself. It's a terrific test, but in the end it's a mutual benefit. There is nothing like it to prick bubbles and put us face to face both with ourselves and the cold facts. I had no business to go at you as though I wanted to schoolmaster you into reciting my lessons, and it is more of a surprise to me than to you that I did it. As I think it over now, our organization has been furnishing a pretty good illustration of George Eliot's remark that kicking and cuffing are common folks' wooing. We have improved our mutual understanding and kept up our courage by merciless belaborings of one another. Ever since our Boston talks I've counted you on our side in spirit. It was boorish confidence not to guard you against our sort of attack, but it was that at worst. To tell the truth, the hardest struggle I've had has been with my own misgivings in the very line you have suggested. I hope I'm open to conviction, if I'm wrong, but I

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have nearly sweat blood deciding that it wouldn't be justice in the long run to the people who are sacrificing most, if we should let up before we had clinched something in their favor. I was hungry for a crumb of confirmation from you. Possibly my conscience was guilty and came to you for indulgence. I don't like to think so, though. If I can tell the truth about myself, I was just instinctively hoping you had checked up the items in the bill of expense that you had direct knowledge of, and had still found a balance to the credit of the strike. It would be no wonder if you hadn't, but it would have steadied me with a whole lot of comfort if you had."

How remorseful Graham's confidence had made her feel, Elsie would hardly have cared to admit, but her relenting was unconcealed. She was quite aware that her vanity might have been drugged by Graham's association of her with his cabinet counsellors; but whether the flattery was artful or artless, it was conciliating. The constraint between them was gone, and Elsie rather eagerly seized the chance to prove up her impressions with Graham's assistance.

"If it will help any," she responded, "to acknowledge that it was the feminine of it to mix my feelings with matters of opinion, I hereby accept my sackcloth and ashes. If you will forget that foolishness, I will further confess that I ought to have racked my soul a good deal more, before I pretended to be sure I had weighed everything in the case. I am not sure, and I know it, and I was really experimenting with your own plan of saying the worst to see what it was worth. Perhaps it would be nearer the truth if I should say that, in spite of my belief that your argument for the strike is strong, if it depended on me, after all the consequences of the strike that I have seen in these few weeks, I wouldn't have the courage to say it should continue."

"It may be, Miss Kissinger," Graham returned with an abstracted manner which Elsie had not seen in him before, "that if it depended on you it would require still more courage to say it should not continue. I'm afraid of lapse into the controversial again, and so I merely ask how you could stop with your demand for removal of causes, and not take the next step of recognizing that the whole aim of the strike is to remove causes."

"But if the strike, so far as you can see, multiplies evils instead of preventing them?" pleaded Elsie.

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"Then," submitted Graham, "is there nothing in the analogy that the most scientific doctor or surgeon often has to make the patient worse before he can make him better? We should have no saving of life by means of the operating room if some one hadn't the nerve to cause suffering for the sake of relieving it. Let us go back to one item in the state of things as you described it before the strike. The people would have jumped at an offer to underwrite their jobs for life. Without reckoning any other evil in their lot, isn't it an intolerable situation that, instead of having their jobs safe for life, either Capital or Labor may any minute step in and put them out of their jobs? Isn't it worth something to them to change that condition? Can't they afford to sacrifice and suffer a little while to win security for life?"

"In the abstract that is easy to suppose," confirmed Elsie, "but the awful practical problem is to find the line between profitable sacrifice for future good, and profitless prolonging of treatment that only aggravates the disease. In our own case, isn't it time to consider anything possible that might get our people a little fraction of what they have fought for, and then let some other silent partners on the labor side take their turn in distress?"

The piano had been the base of operations for the larger group, while only a meagre overflow of the non-musical had trickled into the library. The whole company was now taking possession of its more familiar forum.

THE SOCIOLOGIST

XVIII

THE SOCIOLOGIST

“The upshot was that all the folks who stopped to talk the matter over between innings agreed that live-and-help-live ought to be the game, and that every body would get more out of it in the end, after it was fairly learned, than they were getting out of the live-and-let-live game.”

THE ordinary symposium of The Riffraff was modelled after a fox hunt. Anyone who ventured to express an opinion was fair game for the rest. This time the talk had taken an introspective turn that was getting on everybody's nerves. It had become a rather abstract and caustic debate on society in general, and the part that academic people might and mostly do not play in solving social problems. A pessimistic shadow was settling over the group when Vance, one of the mathematicians, pointed in a new direction.

“No doubt there is a good deal of subsidiary fumigation of the universe,” he conceded, “in thus rouging over our own blushes. It seems to have been an artistic piece of work. But the terms of the call led me to expect incidental attention to the fact that we are not the whole thing. We are the belle of the ball of course, and the main interest flutters around our make-up; but at this stage of the preparations wouldn't it tend to insure the success of the function if we heard from the committee of arrangements what is known about the figures and favors?”

The allusion would have meant nothing to a stranger, and its point was not seen by the company till Vance had focussed attention on Randall, who had thus far been a silent supernumerary in the library scene. It took but a moment for Vance's hint to do its work. The pack had slipped its leash and was in full cry driving Randall into the open.

Randall was one of the sociologists. His personal equation was an indulgently cynical front toward the besetting weaknesses of his immediate environment, with a concealed storage battery of day and night doggedness to make his prospect pan out. The sententious smile which was a part of his undress

uniform, was a *modus vivendi* between wearied resignation and amused curiosity. That the foolish were requiring of sociology a sign, and that the wise were persuading themselves it was foolishness, served Randall as an exhaustless source of quickening inspiration. It was wholly reassuring, he held, that the sociologist was a prophet without honor. If the big world listened, it would be something new in mortal gropings toward the light; and it would rouse fears in the knowing that after all they were voicing the past instead of the future. It did not feaze Randall that his colleagues generally classed sociology with phrenology and palmistry. He was old enough to remember when biology was in the same doldrums, and he had started his own professional career as the first incumbent of a chair of history and economics, created in a New England college against the protest of every member of the faculty except the President. The objection was that those subjects were not fit for a place in the curriculum! Why should his work have an easier time making its way than every previous widening outlook? Randall liked to dream of his subject setting such a pace that it could presently afford to take breath at the top of the last hill climbed, and look back compassionately on the stragglers struggling up the slope. His vote among the sociologists was always for keeping at their weaving while the demand was developing for their goods. There was grim resolution back of his playful dictum that the founding social sciences were fast outgrowing their knee-pants, and would soon have to be cutting their clothes from sociological cloth.

A moment's lull followed Randall's protestation of reluctance to break in on a pleasing pastime. Nor was it immediately apparent whether he was accepting or declining the challenge; but that he was not over-awed by the symposium needed no confirmation after he began to speak. He wielded a plausible drawl, and it was one of the accessories that effectively confused the proportions between the facetious and the serious when he was intentionally non-committal.

Although he affected a patronizing tone toward the discussion, he saw signs in what had been said that the coterie was promisingly agnostic about some things which it had never before openly questioned. He wanted to help the good work along, and he thought it was a psychological moment for giving it a lift, but he warned himself that the jig would be

up if he betrayed signs of going at the subject very literally. Before allowing himself to be inveigled, he sparred defensively a few seconds with several assailants at once, and there was little to suggest the propagandist when he finally settled back, with fingers matched over his watch-chain, in decent didactic style, as sign of preparation to impart instruction.

"Well then," he began, "since you children insist on romping in my workshop, I must quit my job and watch what will happen. You play with the tools and act now and then as though you might accidentally toss off a respectable piece of work. You might be charged with spasms of almost social intelligence sometimes, if you weren't so coy about being caught in the act. Some day you'll come tiptoeing 'round to our shack begging us to connect up your social theories that stop just short of going alone. You'll find us ready to let by-gones be by-gones. We'll help you out, and we won't even say 'I told you so.' You've evidently nibbled on the sly at wind-falls from the tree of knowledge, but the thing you'll no doubt swallow whole, one of these days, is the process conception of life; and then you'll blame the sociologists for not naming an earlier date for a new heaven and earth."

Randall radiated on the company one of his most suavely patriarchal expressions, which was his method of advertising that he did not think it expedient to presume on their ripeness for further revelations.

Fessenden was the first to call him:—"Now you've got your foot in, Randall, go the route! Let us see if you can make a crossing!"

"Oh! I should hate to ride Dapple Gray too hard in an exhibition heat," feinted Randall.

"Give us the rest of it, Randall," badgered Gregory, of the Divinity School. "We'll let you off for freeing your mind this time."

Randall was in fact by no means sure how he could say his say without lapsing into shop talk. There was another reversion into general chatter, all aimed at harrying him into further offense or defense. When he had resisted enough to insure a hearing, he resumed, with an availing injured-innocence effect:—

"Although you have no use for my way of thinking, it may please you if I pay a passing compliment to yours. The flow of soul of which I have been an enraptured observer this

evening has unfolded to me your dazzling conception that life is a nest of boxes. With hardly restrained delight I have made out your penetrating idea that the puzzle is to find which belongs inside of which. I notice that you expect some day to get them all correctly assorted, and cozily stowed away, each in its foreordained place; whereupon the millennium will be ready to receive callers. You make some brave little sorties with other catch-words, but you don't get beyond retreating distance from your cubby-hole conception. Your heaven and hell are just the biggest boxes in the outfit, where your machine-turned righteous and wicked are to be stationary in their respective eternities; and your society is an assortment of the same sort of boxes, set on wheels and cut up into compartments to match the various calibres of your good and bad contract-labor migrants, consigned through this intermediate human state to the final distributing point. I hate to disturb your party with the news that the whole thing you've arranged for in this smug fashion is not a nest of boxes at all. It's a continuous performance transformation scene, and the play is for all the actors to scamper every minute to find themselves in the new setting.

"That's only the beginning; but if you'll run home by and by, and think over it quietly, I don't mind telling a little more of the tale. You can piece it out for yourselves from things you may see any day out of your own windows, if you don't put too many old age spectacles on your noses."

"At this rate, Randall, you'll reach the climax that the sun usually rises in the east and sets in the west," was Fessenden's note of appreciation.

"No! No!" cheerfully retorted Randall. "God forbid my too rudely jostling anyone's sustaining faith that the sun has gone into a permanent decline."

Randall rapidly calculated that his psychological moment could not last always, and he pulled out a few more stops, rather with a view to volume than distinctness.

"You'll have to take my word for it. Your glossaries don't English our Yiddish. But the truly wise in their generation have found out that a hurry-call has gone in to change over the world's morals from a categorical to a functional basis. It's a cryptogram to all but the psychologists, and they may have got the key before we did. They've been so busy rummaging the secret drawers of consciousness with it, however,

that they've left pretty much all out-doors to us. There may be some quicker way, but the only direction I can give for finding out what it means, is to Summer it and Winter it till it seems like home folks. Traces of it have seeped into the heads of a few people ever since philosophizing began, but it is still known to commerce only under the poison sign. Meanwhile, a good deal that has passed as immorality has been virtue traveling incog—that is, irrepressible nature forcing practice ahead of rules."

Randall again affected pained surprise at the small fire of sarcasm that greeted his runic generalizations.

"I know it sounds a little heavy for Mother Goose," he apologized, "but I'm only used to saying it to people who have learned the lingo. I don't know whether it will strike you as more condensed or diluted, but as a pedagogical plunge I'll try—happy thought! I'll give you a few leaves out of my *Constructive History Studies*, designed and executed for the use of infants of days at a stage of arrested precocity which I can imagine without complete segregation from the present company."

The medley of "Hear! Hear!" and "Boo! Boo!" in masculine and feminine chorus, was in tune with Randall's temper, and served its purpose of prodding his effort.

"Also!" he began. "Once upon a time the world woke up. One fine morning somebody, whose name has unfortunately been forgotten, stopped grubbing on the ground-worm plan and said to himself, 'There's something in my mind's eye that doesn't exist anywhere else; but it looks worth while and I'm for it! Therein the scheme of things first showed its hand. From that on the mind's eye sets the mark, and the human process begins as a game of see-it-first-and-get-all-of-it-I-can.' 'Twas a great thing for the world, this birthday of the mind's eye game, and if we only knew what day of the month it fell on, we might sometime make it a bigger holiday and a saner than the Fourth of July. At the start, it's no very nice game, nor a polite. The mind's eye doesn't picture very lady-like things, and there's no great squeamishness about how to get them. It turns out later though that the whole game is a way of getting the mind's eye to see things better worth while, and improving tastes about ways of putting them on the active list. The things first in the mind's eye don't keep their attraction very long. Either getting them or finding them

out of reach leaves the mind's eye free to pick out something else; and after the game is fairly under way there is no telling how fast these new worth-whiles will put in an appearance.

"Minds' eyes get pointed toward new things partly by finding other minds' eyes standing in their light. Some things look all the more worth while if other mind's eyes are watching them, and grabbing grows greedier on that account.

"After a bruising time of playing the game under devil-take-the-hindmost rules, a few minds' eyes get a picture of a game of live-and-let-live. It seems as though that might be a mighty restful change from the game of grab. A lot of people get excited over rules for playing it. Other people can't make it look good. They so conveniently get what they want under grab rules that they don't care to take risks with different regulations.

"So, instead of getting a chance to settle down quietly, the folks with live-and-let-live in their minds' eye have a more rough-and-tumble time than ever with the folks who have only grab in their eye. At last the gentler folk so far out-count the rougher that, by sheer force of numbers, live-and-let-live becomes the game. No more knocking on the head. No more making some people slave for the rest. No more taking some people's food and clothes away because other people want to be fatter and warmer, or because they find it easier to rob than to work. That's all foul. The game now is for everyone to have his own things. If anyone doesn't consent to this, everyone else is to join in and make him.

"The live-and-let-live game enjoys no end of popularity till folks have cleared the way for playing it. There is some sadness over parting with the mind's eye, to be sure; but there's never a gain without some small loss. Though there'll be nothing for a mind's eye to do, after the live-and-let-live game begins, the fun of the game will more than make up for any benefit that used to come from watching out for better things.

"But it is not so very long before folks find that it isn't working that way. Somehow or other the mind's eye gets busier than ever, and it finds a whole lot of new things worth while. It's a glorious thing to play a game in which every one is let alone by everyone else, and everyone is free to make the most of onself, according to one's own sweet will. All is as gay as a May-day frolic when the new rules go into force;

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but before long the fun begins to flag. Perhaps the prospect is too bright for the mind's eye to bear. At any rate, many complaints are heard that things look queer. The live-and-let-live game has the field, yet folks are not happy, and the minds' eyes seem all at sea. They are filled with such a fog of ugly things-as-they-are, that they can't make steady pictures of things that would be worth while. This live-and-let-live game has got folks into a nasty mess. It never was so intended in the least. No one would have thought it beforehand, but living in one's own way, and letting everyone else do the same, came to a pass where a few minds' eyes made out that if some kinds of folks lived in their way, they played the mischief with other kinds of folks who wanted to live another way. Some folks wanted to earn their daily bread, and eat it with as little fuss as need be, and then to spend the rest of their time wholesomely exercising their minds and bodies, or in making merry with their friends. Other folks could see nothing worth while but stores of bread; and not satisfied with eating their own and then living decent lives, they spent their time cornering the bread that other folks needed to eat. The first kind of folks said that the second kind of folks were making a fool of the whole game. They not only wanted to play for bread alone, but they turned all the bread they didn't want to eat into a form that was not fit for anyone else to eat, but was useful only for making more useless bread. This was a quirk in the live-and-let-live rules that nobody had expected and nobody understood. The deuce of it was that it seemed to make everybody's mind's eyesight worse and worse. Nobody was any longer fit to be trusted about what was worth while. The folks that wanted to do nothing but heap up the stale bread couldn't see straight about what was worth while for their bodies or their minds or their friends; but most of those who didn't care for bread not necessary for food, also sadly neglected body and mind and friends, because the necessary food was so fearfully hard to get. The live-and-let-live game, that looked so brave before it was tried, had turned out to mean, Everybody let Smith live as he pleases, even if Smith finds a way to live so that Jones must live in Smith's way or not live at all. 'Twas bully for Smith, but rough on Jones. But the Jones tribe outnumbered the Smiths a hundred to one, and when the Joneses found their affairs going from bad to worse, many of their minds' eyes grew quite wild, hunting

for something worth while when the game was getting so mixed."

Randall's parody had caught on with the company. It put the issue they were all bothered about in such third-personal shape that it did not strain the group code. At the same time, this homely whittling down to a point gave everyone the feeling that Randall was really saying something, whether they could agree with it or not. For once The Riffraff dropped its disguise and became for the moment perniciously thoughtful. Probably no one in the lot was less likely to be convinced than Tracey of the Law School; but so far as he went he spoke the sense of the meeting, both in the spirit and in the saving remnant of sporty letter, when he encouraged:—"Run your string out, Randall! We're with you, win or lose."

Accepting the terms as all that could reasonably be demanded, Randall proceeded:—"Just as a great many folks were getting desperate, and vowing the only thing to do was to break up the game altogether, some minds' eyes, that had been watching the game without making much head or tail out of it, got an image of a new worth-while. They caught a little different slant of light on the game, and the rules of live-and-let-live had become live-and-help-live. 'Twas astonishing how different the game looked! 'Twas hard to recognize it as the old game at all.

"It didn't take long before these few people, with a new worth-while in their minds' eyes, began to hear from one another. After a bit they got in the habit of coming together between innings, squatting down on the grass, and talking over improvement of the game. One would say, 'All the chance there is in the world belongs to us all alike, to play the game for all it's worth. Why should any of us have the right to block the game for the rest of us?'

"Then another would say, 'Yes, indeed! Why? It's all well enough for us to let one another live in our own way, but what's going to happen when we get in one another's way?'

"'That's the talk!' chimes in a third; 'have the Smiths any more right to get in the Joneses' way than the Joneses have in the Smiths'? If the Joneses want to enjoy their bodies and their minds and their friends, after they've earned enough bread to fill their stomachs, why should they be prevented by the Smiths' craze for cornering bread?'

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"Then a fourth would get in his word:—'Everybody with his mind's eye open knows now-a-days that the worth-while is to have just enough bread so we can make the most of our bodies and our minds and our friends. If we make too much of the bread, we scamp the other things; and if we try to do without the bread, and have the other things, we slip up on the whole business. We're all out after the worth-while, but nobody can do everything. No one has any more right to try for the worth-while than another. No one has any right to hinder another's trying. It looks to me as though the only way to get the most of the worth-while is for everybody to join in helping everybody else, by swapping off chances that we can't use to piece out our own worth-while, for chances that the other fellow can't use. In that way each will fill out his own worth-while, with the least surplus of not-worth-while on his hands.'

"'That's all very well,' puts in a fifth, 'but what are you going to do if some of the Smiths won't play that way? They're always saying it's none of their affair if the Joneses are short of worth-while. The Smiths have got things fixed so they can get all the fresh bread they want, and can humor their fad of piling up stale bread; while the Joneses have got to stop trying for the other worth-whiles and help the Smiths heap up their musty bread, in order to get a bare living allowance.'

"'I'll tell you what!' shouts a sixth. 'There's always got to be some Johnsons in the game to tell both Smiths and Joneses when they're offside. Nobody ought to be allowed in the game that isn't working out a part of the worth-while for everybody else. Instead of the Smiths and the Joneses crowding each other out of their different sorts of worth-while, it's as you just said, Number 4. Each ought to have a fair agreement to piece out the unfinished parts of the others' worth-while with some of the surplus of his own worth-while. If either of them clog this arrangement by carrying their own worth-while too far, it should be the Johnsons' business to call a halt, and tell them this isn't the old false-pretense live-and-let-live game any more; it's the improved live-and-help-live game.'

"'About that time someone not so noisy as the rest would speak up. 'I've been thinking,' he would say, 'and I believe I can see where we've been making our mistake. We've talked as though it wasn't one game at all, but as many different

games as there were people, and each a game of solitaire going on in each one's private room, that had no connection with anyone's else private room. If that had been the case, our live-and-let-live rules would have been perfect, if we had made it impossible for anyone to break into anyone's else private room. But the fact is that all sorts of wires and tubes and levers and belts and wheels connect everyone's room directly or indirectly with everyone's else room. The tenants in some of the rooms wanted to use all this machinery as though it belonged to their rooms alone, and didn't care what effect it had in other rooms. That presently tangled the machinery up so it may any minute stop altogether.'

"That would start another of the quieter men. 'I agree with the last speaker in the main,' he would say, 'but his figure is confusing. The fact is we must go back to the simple rudiments of the game. The whole thing is experience of our minds' eyes in sighting worth-whiles that are all-in-all more worth while than what had passed for worth while; and experience of our all 'round abilities in getting those minds' eyes' worth-whiles into reality. Now the thing we've run up against is that the Smith kind of folks want the game to stop with their kind of worth-while, instead of keeping on to other folks' worth-whiles. We've got to make up our minds that it takes all the different sorts of worth-whiles that the different kinds of players discover to make up the big worth-while of the whole game. And we may as well decide first as last that something is wrong if anyone's worth-while is putting anyone else out of the game. What we need is a code of rules that will make the whole game set the limits for any little part of the game, instead of allowing the Smiths to run their own game and other people's too.'

"The upshot was that all the folks who stopped to talk the matter over between innings agreed that live-and-help-live ought to be the game, and that everybody would get more out of it in the end, after it was fairly learned, than they were getting out of the live-and-let-live game.

"But the more people joined in these between-inning talks, and the more worth while the live-and-help-live game seemed in their minds' eyes, the gustier it looked for the game as it was going on. These between-inning talks were of course passed along to everyone in the game, and while they were taking place some of the Joneses started to throw mud at some

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of the Smiths. Then some of the Smiths of course shied stones at some of the Joneses, and it really looked as though the game might go back to the old bruise and kill and grab, before it could reform itself into live-and-help-live.

"One of the troubles was that, although the Smiths were not all agreed among themselves that the new rules would be bad, nor all the Joneses that the rules would be good, on the whole the Smiths fought them, while the Joneses defended them, and the Smiths had to stick with the Smiths, and the Joneses with the Joneses, so that the game was no longer on its merits, but it was turned into a row between the Smiths and the Joneses, neither caring much for the others nor for the rest of the players.

"That is as far as the thing has got. If you read tomorrow morning's newspaper with your eyes wide open, you'll see that nothing much has been going on today except that a good many different breeds of Smiths have been charging ahead with their own particular worth-whiles, regardless whether they bowled over any of the Joneses' worth-whiles or not. At the same time the Joneses have been just as nasty toward the Smiths, but not quite so successful. If there is anything worth noticing in the paper beside this, you will have to find it mostly between the lines. If the papers know it, they don't print it. The fact is that this jumble of the game really worth playing, that is growing so senseless under the hypocritical live-and-let-live rules, is dividing the people into two opposing camps, the camp that is bound the rules of live-and-help-live shall come, and the camp bound they shall not come. The only moves of first-rate importance in the world today or any other day, till the rules are revised, are ground gainers for one or the other of those camps. The thing we're deciding now, and probably for a good many generations to come, is whether the rules hereafter are to be dictated by the dog-in-the-manger, or by the whole farm."

Translating Randall's story as it went along, into terms of the pending labor situation in Chicago, the group had really listened with a good deal of respect. Something more seemed to be looked for, and as a transition from his pedagogical rôle Randall concluded: "All of which, being interpreted, simmers down to the inevitable:—When a real demand arises for more thorough publicity of any human activity, or for a more

general franchise of all the actors in bringing their full personality into play in the whole activity, democracy is marching on, and some time or other, in some way or other, the demand is bound to prevail."

No one was quite ready to commit himself either for or against this sweeping thesis. Even Fessenden leaned more towards Randall's ideas than he thought it was professional etiquette to admit. To bluff out his opposition he good naturedly sneered:—

"Behold how History again repeats herself! The sentimental mountain labors and brings forth the sociological mouse!"

"No doubt it looks that way if one has reached the creepy stage," calmly assented Randall. "Keep your eye on the mouse though, while you're sobering off, and see it grow into the army of occupation."

"Time's up!" announced Edgerly. "Cakes and ale in the kitchen!"

Even that euphemism was almost sumptuous for the rations the rules allowed; but the dining room scene was always the epilogue of *The Riffraff* play. As the migrating movement began, Randall raised his voice for a parting pronouncement:—

"I almost forgot something," he appended. "I'd just like to leave in your minds another version of my original text. It'll pay to ponder it:—*The sop of the tree of life is any juice that makes it grow; not the prunings and the groomings it gets from foresters and horticulturists.*"

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XIX

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“It ought to be easy for old college men to take up a mooted question in the same spirit they used to show when they got a good grip on a subject for debate. If there was something to be said after all for the moon’s being made of green cheese, it never entered their heads to block discussion by pleading vested rights.”

HESTER and Elsie, with Halleck, rode in Logan Lyon’s auto the few blocks to the Kissingers’ house. They were hardly in their seats when Lyon started to unburden his mind:—

“No mistake about it, there’s something freaky in this season’s Chicago air! Everyone is catching it. That man Randall pretty near had me going. If I believe what he seems to, I don’t know it, but several of the things he said might have been cribbed from my own words, when I was having some fun with a bunch of our directors the day we heard the strike decision last Spring. I’ve said a lot of such things in kidding matches with Edgerly, but they have a different sound when they come back at you from the other fellow. You have all pimpled out at times with the same rash, and there’s your father, Elsie, not to speak of Graham’s eruption, and Edgerly would have been safer quarantined years ago. I suspect that whole University crowd would vote for anarchy tomorrow, if they had a chance with the Australian ballot.”

“And if we had you strung up by the heels, Logan,” bantered Halleck, “and shook your pockets out, wouldn’t we gather in a few stickers of the same color?”

“That’s the devil of it,” sputtered Lyon. “Nobody knows how much he is smeared with the same pitch. They’re always saying we must change human nature before we can alter the institutions of society. If these conniptions mean anything, the human nature is looking out for its share all right. I’m getting a flying start toward a flop into the fatalism that it will take a revolution to bring us straight up against lunacy as it works. A little of it in practice would be

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good and plenty, and then we'd be in a pious state of mind for hard sense."

"Suppose we should begin to inure ourselves to the rigors," Hester mildly mocked, "by dismissing the machine and going the rest of the way afoot?"

"You two precious plotters may go the rest of the way afoot," fumed Lyon, as they made the landing in front of the Kissingers', and, as he handed the latchkey back to Elsie he added:—"I hope the smell of the powderless smoke of this nefarious evening won't disturb the good people inside."

As soon as the two men were alone, Halleck opened upon Lyon with more hope of starting something than he had indulged since the strike began:—"Logan, the next thing that's got to happen is a friendly talk-out between you and Graham!"

Lyon made no response for a moment. He had gone over the possibilities of conference and conciliation and arbitration so many times, he had sounded the temper of both sides, and particularly his own, in so many ways, that Halleck's idea suggested to his mind nothing that had not over and over again been tried and found wanting. His expression was less indifferent than skeptical, but it said directly enough that he saw no encouragement to consider the proposition, when he languidly answered:—"Is it a frame-up for Graham?"

"No!" returned Halleck, and he was neither surprised nor cooled by Lyon's listlessness. "It's the break-away of the irresistible power and the impenetrable mass. This thing has got to end some time. Two bulks of brute force are pounding each other to cinders now. That catapulting will go on till there's nothing left of one or both, or this battle of the elements has got to change soon into a fair appraisal of reasons. You're the first point on the Company's side, Logan, in the line of least resistance. You've got to be the transformer, if the two currents ever get to work again as one. How it's going to be done I don't know any better than I did at the start, but nobody in the days of direct messenger service from Heaven was surer of special orders from the Almighty than I am that it's up to you and Graham to negotiate a truce of God."

"If it had been my personal problem," consented Lyon frankly, but rather to the impulse than to the application,

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"there wouldn't have been any fight till we had tried all there was in the face to face method. Whatever liberty he may have to give advice, however, there is nothing at last for a subordinate officer but to obey orders, and that tells the story of my part in the campaign. One doesn't often turn the trick of dissecting one's private from one's official personality, and it's a nasty thing to slip up on; but if you think you have any way to keep it a purely individual affair, with no real or constructive commitment of the Company, I would rather have a session with Graham than not, even at this late day. I don't see that anything could come of it, beyond quieting our curiosity, but I'll balk at nothing that has a ghost of a show to help matters."

Before they parted at Halleck's door Lyon had put himself in his friend's hands to the extent of reserving Thursday evening for dinner with him at the Casino; and Halleck had undertaken to contrive an accidental crossing of paths with Graham.

Even if Halleck had been capable of more indirection with Graham than with Lyon, it would have defeated his purpose. Both principle and policy obliged him to state the facts just as they were, and to make virtually the same appeal the next morning which had won the night before. Under the same provisos that the interview must count as strictly personal, with no representative value, Graham consented to make one of his frequent calls at the Casino Thursday evening. It was left to Halleck to complete the connection in such a way that it would either not be noticed at all or rated as entirely casual.

Graham had not neglected to compile from Halleck a Baedeker of Lyon's make-up. He was not in the least surprised that these details, fitting so easily into the showing he had watched at the Edgerly's, flatly contradicted all he had encountered in Lyon's professional behavior. Indeed, this contradiction was precisely one of the typical cases which he alleged of the impossible paradox in our institutions. In his own words, he had declared war against a system which stultified the personality of its operators. As he expressed it to himself, the whole thing he was fighting for was a new deal by which the best of them would agree to reverse the surrender

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of their real selves to economic dictation, and would undertake to subject their business selves to their personal standards.

The chance to try conclusions with a man of Lyon's kind flushed Graham with new joy of battle. He did not so much want to defeat Lyon as to make such a fight that it would presently force them both into some position where they could fight on the same side.

He could not have planned the skirmish more carefully if it had been an agreed duel to decide the campaign; but when Halleek brought the two principals together in the manager's room neither would have given a spectator reason to suspect anything out of the commonplace in the encounter.

After the sort of greeting that might have passed between two law partners who happened to find themselves side by side in a street car, Graham led off as he might if the subject had been the last topic discussed in their office:—

"It ought to be easy for old college men to take up a mooted question in the same spirit they used to show when they got a good grip on a subject for debate. They didn't care whose ox was gored. They wanted to go to the bottom of the question. If there was something to be said after all for the moon's being made of green cheese, it never entered their heads to block discussion by pleading vested rights."

"Brave boys!" endorsed Lyon ambiguously. "Neither did it enter their heads that whichever way it turned out would make no difference in the date or the size of the next remittance from father."

"That may have had something to do with it," nodded Graham, "but every thoroughbred in the lot would have chipped in the remittance any time to see the thing either way to a Q. E. D. finish. Perhaps you will set it down as butterfly-chasing, but I have more hope of curing capitalism by transfusion of new blood from the colleges than from any other one factor."

"I'm not quite that sanguine," Lyon demurred, "I don't look to the colleges to turn business into a communion of saints, but as the Scotch candidate for ordination said, when he'd been doing his duty by the doctrine of justification by faith, and the question turned to 'works':—'Of coorse, I hae nae doot it might be a' richt tae hae a few.'"

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"There's more to it than that," persisted Graham. "I never could see that mental Swedish movement on the phylogenesis of the ethical dative could train a boy for anything but shirking a man's job; but that's getting to be ancient history. Even if he is afterwards plumped, as I was, into the ice-bath of a millionaire's situation, no boy fit to be out of a home for the weak-minded can spend two or three years in the kind of running down social cause and effect that's going on in the colleges now, and ever be quite at his ease in the Philistine Zion of capitalism."

On the whole, the opening had tended to strengthen Halleck's expectations. He could not have proposed a line of approach more likely to command Lyon's respect. While barring himself from the combat, he was watching like a lynx for signs on either side to indicate possible leanings toward accommodation of views. If he had known less about the resistance to be overcome in Lyon, and especially around him, the next few sentences would have given him the feeling that, as Graham fortified his position, all was settled but the formalities:—

"I'm taking a flyer that you yourself, Mr. Lyon, will turn out to be a case in point," was Graham's next advance. "The old words and the old social arrangements can do a whole lot to keep the new ideas from showing what is in them, but it's only a question of time. Our generation learned the language of things fixed in an eternal state, but we couldn't think things that way to save our necks. Every day of our lives we get a little nearer to change of base from things as they are classified to things as they work. The nearer we get to that point the less are we able to accept anything because it is, and we put everything in the suspect class till it can justify itself by what it does. If poetry, as someone said, is anybody's thought until it is everybody's, then I'm poet enough to hold that business will be just bushwhacking with its clothes changed till we go at every question that comes up anywhere in the neighborhood of business, as the War College fellows handle their problems. It doesn't matter whether they label themselves Uncle Sam or John Bull; they want to know just how strong or weak a position is, and how much force could be brought against it. If they started in by getting mad and swearing they'd court-martial the first man that dared to dis-

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pute their theory, it wouldn't take them long to fall out of the strategy procession."

"That's all right, Mr. Graham," ratified Lyon cordially, "but if it came to be war, instead of War College, and the enemy assaulted position and theory at once, the War College chaps wouldn't be good for much until they got mad and hit back. I'm with you, though, that this armistice means, for the time being, War College and not war. I'll be the Avery fortifications, and you may hammer me with all the theoretical bombardments you please. My defense will be simply that when you undertake to apply your theories in real war, you will shoot your bolt with the collapse of your commissariat. Upper ether and angels' food will never support operations on *terra firma*."

"I'll come to that a little later," noted Graham, "but as I'm the attacking party it won't do any harm for me to locate myself with reference to the Articles of War. You may have another order of importance for the clauses, but I'd like to mention two or three. Whatever you suspect about the 'upper ether and angels' food,' I suppose it isn't necessary for me to prove in the first place that I've made good in developing a base of supplies of your own sort. If I had made a fizzle of business, and had taken to reforming the world as an easier job, you might be safe in calculating that I couldn't fight with your weapons. You know what every bank in Chicago knows, however, about my rating, and how I got it; and that settles the question whether I have a business head. Then you want to know whether, outside of my personal resources, I have the wherewithal to support my undertaking. You want to know whether I am honest; whether I am fighting or blackmailing; and you want to know whether I have mapped out a campaign on a theory that will hold water. After all, this last is the main thing for a War College, and the other items are negligible. To save strength for the heart of the problem, you can afford to assume at present that I am what I pretend.

"While I am about it," Graham parenthesized further, with one of his arrestive index-finger gestures, "I may as well repeat to you what I've said a hundred times to labor audiences, but it may not have got to your ears. I have no ill-will whatever toward the Avery Company. I am very sorry it must suffer anything from me. If you directors and the rest of

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the owners could just go through what the theology that Halleck is bringing down to date used to call 'a work of grace,' you'd be the very lads I'd expect most from in booming democracy. I'd much rather be with you than against you, if you'd get on the right side; and until a lot of your kind do get on the right side democracy is going to be mostly a prospectus."

"It's a romantic sort of affection," ruminated Lyon, "that first endorses its neighbor as a desirable citizen, and then picks him out as the one man in town to shoot at!"

"We can't institutionalize ourselves," Graham pronounced deliberately, "and forever get away with the profits without the liabilities. You get the law to re-create you as one of its artificial persons whose life-breath is capitalism. That same principle which supports your artificial person is the most wasting parasite of democracy. Everybody who uses his brains knows that either democracy or capitalism must sooner or later swallow the other. Everyone who prefers that democracy should do the swallowing is bound to hunt capitalism as long as it keeps out of democracy's game-bag."

"Talking about passionless logic," mused Lyon, "your license to hound capital, whether it has offended or not, is an interesting replica of the lamb getting his for spoiling the drinking water of the wolf up-stream."

"At any rate," corrected Graham, as he felt that they were gradually getting into close quarters, "let's not lose our range by confusing the landmarks before we open fire. My quarrel is not with capital but with capitalism. To keep out of savagery, democracy must have capital as much as it must have food. Capital is as different from capitalism as water is from drowning. I mean by 'capitalism' a vicious principle of accumulation institutionalized, along with its chartered assumption that the procurers for the principle are fore-ordained to dictate the remaining destinies of mankind. The fate of democracy will turn on its ability to put that assumption out of commission; and every crusader against capitalism is bound to assault it wherever it is exposed."

"That may be good piracy," recoiled Lyon, with signs that looked squally for the War College agreement, "but I take it you're claiming nothing for its morals or its manners."

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"I am claiming everything due to the morals and the manners of the bayonet in a righteous cause," devoutly answered Graham.

There was nothing of the braggart in his measured utterance. His calmness, almost solemnity, halted Lyon's slip toward contempt, and revived the impression of the Armory, that the man was not only in earnest, but had thought his case through, and was sure of his ability to maintain his position. For a few seconds neither spoke. Then, with the emphasis of repression, and with the same retarded *tempo*, Graham resumed:—

"Nothing worth doing is ever done on time, whether it is expelling the Turks from Europe or introducing livelier substitutes for psalm tunes, until some one takes his life in his hand. In this particular passage in the advent of democracy, the one thing needful is to save its force from dissipation on detached cases, and to get a decisive line-up between the principles behind the cases. More than that, democracy can never pass into the scientific stage till men whom capitalism has trained have been won over to enlist their talents on the human side of the process. Count the egotism for all you will against me, but I believe I have as providential a call as anybody ever had to anything, to spend my life working toward a square deal between democracy and business. Thus far, the whole paltry catalogue of industrial caterwaulings, since capitalism began to get in its work, has been mostly hysteric fiddling of particular discords out of the concert, with scarcely a decent attempt to find out whether there were such things as underlying laws of harmony. So long as the democratic side of the conflict of principles can be broken up into a bedlam of individuals disconnectedly tuning instruments, capitalism can fasten itself firmer on the world. I regard myself as a voice crying in the wilderness, 'Prepare the way for something better!' What little there turns out to be in me is enlisted for life to organize Americans on the principles of real democracy, and to drill them for a fair fight with capitalism. The Avery strike is merely the opening gun. It is easy to divide history into epochs in which people fought one another with their best eye shut. The boundary is drawn between epochs at the point where people at last find out what has hurt them, and what they have been fighting about, and what they want, and sum up their findings in something

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fundamental, and end the quarrels that uncertainty about this base line has bred, by taking it henceforth as their common point of departure. For a hundred years or more capitalism has been a gathering mutiny of the minority in every democratic ship of state. There is no covering up the question of principle any longer. It is a plain issue between the mutineers and the ship."

Halleck wished he could hear Graham declaim that passage in his most dramatic style before an audience that would cram the Auditorium. It had been spoken slowly, gently, but almost as fervently as a novice's vow of consecration. It affected Lyon more than he cared to show, especially as he liked Graham personally the better for it; but he was irritated by what he had schooled himself to regard as sentimentalizing practical matters, and there was no concealment of it in his frosty objection:—

"Suppose we cut out this sort of rehearsal for the jury, and put the case in shape for the court. You could easily make the solar system look ridiculous, if you expressed it in terms of a Summer-garden-thriller outfit, but it wouldn't help much toward revising the law of gravitation. This whole play-to-the-gallery trifling with the foundations of society is criminal the minute anyone threatens to take it seriously. You and I can't afford to waste any more time on this comic supplement style of rhetoric. Turn off the hot air, but I'm open to argument on anything under the sun that can be put into a business proposition."

"Very well," responded Graham good naturedly, "I've forgotten most of my law language, and all that I ever knew about pleadings, but you are no more anxious than I am to get our case into literal terms that we can both accept as the basis of argument. In a word, this is my contention:—The whole economic and social theory which modern business takes for granted is radically mistaken. Our social problems are partly due to conditions beyond human control, but partly also to our fallacious theory of the conditions we may control. We shall never get on a secure basis for industrial peace until we overhaul our whole social theory, and reorganize business according to a more intelligent analysis of the facts."

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"Now we are getting down to brass tacks," relented Lyon. "No matter whether I admit anything or not, I'll save my argument till I've heard your bill of particulars."

"There ought to be a few rulings from the Court of Appeals," expanded Graham, "before the law that I have to assume is perfectly clear; but our test cases are principally for the purpose of getting those rulings. The people a few generations from now who inherit our social axioms with the tangles straightened out, will be able to give an account of the social process that will make our present philosophy look silly. You would probably challenge what I would lay down as first principles; so I will start a good way this side of the first, with an allegation of fact, viz:—Our whole social order is an attempt to do business on an economic basis that is a mathematical absurdity."

"I can't help interrupting," Lyon again resisted, "to ask why, if it's as bad as that, the economists haven't found it out long ago?"

"Plenty of them have," assured Graham, with a glance that seemed to say he was glad to be reminded of something. "I am not the first to see through the fallacy of capitalism by any means; but the men who have been in the saddle have been able to run every one off the range who showed signs of getting wise to the system. Those that hadn't shown the signs soon saw how things were going, and kept still. The consequence has been that practical men and theorists the world over have been in cahoots to keep up the credit of every one who looked at things through the capitalistic illusion, and they have managed to get everybody on the blacklist who threatened to see things as they are."

"I didn't mean to open another rhetoric valve," disparaged Lyon. "Have you anything more under the head of facts?"

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XX

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“The only producers of wealth are nature and labor. . . . nature and labor always supply the power, while capital is merely the grist and the millstone.”

THERE was apparent common consent to regard the preliminaries as arranged, and the disputants now settled down for hard work.

“I’ll ask you for your own answer to that question,” promised Graham, “after you have sampled my specifications. To begin with, capitalism banks on the assumption that capital itself is productive. Now unless you make the shell game out of your words, and put one meaning into the term ‘capital’ this minute and another the next, every penny of capital in the world is as sterile as a monthly statement. All we have to do to show this is to imitate the chemists, for instance, and ‘isolate our phenomena.’ Strip away from capital everything that is the spontaneous working of nature on the one hand, or the exertion of human energy on the other, and capital no more produces anything than the pyramids or the meridians.”

“I don’t want to quibble, Mr. Graham,” interposed Lyon, “and I am not going to be patient when you do it. That sounds to me very much like the fake algebra that proves one is equal to zero.”

“The fake algebra has been so long on your side of the case, Mr. Lyon,” retorted Graham, “that it makes the whole fact of aberration which I am pointing out. Take a bar of bullion in a bank vault, for instance. It might lie there forever without adding a millionth part to itself. Nevertheless capitalism permits that bullion to be in Chicago, while the man who owns it lives in Europe, yet the owner may collect a percentage of the value every year, and pass on to his descendants the privilege of continuing the collection, till they have used up its equivalent over and over again; but the original claim to the bullion is as good as ever. This scheme has all the other con games beat to a frazzle. The only producers of wealth are nature and labor. When wealth is once produced, labor can use

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some of it as capital, in the form of support for workers, raw material, tools, etc., and thereby make its coöperation with nature much more productive; but nature and labor always supply the power, while capital is merely the grist and the millstone."

"How can a man of your business experience," snapped Lyon, "talk as though that reserve of bullion in the vaults had nothing to do with the prosperity of business?"

"How can a man of your intelligence," paraphrased Graham, "talk as though having something to do with the prosperity of business, and the 'productivity of capital,' are one and the same thing?" Graham was wondering whether he was dealing with the ordinary opaqueness of the capitalistic class bias, or only with a lawyer's ingenuity in putting the best face on anything that could favor his client. "You might just as well talk about the productivity of the plate you eat your soup from. If you're exploiting fallacies, you've got your artful dodger middle term 'productivity,' and you can shuffle it back and forth to suit the devil; but if you're after the facts, you don't talk of the productivity of the plate in the same sense in which you speak of the productivity of the soil or of the farmer."

Lyon saw no reason for taking issue with this obvious logical precision. He had even been preparing for it by a side line of reflection about Edgerly's argument to the Patriarchs on arbitrary associations between capital and property. He was too acute not to appreciate these abstract distinctions, but his honest estimate of their importance for practical purposes was in the slurring comment:—"I see no object in denying that you've split your words with the grain this time, but I'd as soon argue a tailors' strike on the question which blade of the shears cuts."

"You know that isn't fair!" challenged Graham, with his first touch of bitterness. "Not which blade cuts, but whether, in the last analysis the shears cut or the hand that holds them, is the 'Art thou the King of the Jews?' of the capitalistic crisis. If you can't make cold science read the signs of the times, what is your sense of humor doing that it doesn't put you on to the saturnine paradox leering out of every line in your position? You advertise business as the only rock-ribbed human structure of literal matter-of-factness. At the same time it doesn't strike you as at all incongruous that the founda-

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tion of your bullying realism is a mystic Mephistophelian metaphysic of values in matter fated to overrule the values in men. It isn't, as your brute money ultimatums always imply, a monks' question of the capacity of a needle point as a disembodied spirits' dancing floor. It is capitalism's way of prejudging in its own favor the whole question of men's place in the world."

The stiffness in Lyon's silence may have been more expressive than words. Graham had no doubt of its meaning. He rose mechanically, and backing into the farthest corner, stood blinking from one to the other like a man coming out of a dream. The mood passed in a moment; and returning to his seat, with a careless air of release from duty to recreation, he resumed on a lower level:

"I've canvassed this thing so many times, from bottom to top and end to end, I can't realize that there's a debatable hair's breadth in it. It's like cramping myself back into an unconvinced state of mind about the spelling of words of one syllable. I no more expect to revamp our economic system in a minute than I count on putting our locomotion tomorrow on an air-ship basis, because we have found that the air can be navigated. But I do demand that honest men shall be as willing, in the one case as in the other, to admit general principles when they are discovered, and to stop barring the way of finding out what use they can be put to in furthering human purposes."

"Well, Mr. Graham," submitted Lyon, with a deep-drawn sigh of partially reconciled resignation, "if you'll allow me to concede once for all that there's a safe reserve of star mist vapoing around the rim of space, I'm still ready to consider the question, What of it?"

Because Graham was too much concerned with the collision of principles to be fussy about his personal dignity, he merely smiled at the sarcasm, and tried another approach.

"As I was saying, then," Graham repeated, "our whole social structure rests on an economic assumption that is a mathematical absurdity; and the chief lure into this absurdity is the productivity theory of capital. Now let me take a concrete case, and show what we are called upon to believe when we pin our faith to that prop of capitalism."

Graham produced his note book, and holding it up a mo-

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ment, with his fore-finger between the pages to which he had quickly turned, he further prefaced:—

“Let us see now on which side is the star-gazing, and on which the arithmetic. I’ve carried these figures around with me a long time, and have tried them on many people. The best logic any one has ever been able to muster against them has looked more like an attack of bronchitis. Your convincing metaphysic of capitalism begins by endowing capital with a unique self-sufficiency of accretion. Suppose George Washington had taken one step more in fathering his country, and had left to his posterity a perpetual object-lesson in the operation of this alleged Aladdin’s-lamp capacity of capital.”

Then, referring to his notes, Graham recited:—“In 1783, Congress reimbursed Washington for outlays from his own means during the war in the sum of \$64,315, not mentioning the cents. Suppose Washington had decided to set that sum apart forever as a scientific demonstration of the creative power of capital. Suppose he had secured an act of Congress permitting the amount to accumulate at the rate of four per cent, compounded annually. In the year 1913, if the metaphysics worked according to schedule, that modest amount of capital would have become \$10,535,440, and it would then be only just starting on its career.”

“But,” pursued Graham, scanning Halleck and Lyon in turn to see how they were affected by the illustration, “we all know that the man in business who doesn’t set his mark for profits as high as ten per cent. is a chump. If he makes that much he passes as fairly successful. To count as a financier he has got to make his capital net much more. Now Washington is supposed to have been rather canny himself, and it would do injustice to his memory to assume that he would have been satisfied to leave posterity only a partial demonstration of a fundamental truth. While he was displaying the power of capital he would surely demand for it something like a decent share of its rights. Let us suppose that he compromised on a rate of ten per cent compounded annually. Then he would have provided subsequent generations with something like a respectable exhibit of the virtues of capital. Again assuming that there is nothing wrong in the metaphysics, the share of the wealth of the country to the credit of that investment would have amounted in 1913 to the somewhat impressive total of fifteen thousand four hundred and sixty-five

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million, four hundred seventy four thousand, three hundred seventeen dollars. Compared with any sum in the possession of a living money magnate, that pile would be as a flagstaff to a walking stick!"

Lyon had been taught the productivity theory of capital, and he accepted it. Moreover, he could not remember that he had ever heard money men argue the rights of capital without getting most of their leverage more or less directly from that 'metaphysic,' as Graham termed it. He was at the point of asserting that business ability of course would have to be called in to make the investment profitable. He saw at once though that this would be deserting his theory under fire. He had never seen the facts quite in the light of the illustration before, and no answer that occurred to him offered much resistance to its force. He was really playing for time when he entered the caveat:—"But no business man ever claimed that capital can roll up that way indefinitely!"

It was Graham's term to be cynical. Tilting back in his chair, with the manner of a man who had things about as he wanted them, and could afford to let other people do the worrying, he composedly demanded:—"Will you kindly give me the address, Mr. Lyon, of any one outside our holy economic hierarchy, who can invite his soul with the flattery that his theory of life is a howling success, when the best that can be said in its favor is that it has to break down completely in order to work at all?"

Lyon was not proud of himself as he further temporized:—"Suppose you explain what earthly connection there is between your figures and a practical business proposition."

No man was quicker to detect such connections, and the present instance was an inconvenient addition to the visible supply of "unavailables," but Lyon was not prepared to admit that it was more.

"You do not need me to point out their meaning, Mr. Lyon," accused Graham, with revived intensity. "They show as plain as the sun shining in the heavens that the whole metaphysic vanishes into thin air the moment it is called on for an accounting. One of the few things I took with me from the history of philosophy was Kant's moral minimum:—'Act always according to a rule that is fit to be made a rule by everybody,' or words to that effect. I never was quite sure whether it meant anything different from the 'Golden Rule' in the

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Sunday School version; but whether there is an extra wrinkle in it or not, nothing less, that I ever ran against, could make good as a safe standardizer of human actions. Your capitalistic metaphysics can't do business in the same firm with anything up to the level of the Kantian ethics. If everybody started at once to act strictly in accordance with the presuppositions of your economic philosophy, there would be a world-wide drop into barbarism before the books of the first year's operations were closed, and general starvation in another year. The scheme seems to work, first because only a small fraction of the race are in on it, and second because we are still sweeping in the rich pickings from nature's surface. When we get to the bottom, there is only a difference of detail between the capitalistic programme and the 'woman's bank' plan of paying dividends on earlier deposits from the later. 'The chain isn't endless. There must be a last link, and then——?'

There was a cold chisel and auger effect in the rigidity of Lyon's features as he seemed to be boring into the argument. Getting no reply, Graham drew out his conclusion.

"I have used the Washington illustration," he explained, "simply for the sake of the general fact. ——And I ought to have said at the start that this particular strike marks an era in labor difficulties, just because it makes an issue farther back on fundamental grounds than any other labor struggle I ever heard of. We lay down the principle that it is merely putting off the inevitable day of reckoning to try to reconcile labor differences on the basis of the present economic metaphysics; and instead of puttering to improve results while we let the causes alone, we demand a rehearing of the whole theory of capitalism. Because the Avery Company stands pat on the mystical capitalistic metaphysics, instead of consenting to a readjustment of theories to facts, we have got to make our first fight against it——.

"But as I was saying:—Whether capital is actually getting one rate or another doesn't affect the principle. We are exploiting nature, and producing wealth, and every time we turn a ton of goods into capital we add a corresponding amount to the fixed charges on the world's labor. Now where is this extra charge to come from? It can come from only four sources: First, new appropriations of nature; second, new technical processes; third, new labor efficiency; fourth, sub-

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traction from some one's share in the product. Under present conditions, there is no doubt whose share it will be."

It was less the force of the reasoning which kept Lyon silent, than his surprise at the unfamiliar look of this whole section of capitalistic premises. He had assumed that he was at home in economic theory from A to Z. He was, in the parts of it which were closest to everyday application; but Graham's argument had made him see that he had been as amateurish about the foundations of it as those people are in their religious views who plant themselves on the "cover-to-cover" conception of the Bible. While Graham did not quite fathom Lyon's reticence, he was sure he was making an impression, and he was quick to follow up the advantage.

"If every scrap of surplus wealth had been consistently capitalized," he recapitulated, "from the wooden soles under the peasant's feet to the bullion in tyrants' chests, civilization would have been brought to a standstill before it had fairly started. We could no more carry out the theory of capitalism than we could make our industries pay a royalty on every breath we draw. We have got to find a theory that will turn the accumulations of the race to the reducing of fixed charges instead of increasing them. We are bankrupting the world just as surely by attaching a cumulative power to capital, as though we were levying a progressive tax on industry to remunerate the ocean for its uses to commerce."

It was a soiled and sallow facetiousness with which Lyon emerged from his reflections; but it did its best to create a diversion. "Would you fight me, Mr. Graham," insinuated Lyon, "because some of my progenitors believed that the sin of Adam doomed most of mankind to hell?"

"Getting pretty desperate isn't it, Mr. Lyon, when we resort to such feeble efforts?" Graham's laugh was as stalwart as his logic, and his whole body joined in a pantomime of ridicule. "You won't convince anybody but yourselves that you are being called to account for the sins of your ancestors. We are fighting today's sins of the Avery Company, and the essence of them is nothing past and gone, but refusal to open the question whether the past and gone must always dictate the future. We have inherited a theory of capital which seemed fairly well to account for the facts, when all the capital there was consisted virtually of tools in the hands of the owners, who did with them their share of the world's work. The

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theory is a barefaced swindle when most of the capital that makes the trouble is out of sight of its owners, and they may or may not do any part of the world's real work with it. As an abstract proposition, which I know as well as you do we must hold subject to the compelling force of circumstances, there is no more sense in paying a royalty to capital than to the alphabet or the multiplication table. We support institutions, and enforce attendance on them, for putting each generation in possession of the world's spiritual accumulations, but we load on each new generation a periodical and progressive fine for using our material accumulations. I can't pick out any better fun than puncturing that sort of a toy balloon. If I live long enough, there's going to be a start made towards a fair trial of the question why our whole system of social accounting should not be shifted from the capitalistic to the labor basis."

Lyon foresaw that this meant a turn in the argument, and he felt a sense of relief in the prospect of passing to more familiar fighting ground. Meanwhile he hoped to escape the appearance of having yielded anything, by the reservation:—"Before you get too far from the subject, let me call your attention to the fact that you have given away your whole case by your phrase 'compelling force of circumstances.'"

"Foiled again!" repudiated Graham, mock-heroically. "When I say 'compelling force of circumstances,' I make full allowance for the whole scale of limitations, from natural laws to filibustering hypocrites,—and what is life anyway, but a matching of men against circumstances? At the one extreme we get the absolute bounds of possibility, at the other the rate of practicability. The force of circumstances made it a long time after men knew the world was not flat before they could circle it in eighty days; but the same circumstances did not justify the 'interests' in forcing people to assume that the earth was flat after it was proved to be round. More than that, the interests were presently eliminated from the circumstances, and men have been working out their salvation ever since on a round world. The capitalistic mythology may die harder than the scholastic cosmology, but the 'compelling force of circumstances' can no more bring human progress to a halt in the one case than in the other."

"Very well then," consented Lyon with a show of alacrity that invited inspection, "for the sake of argument let us sup-

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pose we have settled something. Now what have we got? Capital is incapable of unlimited spontaneous reproduction; therefore, the Avery Company is under obligations to deliver over its management to outsiders. Have I stated it correctly, Mr. Graham?"

The smile that relaxed the lines of Graham's face might have been put on to greet an opponent's excuses for losing the first hole. Graham was too good a sportsman to preen himself over his successes; but for the sake of the men behind him he was bound to keep Lyon on the defensive, and to force the fighting. Allowing a pause for his complacency to take effect, he combined the two purposes in his next line of attack:—

"If you mean to assert on your honor, Mr. Lyon, that you can see nothing more in the case so far, I am quite content to let it rankle in your conscience for the present, while I turn the searchlight on another weak spot."

THE FALLACY OF DISTRIBUTION

XXI

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“A theory of economic distribution which assigns an income to landlord or capitalist for any other reason than that which assigns a wage to the manual laborer. . . . is not merely a rape of justice but an insult to ordinary intelligence.”

HALLECK understood Lyon so much better than Graham did, that his spirits had risen with every turn of the talk. He knew the limitations of Lyon's influence in the Company, but he also knew its strength. He knew the enormous difference between Logan and his father, that whereas either would stake his life before he would violate his code, the older man was sure the business code was immutable, while the younger was equally sure of the abstract proposition that the morality of business, like business itself, along with the rest of life, is perpetually in the making. Halleck knew that Logan had only to be convinced of a moral weakness in the Company's position to become a power making for a change of attitude. He knew that nothing was so likely to convince Logan of weakness in his moral premises as conviction of their logical inconclusiveness. He could see that Logan's confidence in what Graham called the 'metaphysics' of business had been disturbed, and that he was open to reason about alternative conceptions of the economic process. It remained to be seen whether enough could be said to break down Lyon's assumption that no other conception is practical.

There was less carrying power in Graham's appraisal of Lyon, but it made in the same direction. Graham had decided that Lyon was not the sort of man whose moral equation was dubious after he was convinced. His will was not the wicked partner of his intellect. He would not change to a zealot for a new perception, but his testimony would never be perjured. It was some gain to show him that there were open questions about the antecedents of his working schedule; and Graham deployed his reserves with an assurance that he had not felt when Halleck proposed the conference.

“My second specification,” announced Graham, “is that the capitalistic premises of distribution are as shifty as the myth-

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ology of production. And," he interpolated, "I assume it is unnecessary to point out that these academic abstractions have about the same interest for me that legal technicalities have for you. Either may make or mar real fortunes, and therefore they must be watched; but they are merely incidental to the main concern. My case is, in a word, that the premises of capitalism construe human relations as they are not, and that business and law compel acceptance of those premises by a conspiracy of force. I am showing up your premises not to win a debate, but to locate the real issue. The Avery Company is simply capitalism personified at one spot, clamping the strait-jacket of an arbitrary conception of life upon the men who work with nature and give the world its wealth. The organization that you are fighting personifies humanity demanding the freedom of its functions. If human evolution has passed into its senility we may lose; but the workers of the world are its optimists."

Lyon was again hesitating between irritation and amusement. Ordinarily he would have dismissed such fluency of figurative expression as jugglers' passes to distract attention from clues to the illusion. He had heard Graham enough though to be sure that, right or wrong, he was not pushing forward a water-color perspective in advance of his calculations and blue prints. Indeed he was beginning to suspect that, if Graham could be refuted, it would not be because his thinking had been shallower than that of the system he attacked. Graham had apparently taken the measure of that veteran philosophy. The correction would have to come from analysis and reconstruction that would retire both tradition and revolt.

Lyon dismissed the impulse, which had been strong earlier in the interview, to treat Graham as a word-artist instead of a thinker; but he tried to keep up the appearance of regarding his heresy as a joke.

"If you hadn't labeled it, Mr. Graham," Lyon criticized triflingly, "I should never have thought of calling it a 'debate.' You might have got to me if you had said 'selections from a suffragette lyric contest.'"

Graham was not thrown out of his stride a moment by Lyon's sarcasm, and it was as easy to keep ahead of him in that mood as in their most serious temper. The answer was ready:—"Don't you suppose the gum-shoe man thinks it's

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very flippant of the watchman to snap his dark lantern and show up the job? And if objections to the jocundity were spoken out, don't you suppose, under the circumstances, the levity would be likely to continue? If I illuminate a little vividly, it's just the jovial way old-fashioned honesty sometimes has with certain types of shrinking innocence that prefer to operate in the dark."

The three men spontaneously granted themselves a brief interlude of unbending over the invasion of this variety of esthetic criticism into the argument; but the intermission ended as suddenly as it had begun, and Graham forged ahead with his line of thought:—

"I might have remained so stupidly technical that nothing but the Uriah Heepish old fictions would have appeared in the general effect; but since you have called my attention to it, I may as well play up the lights and shadows with a luridness that will bring out some resemblance to reality. I had in mind a historical disquisition at this point, on how we happened to be tangled up in the philosophy of life that the Avery Company represents. No sane man could find that set of connections in present-day facts, if he didn't carry it to them from some snap-judgment in the past. In deference to your appreciation of my poetic gifts, Mr. Lyon, I will vary the treatment and put it this way:—

"Adam Smith missed the chance of his life to smother capitalism in the cradle, by not having the courage of his insight. He started out to say that nature and labor were the only producers; but British society stared him out of countenance, and he forgot it. He saw Englishmen divided into landlords, capitalists and laborers; whereupon he intoned a Gloria over the eternal fitness of things, and improvised the Holy Gospel that ever since heads all the rest in upper-class prayer books:—'Land, labor and capital are the factors of production, therefore landlord, laborer and capitalist must be the parties in distribution.' It was a little looser thinking than we should do if we observed that owners, passengers and crew are the classes visibly connected with an Atlantic liner; and forthwith concluded:—'Owners, passengers and crew make the ship go; therefore, owners, passengers and crew divide the proceeds of the trip.'"

"Let's see," arrested Lyon, with further backslidden irreverence; "isn't that the old refrain, instead of a new stanza?"

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Graham saw at once that there was something to be said for the charge, but he brushed it away in the same tone in which it was made. "You're evidently not keen for this style of art, Mr. Lyon. It's not the old refrain but the second movement in the symphony. Your ear sifts out some of the original material, but doesn't locate the new purpose. I'm not going to argue the productivity question over again; but I am now showing that your metaphysic of production commits you to an entirely disqualifying preconception of distribution. Your assumption of something that isn't so about production puts you in a position where you can no more see straight about distribution than you can forecast the behavior of a kaleidoscope. When it is called on to the limit of its liabilities, your traditional capitalistic philosophy has no consistent way of denying that legal holders of property deserve a share of current earnings, whether they help along the work that creates the earnings or not. I will not match that stupidity by a sweeping denial that landlords and capitalists deserve a share of the world's earnings. That would be as silly as the mistake it is up to us to correct. I am not going to enter a socialistic extreme in competition with the capitalistic extreme, and of course, whether I have a saner mean or not, we haven't time to argue the matter through to a demonstration. I want at least to get one proposition clearly before your mind. It is this:—Instead of resting on unquestionable facts, another angle of modern business principles has for its sole logical support a perfectly juvenile fiction. You oppose to the claims of laborers in distribution of surplus the preferred claims of landlord and capitalist. Now, to be perfectly literal, and neglecting the landlord factor for the sake of simplicity, the reasoning which business theory takes for granted,—and I will give it credit in this digest for more than it deserves—amounts to this:—first, there is a distinctly defined function for the capitalist in the industrial process; second, the capitalist always performs that function; therefore, the capitalist is always entitled to any surplus that remains after covering the cost of production."

"Don't let it stop the good work, Mr. Graham," Lyon encouraged, with an expression suggestive of a water-poloist coming to the surface after a submerged scrimmage. "I want to express my gratitude, however, while I have a chance, for a few words that I can understand without a libretto."

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“Thanks for the remittance, which we have duly entered in our books,” acknowledged Graham, neither swerving from his course nor crumpling his serenity. “If I do not run short of the same pellucid parts of speech, I may make myself still further understood. I wanted to submit for your consideration a parallel case. For instance, we all agree that a trader is presumably a useful member of society. Does that major premise take away your right to refuse payment of a bill presented by a particular trader, until you have checked up the items to see whether he has delivered the goods? What I am getting at is this:—There are normal and necessary functions of management in connection with land and capital; and a corresponding return is due to landlord and capitalist who perform the functions. Our laws of property, however, make it possible for many people to be in the landlord or capitalist class, while they evade the functions normally performed by the class; yet they collect the emoluments due to the functions, and many of them a great deal more. This is where I over-credited your fundamental reasoning. In order to get your capitalistic premises adopted at all, something of the functional idea had to be in them at the start, and it is always smuggled back into them when they are brought to book. In its workings, however, your metaphysics, both of production and of distribution, assigns the emolument to the *status* of landlord or capitalist, not less than the *functions*. It follows that you are helpless to show sound reasons why not, when directors vote to themselves and their stockholding pals a return that is all out of proportion to their services; or when a worthless son of an industrious father becomes a riotous spender of the income his father’s capital furnishes; or when his weak-headed daughter takes the income to Europe and invests it in experimental husbands. A theory of economic distribution which assigns an income to landlord or capitalist for any other reason than that which assigns a wage to the manual laborer—namely, that each after his kind is expected to be a useful worker, and when he meets the expectation is entitled simply to the fair wage of his work—is not merely a rape of justice, but an insult to ordinary intelligence.”

In this instance it was not so much his usual feeling that the unrepresented interest needed protection, which disturbed

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Lyon's passive attitude, as it was the patience of assured strength deciding itself no longer a virtue. Lyon did not reckon himself anywhere near admission that the whole traditional substructure of business was as flimsy as Graham represented. It was not as true of him as of his father that business seemed as self-affirmative as the tides or the seasons. The difference, however, was merely in degree; and Logan unsuspectingly accepted this self-sufficiency of business as confirming the theories by which business had been explained. The instability of his position was in precisely this relation. Under close scrutiny it turns out that the one arc of this vicious circle has no necessary connection with the other arc. Lyon had not found this out. He was like the hearties who had sailed the Mediterranean in the good old times when Jerusalem was the centre of the world, and its outer edge was the sky line beyond the Pillars of Hercules. So long as that was the radius of their world, the theory was good enough for them, and they wasted no time prying underneath it. Simply because he had never had the conceit up for examination, but had given it storage room along with other souvenirs of his college days, Lyon was as unafraid as the hosts appealing to Baal, when he called up, as he supposed, a fact which would put an end to this whole trifling with the unchangeable:—

"How would it do, Mr. Graham," he demanded, in a manner which was meant and understood as mandatory, in spite of its studied politeness, "to consider some of the things that we all know are here to stay, instead of harping any longer on aspects of the case which you claim to regard as debatable? For instance, we might progress if we started with the fact that nothing can rob the capitalist of the merit of his abstaining from consumption of his wealth, or of his title to the reward due for reserving the wealth as capital."

"Last stowaway aboard! Cast off your stern line!" jeered Graham with a burst of glee that was schoolboyish on the surface, but sufficiently drastic in effect. "Perhaps you haven't been noticing how I was rattling the pennies in my pocket while I was looking for that perennial 'pity-the-poor-blind-man' to turn up? 'Productivity' and 'Abstinence!' The Angel Twins of Capitalism! Whose soul is so congealed as not to be stirred to its depths by the privations of Avery stockholders, eating their frugal bread without butter, and their potatoes without salt, so as to have the means of taking up

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their ground-floor apportionment of the next 'good thing!' If it would not make a too appalling exhibit, we might reckon in the game suppers they pass every now and then, when they can't Turkish-bathe away in time the effects of the one before. It is enough to draw scalding tears from the painted eyes of the wooden Indians in all the back counties!" And Graham raised a cheer that must have made the people outside wonder; as no drinks had been ordered.

"Mr. Lyon," moderated Graham, but with no less accusative sarcasm in his inflections, "that 'abstinence' gag is the most give-away specimen in the entire collection of capitalistic antiquities. It shows up your whole speculation of making wheelbarrow propositions cover aeroplane processes. When it was a question between wearing the old shoes another season, and getting a new saw to use in the shop; or between short rations through the Winter and seed to plant in the Spring, abstinence meant something large in the industrial process. But do you want me to believe that, since you stopped swallowing things as they were told, you are still taken in by the sanctimonious pretensions of 'abstinence' as a metaphysic of modern distribution? Couldn't you just as easily believe that Atlas carries the world on his shoulders, as that 'abstinence,' in the sense of self-denial, cuts any considerable figure in the case of large capital and modern capitalists? You know as well as I do that there would be no capitalistic problem if the only capital concerned were the kind that exists by grace of the self-sacrifice of its present holders. When you assume the contrary, your special pleading for capitalism makes a good pair with the Henry George argument that, because savages get their food without capital, therefore capital is not necessary for civilization. The capital that makes the problems is not the tool capital that its owners deny themselves necessities and luxuries to get; it is the finance-capital that its owners couldn't consume if they would—the surplus above all possible capacity of its individual possessors to use in any way except to procure them unwarranted power over their fellow men. Crediting anything to such capital on the score of abstinence is as far-fetched as defending winnings in a poker game and with marked cards at that, on the ground that they were earned by abstinence from work. If we were talking about constructive financiering, that hunts out unworked resources, and then gets together the capital necessary to develop them, I

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might go as high as you would in appraising the wage-earning value of that service. But for God's sake kick that canting hypocrite 'Abstinence' out of decent company, and give things their honest names! The place to discover the self-contradiction of capitalism is with those capitalists who have to lie awake nights to think out ways of anchoring their capital so it won't drift away with the next tide. Stretching your metaphysic to cover them is like calling it 'abstinence' when the boy hanging around the rear of the grocery doesn't walk away with a hogshead of molasses in his stomach!"

In the evolution of social species, the variety next beyond the inquirer by curious argumentation is the inquirer by inventive experiment. If Lyon's attention had been trained inward instead of outward during Graham's latest iconoclasm, he might have observed beginnings of revaluations which, if let alone, could have no other outcome than development of the more advanced type. Not that Graham had said anything new. Although in recent years Lyon had given hardly more thought to this second link in the chain of Graham's reasoning than to the one before; and although he could not have told where he had come across similar opinions; there was, on the one hand, the staleness about them of lessons learned but not assimilated, then forgotten and recalled. On the other hand, the personal force and assurance that Graham put into his destructive criticism was irrefutable. If it did not carry conviction, it destroyed the self-evidence of the previous basis of belief.

Lyon could not remember whether he had heard his father's comparison of business principles with the laws of climate, before it was so unsuccessfully tried on Hester. He would have said, however, that the parallel was fairly close. All the schemes or longings for social readjustment which he had ever thought worth notice, even as academic propositions, were to his mind as though they took the facts of climate for granted, but deliberately undertook the task of artificially controlling climate. The possibility had never before presented itself to his imagination that the business system might be more like a conservatory than like climate. Contact with a man who had been a brilliant success in business on a large scale, who nevertheless believed that the principles on which the conservatory had been run were not only ridiculous but

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contemptible, supplied a new object-glass which rearranged his whole field of vision.

Since he was facing the argument, rather than his own subjective reactions, Lyon had no thoughts for effects upon his personal make-up, but only for the strategic value of Graham's moves. He had never allowed himself the false security of underrating an opponent's strength. He was too judicial to coddle himself with pretense that his position had improved during the engagement. In stark truth, he felt as though he had been guilty, as he never had been in reality, of going into court with a superficially prepared case, and had found himself confronted by rules of law which he had never considered.

If Lyon had followed the impulse of the moment, he would have announced himself on the spot a volunteer to test Graham's allegations, and to devise remedies for the conditions, if the charges were sustained. But he was a part of the system. He was retained in its interest. It was his business to represent its claims. He had not even Kissinger's freedom to resign his position. Filial duty held him tighter than professional obligations. The only immediate recourse was stout assertion of 'not proven,' with reserve purpose of going into Graham's attack at once in detail, to discover whether anything in his theory really demanded practical recognition.

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XXII

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“Everything fair and reasonable in property would be affirmed and strengthened if it were readjusted on the service basis.”

GRAHAM had no means of choosing between the possible explanations of Lyon's failure to strike back. It might be a confession. It might be sheer inability to see things except through the capitalistic prejudice. It might be retreat into unthinking defiance. With nothing to go by in deciding what state of mind to infer, the wisest course was return to the pure logic of the case. There was no doubt that Lyon's attention was still pacing its beat; and Graham took the chance of forcing his position by massing his attack on the centre.

After the silence had lasted long enough to afford each party a fairly clear retrospect of the ground covered by the discussion, and for each to cast up his account of the other's offensive and defensive strength, as revealed to the kind of muscular sense called into action by the encounter, Graham started again in a tone which retained no trace of his previous heat.

“One of the things that men of your type are never able to shut out of their minds, Mr. Lyon, when any one questions the metaphysics of our economic system, is the ghost of the bill which the questioner is supposed to be carrying around in his pocket, ready for railroading through the legislature the minute his clique gets the balance of power, and tooted as an instantaneous cure for everything which the questioner calls bad. You can't or you won't separate the question of principle from the problems of policy. When I say that the property basis of economic distribution is a burlesque of justice, and that the only sure approach to distributive justice will have to be on a service basis, you refuse to give the proposition a hearing, because you suppose I have a scheme up my sleeve to dispossess property holders and distribute the loot to the public *per capita*. Or rather, you don't suppose anything of the sort, but you dodge the responsibility of running down a fundamental proposition, by pretending that

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every one who sees through your mythological metaphysics is in the crazy class.

"If we should compare notes all along the line, I fancy it would turn out that I have quite as radical contempt as you have for scoldings at things that serve a necessary purpose in the course of evolution, and are bad only when they are set up as finalities to block further evolution. I don't want the savings banks to stop paying interest—partly because their deposits come about as near as anything in our day to the fabulous conception of capital that deserves a reward for its own sake—and I don't need to be told that the savings banks couldn't pay interest unless investments yielded profits. Besides that, the savings banks do a big service, on the one hand, in bunching small sums for use in large enterprises, and on the other hand, the interest on deposits provisionally takes the place of the deferred payments which will endow the old-age of all the industrious, when we have learned to apply the insurance principle for all it is worth. With different details, all legitimate uses of capital, and payments of dividends, are justified in a way, and to a certain limit, which I will not discuss, by the value of their service in putting savings at the disposal of productive workers, and in proxying partially for the old age insurance that will provide for the non-productive years of all the world's workers when we have rationally developed our economic system.

"While the regular workings of solid business do not confirm the grotesque theories that have been fabricated to justify them, they have a much better reason for existence in the literal fact that they are the best approach we have thus far been able to make to an ordering of industry in accordance with the actual values involved. This does not remove the other fact that it is up to us to recognize the snap-judgments incorporated in our capitalistic institutions, with the intolerable consequences that appear as incorporated capital increases in amount; and to put less mischievous judgments in their place.

"Everything fair and reasonable in property would be affirmed and strengthened if it were readjusted on the service basis. Everything obstructive and abusive and perverse in property is protected and instigated by the satanic negation of humanity in our capitalistic mythology. Day and night, and change of seasons, and advance of civilization didn't stop

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when we found out that it was the earth that revolved, not the sun. We have understood things better, and managed ourselves more successfully, since we have reckoned with the facts as they are, instead of trying to fit ourselves to fictions. Business won't stop, and justice won't disappear, and human progress won't halt, when we retire the sardonic old lies I have been talking about—that capital produces, and financing manipulation is abstinence, and having some wealth confers an inherent right to more. I would willingly quit fighting capitalism for life if I could get the fundamental concession that business theory shall henceforth be shifted over from the property basis to the service basis. I don't pretend to see very far ahead as to how the accounting will work out, and it would be foolish to try. Coming generations will have to develop the details, just as we are only getting fairly settled down now to the job of finding out what political democracy actually involves, although the eighteenth century substituted the principle of government by the people for the principle of government over the people. The details will take care of themselves, and I am not so very much concerned about the how or the when of them. They will get into shape as fast as men are fit for them, if we only carry through the fundamental revolution from mystification into matter-of-fact in our conceptions of the primary economic relations. Whether it comes soon or late, the world will be in its next great era of human achievement the moment there is a working majority for calculating our economic course according to the human factors in the process, instead of blundering along further in this capitalistic trance.

“You think this is an infinitesimal issue to start a strike on, Mr. Lyon. I am trying to show you, on the contrary, that it is an issue that goes to the roots of modern men's connections with one another. When men see the facts as they are, they are not long in perceiving that the logic of events is rapidly forcing choice between two alternatives. One or the other is inevitable. We may go on in an endless series of trials of strength between economic classes, with decision of nothing except survival of the type that the system makes strong; or we may appeal to elementary principles of the human process, and reorder the system so that fitter types will be the strong, and will survive to fill the world with a better process. This strike means that a social will which may be only a cloud

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as big as a man's hand on the world's horizon—but none of us have taken its measure yet—has made itself up for the forward end of this dilemma.”

The two men were leaning so far over the little table between them that their faces nearly met. They were looking each other fixedly in the eye, and there was no more energy in Graham's assault than in Lyon's repellant resistance.

Perhaps it was well that Graham did not know how far Lyon had convinced himself before the argument began. He might have scattered his fire if he had suspected how many of the things he was saying affected Lyon like graphophonings of mind readings from his own off-duty reflections. In fact, Lyon had to keep his will power at high pressure to hold the business side of the interview foremost. By vigilant use of force, he centered his interest on the strike issues trembling in the balance, and possibly to be settled one way or the other by some slight turn of the talk. The prospect of arriving at anything practical, however, seemed so remote that it was hard to resist the allurements of the argument as a purely speculative exercise. In that light his sympathies would have led him so far from his professional position that Graham would have been at a loss to place him. In fact, although it was not yet quite clear to Lyon himself, his business ideals were not so very different from Graham's. For Lyon, however, these ideals belonged in a detached realm of the mind. They had a coherence and a desirability of their own as abstractions. He still considered it visionary to suppose that working connections could ever be established between them and actual affairs.

If Graham had been able to ferret out so much, it would probably have decoyed him into the tactical mistake of moving directly on Lyon's will, instead of continuing preliminary operations on his ideas. His confinement to surface indications for clues to Lyon's state of mind imposed persistence along the line of logical and psychological rudiments; while a little more knowledge would have stimulated efforts which would have been strategically far less effective.

“Just one more fling at this distribution matter,” Graham indexed, with a breezy sort of suggestiveness that he had so far merely been getting bothersome trifles out of the way, “and then I'll come to something a little nearer home.

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"I don't want to reopen the productivity question, but of course it has to be the background of our ideas about distribution. And after what I have said, it would be dishonest to accuse me of promoting a scheme that would put one man's dues into other men's pockets. I am trying to show you that we have such a scheme in operation now. It is backed by solemn codes of owl-eyed law and philosophy. I am after a scheme that will get each man's dues into his own pocket, and that daylight law and philosophy can stand for. In the system of distribution that the realities of life will finally sanction, everybody that contributes to the values of life will get a share, and for the good and sufficient reason that he contributes to those values. If any one gets a share who does not so contribute, it will be either because the social scheme has broken down enough, at the point where he occurs, to be defenseless against his brand of thieving, or because he comes in on some minor qualifying clause that needn't embarrass the main argument. You have no fear coming that anybody, from the bank president and the captain of industry down to the scrub woman, will be thrown out of any job that really contributes to the values of life, or will lose the pay that belongs with the job. But our present theory of distribution is an unmixable fluid, made up of unequal and variable parts of the oil of wages and the water of bonuses. The process of squeezing out the water that is going on in the world of practical finance, has also got to go on in the theories behind the finance. When the process is complete, nobody that helps the world along will be short of his equity in the process. Only the polite hangers-on will find that they've either got to starve or go to work.

^aTo change the figure, our present scheme of distribution is trying to support itself with one foot on the ground and the other in the clouds. When it gets planted with both feet where sole leather can get a purchase, the procession will be less picturesque, but it will be an ablerbodied column, with a much reduced percentage to be accounted for by the hospital service and the missing list.

"Libraries have been written in the forlorn hope of working off on the rank and file of us any old thing except unadulterated truth about distribution. The facts always get there in the end. I can't silence all the libraries in this skirmish. I can only show you the location of my main batteries. The

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key to this particular part of the situation is that property is privilege. Sounds like diluted Proudhon, doesn't it? 'Twould save lots of trouble if I could leave you the satisfaction of damning it with that label; but truth compels me to bar such short cuts by adding that property is one of the privileges that make life worth living. 'Maintain property' is writ large between the lines of the Ten Commandments, and it is not much less rudimentary than the best of them.

"On the other hand, property is a sort of privilege that can be saved from abuse only when it is controlled by infallible moral perceptions; and they are the factors in the case that the game keepers of property have been sedulously stirpiculturing out of our intellects for more than a hundred years.

"If I had a dollar, and I lived in a society that did not maintain property, instead of having my hands free to work for another dollar, it might cost more strength and worry to keep the first one than it took to get it. Property is the privilege of falling back on our neighbors' help to defend us in possession of what rightfully belongs to us. When all of us see that the only way to keep all of our hands untied for profitable work is to stand by one another in guarding what our work has gained, each of us has the benefit of a privilege that is equivalent to the work of a big machine added to our feeble labor power. When my neighbors pledge themselves to guard my dollar, they are my servants, and I may put in my whole strength getting another dollar, or I may do what I please till I need my dollar.

"But capitalism has actually made us believe that, instead of owing my neighbors something for their protectorate over my dollar, they are bound to pay me something for allowing them to act as my private watchmen! I would rather lounge in the shade than hoe corn; so I turn over the hoe, that I have bought with my dollar, to my neighbor Jones. All my neighbors go on his bond as surety for the hoe, and he becomes the agent of my neighbors in guarding the hoe. When the season is over, if he doesn't do it of his own will, my neighbors close in on him with their property laws and make him return not only the dollar which I put into the hoe, but ten cents more to compensate me for doing my work. In other words, our capitalistic system is the great original Tom Sawyer getting his fence whitewashed!"

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Lyon was reminded of Hester's similar way of putting it the previous Sunday, and he wondered whether she had been working on a clue from Graham. This seemed to him, however, a far more extravagant caricature of the real transaction, than hers; but he merely interrupted dryly, "While you were about it, Mr. Graham, couldn't you also have barred the short cut from the sublime to the ridiculous?"

Graham reacted instinctively. He dramatically advanced to the higher emphasis of reducing the physical elements of speech to almost inaudible suggestion.

"The span from the sublime to the ridiculous in the case, Mr. Lyon, is precisely the one dimension of the chasm that capitalism has channeled in modern society. This strike is a preliminary survey for the engineering feat of closing the crevasse. The only desperate element in the situation is the fatuity of capitalism in reversing the identities of the ridiculous and the sublime. The most stupendous deception ever lodged in the minds of men is the uncontrollable element in capitalism's disrupting force. It is the incredible hallucination that absentee ownership can entitle a man to levy tribute on the fellowman who stays by the stuff and makes it useful for human purposes. The reality of this moral upsetting has been hid from the wise and prudent but it is dawning on babes. Capitalism and its intellectual panders refuse to see it; but all that is human in men is beginning to feel it; and installing the truth in place of this cynical perversion is going to be the work of the next great era."

The three men were equally affected by this compression of a crisis into a breath. The words had been put into Graham's mouth, and another age might have told the story as a speaking of the supernatural. In the form dictated by the circumstances, the perception which had been guiding him for years was almost as revealing to Graham as to Lyon and Halleck. The judgment of neither was at once changed by it. On the contrary, its first effect on each was to confirm him in the position he was trying to maintain. Sharpness of outline, if not depth of insight, had been added to the view of each. The time needed for the back-spring from the strain of the moment was filled with readjustment of vision to the altered outlook.

When Graham spoke again, it was in the emotionless and decisive tone of ordinary office affairs. "Our whole wise-

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acely last-century literature on the calculus of capitalistic incomes is as sophistical from the start as if it had been disquisitions to prove the moral harmonies of winnings from loaded dice. Our business routine conceals this vitiating element in our economic system in the mass of details that are entirely rational. When I pay six cents for the dollar I borrow at the cashier's window, the service the bank does me is in so many ways like the service of the grocer who sells me a dollar's worth of sugar, that it would be wanting something for nothing if I quarreled with paying a profit to either. If we were all attending strictly to fair exchange of services with our fellow men, and had no ways of collecting for services not rendered, there would be as little to go on in fighting the profits in the one case as in the other. The six cents which I pay to the banker under the name 'interest,' total up mostly from items that would have to be covered in any solvent system of doing business that could ever be invented. First is the fair wage to the banker for his labor. Then there are all the necessary expenses of doing the business of keeping money in stock for the use of workers who haven't it in stock. Then, besides other items, there is insurance on the risk the banker takes of not getting his money back, in spite of the big security system which business and law maintain. I am quite willing to admit that the six cents I pay for a particular dollar may be no more than enough to cover all these items in that transaction. What I am pointing out is that our capitalistic theory permits and encourages the loading of that interest charge with an unearned bonus to the owner of the money, simply and solely because he is the owner. More than this, the ways of collecting this charge, and others that look like it but are really raised counterfeits of it, are so many and so complicated, that the banker's fair compensation may be exceeded over and over again, by levies which property is able to make on production, on account of the fictitious merits which the capitalistic metaphysics credits to capital. Wage and cost of the service are the only proper fixed charges for economic goods, whether supplied by landlord, capitalist, manager or laborer. Capitalistic inflation of the rent, interest, profit, and salary elements of distribution, in excess of the price necessary to cover these charges, is the only anarchism which modern society has seriously to fear. There is no compensating social function to which this graft cor-

responds. Capitalism standing by Have in forcing hold-up money from Have-not, is the most misanthropic enemy left in the path of socialization."

In spite of the extensions which the talk was giving to his abstract theory, the unavailable quality of these refinements loomed up to Lyon at this moment more than ever. He was not disingenuous, but merely practical, when he again appealed from speculation to common sense in the unshaken ultimatum:—"Well now, Mr. Graham, bring this thing right down to application. Honestly, supposing every capitalist in the world should paste your proposition in his hat, and on his office door, tomorrow morning. What earthly chance is there that swapping one metaphysic for another could make the slightest impression on the ways in which we've always got to do business?"

"That is the very least of my troubles," was Graham's quick rejoinder; and something in his manner forbade suspicion that he was either disregarding facts or falsifying their indications. The curl of his lip showed that he had discounted Lyon's sort of incredulity; but his words showed plainer that he was not deluding himself about the lapse of time to be reckoned with before dividends could be expected from investments in moral principle. "So far as I know, it has been rather the rule than the exception for the social principles that we now regard as settled to drag out a period that looked like still-birth, after the date which History selects as marking their accession. The case of English constitutionalism is the whole thing in a nutshell. In outward appearance things went on in pretty much the same old way for two or three hundred years after Runnymede; yet the historians tell us that Magna Charta marks the great divide between the regime of kings over the law and kings under the law. To the dispassionate observer at our distance nothing worth getting very excited about, one way or the other, seems to be involved in letting the word 'Autocrat' stand in the Russian constitution or in running a pen through it. But the Douma knows, and the Czar knows, and the Czarocrats know that a constitution with the word 'Autocrat' left out would be the Magna Charta of Russian liberties. Neither the unsocial spirit nor the social machinery of capitalism would disappear if we should serve notice tomorrow that capital's term of office had expired, and that human interests would henceforth admin-

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ister economic and political affairs. Suppose nobody in our day cashed in anything on the readjustment. Suppose people would have to wait for returns as long as they did after Magna Charta or the Cross. Do you want seriously to set up the contention, Mr. Lyon, that it is not worth bothering about whether a subversive principle or its opposite sets the pace for the society we belong to?"

The prospects along this line did not flatter Lyon, and he shifted to another question. "Has one of these great moral principles ever been known to ride into power on the back of such attenuated esoteric abstractions as we have been discussing?"

"Don't deceive yourself on that score either, Mr. Lyon," countered Graham instantly. "The minutes contain no record of anything passing from mouth to mouth faster or farther since the world began, than knowledge of the misworkings of capitalism among the plain people. They don't have to twist their minds around theorists' ways of telling it. They know the facts; and their instincts are growing truer every day about the sort of leadership that fits the facts. It isn't a question any longer whether the majority can be roused against capitalism. The question is how to keep them from being too much aroused, and by the wrong people. The straight line has never been the path of society on any long route, and it wouldn't pay to waste regrets over the unlikelihood of an exception in progress from capitalism to humanism. The costs of all kinds will be kept down though, and the readjustment will get into running order with least loss of time, the sooner men whom capitalism has trained to manage large affairs sign up with the policy of the future and give it their loyal service.

"But before I get to that," outlined Graham, "I have one more specification in the case against capitalism. It is connected in a way with the two chief counts that I have argued, but it goes on its own merits, and does not stand or fall with the others. In a word, a programme of economic distribution in which capitalistic interests decide contested claims between themselves and service interests, may be tolerated as a transition expedient. As a principle and a system it is damnable.

"The world's wage-earners are today in the situation a farmer would be in if a manufacturer of farm implements

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had the legal right to decide how much of the annual crop should be invested in his goods. The interest of the farmer is to invest his surplus so as to do the most for the comfort and happiness of his family. The interest of the manufacturer is to get as much as possible of the crop as dividends on his capital. If the farmer is free to act for his own interests, he may make foolish investments, but in the end he will probably look out for his family better than he would if the manufacturer were free to make him turn his whole surplus into machinery, regardless of the comfort of his family. The advantage of capital in the capitalistic system tends to become a strangle-hold of the something-for-nothing parties in distribution, upon all the other claimants to a share in the output."

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XXIII

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"Each in his way was suffering for peace. Neither could quite believe that the apparently unattainable was within such easy grasp. Each feared to trust his own senses that he was not being played upon by some spiteful illusion."

IN spite of his previous qualifications, Graham seemed to have exposed a weakness at last, and Lyon was on him like a ferret:—"Do you mean that the men who hustle around and find new places to use capital, and make plans so that the investment will be secure, and give the people with a hundred dollars apiece a chance to put their money where it will be both safe and profitable, and carry on the business so that it will yield returns—do you mean to say that such men as that deserve nothing for their work?"

"That is precisely the reverse of what I mean to say, and already have said," assured Graham; and although he could not see how Lyon found any such implication in his latest remark, he was glad to be called on for the repetition. "In the freest and justest society I can imagine, there would be a constant demand, with good pay, for just that type of men. More than that, they would have a fair chance to bargain with the promoter, so that his work would not get more than its fair wage at their expense. But one of the things to be provided for, before financier or organizer is settled in his place, must be that all their fellow workers shall collect the full worth of their work; so that they, and not somebody else, shall have the decision whether surplus shall be capitalized at all, or consumed in raising their standard of life; and if it is to be capitalized, the producers of it must be consulted about investments to be made with their own surplus. Every man that joins in making nature productive, or people happy, whether he hoes cotton, or assembles capital or composes music, deserves his pay for his work. But that is all wage. It isn't interest nor profits in the capitalistic sense. And I am not pretending to lay down a rule about the scale of wages, as between the man with the hoe and the man with the hoard. I

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am denouncing a system of book-keeping that credits to income what belongs to expense. As to a scale of incomes, I would venture the guess that from a thousand dollars a year up to the salary of the President of the United States would fairly represent the range between the service value of the man that might be taken as the labor unit, and that of the most efficient man in the process.

"But the main point is, who shall put the valuation on the different kinds of work? Under our system, within certain limits, of course, capital can fix its own wage and that of labor too; besides having the power to distribute hand-outs by the million that are not wage but rake-off. In a fairly rational system all the people who did the work would be represented in deciding how the product should be distributed."

"That means," investigated Lyon, "you would give everybody a chance to vote himself a share of the capital of the world?"

"In effect, yes," promptly assented Graham.

"In other words, you would cure what you call 'capitalism' by inoculating everybody with the disease?"

"If the world couldn't produce more than two or three drops of alcohol *per capita*," Graham conceded cheerfully, "I suppose its *pro rata* consumption as flavoring extract might abolish alcoholism! But seriously, you can't afford to throw dust in the air by jumbling the distinction I've been making all along between capital and capitalism. You can't make it too strong for me that civilized men need capital as much as they need land. Capital in itself, and humanly used, is an unmixed good. Capitalism is an inhuman use of capital. Capitalism has turned capital into a gigantic beast of prey that grows by what it feeds on; while the actual workers have to go without the food it consumes."

In spite of his interest in the speculative side of the argument, Lyon's impatience was again asserting itself. He was summing up the lack of practical proposals in Graham's talk, as confirmation of the Company's ultimatum that theories are not to be taken seriously till a practicable way of applying them is invented. He thought it was time to bring up his announced reliance for defense. "But you have had a free hand all the evening, Mr. Graham, to conduct the case in your own way, and you haven't come down near enough for your drag ropes to touch the earth with anything that had the re-

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mostest resemblance to a practical proposition. Don't you know that you haven't come within striking distance of my original position that your whole case is air-castles and not business?"

Quite as disconcerting to Lyon as the substance of Graham's argument, was just the faintest trace of conscious and playful superiority in his way of handling the opposition. Instead of appearing surprised or baffled, he received everything which he took as strictly candid on Lyon's part with the patronizing confidence of the kindly pedagogue who puts himself in his pupils' place, and gauges his answers to the liberal reflection, "Those things puzzled me too at their stage of my education." Not even this latest challenge turned Graham from his general plan, which he had varied only in detail. His answer, therefore, again seemed at first evasive:—

"If I asked the Avery Company to throw all its power-generators into the junk-heap, and buy substitutes of my make, wouldn't it first order its experts to spend all the time necessary testing the principles on which my generator was constructed? The fundamental question would be whether I had exploited some mechanical fallacy, or had found a new application of physical laws.

"Now let me tell you one or two facts, Mr. Lyon. These are not theorizings. They are things I know, although no one has the means yet of stating them with numerical exactness.

"In the first place, there never has been a great constructive era in the world, a time when men pooled their forces, and moved things, and changed things, that did not get a part of its power from some sort of common faith. It might not have been in logical form in the minds of many men, but it made many men feel alike, and hope alike, and look in the same direction, and march in the line of their outlook.

"In the second place, since the era of household industries closed, and capitalistic industry began, many things have combined to queer men's fundamental faiths. The men with overgrown genius for accumulation have developed a technique, and their Boswells have lackeyed together a theory to match, which would beautifully account for everything if the world were nothing but a big quartz-mill, and the majority fulfilled their destiny by running it, while a few made off with the product. The rest of mankind have been in a sort

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of daze, from which here and there groups have emerged with a faith more or less frantically advertised to carry in itself the regeneration of things; but on the whole the quartz-mill theory and practice have been the only consistent ground gainers.

"In the third place, a faith is diffusing through our generation, and is fast winning all but the men who have sold their souls to things, that the meaning of life is the survival of types that are superior in all 'round values, not merely in brute power. It is faith that the world belongs to the workers, and in proportion to the merit of their work. It is faith that our governments and our businesses, and the one no more nor less than the other, are merely machineries to furnish the means by which this progress of human types may proceed. They are not ends in themselves, entitled to take tribute of human sacrifice for their separate satisfaction. They are worth what they are worth as valets of men devoted to the main pursuit. It is faith that capital, which a pagan faith was binding as the cumulative burden of their servitude upon most men's shoulders, is to be sanctified as a medium of human realization. From the mass of men who have only inarticulate feelings of this faith, to the few who speak some of its simplest words, and here and there the ones who have thought it through as a philosophy, it is marshalling modern men in a new migration to a promised land. It is a reconstructing *Weltanschauung*, as the Germans say; a way of putting things together so that they merge into one meaning; a morality of promises in the place of prohibitions; a religion that grows out of life and with life, instead of descending upon life to stunt it.

"In the fourth place, the Avery strike is a calmly thought-out movement to secure a sample public profession of this faith in application to the practice of a big concern. Incredible as everybody called it in advance, men and means enough have supported this faith to create the situation which exists between us today. Everybody called it an utterly impractical attempt to make working men fight for a proposition that meant nothing tangible to any of them, even if they won out. Here we are, however. You have no doubt whether we have been fighting and are fighting still. And the thing that we are fighting about, as it stands in the mind of the average fighter, may be reduced to this:—'We demand a definite

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promise to begin the working out of plans to manage capital in a democratic way.' ”

“In the fifth place, ‘the democratic way’ is getting a meaning as fertilizing today for economics as it was in the eighteenth century for politics. The plain man hasn’t a cut and dried definition of democracy now, but he knows a lot of things that make in its direction, and others that make against it, and it is getting harder to fool him about the sort of thing that shall have his support. I find the working-man calls it the real thing when I tell him that democracy means living together in such a way that everybody gets his full share of backing from everybody else in doing his best to make the most of life; and in return everybody does all that is in him to deserve his neighbor’s support.

“I don’t mean to say that many men have thought their democratic faith much further into detail; but whenever I tell working men what democracy means to me, the response I get convinces me that a humaner faith is tugging harder at the hearts of more people than any of us imagine.

“So far as I can sense the meaning of the tide of democracy behind this strike, it is a passionate feeling, reaching deep below the mental level where it is a reasoned theory, that our social agreements have right soon got to make a place for three things; and you needn’t look far to find the pressure for each of these three things behind every move the strike has made.

“First,—and at this transition point out of the capitalistic aberration into sanity practically most important—is that the theories and policies of business shall frankly recognize the literal fact of the operative partnership of workers, and shall honestly accept the moral consequence of corresponding right to partnership in control. I said enough at the start about the fact of partnership wherever useful work is going on. This reality of partnership is filling the minds of workers, and it will not rest till it refashions their democracy. The fact that every business is an organization of men who are necessary to one another on the operative side, foreordains sooner or later a regime of partnership in information, partnership in influence, partnership in deciding policies, partnership in adjusting principles of distribution; an active partnership of every worker in giving spiritual meaning to the work; not merely dumb and menial partnership in physical operation.

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The second thing grades up in importance with the first, because it is the most necessary means to that end. Because partnership is coöperation in getting a common result; because the working partners in business are not cogs but men; the man-to-man relations in the economic process imply community of knowledge among the partners about the purposes of the process, the policies pursued in promoting the purposes, and all the reasons why these policies, and not others, are the best. There is no democracy where some of the partners deny to other partners information which affects the interests of all. Everything which it is right to do in a democracy it is right to do in the open. Democracy needs publicity as a disinfectant.

"The third thing is merely the last and largest look we can get at present at the meaning of democracy. What are we driving at? What is our standard of value? What is the last test we can apply to human programmes, to decide whether they are wise and just or foolish and selfish?

"This is where it is hardest not to give license to what I confess I regard rather literally as my prophetic office. I don't apologize to any one for my belief that I've made out more reliable landmarks than most men who call themselves practical are willing, on week days at any rate, to be suspected of laying their course by. The papers have reported me so often on this subject, and you have probably kept tab on me so closely, that a reading by title is enough for the present. The democratic faith is substantially a belief in men as a standard of value. It doesn't quarrel with any one who thinks he can see beyond human values, provided that his assumption of larger vision does not in practice depress these nearer values. The most worthwhile things we know are the qualities of men, and their reciprocities with one another on the basis of a rational scale of valuation of the qualities. The goal of democracy is not a point where the human process may be supposed to end. It is an illimitable development through conditions progressively favorable to the production of the highest types and most harmonious assortments of human values. Life is worth while, and all the material conditions and machineries and organizations of life get their scale of importance, just in the ratio that the whole and the parts are adjusted to the supreme purpose of realizing the possibilities

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of persons. Everything intermediate is means. The end of life is transformation of all other power into personality.

"It sounds occult, I admit, and a syllable or two of it at a time has to be diluted with much every-day experience to make it reveal itself to the man on the street. I'm giving it to you in its lowest terms, as an algebraic formula of the vital faith that is actually settling itself into position, in the minds of this generation, to mould the democracy of the future. It may strike you as grotesque, but without stopping to argue it, I'm prepared to defend this way of expressing the whole situation:—The eighteenth century democracy of 'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity' was to the twentieth century democracy of 'Partnership, Publicity, Personality,' as the boy with the penny whistle to the trumpeter of the troop.

"Now, Mr. Lyon, I'm prepared to answer for the 'upper ether and angels' food.' While everybody back of the strike has not gone into all this philosophizing of its animus, in some shape or other everybody behind the strike has had in mind the general drift of what I have been saying; and all these shares in the faith of democracy are massing up the momentum of the movement. The spirit of the crusade is packed into the perfectly specific battle cry, *Partnership without representation is undemocratic*. You will have to forget your American history to believe that this is too abstract a proposition for a popular slogan. We do not pretend to know the form or the extent of wage earners' representation that will finally prove to be fair. We have merely started with the irreducible minimum that the unrepresented haven't a square deal. Our demand for an employees' member on the Avery Board means simply that our faith in democracy does not stop with words; but from this out democracy is prepared to get itself realized in more consistent deeds."

It is seldom easy in the darkness to take it as a sign of dawn. Since he last spoke, Lyon had been listening to Graham with deepening conflict between sympathy with his ideals and conviction that practical use of them in ending the strike was impossible. He wanted to be as candid about one side of the case as the other; but his sense of responsibility held him back, and Graham threw in his ultimate appeal.

"I didn't come here as a bully, Mr. Lyon, and a conference like this is no place for threats. You have called on me for

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the practical side of our theories though, and there hasn't been a time since the strike began when the practical side could be stated with more confidence than at this moment. Instead of being at a loss for means of making our campaign effective, fate is taking active operations out of our hands, and fighting our battle to a more decisive finish than we want. Next to losing this fight, the worst thing that could happen to us would be for the Avery Company to go to the wall. I can't believe you are worse informed than we are about the New Jersey scheme. I presume you know at least as well as we do that unless you can settle the strike within two weeks the Avery Company might as well wind up its affairs."

Of course Lyon could admit no knowledge of the kind; and instead of meeting the hint directly he put in evidence another fact, leaving Graham to draw his own inferences, but with the feeling that it would show the hopelessness of further discussion. "Perhaps the Company's estimate of that factor, Mr. Graham, may be inferred from an action of our Board this morning. It took a vote in which it more emphatically reaffirmed what it had already declared a hundred times, that sooner than elect to its membership a man named from the outside, it would sell its machinery as scrap iron, and turn the plant into a roast peanut emporium. If the strikers are really beginning to see that they have some interests in common with the Company, and if they believe the situation is as precarious as you assume, the only rational course is a modification of their demands."

For an hour Halleck had been scribbling busily on a blotting pad, while taking in every shading and modulation of the talk. He had torn off sheet after sheet and shredded them into the waste basket. He had that afternoon found something to work on in a pamphlet containing the terms of a proposition made by English employers to strikers in the shipyards. The circumstances were so different from those in Chicago that Halleck was handicapped almost as much as he was stimulated by the proposals. While the gloom was closing in on the prospect during the last few minutes, his senses seemed to be quickened in the same ratio. He shook off the encumbrance, and reduced the ideas he had been struggling with to a series of clauses which made a possible meeting ground between the two extremes. He read them a second

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time, then a third, a fourth and a fifth. They conceded so much, yet reserved so much; they left with the company all its power, while committing it to a profession of faith and a practical policy which affirmed all the principles for which the strikers contended; they did not disturb the company in its one absolute refusal, while they granted all that the strikers had claimed as essential in the meaning of the one impossible item—all in all they were so balanced, yet so constructive, that Halleck was obliged to set the brakes on his own assurance. He did not see how either party could afford to reject the solution; yet it almost passed belief that an adjustment so simple could end such a mighty conflict.

He had reached this eager state just as Lyon and Graham were dropping into moody contemplation of their nullifying result. They had been so centered upon their task that Halleck was left outside their range of attention. Each had an obscure feeling that it was a call to begin life over again, after writing off the irreparable, when he reappeared to them with the manner of completing the last thing said, instead of introducing a wholly unexpected innovation. "Listen to this!" and he read:—

Memorandum of a Basis of Agreement Between the Avery Company and its Employees.

1. The Company acknowledges the principle that work in its employ creates an equity in the business.
2. Since no more exact way to calculate this equity has been discovered than the adjustment secured by established business practices, the Company holds that the only practical method of giving effect to Clause 1, is coöperation between the Company and its employees in discovering how the operations of the Company may more closely apply the aforesaid principle.
3. To that end the Company agrees to designate a standing committee of conference, to act with a similar committee of the employees, in taking into consideration all the affairs of the Company, particularly everything affecting the interests of the employees, and from time to time to propose modifications of the general policies of the Company, whenever the conferees are able to unite on recommendations which in their judgment would tend better to protect all the interests concerned.
4. The Company agrees to accept any method, satisfactory to the employees, of constituting the membership of the employees' committee; provided only that all such members shall be on the pay roll of the Company.

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5. The Company agrees to instruct its committee to cooperate with the employees' committee in working out specifications of the kinds of information about the affairs of the Company which shall be put at the disposal of the committee, together with the rules which shall govern access of the committee to this information, and its transmission to the body of employees.

6. The Company agrees in good faith to cooperate with the employees in carrying out the spirit of this agreement, by adoption of details which experience may from time to time show to be necessary in order to give it full effect.

7. As rapidly as the different departments can employ their full force, the Company agrees to restore all its employees to the places which they held before the strike. Preference in reinstatement will be in accordance with length of previous service.

8. The Company agrees to put its employees as far as possible in possession of the tenements which they occupied before the strike. If this is not feasible, the Company will extend its building operations so as to provide rents for all employees who desire to occupy the Company's tenements.

9. The employees agree to return to work as soon as these terms have been accepted by the Company and by the strike organization.

10. The employees agree, upon returning to work, to sign individual contracts not to join in a strike against the Company for a term of—.

11. The employees agree to join in constituting and controlling an employees' committee, as provided for in Clauses 3 and 4, and to make that committee their medium of communication with the Company.

It was so obvious that it was incredible! Virtually the same reaction was in Lyon's mind and in Graham's. "If a thing so plausible does not conceal some fatal flaw, how could we have kept up this frightful fight so long before finding it out?" The detective glances that the three men interchanged were both tragic and pathetic. Each in his way was suffering for peace. Neither could quite believe that the apparently unattainable was within such easy grasp. Each feared to trust his own senses that he was not being played upon by some spiteful illusion.

After a space of oppressive blankness, Lyon took up the inquest:—"Read it again, Halleck, and slow!"

Halleck spaced off the words, stopping at the end of each clause for it to register its total effect. There was no comment till he had finished; and the long pause when he was done proved that the document at least stood the test as something that must be considered.

Lyon expressed the first opinion:—"If anything can be counted on more certainly than a business man's contempt

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for generalities, it is his suspicion of them. Pocketing a loss of almost any definite amount is easier for him than signing his name to a blanket clause like the first."

"But what harm can it do," defended Halleck, "when no rights whatever are surrendered by it, except license to refuse to hear advice?"

"Of course," Graham submitted, "that first clause is the meat of the matter. In form, it isn't what we have fought for. In substance it is all we demand. At the same time it leaves the Company standing pat on its original refusal, while it yields everything that we expected from the thing refused."

Then the sitting passed into executive session before putting the memorandum on its final passage. Halleck's wording was not changed by the inspection, but the three men had to face the fact that they were after all not the court of last resort. When they had done their work, Graham simply recorded his personal decision:—"I am not a Czar. My opinion will go a good way with our organization, but it may be overruled. I promise you, however, gentlemen, that so far as my influence goes it shall be exerted in favor of settlement on these terms."

Lyon was equally explicit: "It is needless to say that for more than one reason I have no way to affect the action of the Company except by advice. I believe it would be on the whole an advantage for business if it could put itself on this plane. In my judgment it would be perfectly safe and feasible for our Company to make this experiment, but I can make no predictions about its adoption. I shall advocate it, however, to the best of my ability with the directors."

It was long after midnight when Halleck locked the door of the deserted resort behind the fagged debaters. They took the same car for a short distance. Graham had hardly taken leave at his transfer point when Lyon was aware of a change in Halleck. His quicker breathing, his pallor, his evidently constrained composure, were symptoms that Lyon had never seen in him before. He was alert in an instant. There was no one near to listen, but Halleck spoke in a rapid husky whisper. "The best service you can do a man sometimes, Logan, is to give him a rest from his own troubles by loading him with yours. I've put this off too long. Perhaps you and the rest of the town know better than I do what came to me

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in full only a few days ago. I have struggled against my better judgment, and have hoped to avoid extremes. I wanted to rescue my wife from herself, and I wanted to avoid throwing a feather's weight of my own affairs against my possible power to help bring good out of the evil in this labor situation. Since Bobbie was born, I have not been Mrs. Halleck's husband, but her guardian; and it turns out a miserably unsuccessful one. The end has come. What remains must be seen through other eyes than mine. I must have your help and Barclay's. Perhaps I may be able to do without you till you can give me some time that doesn't belong to the Company. Barclay knows things that must have their weight. I have written him he must be ready to come at any moment. Unless something new happens I can let the time depend on you."

After giving Lyon's hand a grip that he felt till the next shock came, Halleck caught a car headed in a diverging direction.

THE DEGENERATE

XXIV

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“The one credit to the orgy was a currish sense of accountability.”

BUCK LYON had been running strictly true to form. Judicious handling by relays of experienced coaches had at last landed him among the certificate holders of the most select forcing establishment for cub intellects in the city.

With fewer flunks and conditions, he had meanwhile passed the entrance examinations of several other types of institutions, whose hall-mark had left a much deeper impress on his propensities.

Buck's Chief of Staff was Kid Granniss.

This young gentleman had made Buck's acquaintance at an inter-school track meet. For reasons not ascertained, he had found it convenient to follow up the opening. A trial trip or so put the two youths on rather easy terms, and latent affinities rapidly ripened intimacy into inseparability.

The Kid was a friend of the trainer of the Pan-University School team. The precocity and affluence of his jewelry exhibit were sign and seal of his prowess in the junior heavy-weight class.

The advent of the Kid occurred at a peculiarly convenient juncture in Buck's affairs.

The juice had been squeezed out of all the innocent fruit in sight, and Buck was casting about for something with a livelier flavor.

The concurrent conditions were also remarkably propitious.

Buck's mother had discovered that his devotion to study had been excessive for one of his tender years. If she had been fully advised of his frequent associations and employments, between the time of locking himself into his room at night and letting himself into the house through a rear door at the approach of morning, her correlation of antecedents and consequents might have been somewhat disarranged. Nothing so untoward had cast doubt, however, upon the inerrancy of her maternal affections.

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The fashionable specialist who had lately displaced the family physician in Mrs. Lyon's councils had never been obliged to undergo treatment for moral farsightedness; but the vogue of that astute auxiliary was visible testimony that he had qualified as an accomplished utilitarian within the shorter circuits. His impressiveness was accentuated by the profound and protracted consideration through which he arrived at the conclusion that he must prescribe precisely what he had seen at the start his patients were bound to have.

The doctor's ratification of Mrs. Lyon's diagnosis was to be expected from a scientific man of his rare good sense. "A young fellow of his spirit mustn't be allowed to go to the limit of his ambition. He will overhaul the slow coaches soon enough. Give him a year in the pasture. Plenty of outdoors. No fret about a harness. Let him kick up his heels all he pleases. He will be the better for it in the end if his body has a turn, after this long pull at the books."

While the family arrangement did not include formal adoption of The Kid as companion to the delicate scion, and keeper of his conscience; while it must even be admitted that, until his variation of Pilgrim's Progress was relatively far advanced, Buck neglected mention of his mentor at home; natural selection took care of that detail, including the usual provisions of nature for guarding against premature exposure of her more subtle workings.

In the language of less circuitous and inconsequent judgment than Mrs. Lyon's fond-motherly type of opinion, Buck was turned loose on the town. In the parental version, he was giving his body a chance to get even with his brain. The unfeeling vulgarity of the street simply placed here and there a bet on the Lyons' chances in the familiar game; "Given a boy with nothing to do, with plenty of money, and all his time to do it in, and the steering in proper hands, how long will it take to find the answer?"

Promotion through the early grades of restaurant, and pool room and theatre wisdom had been rapid and eventless. It had been more a mass process than an individual venture; but it had served to sift out a half dozen likely candidates for faster company.

It was at this auspicious moment that Buck and The Kid discovered each other.

The latter probably numbered in his collection of trophies

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no honor medals in the methodology of education; but if our present purpose permitted digression to a remotely relevant theme, we might show that this was an evidence of the clanishness of institutions. Kid Granniss needed no arbitrary attestation of attainments nor of regularity. He respired interest-psychology. He exuded inductive pedagogy. He exuberated in progressive experience. He had not been led astray by the mutation theory. He believed in variation by continuity. He seemed never to lack resources for daily change of programme; but no more did he fall into the bad management of setting the date of a number before appetite for that particular type of offering had been developed, or after the demand had appeared for a more highly seasoned bill of fare.

Mrs. Lyon did not believe in nagging a boy. She wanted her son to be let alone, and to form his own character. She was sure a boy must be independent, in order to learn responsibility and self-control. Of course she expected Chester to confide in her; but the fact that his tastes tended from the beginning in lines which even his mother's partiality could not have approved, early gave a color of romance to his accounts of himself; and this embellishment necessarily grew more and more imaginative as the action advanced.

It was also a matter of curious speculation to Mrs. Lyon that Chester was so little attracted to any of the young ladies of his own age in her circle of acquaintance. The "proms" and "informals" that he talked about seldom drew from lists of young women which she could very precisely verify; but so far as she could infer from guarded allusions by the mothers of some of his boy friends, Chester was not singular in this respect. Mrs. Lyon was too tactful to pry into the matter; and especially after an inadvertent reference to it had drawn from the sensitive young man the annoyed exclamation, "All those girls with the tabby-cat attachments make me weary! What's the fun of girls anyway, if they've always got to be practicing their Sunday School lessons!" From this time, Mrs. Lyon leaned towards the view that refined society had become too artificial, and had needlessly restricted young people's freedom.

The second house maid might have thrown some light upon the subject; but to do so would hardly have been for her interest, as she saw it. That discreet young person ordered her

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conduct toward Mrs. Lyon's son with a reserve at certain points in notable contrast with her responsiveness, and even complaisance, in other matters usually regarded as more vital. On none of the occasions for instance when she had engaged in conversation with the young man of the family, had she given him reason to suppose that she was advised of the existence of The Kid, still less that they had a mutual understanding. Under all the circumstances, it was quite out of the question that any member of the household should have observed a coincidence between her application for employment at the Lyon homestead and Buck's formation, a few weeks previous, of an offensive and defensive alliance with the embryo pugilist.

It would be fruitless to inquire how much information, and of what sort, Mrs. Lyon would have found necessary before deciding upon a change of policy toward her son. She had, for example, never seen him in company with this same young woman, during runs of an hour or two from the city. Data not in Mrs. Lyon's possession would certainly have been requisite to satisfy her of the purposes which may have accounted for their tarrying at certain points during these trips. It would accordingly be idle to conjecture what her theory might have been of the nature of Chester's interest in the servants.

Buck's fresh air regimen was not carried to the extreme of unintermittent exposure to the caprices of climate. Indeed, there were intervals of considerable duration when the treatment was relaxed by recourse to a variously artificialized atmosphere. The Kid was even able to suggest a succession of stimulating occupations for which interiors, and indeed somewhat isolated and retired apartments were advisable. Certain of these pursuits were most absorbing when confined to select companies of men, preferably of a type so constituted as to find protracted satisfaction in conferring sums of money, without visible return, upon receptive associates.

Others of these occasions illustrated the resources of mixed society. Here again, Mrs. Lyon might have found material for enlargement of her views upon the wisdom and the unwisdom of social conventions. She would have observed that Chester seemed more unconstrained than in the surroundings with which she was familiar. At the same time, there would have been food for reflection in the fact that the young ladies

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who graced these companies, and with whom Chester's manner did not lack animation, had quite generally discontinued the use of Pasteurized milk as a favorite beverage; while their chaperons were either preoccupied elsewhere, or were conspicuously efficient in removing accidental barriers to enjoyment.

No slight condiment to Buck's relish of his friend was The Kid's easy-going acquaintance with the leading spirits in these garish social strata. It is one thing to see the town from the cigarette seats in the rubber-neck wagon, and quite a different thing to know you would be welcomed by the leading people, at any hour of the day or night, without an invitation. In a remarkably short time The Kid's progressive method had brought Buck within the lure of the dizzy ambition to carry a pass-key to the sporting world, and to be everywhere on terms of first-name familiarity with the main flash.

Since it had never been required of Buck that he should toil or spin in order to be fed and clothed, it did not occur to him that there was anything demanding inquiry in the apparent amplitude of The Kid's revenues. It did not appear that he had parents who might, like Buck's, have felt it a duty and a privilege to furnish an income commensurate with his dignity. Neither the Probate Court nor the Board of Equalization had ever been called upon to take cognizance of his estate. If Buck's attention had ever been arrested by the intricate subject of commissions, invidious interpretation of The Kid's intimacies with the hierarchy of managers might have been suggested. The detail that the number joining their various expeditions was never large enough to evoke The Kid's protest, so long as Buck did not object, might have been worth consideration. The Kid's fastidiousness in matters of tailoring and haberdashery, and his solicitude that the gang should not be misinformed about the perfectly correct sources of these and other supplies, might have come under cruel suspicion. None of these interferences with the even tenor of their intercourse occurred however; and The Kid's vocation as leader of leisure and fashion was accepted with a piety which presaged conservative adherence to the orthodoxy of the gospel of privilege.

But certain seeming reversions presently became prominent in the tastes and occupations of the forceful group of which Buck and The Kid were important members. The means

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were not at Mrs. Lyon's disposal, to be sure, to explain the new phenomena as withdrawals, or recoveries. To her mind, so far as she was informed of the change at all, the boys were merely becoming interested in a new group of the same sort of young women, respectable of course, but not of the best families, who had attracted them while they were in prep school.

Others, not specialists in the psychology of degeneracy, if put in possession of the precise facts, might have inferred that association with certain feminine types had at last produced the normal reaction, and that the boys were returning to less equivocal interests.

At all events the gang had turned its ingenuity to cultivation of acquaintances among the girls in the Lakeside High School.

Between Buck and the reputed "beauty of the school," Lizzie Lawton, there had been what was known in school gossip as a "crush" at first sight.

Lizzie's parents had never been ashamed to be called Cassidy, and their modest home in South Halsted Street was not to be despised; but their oldest daughter's husband had a select grocery trade in Kenwood, and as the family ambitions began to centre around Lizzie, it was decided that she would have a better chance to make the most of herself if she lived with her sister while she was in the High School, and adopted her more genteel name.

Lizzie Lawton was a fair sample of that product of which the present American blend is so prolific and so prodigal—abounding in body, alert of mind, and vibrant with a thousand expectations. Life in all its capacities was pulsing in her, and a little of the sound and sight of others' living had begun to stir her senses and her fancy. Mystery, romance, adventure, admiration, offerings, yes love! and power! were in the world. They were not far away! They might come to her as well as to other girls! Each curiosity and eagerness of woman expectant was tuned to the pitch of a vital wave.

Woman's talisman, as Lizzie made it out, was ability to attract men. There was nothing ignoble in the secret, as she understood it. Beauty, of course; and she was not vain of her beauty. She was just frankly conscious of it, and confident. Wit, she thought, and good temper, and no hysterics, and liking for helping other people have a good time—these must

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be the things that make the popular girl, and she was glad she seemed to have been born with them. She was pure minded, generous, affectionate, ready—but so hungrily unsatisfied!

Nothing in Lizzie Lawton's most fervid dreams had pictured quite as much in the actual world, and for her own self, as appeared to her in Buck Lyon. The family reputation alone would have intoxicated a steadier head; but Lizzie saw besides in Buck himself everything strong and manly that reading and imagination had made her admire. More than that, he was not an empty handed hero. He came with no end of ability to change school-girl stupidity in a moment into the whirl which she mistook for real life.

The acquaintance was only two or three weeks old, but youth is time high-g geared. In those weeks the gang had piloted an equal number of High School girls through degrees of initiation into world-wisdom for which the boys uncouriered had required almost as many years. Yet from the present view-point of the gang, the girls had only completed the sort of rushing stunts that had prepared the way for The Kid's appearance.

It had been a supper and a box-party. As the curtain fell, and the start was made toward the exit, Buck pulled his lieutenant back behind the portiere, and brusquely whispered the directions:—"Chase yourself now, Kid, and call off the rest, I'm taking her over to Madam's. She thinks the actorines go there to amuse themselves after the play. Watch me find out how fast she warms up. Come 'round in an hour or so if you want to. Ta-ta!"

Buck had his mother's Brougham a block away, and The Kid made it easy for him to give the party the slip and start on the rest of his programme. As they stepped out after a short drive, Buck instructed the coachman, "Pull in at Satterlee's, John. I'll 'phone over."

Next to the groping urgings of blindfolded nature, Buck's busiest accomplice in misleading Lizzie Lawton was her own sensitiveness to the shame of being thought "slow." This was her one morbidness—the fear of betraying some sort of ignorance that men would call unsophisticated. She was not a bad girl. She was finely proud and audacious and feminine. Her love of Buck was as blameless as love can ever be

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when bewildered and bedazzled by lavishings and protestations which it cannot distinguish from love as honest as itself.

Although she suspected nothing of the sort, these few weeks had been for Lizzie Lawton an almost continuous rehearsal of the prologue to the drama of *The Fall*. Unless we lodge some of our arbitrary theorizings in her typical healthy development, she had never been tempted until she found that she wanted everything that Buck wanted. Then, if she only knew! If there were some one she could ask! Not her mother, for she wouldn't understand, and hardly more her sister. Were those girls on the Avenue ever in her place? And what did they do? But always when Buck wanted most, and her heart responded most, a preventing shadow had drawn between him and her begun consents.

Lizzie's mettlesome ambition to be classed by the boys, and especially by Buck, as a "good fellow" was to have its most cynical test in this House of Dread. She wished Buck had not wanted to take her there; but somebody went there, of course, and Buck met other girls there, and she would show less nerve than they if she didn't go.

The house was one of those landmarks of the period immediately following the fire which the wave of expansion had meanwhile left in the belt of desolation between the centre and the newer residence districts. It had been the mansion of a prominent citizen. Space was its chief distinction; yet it had put out extensions rearward since it had become something different from a family residence.

It was a new experience to Lizzie to be obliged to pretend interest in adventure. Her light-heartedness had never failed her before, but there was nothing natural now in her struggle to appear pleased and unconcerned.

Her instincts enlightened her instantly that there was nothing in the place to which anything healthy could respond. The big, high rooms, with the heavy, stuffy hangings, the dim lights, the smoke-laden air, were suffocating. She had a feeling that invisible lurkings and prowlings were all around her. The women who seemed to belong there, and whose evident efforts to attract the men as fast as they appeared were apparently more ingenious than successful, were of a sort that Lizzie had never noticed before. If they were actresses, their costumes were different from anything she had seen on the stage. One or two of them were inviting the men

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to dance; and Lizzie's eye caught flirtings of draperies intended to allure partners, but they sent her heart into her throat; and only that untaught maidenly self-esteem which could not risk ridicule suppressed her disgust, and her fear and her longing to escape.

Buck drew her to a little table conveniently placed for watching the visitors. He ordered mint juleps, and while they were sipping the mixtures which answered to that name, he did his best to offset the first impressions, which he was too wise to misunderstand. He told Lizzie not to be bored by these old-timers. The real push would be coming along soon. He tried to entertain her with fictitious gossip about the people in sight. Lizzie had not connected her alarm with Buck. She had no suspicion of him that might have suggested comparison with a young panther poisoning for his first spring at live prey. Yet with every word he spoke her efforts to return gay answers became more forced.

The smell of musk that oozed through the tobacco fumes was sickening. Ever since she could remember, certainly long before her confirmation, Lizzie had always attended mass with her mother on Sunday. As one of the women in the exposive red robes brushed by, shedding her thick odors, the service and all it meant to Lizzie appeared in hideous transformation. The scene was the devil's altar, and these women were censurers of the incense of hell!

The balancing between horror and vanity of sophistication was still undecided, when a florid woman, in wilted evening dress, and bespangled with stones which Lizzie was too agitated to suspect, swept up to their table and spoke to Buck as though he had forgotten something which she expected of him.

"The fancy dancing will begin in a minute on the next floor, Mr. Lyon."

Lizzie thought nothing could be worse than she had seen. There might be a chance up stairs for a sweet breath; and people might really be amusing themselves. Though she would have felt like a captive bird released if Buck had let her assume the rest, and had taken her home, she tried more bravely than ever to conceal from him that she was hesitating. And Buck had no more relentings than a python. When he coiled his arm around her waist, and felt the palpitations; and when her breath came quicker at every step, as he pressed her

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closer; all the pity in his parched little heart was licked up into the gloatings he had kindled.

The scene on the second floor was not only not a relief to Lizzie, but her fluttering senses told her at a glance that it was merely a repetition of the first act below, only noisier and bolder, with some of the people more sated, others more feverish and greedy.

Buck found two chairs and pulling them a little distance from the rest urged Lizzie into one of them, adding assuredly, "Hold on to the other one, Lizzie, till I pay the next fiddler."

The bar-keep in butler's attire busy at the sideboard wasted no time, after he had felt the bill that Buck wadded into his hand while hurrying a few words in a low tone into his ear. Two champagne glasses were placed; something from a small vial was dropped into one of them, and both were filled with the foaming liquid.

Returning with the two glasses, and playing on the string that he had never found out of tune, Buck put the treacherous drink as lightly to the girl's lips as though it had been water from the spring. "We're going stale, Lizzie. This'll perk us up a lot, and we'll feel like showing 'em a few fancy steps ourselves."

Ice cream would have been more welcome to Lizzie; but anything cold and acid promised relief from the hot throbbing terror. She followed Buck's lead in draining her glass, and in spite of a pungent after-taste for a blessed moment she felt restored to herself.

Added to the compound which she had drunk before, the heady liquor leaped so quickly into Lizzie's brain that at first it more than verified Buck's prediction. In her excitement Lizzie lost care for the surroundings. Her body seemed so light that motion was easier than rest, but rhythm was necessary for balance. Spritishly beckoning Buck, she led him an elfish chase back and forth through the rooms filled with jaded revellers. Her laugh was so careless, and her motion so graceful, that its apparent spirit of happiness roused the dull company; and she set the pace for such a deceptive imitation of an innocent frolic as had not warmed those case-hardened walls since they had harbored real merriment in their domestic days.

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Then another change came. The ecstasy in Lizzie's brain became dizzy and drowsy. She sank limp into a chair. Her head rested heavily on Buck's shoulder. Presently she rose to her feet again, clutching at her throat, gasping, trying to resist the lethargy, then throwing herself into Buck's arms and pleading for air.

He led her, almost carried her, along a corridor. They entered the first unoccupied room, and the door closed behind them.

Kid Granniss, with Tom Sears and Bud Owton, had been trying for more than an hour to amuse themselves with the remnant of the soiled collection. The thrumming and the blare, the vacant laughter and the joyless songs, the repulsive enticings, and the bleary caressings for the first time affected even The Kid like a view of the spectacle from the back of the stage. The other boys were neither so new to these sights nor so calloused that the tawdry marketings could impose upon them in their present state of mind. The night had not only been enlivened by the unusual episode, but it was keeping up everyone's curiosity. The boys easily learned the story, and they were rational enough to be uneasy that the affair had gone so far, and to be anxious about consequences.

At last Buck appeared, his face showing so ashen against the murky background that, if they could, the boys would have dodged hearing its meaning in words. He motioned them into an alcove, pulled their heads together, and hissed out his confession. "Great God! fellers, she's dead! and hell's to pay!"

The one credit to the orgy was the birth of a currish sense of accountability. Buck had been so cowed by the effects of his crime that he had not dared to send for help till he was convinced of the worst. Then his instinct of self-preservation threw all his cunning into circuit. He issued his orders like a brigand at bay: "Stand by me, Kid, to quiet Madam. 'Phone for John at Satterlee's, Tom, and stay with the horses till he brings her down. Come up with him, Bud; then all hike before the cops are on!"

The brief council had hardly closed, before the house had sensed the danger. The jangling noises seemed to have settled sullenly into a choke-damp. Lights were turned down, and all the sounds that remained were spooky whispers, and

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the swish of women's garments, and stealthy dispersals, like the scurrings of guilty ghosts.

Blank featured, according to the correctest canons of his profession; resolute with almost canine fidelity to its tradition, "Right or wrong, my people!" John Cassidy stalked through the deserted halls no more stalwart in body than in his contempt for the smudge which his duty called him to enter. He was under the impression that Buck had been taken ill. He charged all to the keeper of the resort. If he had been pretender enough to remove his hat, an unruly contraction of his brows would have betrayed his rugged inward revolt against the dubious law that a man may never lay violent hands upon a woman.

At sight of Buck in the corridor, opposite an open door, Cassidy curbed his surprise, and impassively took the order, interpreted by a gesture pointing into the room, "We must get her to Kenwood quick;" but as Buck added the address, Cassidy recoiled and staggered as from touch of a live wire. He took a step or two into the room, then turned wild-eyed to Buck, and stood stammering incoherent sounds that he was evidently trying to form into an exclamation.

"What are you blithering about, John?" demanded Buck, nervously. "This is no time to be womanish. Get busy and have this thing over with in a hurry!"

Cassidy was trembling as a strong man trembles when there is nothing more to lose, and no way to make a fight with fate. Buck supposed it was cowardice, and he sneered spitefully; but another tract in his moral sense began to function when he felt himself in Cassidy's strangling grasp, shaken like a puppy by an angered mastiff, and when another dimension of his liability dawned on him through the shrill cry, "It's our Lizzie! It's our Lizzie!"

Then sound and motion ceased in the stupefied group, as the father released the whimpering culprit and again turned into the room, softly approaching for a nearer look at the rigid face. The seconds took so long in passing that Buck's unchastened impatience conjured the heartless fancy of Cassidy petrifying, as he bent over his child.

With a groan that would have pierced more impenetrable consciences than those in the awed circle, the stricken man fell to his knees, and clutching at the edge of the coverings that had been thrown over the victim, buried his face in them,

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while convulsive waves coursed through his body, until his turbulent feelings found utterance in the prayer that seemed to be echoed from the depths, "Holy Mother of God! Blessed Mary! Pity! Pity! Pity——!"

The last appeal, sustained as inarticulate tone, died away in a hoarse guttural sigh, that was followed by a torrent of sobs.

If the prayer was answered on the spot, it was in giving back strength for what remained. The grief was so elemental, and so eloquent, that even the unfeeling haste of the on-lookers did not dare to interrupt it.

When the storm had passed, the mourner raised his head for a moment and scanned the figure before him, as though making sure that he was not waking from an awful dream. Then he rose to his feet and straightening himself stood planning. He seemed to have forgotten that he was not alone. A white covering had been turned back from the bed. Gently swathing the form of his child in it, and gathering the burden in his arms as though it had been an infant in swaddling clothes, he walked firmly to the street and entered the Brougham.

As Buck stood uneasily at the carriage door, the father simply commanded, "Drive to the mother!"

The unexpected eleventh hour turn of the debate had so stimulated Logan Lyon that he could not dismiss it until he had reviewed the whole case, and had made memoranda of points that would require the most argument with the directors. Then he dropped asleep in his chair, and at the telephone call his first notion was that Halleck was still wrenching his hand. He made sure that his father's door was closed, then took down the receiver.

Buck locked up on a murder charge!

Logan Lyon had never felt at liberty to express opinions about the parental policy toward his half-brother. But all that was past. His loyalty to his father was now on duty, to break the force of the blow.

The chauffeur had been sleeping on his arms for weeks, and the car was promptly at the door. Then came beating the speed limit to the station; the few decisive words with the Lieutenant and with Buck, showing that more time there

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would be wasted; the round of the city editors of the morning papers—the mail editions were already off—insuring from all, with possibly one exception, handling of the story with justice to the public tempered by mercy to the parents; then the last slender thread of hope—hope not to remove the guilt, but to find its consequences in different form; hope not to undo the tragedy, but to have the boon of meeting some of its after effects with a fighting chance; hope which the doctors must measure; there was the assembling of the physicians, the torturing waiting, and at last the report.

Buck Lyon had not taken Lizzie Cassidy's life, he had only—blasted it!

THE BROADER DEMOCRACY

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“My first principle is that it is the chief duty of the Company to adopt the policy which will do most towards enabling each one of its workers to make the most of his life.”

TO the group at The Lodge it seemed as though the period since their gathering a week before reached back an era. The change that had come over their outlook was thus far so undefined that they had hardly gone beyond expressing it to themselves in terms of time.

Knowledge of Buck's transition from spoiled child to social problem had been kept from Mrs. Lyon until Edith and Hester reached the Lake on a special train, that left the city after Logan had assigned them their parts in the emergency measures. Edgerly had kept them supplied by long distance with every detail which could be of use in their ministrations.

On Sunday morning it was evident that the parents wanted to be alone.

Logan reminded Hester of her outstanding plan to make the circuit of the Lake by the “fisherman's path;” and in fifteen minutes she was ready for the start.

If Edgerly had been within hearing distance during the first hour or so, he might have found himself casting about for additions to the rubrics under which he had once attempted to classify Hester.

She struck into the narrow foot-way and set the pace for a mile or two, as though she were in training and this were a Marathon race.

Lyon trailed behind, easily holding the speed, though walking had always been too much of a time-consumer for him to afford the luxury as an exercise; but he amused himself with guesses about the distance they would cover before Hester would drop to a slower stroke.

Then not so much a physical reaction as a change of mind started Hester botanizing and ornithologizing. Lyon couldn't decide whether the fusillade of questions she turned upon him was result of knowing nothing or everything about the plants and birds of the region; but he reflected that if he had a law

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case which would turn upon his ability in this line of cross-examination, he wouldn't know how to load himself to fire her style of questions. He didn't see how she could go into the items more thoroughly if she had been under contract to furnish labels for the National Museum; and he wondered how much more she could do in Spring, before the witherings and the migrations.

Without warning, this scientific zeal passed into the pranks of a vaudeville girl on an outing. Coming to a broader stretch of path, Hester challenged Logan to a hundred yard dash. She tried skipping stones along the placid surface of the water. She made a swing of a low hanging limb. She chattered and acted a medley of scraps, from the farce comedy to the Greek tragedy level; and in spaces sufficiently remote from the houses she ran over a parallel gamut of musical scatterings, in a voice strong enough for grand opera.

It was no more certain that Hester was of typical nervous temperament than that she was not neurotic. This volatility was not pathological. It was not even mildly hysterical. It was as natural as a lark's flight or song, and as wholesome in its place as her woman's broodings, with Edith, over the afflicted mother.

This strain in Hester's composition had been in retirement most of the time since her father's death. While its liberty this morning was spontaneous, it was not entirely emotional. It was in part an intelligent and purposeful putting of the circumstances to their best use. Logan's pet name, "Gypsy," fairly fitted Hester in the days when she was an avid little child of nature. Ever since she had been old enough to read about them she had avowed affection for Mignon, and envy for the maid of the Lorelei. She had thrown herself into this romp, in a time and place that seemed made for it, just as she would have taken a plunge in the surf of the Lido.

Not that Hester went through a deliberate course of reasoning, any more than she did when she sprinkled salt on her butter. In either case she could have accounted for her reasons easily enough, if obliged to testify. She not only felt the need of relaxing after the months of anxiety, with the climax of the last few hours, but she knew it would freshen her for the more taxing decisions which could not be long deferred.

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It would have been less easy for Hester to tell how much her outburst had been for Logan's benefit rather than her own. Until the two days just past, she had never been in a position to see, as Mr. Lyon himself probably did not realize, how jealously Logan was a guardian for his father. This glimpse into the care of the younger man for the older gave her a new view of the burden Logan was carrying; but she was not aware of the charge on his loyalty in the problem of bearing his double load with his strength divided against itself. She merely felt as sane appreciation of a little out-door play for him as for herself.

That the ebullition was under complete control of judgment was plain in Hester's next lead. She accepted the invitation of a rustic bench as shamelessly as though she had made no athletic pretensions; and as self-possessed as in her most quiet moods, she spoiled Logan's preparations for making fun of her early need of rest:—

"Spare yourself the trouble of laughing at me, Mr. Know-It-Better," she murmured, with her head bolstered against the high back of the bench, and her eyes closed as though she were settling herself for a siesta. "I'm tired, and I glory in it. A before-breakfast gallop would be the only dangerous competitor. And you can't even make me quarrel with you for thinking I won't last to the end of the course. I'm not too sure of it myself. What is it they say at the track? 'Too skittish for a good getaway?' But it was sport for sport's sake, and aren't we having it? If it has toned you up as much as it has me, you are as ready to tell me the latest about the strike as I am to listen. Things can't have stood still a whole week?"

Then Lyon recited the story of the Casino conference. He not only told the result, but he detailed the conversation. His account would have compared favorably with an expert stenographic report, except that he dramatized it here and there, and not at all to Graham's prejudice.

Hester had kept her eyes closed during most of the repetition; but without moving her head she opened them full on Lyon when he stopped speaking, and their look left him no need to be told that she was brimming over with exultation.

"Logan!" she reproved; "you haven't told which of the three called for the *Nunc Dimittis!*"

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Whatever his freedom as chronicler, Lyon was not taking liberties with his liabilities as attorney; and he dutifully drew the line. "No such infringement on the poetic license concession! When the Muse of History writes it up a thousand years from now, I hope that sort of garnishment will match. Truth compelled me to stop, however, just before I should have been obliged to depose that after they had come down from their Mount of Transfiguration one of the three at least went to sleep to the lullaby, 'The King of France, with twice ten thousand men.'"

"You can't mean," searched Hester, bending toward him until her arm had to prop her unstable position upon a bar of the seat between them; "You can't mean that it would be possible to reject this splendid compromise?"

"Seriously, Hester," concluded Lyon, "while I'm with the plan for all I'm worth, as far as argument goes, in my opinion the only chance in the world that our directors will accept such a proposition is in the greater fear they may have of the New Jersey syndicate than of the strikers."

"Then I must walk some more to find myself," was Hester's stupefied reaction.

This time they started off side by side, like a pair of reliable roadsters. Neither spoke for some distance, but Hester's mind was at work, and she showed her progress from thinking toward doing when after a little she asked abruptly, "How much do I count in the Company, Logan?"

"On a stock vote," Lyon replied, in a strictly professional tone, "if you should go against the Lyon interests, enough smaller holders would probably be with you to beat us."

It was not slow thinking that retarded Hester's answer. It was one of her habits to project her thought, and to see how it would look under the make-believe that it had nothing to do with herself. This time, halting, she used Lyon's eyes as a reflector; and she tried every angle of light on the picture of herself acting unfilially toward her guardian.

Hester was not of those chilled souls whose pride of abstraction hushes their heart beats. The sort of idealism which starts its building of more stately social mansions on the debris of violated personal ties did not stimulate her sense of plausibility.....

"You know I couldn't, Logan! Who was the old Roman that condemned his son to death, that has been passed along

in the school books as one of the heroic types we ought to live back to? I have always been grateful that I didn't admire him. Within the past forty-eight hours I have found I could imagine the necessity of telling my own son he deserved the death penalty; and I might even feel bound to confess it in public; but when it came to passing sentence myself—No! The scheme of things would have to excuse me, and make other arrangements!"

They tramped another stage in silence, and almost equally oppressed by a feeling of bafflement.

When Hester spoke again she seemed to be verifying her vision by a retrospect over the whole theoretical tour of inspection of which Lyon had heard a few fragments.

"The more I think about property laws, Logan, and especially inheritance laws, the thing that impresses me most is that they are society's inventions for artificial selection of its gardeners, and housekeepers and butlers. If this artificial method proves to breed too many gardeners who huxter off the vegetables on their own account, and housekeepers who play bridge when they should be getting the meals, and butlers who steal the family spoons and sell them for drinks, the method is bad; and enlightened self-interest will surely make society change it for a better."

Then she dropped into a brown study for a moment, and seemed to be picking her way with each word, as she followed out the figure.

"We hear sometimes of old house servants, who have had things their own way so long that at last the family must choose between discharging them and acknowledging them as masters. Could the cartoonists make that kind of a public servant out of Uncle David?"

Logan Lyon was prepared to admit to the directors that the scheme to which he was a recent convert owed its availability to pure accident. Standing on its merits, in ordinary times, it would be a quarter section in Utopia. With the beneficent aid of that compulsion which has made such a brilliant historic record transmuting men's necessities into their virtues, Lyon believed the Avery Company, although convinced against its will, and in spite of itself and a cold world, might prove that business may be done on that plane. He was not prepared to believe that his father could not adapt himself to the new situation.

Indeed the one remnant of mysticism which Logan allowed to interfere with his strictly matter-of-fact analysis of the Avery business was the palliating fiction that his father was the Company's agent, instead of its will. He flinched from identifying the Company's policy with his father's personality. It would not have been easy to deceive him about the actual state of affairs in another corporation; but whenever he had to reflect upon his father's moral relation to the Avery policy he reverted to the conception that the President was merely the executive of a controlling corporate consciousness. Accordingly he could not admit to Hester, nor even to himself, that her suggestion was fair. He cogitated so abstractedly that Hester was wondering whether he would come back to her query at all; but he presently passed from silent to audible meditation in speaking out the substitute he had pictured:—

“After the manager had brought the land under cultivation and had it yielding a high rate of return, it would have to be a cranky lot of owners that would want to interfere with him for calling a halt on the help, if he believed they were turning the farm over to weeds.”

Hester knew that the son's allegiance to the father was at present so loyally enlisted that argument involving the President of the Company would be lost on Logan. Her instinct was keener though than his that, entirely apart from the merits of the strike, the outrage which now attainted the Lyon name had put the whole family estimate of moral values on trial. Her loathing for the particular deed in which Buck's foulness had betrayed itself was no more genuine than Logan's; but he had thought of it so far only as it affected the individuals directly concerned. He had not connected it with business, nor with social standards in general.

To Hester there seemed no room for question that the family must put itself right by making its future sacramental. It was equally clear to her that the Avery Company was compromised, and that only some higher social compact could be its vindication. With this in mind she was assuming that Mr. Lyon would take the same view; and not referring particularly to the compromise, but to the whole readjustment which his moral standards would demand, she was trying to find a way of making his task easier when she ventured the guarded inquiry:—

"Do you think anything I might say to Uncle David would do any good, Logan?"

"Not so long as he thinks you don't know the difference between seed corn and thistle blows," gruffly answered Lyon.

His peal of two voices was growing clangorous. He suspected that he was not holding his own in silencing the secret that his sympathies were with his father, not with his father's policies. His imagination read accusation of treason in Hester's assumption that "do any good" would mean the same to him as to her. If overruled by his superiors he could fight against his judgment; but he had no rules to go by when he found himself maintaining one horn of a moral dilemma and believing in the other. Lyon was not the sort of man to sulk in his tent if his advice were not followed by the council of war. His lubberly reply, in perfunctory defense of his father's position, was the self-conscious actor's overplaying his part.

The meaning of Logan's roughness did not fully appear to Hester. She credited it not to a conflict with divided duty, but to overwrought sympathy with his father. It was rather easy too, in the apartness of that calm, clear, restful atmosphere, to minimize the realness and the nearness of the labor conflict, and to idealize out of its due proportion the final filial fidelity which took on firmness as the stress increased.

They had reached a patch of lawn convexing like a stage down toward a pier which, but for its length, might have been the orchestra leader's platform. At one wing a log, from which enough of a great branch had been lopped off to leave a chair-shaped seat, and canopied with thickly woven evergreen, might have been set as Titania's throne.

As she merged herself into the coziness of the retreat, with no more preliminaries than if it had been a scheduled way-station, and as Lyon stretched himself on the close-cropped turf, Hester intended to dismiss the vexing subject by introducing a character study in the question:—"If his interests didn't cross ours at all, and if you could detach him entirely from our affairs, what would you think of Mr. Graham personally, Logan?"

The answer itself did not surprise Hester so much as the suddenness with which it seemed to be shot out of a long loaded chamber. "What *should* I think of a man that spends the income from his capitalism in Idaho subsidizing a turn-

ing of capitalism upside down in Chicago? Can you make those two things pull together?"

"The Boston papers abused him for that," Hester replied composedly, "and he took no notice of them. Channing Hartley drew his side out of him though, the last time he called in Brookline. Mr. Graham said he wouldn't be driven into any 'see-me-go-up' advertising of himself, even in a good cause; but he would be glad to pay the expenses of an impartial commission to investigate his Idaho business, and report on its bearings upon the labor campaign. Then when Channing urged him he explained that he was actually doing in Idaho all that he knew how to ask any capitalist to do under present circumstances. Indeed, he went so far as to say that he couldn't ask all capitalists to do as much at once, because many hadn't the help who would meet them half way, and a thousand other details would slow down the pace possible at many points. He had taken the trouble to get picked men into his employ. He had offered a better scale of wages than any competitor paid. He had opened up the books of the business, and under formal agreement he had talked its affairs through regularly with the help, as freely as if they had all been stockholders. He had introduced a sickness, accident and old-age insurance system, besides committing the business to an expanding plan of local improvements. He had credited himself personally with the salary which his grade of managerial work commands on the average throughout the country, plus the same percentage of premium which the other employees drew. Over and above all this, the business showed a surplus. Some of the men of course didn't know when they were well off, and demanded a *pro rata* division of the whole net income. The majority heartily supported the policy of turning that surplus into an endowment, to spread the gospel of democracy till all the business of the country should adopt the same platform. The men as a rule accepted Graham's argument that it would be the same capitalism they professed to hate, if they should grab all there was in their lucky chance. He called on them to meet him in giving up some of his legal rights for the benefit of workers in general. They had not only done so much, but they had an organization of their own to help his scheme of campaigning and education. One of Channing's clients has interests in Idaho, and he expressed the opinion that the whole story of the Graham en-

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terprises there would talk louder on the economic and moral side of his case than all his public speeches."

The subject seemed to have exhausted its drawing powers with Lyon; and conversation lapsed till Hester mischievously threw out the more provocative hint:—"Would it be very unexpected to you, Logan, if Elsie should marry Graham?"

For an instant the question seemed to have made no impression. Then, with a long meaning whistle, Lyon suddenly swung himself about from his facing the Lake, he pivoted his head on his elbow, he pried for more evidence into Hester's expression, and as a climax he exploded the accusing rejoinder: "How long does this date back of Kissinger's leaving us?"

"You're making a wrong connection, Logan," was Hester's quiet denial. "When he hears it, Mr. Kissinger will be more surprised than you are. Elsie herself doesn't know that she knows it's decided; and I know it only by cooking up a *ragout* of odds and ends, and serving it with a little faith that the awkward old world can't mess everything that ought to happen."

But there were other close-at-hand things which even Hester's intuitiveness had not fathomed. Not a few far less prescient persons had often allowed themselves to indulge a somewhat unrestricted freedom of thought and speech upon one ought-to-be which had never so much as cast its image across her imagination. If there had been anything untypical in Hester's commerce with life, it would be found in the unashamed eagerness with which her virgin fancy had consulted the oracles. She had never affected the defensive feminine fiction of unconcern about men; but none of the astrologers of girlhood had pointed out a way which promised anything for her most intimate quest. She had no index to the seizure of Logan's mind, in the past week, by the feeling that all the unavailables he had ruled out of his practical program might easily be listed in the day's work, if he could have the help of a light which was probably beyond his reach. She did not know that the associating of Elsie's name with Graham's had affected Logan as bringing the light within the range of appropriation. She saw nothing but uninterest in a promising romance, and summons to take up the line of march, when he rose and stood looking down at her. There even seemed to

be a threatening quality in the cloud on his face, which made her think the load of the family troubles was settling back on him with dulling weight. She did not know that Logan felt himself hanging on the decree of fate whether he should end among the inglorious majority of the overcome-of-the-world, or should win his spurs as a fighter for ideals. Her self-command would have had to be more mechanical than it was, if she could have controlled every mark of surprise when the most highly charged words she had ever heard seemed to struggle from his lips:—

“Have I been all along too much a brother to you, Hester, to be thinkable in a closer relation?”

Lyon had to wait so long for a positive sign, that he suffered from a sense of having committed an offense against nature.

It required some seconds for the blur in Hester’s mind to resolve itself into accountable impressions.

All the scenery seemed to have been instantly shifted, with no change in the stage directions.

The first coherent association which Hester could make out was that an unrecognized image of Logan had been the lay-figure for every sketch of a pattern husband she had ever drawn.

From her earliest recollections he seemed to have been cast for such a matter-of-course part in her drama, that she had never been aware of starting with an inventory of his traits as the working nucleus of specifications for the more important character.

The truth came into sight so suddenly, and at first it amounted to such a probable case against her innocence through years of composing from one model, that Hester was almost abject in her inability to persuade herself of anything extenuating.

Then, as her steady gaze at Logan seemed to erase physical lines, and to leave the spiritual picture, Hester saw a partial explanation; and she spoke so gently that he was at once absolved of his self-accusation, while the possibility of a favorable decision appeared still farther removed. “If it is unthinkable, Logan, it is not because you are too much brother, but because you are too little something else.”

“The worst is the kindest, Hester;” Logan smiled dismally. “Soothe me with a few of the most damaging items out of the roll of my deficiencies.”

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Hester was farthest from trifling, but the picture flashed across her fancy of Logan listed on the Board of Trade, and the mothers of marriageable Chicago daughters boosting the quotations. That they would have nothing to say about deficiencies, except to keep the price from going beyond their range, was however not wholly a matter for cynicism; and the scornful turn of Hester's thoughts was self-reproved into the reflection that the only deficiencies she had found in Logan were either rather microscopic matters of taste, or they were wholly hypothetical.

Yet this summary did not explain Hester to herself; nor added to the reason which Logan suggested did it account for his negative place in her estimate. She was conscious of a blank in her acquaintance with Logan, but since the question had been thrust upon her she could not tell whether this lack, or the domestic familiarity, had been more responsible for keeping him out of her thoughts in the rôle in which he was now presented.

Hester's artless recurrence to Logan, from childhood to the present moment, for the groundwork of her notion of a man, put her in a self-contradictory plight in her own eyes when she tried to show cause for her inability to focus him in the new perspective. She was not quite sure whether she was more defending herself or shielding him when she evaded his demand with the temporizing modification: "You put the word 'deficiencies' into the case Logan. Would that be the way to express it, if I had never thought of you as an architect or a physician?"

"In my inexperience," Lyon gruesomely admitted, "I may not have used the precise technical language of examiners for the classified civil service!"

The laugh that they had to share was humanizing; and both returned to the subject a little less predisposed to behave absurdly. They were no longer stilted, and even the facetiousness which had become the later form of the teasing and defense that had been their gradually maturing medium of intercourse since Hester's childhood, would not ring true in their present temper.

"If the values of the unknown quantities made you out the missing term in my life-formula, Logan, I should be the happiest girl in the world," confided Hester, without the least constraint; "but you do not realize how little you have let me

know about the real center of your interests. What have you ever shown me about your business aims, to give me any hope that we could work for the same ends?"

"I have always assumed, Hester," fumbled Lyon in genuine bewilderment, "that it was a mitigating circumstance if a seven-day-in-the-week overtime-working wage-laborer in a non-unionized employment didn't make his friends miserable between whiles with his worries. It may be unpardonable, but whatever else I may have had to be ashamed of I have always rather frankly approved of myself for letting my work do all the touting of my good intentions. It's a pretty humdrum sort of merit, in spite of being less common than commonplace; but I didn't suppose I was mistaken in my idea that you gave it a little credit. If your standard of a man calls for a type that spends half its time press-agenting its doings in the other half, of course, I must withdraw my credentials."

"You know I think you are splendid, Logan, for these same things, and lots of others," was Hester's impulsive protest; but do you not see that we are strangers from the very point where our acquaintance most needs to begin? Whether Mr. Graham is right or not that all the workers in the Company, from the fuel yard to the directors' room, are partners, you and I cannot help being partners in the Avery business. There is something wrong about our partnership, and it must run deep into the business itself, if I am left out of its affairs that worry you, and am not even trusted to know whether you agree with your father that my seed corn is his thistle blows."

If Hester had known that Logan had no more sincere wish than to make her his absolute confidante in testing his business standards, and that loyalty to his professional and filial codes was his sole reason for not following his inclination, she would have been more certain that business was confusing life; but she would also have begun to see possibilities that Logan might find his vocation in helping to transform the confusion into progress. As Logan did not answer, and could not without, as it seemed to him, betraying a double trust, Hester had no recourse but to take his silence as confession, and consequently as decision.

She felt that Logan must recognize the force of the reasoning, just as she did, when she tried to put the conclusion of the whole matter in another form.

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"If you had found, Logan, that the rest of your work for life must be done in the other hemisphere, would your nearest friend, even if he were the best fellow in the world, be the man you would join forces with, in spite of his having no use for operations beyond the boundaries of his own country?"

Logan had no doubt about Hester's meaning, nor was he sure that the facts which she did not know would alter her opinion. He could not believe however that his motives, even from her point of view, were as incorrigible as she imagined; yet the utmost liberty that he felt in self-defense was mildly interrogative. "Do you really think, Hester, it is a perfectly clear case that our worlds lie that far apart?"

Not distrust of her forecast, but uncertainty about the right way to represent it, made Hester knit her brows and puzzle like a backward pupil in arithmetic. After she had worked off some of the unusable stimulus to her thoughts by scattering, one by one, the wild flowers she had gathered, the conceit that her behaviour must seem to Logan more demented than Ophelia with her rosemary and rue recalled her to further explanation.

"If nothing more difficult than oceans were between us," she qualified, "we might understand each other and be of mutual assistance. Since it is ideas, of a sort that have no means of exchanging traffic, but can simply come into collision, the only safety is to route them over different lines. You and Uncle David agree with me on the fundamental thing that I must undertake the responsibility of opinions about business. Is it not your first business principle that your duty to the Company is to help it get all the dividends that the laws put within its reach? My first principle is that it is the chief duty of the Company to adopt the policy which will do most towards enabling each one of its workers to make the most of his life. Could there be anything better than mutual interference between persons with such antagonistic aims?"

With the same inquisitive method, Logan demurred:—"Would it make any difference, Hester, if I should tell you that I didn't know it till lately, but I have accepted your principle, and hold it as candidly as you do?"

"It would make this difference, Logan,"—and Hester was hardly more surprised by the admission in the question than by the readiness of her own reply; "I should have to suspend

judgment until you had told me whether you had foreseen what putting your hands to such a plow means."

"Tell me what you think it means," urged Lyon.

"Why!" exclaimed Hester, with a sudden exaltation which might befit the Jeanne d'Arc of tradition; "It means that you would have to be a motor in the most radical revolution I have seen any mention of in history. It means that you would do your part towards freeing the world from the blight of the conservative conscience. It means that you would retire the type of conscience that is a time lock closed forever at some day of doom in the past, and that you would put in its place a time lock which would open with the day's work of every tomorrow. It means that you would put the property conscience, and the propriety conscience, and the policy conscience where they belong in the department of etiquette, and install an exploring conscience at the head of your department of justice."

"But if I acknowledged that you have only put more picturesquely what the last few months had made me believe?" was Logan's corroborative testimony.

"Why then, Logan," decided Hester, in the eagerness of the momentary triumph of her intellect at the expense of her affections, "you would prove your sincerity by making a martyr of yourself, if necessary, to force the compromise!"

Logan's failure to answer at once meant to Hester that his new creed was less ready for duty in the real world than he supposed. The reliability of her own reasoning was, however, immediately thrown under doubt. It might be, after all, that she needed as much as he to arrange a settlement with reality. The possibility became almost a conviction when she considered the question in which Logan reconstrued the problem:—"Haven't you set up a more Spartan standard for me, Hester, than you could tolerate a moment ago for people with human affections? Can you demand that the time factor and the personal factor shall have nothing to say about my making a steam hammer of myself, when you deny the right of the scheme of things to turn us into machines?"

The launch had just rounded into sight. It had been ordered to follow with the lunch basket, but it was ahead of time and place. Its signals showed that it was intentionally in ad-

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vance of the schedule, and was trying to attract attention. Logan hurried down the pier, and after a few words with the skipper he beckoned for Hester to follow. A message from Chicago called for Lyon's immediate return to the city.

Hardly a word was exchanged as they sat through the short trip on the little hurricane deck over the wheelhouse. Lyon was reflecting whether, in telling Hester everything, he had strained his allegiance to his father and the Company. Hester had been introduced to such an unsuspected phase of Logan that she was already seeing visions of what they might accomplish together, if their purposes proved to be as harmonious as this revelation foreshadowed.

Hester drew into both of hers the hand that Logan held out to balance her step from the rail; and she held it while her eyes steadily meeting his spoke as candidly as her words:—"If you knew how much I want to be persuaded, Logan, you couldn't believe I am hesitating!"

THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH

XXVI

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"We will make it a part of the business to find out how many instead of how few of its workers may have a property interest and a shareholder's voice in it."

BARCLAY'S trip was unexpected. His messages sent from the train had not been delivered, and it was late Sunday forenoon when he got a long distance connection with The Lodge.

Logan Lyon motored across to the main line, and was in the city for an evening's conference with Barclay after they had dined at the Club.

The essential addition which Barclay brought to the evidence in hand more than confirmed Graham's prediction about the New Jersey syndicate.

The Company must start up at full capacity in less than two weeks, or the odds would increase every day against its possible recovery of a fighting position in the market.

As David Lyon sat at his desk in the private office Monday morning, he was outwardly a symbol of serenity, and strength and assured purpose.

Hichborn had noticed an unusually kindly quality in his chief's greeting, and had inferred that the week had begun with more favorable indications.

A directors' meeting had been called for twelve o'clock, and Hichborn assumed that the President's rapidity in disposing of routine matters mean that he wanted to be free for consideration of new business as long as possible before that hour.

The Secretary could not understand, however, why he was displaced this morning, in his ordinary duties with Mr. Lyon, by his son.

Without explanation, Logan Lyon instructed Hichborn to give him the necessary pointers on the items which called for the President's decision, and he carried the papers to and from his father's room.

To one not committed to some theory, no signs would have appeared in Mr. Lyon's demeanor that his son's thoughtfulness was needed, nor that it was appreciated.

Although Logan was in doubt on neither point, not even his sympathetic study of his father's character, and habitual watchfulness of his needs, had given him the means of penetrating far into the effects of the latest incidents upon the paternal mind.

Since the morning of Friday, father and son had been chiefly occupied with provisional details. Their questions had been, What is to be done next? There had been neither time nor desire for comment and expression of opinion. Logan had reported, in the briefest terms, the Casino interview, and he had 'phoned the bare facts brought by Barclay.

With his desk cleared of the morning's work, Mr. Lyon put Hichborn under the strictest orders against interruption, and motioned Logan to a chair.

It was some minutes before Mr. Lyon gave a clue to the direction of his thoughts. With his head thrown back, and his eyes closed, he presented the picture which Logan would most naturally recall in his father's absence. It was his habitual attitude when collecting his thoughts. As Logan waited, watching his father's features for some telltale movement, not a shading of expression gave notice of the specific qualities of thought and feeling striving for mastery in the supreme earnest of David Lyon's life.

His first words showed less emotion than he had often exhibited in asking about the record of a superintendent. "I understand you and Barclay to think we must decide today between withdrawal in favor of the New Jersey people, merger with them or acceptance of Halleck's memorandum?"

"We think there are more reasons than ever for ruling out the merger," Logan cautiously amended.

Mr. Lyon took from his pocket the notes which Logan had handed him on Friday. "What am I to suppose this first clause means, Logan? *'The Company acknowledges the principle that work in its employ creates an equity in the business?'*"

"In ordinary times, and as a statement of general business ideas, it would be simply a rhetorical flourish," Logan frankly answered. "In our case, with the choice between abdication to enemies, and accommodation of ourselves to a somewhat idealistic arrangement with our friends, it means a pledge to experiment with an idea which the business world at large will call Quixotic."

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"Would it not be more correct to say experiment with words which do not express an idea?" was Mr. Lyon's quiet criticism.

"Perhaps the words suit the case all the better, Father, because they contain an idea without fully expressing it. I have been wishing I knew more about history, to see whether it hasn't been the rule that the ideas which people have followed in their creative eras have been suggestive, rather than legally precise; more like pillars of fire or cloud than like literal statutes. Isn't the Golden Rule an instance of that sort? Are we through learning what it means, when we try to apply it in new circumstances?"

"But what beginnings of an idea do these words stand for?" pursued Mr. Lyon. His manner was neither intolerant nor aggressive. He had the bearing of a candid inquirer, yet in every word Logan recognized his father's grief that their affairs were drifting, as he believed, into an uncharted sea.

"It is rather hard for me, Father, to be the mouthpiece of a faith that in one sense has been stamped on me by force. If it had not been for the stress of necessity, I might never have considered it practicable for the Avery Company to apply the idea. I make no predictions whether it will take generations or centuries for the idea to set the standard for business in general. I am simply convinced that circumstances have put us in a position where honest experiment with the idea is the only practical policy. In another sense belief in the policy has grown up in me from the inside. You were shocked at some of the things I said to a bunch of the directors last Spring, the day of the strike decision. They were simply sproutings that I didn't know the meaning of myself; but this war has affected me as wars on a larger scale always affect the ideas of people. Things that I saw in a haze now look clear. The idea that I rated as too abstract and refined for this world now seems to me as much in order as any progressive thought that an active age has substituted for its rule-of-thumb notions. If it were not for your inability to accept the idea, Father, I could vote with all my heart for pledging the Company to it, and I could stake my life on it with the zeal of a new convert."

"But you have not yet told me what the idea is," reminded Mr. Lyon.

"Why, it's merely carrying one step farther into industry the idea which we have been working amateurish experiments

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with in politics. It's the democratic idea admitted to one more range of application. As it appeals to me, it is the idea that this human life of ours is men's affairs. That is, every time the race as a whole, or some picked specialist in the race, hits on a new value, the social programme thereupon has to begin to make room for the new details of the problem:— first, What place belongs to this new value in the whole scale of human interests? and second, How may we open the fairest field for every man in the world to earn his way toward his share of this new value? Not to go off too far into theory, we people in the Avery Company are all men together, in the sense that we all alike want to get all the values of life we can; and to most of us the Company is the principal means of making headway toward the purpose. Now having some property, and having some of the right to an opinion, and some of the influence that opinion backed by a little property exerts with our fellow men, are among the values that most men want. They need them, whether they know enough to want them or not, in order to be in the line of making the most of life. Adding by one's own efforts something necessary to the processes of life, is the only title to property and influence that the logic of life can in the long run recognize. We are operating a property system which already looks to me, and I believe it will some day look to everybody, as primitive as the old cable cars now look to Chicago people, in contrast with electric equipment. The strike has turned the spot-light on this property system with the Avery Company as the illustration. We have several thousand employees who, in the aggregate, are as necessary to the Company as its capital. The business is those men's means of leading a man's life, and filling out a man's destiny. But there are men who own a share apiece of the Company's stock, to whom the law gives more right to say their say, and influence the Company's policy, than those thousands who have put their whole labor time for years into the service of the corporation. Now the democratic idea is that business is a product of all the workers, and that the legal status of all the workers should correspond with their share in creating and maintaining the business. It implies that there should be a corporate policy and a due process of law, without which no worker in the business could be put out of his job nor deprived of the voice in the business that belongs with the job, any more than the owner

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of a share of stock could be deprived of his stock and his vote. If I were authorized to put a meaning into that first clause, it would start this way: 'We will make it a part of the business to find out how many instead of how few of its workers may have a property interest and a shareholder's voice in it, and also how the distribution of this property and influence may be made proportional with each man's service to the corporation.'

"Is there anything to distinguish that from communism?" and Mr. Lyon's manner indicated anxiety more than opposition.

"I'm not sure that I know what communism is," Logan answered cautiously; "but if it is a scheme to distribute economic goods on any basis except the proportional value of service rendered, it is the precise opposite of the type of democracy this memorandum contemplates. The most vital thing in Graham's idea of democracy, and I think he is right about it, is that it must work out a way for every member of society to count at his full manhood value in every part of life in which he is interested. Of course our property system as it stands represents more than anything else the relative fighting force of different economic strata. The farther we go toward making reason instead of force the legislature of the world, the more we shall see that our present laws of property tend to establish a capitalistic oligarchy always growing into a hierarchy with a diminishing number of individuals at the head. This oligarchy is gaining cumulative power by operating an ingenious system of laws based on the fallacy of the paramount rights of capitalistic interests. As we recover our sanity about the scale of human values, we shall see that the system is no longer the best for keeping human achievements at their highest level, any more than rubbing two sticks together is the best method of getting fire. Whatever may be the value of the hierarchy of capital in economizing production, it is probably offset by its arrest of fairness in distribution. Even if the hierarchy permitted distributive justice, all the humanity in men would sooner or later revolt against oligarchy in business, just as it has declared itself against the rule of the few in politics. Proportional representation in appraising service values in the industrial system must inevitably take the place of capitalistic assignment of stipends to the many by the few."

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For an hour Mr. Lyon continued his inquiry.

He did not attempt to argue the points, but seemed bent solely on finding out exactly what Logan understood the proposed compromise to involve.

In his turn Logan could not help wondering at the ease with which he adapted himself to the advocate's part, and at his growing zeal for his expanding democratic ideal.

Nothing in the examination had prepared Logan for its sequel. After he saw that his father's questioning was done, he had the first feeling that the most serious meaning of the interview had not appeared.

For a few moments Mr. Lyon closed his eyes and resumed his posture of reflection. His face was not as immobile as before. The play of strong emotion was visible, but beyond this Logan had no key to the situation.

Then the older man evidently passed into a struggle to maintain his self-command. He controlled himself otherwise, but in spite of his effort his voice was tremulous. His look reminded Logan of pictures he had seen of martyrs uttering their last farewell to earth. His words did not at first explain his agitation, but presently their finality told Logan that they meant to his father the knell of an era.

"I have seen the signs of change in this direction for many years," Mr. Lyon began, slowly and sadly. "I did not believe they would have to be counted with in my day. I cannot see how good can come of them, but I believe a higher Wisdom overrules. I see that the Company must yield to circumstances and accept this compromise as the lesser evil. That is my defeat, and it must be my release. I shall resign today, and you must take my place. So long as I live I shall do my best to help you as loyally as you have supported me."

Then the solemnity in his voice and look changed to that of the penitent. As he spoke out his heaviest grief, he seemed to himself to be reading items from the debit side of The Great Book of Remembrance:—"I may live long enough to make some reparation to the father, and the mother and the child. I may earn forgiveness for devoting to business what I owed to my boy. I thought it was an irreverent joke of Halleck's, but he is right. It is the hardest lesson I have ever learned. The only Atonement for any one of us is delivering his own line of goods."

OBITER DICTA

Every hour is a crisis; every day a transition.
Today's vision is tomorrow's foundation.

If insight fails the wise and prudent, it may
empower the innocence of babes.

The strong, the fit, the competent may be no
part of the column of conquest, and may
not know it is on the march.

The world's virility is so rich that humanity
reaches its goals at last, helped or hindered
by the most capable.

The great bad is fear that the end is come.
Men's discontents dig the channels of their
progress.

The world is young; its destinies are unde-
veloped; the potency of its future endorses
the audacity of its ideals.

Let us pray not to be there when men's faith
ceases to proclaim, *A better era dawns
tomorrow!*

FINIS.

