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THE GAME OF LIFE



BOLTON HALL

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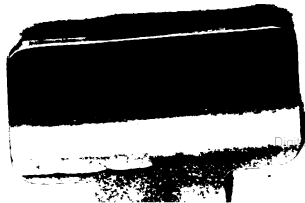
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THE GAME OF LIFE

By BOLTON HALL

THE GAME OF LIFE

By

BOLTON HALL

Author of

“Even as You I” and “Things as They Are”



New York

A. Wessels Company

1982
From "The Sentinel"
Milwaukee, Wis.

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MAY 17 1912

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Author's Note.

These parables are the work of seven years. Many of them have been published from time to time in Life, Collier's, the Outlook, the Century, the Independent, the Ram's Horn, the Pilgrim, the Christian Endeavor World, the Rubric, the New Voice, the Philistine, and other reform papers. To the editors of all of these, thanks are due for permission to republish.

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THE GAME OF LIFE.

“Labor and Capital are One.”

“Times are hard,” said the Picked Chicken.

“Why,” said the Rat, “this is an era of prosperity; see how I have feathered my nest.”

“But,” said the Picked Chicken, “you have gotten my feathers.”

“You must not think,” said the Rat, “that because I get more comfort you get poorer.”

“But,” said the Chicken, “you produce no feathers, and I keep none——”

“If you would use your teeth——,” interrupted the Rat.

“If——,” said the Picked Chicken.

“You could lay——”

“I——,” said the Picked Chicken.

The Game of Life.

“——up as much as I do,” concluded the Rat.

“Excuse me for living,” said the Picked Chicken, “but—— ”

“Without consumers like me,” said the Rat, “there would be no demand for the feathers which you produce.”

“I shall vote for a change,” said the Picked Chicken.

“Only those who have feathers should have the Privilege of voting,” remarked the Rat.

The New Christian.

When Christian saw the Celestial Hill, he began to run, and on the way he overtook a man who was called "Professor."

And Christian asked him, "Whither are you bound, brother?" and Professor answered, "Truly, I am bound for the Celestial Hill."

"That is the way I am going," said Christian. "It is a good way and we may go to the Hill together."

"Nay," said Professor, "I am a specialist on hills and I know that we shall never get to it in the world."

"Why," answered Christian stoutly, "there was one, whose name is Love, that was sent from there by the King to direct poor pilgrims how to get to it, and he set me in this broad way that is called Liberty, saying that we have but to follow it to mount the Hill before us."

"I perceive that you are an unlearned man

The Game of Life.

and are bent on your own destruction," said the other, "for just above you will see that the fences of this road end, and the side of it slopes down to the plain of License, where you and all with you will be lost."

Then said Christian, "I do not fear to walk in Liberty; for I perceive that its path goes straight up the Hill."

"Aye, up the hill of Anarchy!" answered Professor, hotly. "I have just come from the Ecclesiastical College, where we have analyzed economic specimens and political concepts taken from that Hill, and we find that it is no Celestial Hill, but a mass of demand and supply and competition and self-interest. Come back, I say!"

By this time Christian was near the top, and he cried down to the other, "I cannot go back; for I see a beautiful prospect before me—green pastures of affection and forests of nobility; and sounds of harmony and joy come out of them."

"Man," called the other, "stop prating of your Ideals and Utopias. If you have any

The New Christian

prospect, bring it down here to the level of common sense that we may see if it will pay. As for your sounds of harmony, I do not believe in them, for in struggling up the Hill none can survive but Selfishness and Cunning and Ferocity."

But Christian went singing up the Hill.

The Fool-Killer.

“What’s that?” asked the Fool-killer.

“That’s an unemployed man in a vacant lot,” said I.

“Why don’t you have him work on the lot, and produce something?” asked the Fool-killer.

“Because,” I said, “we suffer from over-production already; and besides, the owner of the lot won’t let him work on it.”

“I must get my club,” said the Fool-killer.

“Hold on!” I said. “Pretty soon we will arrest the man, because he does not do anything; then the judge will fine him, because he has no money; and we will keep him idle in jail because he was idle out of jail; and the workers will tax themselves to pay for all that.”

The Fool-killer gasped, “I must order a Gatling gun.”

“Don’t go off half-cocked,” I said. “Those are our laws.”

“Who made those fool laws?”

“Everybody, civilized men,” said I.

The Fool-Killer.

"The men that pay the taxes?" asked the Fool-killer.

"Why, yes."

"I must swear in some deputies," said the Fool-killer.

"Stop," I said; "no one speaks like that about the laws; they are the accumulated wisdom of the ages, and must be treated with respect."

"Why don't some one tell the truth, and say the laws are stupid and wicked?" asked the Fool-killer.

"We kill such fools as speak the truth about such things," said I.

"Come," said the Fool-killer, "I will go and poison the water supply."

On the way the Fool-killer asked again:

"What are those places?"

"That is a tobacconist's," I said, "and the other is a gin-mill. You see we poison our own drinking supply—oh, the next is a drug store, and beyond is a hospital——"

"I will go home," said the Fool-killer, "these fools are doing my work themselves."

The Workingman and the Thinkingman.

A Workingman had a bit of ground on which he lived. It seemed to be worth very little, so, after a while, he gave it to the Thinkingman. Nevertheless, the Workingman had to live on the land, so the Thinkingman charged him rent. Then the Workingman called the Thinkingman a Monopolist.

The Thinkingman thought and made a law; then he nominated lawmakers and the Workingman voted for them—the lawmakers adopted a Constitution, to prevent any change. The Workingman called the Thinkingman an Autocrat.

The Workingman worked and made a gun; then he gave it to the Thinkingman for the rent. The Thinkingman said, "What good is a gun to me unless I have a man to use it? I can't risk my own life." So the Workingman voted an appropriation out of his wages to the Thinkingman to hire a man to use the

Workingman and Thinkingman.

gun. Then the Workingman called the Thinkingman an Aristocrat.

The appropriation set the Workingman behind with his rent, so the Thinkingman sent the hired man (with the gun) to turn the Workingman out of his tenement. The Workingman called the Thinkingman a Plutocrat.

Now the question is, Who really dispossessed that Workingman?

2

The Progressive Second Hand.

“Tick-tick-tick-tick,” said the Second Hand. “I have the entire responsibility myself, tick-tick. The Minute Hand is seven seconds slow, and the Hour Hand doesn’t seem to move at all, tick-tick-tick-tick! And now it’s dark, tick-tick-tick-tick. I can’t even see whether I am making progress myself, tick-tick. I might as well give it up, tick-tick.”

“Dear me! tick-tick,” said the Second Hand again. “There’s the Minute Hand, tick-tick, at just at the same figure now that it was at yesterday, tick-tick!”

The wheels began to whirl. “That’s the breaking up of our system—tick-tick—listen to the crash of worlds!” cried the Second Hand. “It’s no use at all; I’ll—tick-tick—just give it up and stop!”

But the Second Hand was moved by a power that it could neither see nor stay. Solemnly the clock struck twelve.

The Progressive Second Hand.

"Tick-tick-tick," said the Second Hand, "tick-tick," and the dial at the bottom showed a new year. The Second Hand grinned.

Going to Heaven Alone.

There is a monkish tale something like this: A woman groaned and protested so in hell that she disturbed the peace of God. Therefore he sent Gabriel to see whether she could not be gotten out; and Gabriel asked her whether she had ever in the world done one deed that came from a kindly heart. After long thought she said she had; she had once given a carrot to a beggar. God said to the angel, "Go, find the carrot." So the angel found the carrot; and God stretched the carrot down to hell, and told the woman to take hold of it, and with it he was drawing her up out of hell.

But the poor souls that were about her clung to her skirts, that they also might be lifted up; and, when the weight was great, she tried to shake them off, crying, "Let go; this is my carrot." God said, "Then you did not really give it, after all." And God let the carrot go, so that she sank back into irrevocable hell.

Academic Teaching.

"You cannot comprehend," said Prof. B. Fogg, "that since $2 + 2 = 4$, therefore $2 + 4 = 6$. I will elucidate. You perceive that numerals are not entities, but representative of concepts?"

"Yes," said the child, doubtfully.

"But if the aggregate of two entities plus 2 is assumed to constitute 4 and is represented by that sign, similar signs may be adopted for the superimposed concepts of two representatives more, which is 6. Is that satisfactory?"

The child said, "I don't understand; and my papa says $4 + 2 = 42$."

Said Dr. Tucker: "You have no mental vision, child; you are incapable of perception."

"Now let me explain," put in the practical man; " $6 - 4 = 2$, doesn't it? Now that is equivalent to saying that $2 + 4 = 6$; for if we transpose the minus sign,

The Game of Life.

changing it to plus, we have 6 equals 2 plus 4. Isn't that clear?"

The child began to cry.

"Well, maybe it was only 24," sobbed the child. "I saw it on a sign."

"The trouble is," said the practical man, "that the pupil doesn't want to understand."

Just then an ignorant man came in.

"Here, little one," said he, "ther'es three pair of dice; now count them up. How many can you make?"

"Why, six," said the child.

The Fruits of Unearned Wealth.

No sooner was the lamp of Law rubbed than a hideous genie of gigantic size appeared; his name was Monopoly, and he said to Aladdin:

“What wouldst thou have?” and Aladdin said, “Happiness.”

“That,” said the genie, “Allah alone can give, but I can give you stupendous power, or the fairest of women, or travel, or knowledge, or the best of art that can be had for such as you, or undreamed of luxury.”

And Aladdin said: “All these will I take; or better, bring me at once all that comes from these; bring me their results.”

And the genie said: “It is well.”

So he brought to Aladdin Suspicion and Flattery and Ennui and Loneliness and Satiety and Disease.

The Remedy of Publicity.

Questions to be asked by Mr. Roosevelt's proposed Superintendent of Trusts :

1. "Where did you get it," and what is the difference between a dividend and a "divvy"?
2. What legislatures do you own?
3. What is the average of the combined salaries of your president and your office boys?
4. Why did the grand jury fail to indict you?
5. What time is your president allowed for lunch, and has the advance in the price of beef impoverished him?
6. How many persons have you run over, ruined, or otherwise killed during the year? Why?
7. Who is your judge?
8. Do you pay him by the job or by the year? Of what church is he a member?
9. State all sums paid during the last year for false witnesses?
10. Are your contributions to both polit-

The Remedy of Publicity.

ical parties dictated by love for mankind or by business considerations?

11. "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

12. How much of the total consumption do you control, and why can't you tell?

13. Do you believe in Socialism or in Anarchy?

14. How were the books lost?

15. Why don't your directors know anything about the business?

16. Where do you expect to go when you die?

Sworn to by

JANITOR.

(*N. B.*—The typewriter's oath will not be accepted unless she has reached years of discretion.)

The Monthly Rent.

“ They sheared the lamb twelve times a year,
To get some money to buy some beer ;
The lamb thought this was extremely queer.
Poor little snow-white lamb.”

—Old Song.

“God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb,” said the deacon.

“I will shut the gate to the field so as to keep him warm,” said the philanthropist.

“If you give me the tags of wool,” said the charity clipper, “I’ll let the poor creature have half.”

“The lambs we have always with us,” said the wool broker.

“Lambs must always be shorn,” said the business man, “hand me the shears.”

“We should leave him enough wool to make him a coat,” said the profit sharer.

“His condition is improving,” said the land owner, “for his fleece will be longer next year.”

The Monthly Rent.

“We should prohibit cutting his flesh when you shear,” said the legislator.

“But I intend,” said the radical, “to stop this shearing.”

The others united to throw him out; then they divided the wool.

Love is of God.

This is what happened to me, Pietra Pietro, as I sat alone in the chapel; and this is the reason I no longer stay within my cell:

A great light shone upon me and the Angel of the Lord came from the altar and mounted the pulpit stairs, and preached to me of God—to me alone; and I took note of what he said, and as sometimes I painfully etch with my nails a text upon my cell's hard walls, so, painfully, I graved the message on my heart.

But chiefly I took note of him, my Angel of the Lord, and because I have great skill with the brush, I made a picture of him, wonderful, mystical, with the message in his eyes; so that some of those who saw it swooned with love of the love that was written in the Angel face—"for we needs must love the highest when we see it."

Love is of God.

And all supposed I would have put the picture in the chapel, but I am of feeble frame and cannot often go to prayers, that I might see the Face. Nay, I kept it for myself, because I wished always to see that Face; so I put it in my cell. Night and day I looked upon the Face. For in the Face I saw the eyes of God and felt his presence near. Such ecstasy!!! Such Joy!! Such pleasure! Such content—content? Nay, alas! I saw it always, yet it did not bring content.

But, as I sat in the chapel yesterday, there came a little child and asked me why I hid the picture in my cell. So I told the child, and then he asked me what was the message that the Angel brought; and, because I thought he could understand plain things alone, I told the child that the message was only Love, Love, Love. He danced for joy and said: "What see you in the Face?" I answered without thinking, "Only Love." But, when I had spoken, I knew that I had answered right, for you remember it is writ-

The Game of Life.

ten, "He that loveth knoweth God, for God is love."

And so I put the portrait on the chapel wall.

Now I see Love in every Face.

The Sum of Knowledge.

“Fear God,” said the Clergyman. But my Soul answered: “I am not afraid of God. —he is a friend of mine.”

The Fond Father.

Chump has one child and he is forever talking about that infant. He has told us how clever she is till we can't stand it any more. When he begins, "The smartest thing——" every one rushes away. Well, the other day he followed me on the street, and while I was looking for a place to turn off, he talked so differently I thought the man was crazy. Said he: "It's wonderful how silly children are. Now, my little girl was telling a story to your Charlie; the stupidest thing I ever heard. She said that in Populus Land there are plenty of geese, and they are nearly all so poor that they are scarcely food for powder. There are lots of frog ponds there and places for geese to build on. But these geese make big nests with great labor, and then hand them over to a lot of fat geese that just sit on the ground and gabble. They appoint a few noisy geese to govern them. When they are ill-served

The Fond Father.

by these office-holders, they choose others just as bad. They buy all their food from old geese that first found out that there was any food to be had, or who invented the art of swallowing it. Whenever the fat ones want a favor, they bribe the noisy rulers with some of the food that the others bring them. A few of these geese, she said, form companies which are granted rights of way in the air, so that no other geese can take flight without paying fares. Then, she said, some of the geese claim all the land, and the water, too, because they were bought from the mosquitoes, or because those geese got there first."

"Did she say where that place was?" I asked.

"No," said he, "but she said the poor geese had made it a perfect hell for themselves."

I said: "It serves them right for being so selfish and stupid; now, if they hadn't been geese—eh—I mean—that is a silly—why, that's just what we do ourselves!"

The Sins of the Fathers.

Midas lived in a palace, but his daughter caught a disease that grew up in one of the slums, out of which Midas "got his living."

The doctor said that it was scarlet fever; and when it looked like measles, he said "measles had intervened."

So he gave her medicines till the digestion got hopelessly out of order; then he told the nurse to rouse the patient three times a night to give her sleeping draughts. He was a very wise doctor and knew that he must do something for his patient—and for his fee.

Later he "found" that Midas's daughter had developed pneumonia; and Midas believed it all, so the doctor administered stimulants and called another doctor in consultation, who said that he had done exactly right. Then they injected morphine into her arm, to quiet Midas and the patient; and they said that her death was due to heart failure. So it was.

The Sins of the Fathers.

The Board of Health disinfected Midas's house—the slums took care of themselves.

The clergyman said that the girl had “faded like a leaf” and that “it was the will of God.”

So it was; for “Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.”

“The Sanctified Means.”

It was in the trenches :—

“Open your mouths,” cried the captain. The soldiers opened their mouths.

“Lie,” said the captain. The soldiers said, one to another, “The captain is certainly drunk.” The captain frowned: “They won’t follow instructions,” said he.

“Hands in pockets,” shouted the captain. The soldiers put hands into their pockets.

“Steal,” shouted the captain. The soldiers said, one to another, “The captain is crazy.” The captain stormed. “They don’t obey orders,” said he.

“Present arms,” shouted the captain. The soldiers raised their rifles.

“Murder,” said the captain. The men fired and killed some of their brethren. “Ah,” said the soldiers, “the captain gives right orders now.” The captain laughed. “They do their duty,” said he.

The soldiers said: “We lie for ourselves; we steal for our families; but we murder for the government.”

My Crusade.

“Lord, I cannot help these ills alone,”
said I.

God said, “Why are not you a leader of
revolt?”

I said, “I know not how to lead.”

Then said God to me: “To be a leader is
to go somewhere, and to get another to fol-
low you.”

Graveyard Fruit.

A vegetarian arose from his pillow with the sweet thought that not for him on that bright day was innocent blood to be shed. He was a dainty and particular man.

He put on a cotton suit, laced his shoes, made of felt, that he might not be a party to the death of cattle, brushed his clothes with his usual care, and after his breakfast of coffee and toast, he buttoned his overcoat snugly about him, put on his silk hat and overshoes, and ordered a hack, to go to his office.

On the way he stopped to have a drop of oil put on the hinge of his watch, and, afterward, to buy, at a bankrupt sale, a quantity of preserved fruit. His mind was pure and quiet, and all went well with him that day; and when he bought some stock, it largely advanced in price.

But when he went home, he felt ill of a

Graveyard Fruit.

fever, and the fever brought the memories of many lives into his brain. He heard a rising sound, like the fearful murmur of a mob of men. He saw a driving cloud like fine dust; and the murmur shaped itself into a Voice. "This is a show of humanity," it said, "and we are the millions of animalculæ, boiled that you might have coffee, roasted that you might have bread—and we, the silkworms, scalded that you might have a shiny hat—the fowls slaughtered to get eider down for your couch—the porpoises harpooned to furnish oil for you—the cattle whose bones made the handle of your brush—whose compressed blood forms the buttons on your coat—whose skins made the harness of your cab—whose ashes clarified your sugar, and fertilized the fields for your wheat." For a moment the Voice was more distinct—"I am the bankrupt driven by monopoly to the wall, whose fruit you bought so cheap—I, the broker, that ruined himself selling your stock. Yes, it was business competition; I died by my own hand. Will you have another slice of my

The Game of Life.

corpse, my shares will be sold out tomorrow?"

And the cloud drove in with a perishing wail, and below the cloud a countless army spread, pallid, indefinite, and immeasurable as the waves of the sea, and their murmur was like the wind in the growing corn. They shook their fists, and waved maimed limbs, and chattered with drooping jaws,—at him, the humane, the virtuous; and he could not choose but hear their cries.

“We are the ghosts of the babes that died of burns and overwork, sixteen hours a day in the factories in Illinois, that you might drink from polished glass—of the girls that sacrificed maiden virtue that you might be served cheaply in the department store—like flies we, children, died in the tenements of your town—the shades are we of coolies brought to an early grave by enforced and unrequited toil, that you might have your coffee—the men were we, strong and vigorous, whose jaws are rotted so that as ghosts we gibber how we made matches for you—

Graveyard Fruit.

we are troops of Africans that the Belgian drivers slew because we did not bring in enough rubber for you.

And the murmur grew until he caught only confused cries—"fell from your house scaffolding"—"unguarded railroad crossing"—"steel polishers dead of inhaling dust"—"suffocated in the mine"—"half childish men killed for the honor of your flag"—"women choked with cotton dust in the mills," and when there were so many, so many that he could no longer hear, one stood out and said:

"All from avoidable causes—none by the necessity of nature—not one of us by the desire of the Father—every one because of the brutal indifference of influential men, like you—we died—we are dying, body and soul, by thousands every day; yes, and living lives more frightful than daily death, that you that do nothing, may live. And, my God, you don't eat meat!"

And the Vegetarian cried, "It is unjust—I was not a party to the deaths of these."

The Game of Life.

And the Voice replied, "Of which of these are you innocent, and what was the cause of their deaths?"

And the Vegetarian answered never a word.

Thought for the Morrow.

I went out to walk in the asylum grounds, for I was greatly depressed and worried, not only over the future of my family, but also over the corruption of our growing wealth and poverty. The grounds are quiet and pretty for each of the inmates has a part to take care of. A nice-looking man almost ran into me. He stopped. "Oh," he said, "what am I to do? the earth isn't going straight around the sun. You think it goes in an ellipse all right, but it does not. The moon and the weight of the tides twist it at every turn."

"Why," I said, "let it alone, but here is a part of the earth that needs to be raked."

"You don't understand," he cried, "but I do. The earth is pulled out of its course by the attraction of every star—why, even a sunburst makes it shift—do you know that a sunburst shoots flames out over three hundred thousand miles? Every wandering

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comet drags us out of our way—I'm worried to death."

"Don't fret," I said, "it goes pretty crooked and you can't alter it, but it will all come right."

"But I can alter it," said he, "that's just the matter. I've just found out that every step we take and every spadeful we lift must move the earth to some degree."

"I guess attraction will take care of the course of the earth, if you will take care of the——"

"Nonsense," said he, "the earth is making a spiral round the sun, and the sun is getting round the Pleiades somehow, and the Pleiades are going round something else someway, and every single one of them is going three hundred and ninety million miles a year—in an irregular course. God knows what kind of a curve the earth makes."

"Yes," I said, "God knows."

Just then a man tapped my friend on the shoulder. "See here, Mr. Nofaith, you've forgotten to weed your patch this morning

Thought for the Morrow.

and the irrigating pump is out of order; you're the only one that knows how to fix it."

My friend hurried off with a brightened face. "You see, sir, they always worry about things they can't control when they let go of the things that they can manage."

"Yes," I thought, "lunatics are disturbed about the future—I mean, they worry about—that is, lunatics are anxious—I guess I'd better get away from this place, else they'll take me for a lunatic too."

The Soon-er Man and the Man from Yes-ter-day.

The Man from Yes-ter-day had learn-ed the old-fash-ion-ed vir-tues. So he work-ed in-dust-ri-ous-ly. But the Soon-er, having pre-empt-ed the land on which the Man from Yes-ter-day must work, charg-ed him rent ev-ery time he was in-dust-ri-ous.

E-vent-u-al-ly, when the Man from Yes-ter-day had raised all the po-ta-toes the Soon-er could eat, the Soon-er gave him no-tice to quit.

The Man from Yes-ter-day took up ed-u-ca-tion in order to in-crease his op-por-tu-ni-ties; where-up-on the Soon-er bought up all the land a-round him and held it for a rise, which he in-tend-ed to take out of the Man from Yes-ter-day.

The Man from Yes-ter-day, see-ing that the Soon-er was get-ting more pos-ses-sions than he could man-age, rea-son-ed with him-self that if he could show his de-vo-tion to

Soon-er Man and Yes-ter-day Man.

his em-ploy-er's in-ter-est, he would be more val-u-able; so he be-came very hon-est. This de-creased the Soon-er's ex-pense of man-ag-ing his prop-er-ty, so it in-creas-ed in val-ue, and he took up more land.

As his share of his own pro-duct would bare-ly keep him, the Man from Yes-ter-day stud-ied e-con-omy, where-up-on, see-ing that he could live cheap-er than be-fore, the Soon-er cut down his wa-ges; and when the Man from Yes-ter-day ob-ject-ed, the Soon-er told him that if he was not sat-is-fied he could quit work—and quit liv-ing.

The Soon-er en-dow-ed a coll-ege to teach the Man from Yes-ter-day that every-thing was right, and when the Pro-fess-ors said that Hon-es-ty, In-dus-try and Per-se-ver-ance were the ways to raise the rents, they were dis-miss-ed for in-sub-ord-in-a-tion.

Then the Soon-er, see-ing that the Man from Yes-ter-day was be-com-ing rest-less, en-gag-ed a cler-gy-man to point him to the sky for the sat-is-fac-tion of his wants.

Self Help.

This was not the kind of landlord that fills the flowing bowl. It was a Benevolent Company that wished to get credit from the dear public for Benevolence—if there wasn't any extra charge. Therefore it encouraged Thrift in its men.

So this goodly Company began to work on the land that the dear public had granted to it (of course, the Company itself didn't work, but its "hands" did). Then it sold to the workmen the land which their presence had made valuable, and loaned them back the money to put up what they called "houses" on their land.

After a while there was a strike against a reduction in wages, and some of the workmen wanted to look elsewhere for work. But they had their little homes (mortgaged) there, so they could not leave, therefore they had to accept the reduction.

Ah, what a beautiful thing it is to help the poor to homes! It blesseth him that gives and him that takes—the mortgage.

The Soul's Hunger.

“We are poor creatures at best,” said the Clergyman, and all the people said, “Amen.” But I remembered a dream; how I had complained to the Spirit of Life that the world was bad, and had asked that I be taken away.

Then the Spirit took me up on a tower, and I looked down upon men crawling like ants; and the Spirit said: “Your race is low; it cannot be raised; therefore cast yourself down and make an end.” But my soul said: “Nay; for in the distance I see hills.” The Spirit took me to the hills. The Spirit said: “It is vain to try further, cast yourself down.” But above, my soul saw mountain peaks, and said: “Nay; take me higher.” Then the Spirit took me to the highest peak, and said: “You are as high as you can go. It has profited nothing; cast yourself down.” But my soul looked up and saw the stars. Said my soul: “I fain would rise to heaven.” And the Spirit took me and planted my feet

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on the Star of the North, and said: "At last, you are above the world; be content." But my soul looked up, and saw Arcturus and the Sands of Pleiades. My soul said to the Spirit: "Nay; I am low, take me higher."

And the Spirit said: "You are a man, the noblest evolution of the Universe. If I plant your feet upon Arcturus I shall but open to you new knowledge and desires. Man sees ever further depths and heights; there is naught greater than the soul of man."

The Water Lords.

A certain prophet took up his parable of "Equality" and said:

"There was a certain very dry land, and all the water was brought together in one place, and there did the capitalists make a great tank for to hold it. And the capitalists said unto the people:

"'For every bucket of water that ye bring to us, that we may pour it into the tank, which is the Market, behold, we will give you a penny, but for every bucket that we shall draw forth to give unto you ye shall give us two pennies, and the difference shall be our profit, seeing that if it were not for this profit we would not do this thing for you, but ye should all perish.'

"And it was good in the people's eyes, for they were dull of understanding.

"After many days the water tank, which was the Market, overflowed at the top, seeing

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that for every bucket the people poured in they received only so much as would buy again half of a bucket.

“And the capitalists said unto the people: ‘See ye not the tank, which is the Market, doth overflow? Sit ye down therefore and be patient, for ye shall bring us no more water till the tank be empty.’

“And the saying went abroad, ‘It is a crisis.’

“And the thirst of the people was great, for it was not now as it had been in the days of their fathers, when the land was open before them, for every one to seek water for himself, seeing that the capitalists had taken all the springs, and the wells, and the water wheels, and the vessels, and the buckets, so that no man might come by water save from the tank, which was the Market.”

One of the sons of Belial answered him and said, “Verily, the capitalists were fools.”

And the prophet answered: “Go to. The wicked man is always the fool.”

Then said the son of Belial: “I will go

The Water Lords.

three or four. Therefore were the capitalists threefold fools? When they had taken the springs, and the wells, and the rivers and lakes, they needed not to have spent their strength to make a tank. Wherefore did they not require of the people all that they had as an hire for drawing water from the sources thereof?"

The prophet answered, "Because it is not so written by Karl Marx."

The son of Belial answered: "Nay, thou hast not read his word, for it is so written in the book of Capital, in the last chapter thereof."

And the prophet answered: "But I was bewildered with many words ere I had got to the end thereof."

The son of Belial answered: "If thy servant had been of these people, then had he taken unto himself of the springs and would have let the tank rot."

The prophet answered: "That were well, but it sufficeth not; they must take also the water wheels and the vessels."

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And the son of Belial answered him again :
“ But as for us, we will take first that which
pertaineth unto us and to our father’s house,
and if such sufficeth not for thee, then canst
thou take something else.”

Prosperity.

“‘Hard Times’?” said the Fox, as he grabbed another Gosling, “why, I never knew such Prosperity.”

“But,” said the Goose, “we can’t live——”

“Can’t live!” replied the Fox. “Nonsense, if you didn’t live and put on Flesh, how could I be getting fat?”

“But my Children are dead,” said the Goose.

“The Incapables always succumb,” said the Fox, as he licked his Chops. “Look at the Increase in my Business, and the Extension of my Belt Line; I have added two Links and yet it is strained to its utmost Capacity.”

Said the Goose: “You even keep us out of the Fields, where we need to feed.”

“You are dissatisfied,” replied the Fox, “because you are a Goose. What do you wish me to do?”

The Game of Life.

“We should have shorter Hours,” said the Goose, “and more Liberty.”

Said the Fox: “I have learned not to quarrel with my Food. So I will accede to your Demands—by inspecting your Nests and passing a Law against Trusts.”

A Conservative.

"You are making no progress," said the Albatross to the North Pole, "follow me."

"If I follow you," said the North Pole, "I will be an east pole. I would rather be a tent pole."

"Then go the opposite way, you're not much use here," said the Albatross.

"Then I will be a west pole," said the North Pole. "I'd rather be a barber pole."

"Well, grow up," said the Albatross as it flew to the south (for there was no other way to fly), "then you will be more north than ever."

But the North Pole was afraid of going wrong. So it stuck right in its place—but it got nowhere.

A Subject for "The Human Improvement Society."

"Let us discuss," said the Clergyman, "the origin of sin among the lower classes."

"Rescue work among Fiji Magdalens—" said the Missionary.

"Or," interrupted the Professor, "the ratio of wages to the price of *paté de fois gras*."

"Rather the doctrine of Antinomianism," said the Theologian.

Said the Philanthropist: "The care of superannuated, delinquent one-legged women is a profitable subject."

"Let us discuss the Monopoly of Land," said the Demagogue. The Missionary said "that was flying in the face of Providence, for it would stop subscriptions." The Clergyman said "he had to go to a meeting for the suppression of vice, among the poor." The Theologian looked at his watch. The Philanthropist had a chill, and the Professor said that a man had fallen among thieves, and

A Subject.

he must go and pass by on the other side. Said the Scientist: "The consideration of Degeneracy and Cretinism is more comforting to those on top—to the upper classes I mean."

And they went out one by one.

The Ship of State.

The steam yacht *Republic* is built for the "better element"; it shows a tremendous speed. On the decks are awnings and reclining chairs in which repose a few who, from their circumstances, are called the "upper class." For these places there is great competition, every one aboard the ship seeking to secure them for himself and for his children. Now this yacht differs from ordinary yachts (because it is a *Republic*) in that every one who has a seat can leave it to any one whom he wishes, unless indeed he loses it by some mischance. Comfortable as are the seats, the risk of such accidents is very great, and when they do happen, the unfortunate occupant has to go into the stoke-hole, or at the very best to serve before the mast. Living on the deck is frightfully expensive, and those upon it often mortgage their places to others to secure the means of maintaining their positions. Therefore to

The Ship of State.

lose one's place is thought of as a horrible menacing misfortune, and the fear of losing it hangs over the passengers like the thought of death.

For down in the stoke-hole, men and women toil, yes, and little children too, half-naked, sweating, stifled, unkempt,—fourteen and sixteen hours a day in an atmosphere and a temperature which make men wonder that life can be dragged out in spite of them. The stoke-holes are the sweat-shops of the sea.

Although all started together, and some of those on deck have been in the stoke-hole, and all have seen their fellows lose their places and go below, still those who are on top seem generally to believe that they are quite a different order of beings from those below. Although, indeed, when any of the toilers succeeds by cunning or violence in securing to himself one of the seats, or when in the struggle among themselves some are thrown from the deck, they have to join the rabble; even those who have

The Game of Life.

but just arrived, and whose faces are still black with the dust and oil of the engine-room, seem to get the same delusion that they are a different race from their brethren.

However, the chief effect of the wretchedness of the crew upon the happiness of the passengers is, that it makes them better satisfied with their own situations, and more anxious to hold on to them; were their own seats quite secure, few of them might ever trouble themselves about those who may be called the subordinate part of the community.

Still, those on deck often say how sorry they are for the unfortunates in the stoke-holes; especially in the stormy weather, or when they wish extra speed, so that extra fires are put on. At such times the awful sufferings to which the unhappy working people are driven make some of them desperate or insane, and now and again some plunge over the side into the sea, in sight of the passengers; or, what is yet more horrible, with swift knife make a place vacant, which they never can hope to occupy. Every morn-

The Ship of State.

ing a few are taken up dead from the stoke-holes, and those passengers who keep their eyes open are aware that there is a frightful state of things on the decks below.

These tragedies elicit many humane expressions from the passengers on deck, and they even sometimes go below to speak soothingly to the stokers and enginemen, teaching them that they must endure during the voyage, because when they reach the other shore everything will be made up to them. A few go down to live between decks and even make trips to the stoke-hole to fan the toilers. They all admit that it is a thousand pities that the yacht requires such furious fires, and when the storm, or the whim, that calls for extra speed is over, there is a general sigh of thanksgiving that neither a mutiny nor explosion has yet taken place. "The crisis," they say, "has passed."

Surcease of Sorrow.

The Man was crucified, and at the foot of the cross kneeled three of the sons of men.

One said: "Poor soul, may it be given me to prevent such crucifixion." But on the face on the cross I saw the tears run down.

Another said: "My friend, may it be given me to ease thy crucifixion." But on the face I saw a frown.

The third said: "Brother, let it be given me to share the crucifixion." Then on the face I saw the peace of God shine out beneath the thorny crown.

The Gospel of Wealth.

“Hands up!” shouted the Road Agent. As he was going through the pockets of the passengers one of them remonstrated.

“This is hard,” said he, “to give up——”

“Nonsense,” shouted the Road Magnate, “if it were not for us leisure classes there would be no demand for your watches.”

“But you give us nothing for them,” urged the Discontented Passenger.

“I have organized the production of valuables,” replied the Captain of Industry; “consider what a waste it would be to pick all your pockets separately.”

“But we don’t want our pockets picked,” said the Agitator.

“I am charging only what the traffic will bear,” returned the Capitalist. “I leave your clothes and enough food to last you till the end of your journey; besides I leave you free to earn more valuables.”

“This is simple theft—benevolent assimilation, I mean,” said the Passenger.

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"I give you permission to use the road. What more do you want, you Demagogues?"

"We want to control our own highway."

"If you controlled the road yourselves the dear public would be robbed. Much better to leave the highways to professional highwaymen."

"We——"

"You forget the immense sums I have given to the public by handing back purses and bags when I took the valuables; that, as Comrade Rockefeller says, 'is paying wages, which is the best sort of giving.'"

"But——"

"I'm only taking what you have now, whereas the Trusts take mortgages on all you may ever have."

"But you have no right at all to anything we produce."

"I am holding it only as a Trustee," said the Leading Citizen, "and I have founded a library with my gains."

A Farmer of Farmers.

A Farmer, when showing a foreigner his estate, talked of his laborers' blessings. Still the laborers looked ragged and lean. After long study, the two men got a pair of spectacles from the Government Labor Bureau.

"Don't you see now what grand times these are for the workingman?" asked the Farmer.

The visitor looked over the great country, and agreed—that it was a grand prospect.

"But," he said, after a little, "your workingman does not get much of his increased production."

"No; but our exports greatly exceed our imports and stocks have risen tremendously."

"He doesn't seem to get very steady employment either," remarked the visitor.

"That's true," the Farmer admitted, "but it's a fine place."

"A good many men appear to be displaced

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by machinery, don't they?" the critical visitor further asked.

"Well, yes!" replied the Farmer of farmers, "but, good lands, man! Just think of my magnificent prosperity!"

The Mission of Evil.

"You tempt men to sin," said I to the Devil.

"Not so," said the Devil to me. "Men desire the apples of Sodom, which I give to them, that by eating, they may find that they are filled with ashes."

"You are a bad paymaster," said I to the Devil.

"I am no paymaster," said the Devil to me, "for it is written, 'they shall eat of the fruit of their own way.' I only take care that they do."

"You trouble the world," said I to the Devil.

"Nay, I am the left hand of God," said the Devil.

The Civilized Pig.

I couldn't make out whether the animal I was talking to was a man or a pig. You have noticed how like men pigs really are? They have the same pinky hairless skin, their dental formulas are the same, and they both eat anything they can get. Then, too, they have the same range of voice, from a squeal to a grunt.

Said the Animal, "I keep several wives."

"Oh," thought I, "he must be a pig—unless he is a Mormon."

"But, I'm not married to them," he said.

"Ah," thought I, "surely he is a pig—unless he is a man about town."

"I squeal and struggle when I'm hurt," said the Animal.

"Now," said I, "I know he's a pig—unless he's a Bryanite."

"Do you pay any rent?" I asked for a test.

"Rent," said he, "I don't know what it is."

The Civilized Pig.

“Now I am sure he is a pig,” I said, “unless, indeed, he is a gentleman,” for I remembered that according to the Irish, the pig is the “gentleman that pays the rent.”

I tried him again: “Would you die in defence of your hearth and your home?” said I.

Said he, “I haven’t a home.”

Again I thought he must be a pig, till I remembered that “home” means to most men a pig-stye of a tenement.

I said, “You are dirty and sensual.”

“Not more than others,” said he, “that are shut out from the clean earth and clean pleasures, and shut in to the slums.”

Now, do you think I was talking to one of you or to a pig?

The Man of Common Sense.

"Twice five is ten," said I to the Kaffir.
The Kaffir looked at his fingers. "Yes,"
said he, after a pause.

"And two tens are twenty," I said.

The Kaffir hesitated.

"Count it on your fingers and toes," I
urged.

The Kaffir counted his fingers and toes.

"Yes," said he, doubtfully.

"Then," I continued, "five tens are fifty."

"Oh, no," said the Kaffir, "that's sheer
mysticism; no one has so many fingers and
toes as that."

He was a Kaffir.

A Sullen Child.

The little girl screamed with excitement: "Now it's my turn; now it's my turn!" Just then Papa came in and kissed both children. "How's my little Dotty?" he said, as he lifted her out of the game and set her on his knee. Dotty only looked longingly at Brother, who after a pause toddled silently away.

Then Papa began to tell me about his book, while two big tears trailed down the little prisoner's cheek. In a minute a stifled sob. Papa noticed this. He leaned over and kissed her. "Be good, Dotty," he said. Dotty whimpered. "Dotty, if you don't stop crying—Here, Mary, take this child upstairs. You can't come down again, Dotty, until you're good."

"Well, as I was saying," Papa went on, "my thesis is that the consent of the Governed is the foundation——"

But I heard only the Baby's wailing, through the open door.

Apples of Sodom.

First came the Priest. Amid lightnings and thunders he engraved it upon tables of stone: "Thou shalt not—shalt not—shalt not—drink gall." And men said: "Surely this gall has the savor of life; we must drink it or we die."

Next came the Prophet, and the Prophet put ashes upon his head and howled: "Whoso drinketh gall, upon his head shall ruin fall; his body shall God twist, and his inwards shall Satan grip." The people said: "The Gods are jealous lest we drink this gall, and become even as they."

Afterward came the Reformer, and he put taxes upon the manufacturer of gall; he licensed the selling and he prohibited the drinking of gall. Gall rose in price, so that men said, "How well would it be with us, could we but have our fill of gall."

Then came the Ruler, and he wrote a law and set it up in the Market Place, saying:

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“He that drinketh gall shall have his forehead branded with an iron; he shall be cast in the deepest dungeon, and he shall be hanged upon a tree.” Men began to taste of the forbidden gall secretly, until a gall-drinking habit grew up.

At last came the Teacher, and he filled the cup with gall and pressed it to men's lips, “Drink deep,” he said, “and drain the dregs. Ay, have your fill of gall.” And when men had drunken, they found by proof that sin is vain; they knew the bitterness of gall.

The Social Struggle.

Again the Interpreter took me by the hand and showed me two that contended together for the ledge of a hill that had been made narrow by digging away the bank, and the Interpreter said: "They are father and son."

And one took the other by the throat and pressed him with intent to throw him down.

And as I looked, behold, he that was pressed gave ground, and stumbled where the earth was cut away, and both fell together and perished miserably in the abyss.

Then said I, shuddering, to the Interpreter: "Who be these?" And the Interpreter said: "The Father is Labor, and the Son is Capital, and they struggled together, for each thought that if the other fell, himself would rise."

The Social Thieves.

"Morality nothin'," said the Artful Dodger; "it's how to make a livin'; it's for revenue only. I've always supported the grand old Fagin party. Why the people doesn't even feel what we takes; but Bill Sykes wants to rob 'em."

"Rob!" said Nancy, "it's an income tax we collects; when Bill cracks a crib the blokes pays accordin' to their ability."

"Inheritances is fairer," said Noah Claypole; "I knocks down the children and grabs their pennies. They don't earn what they have, and we swipes only a part of it."

"But Bill don't give no accidental protection," said Charlotte. "Now, our tariff makes work, takin' the names off the handkerchieves."

"Well," said Oliver Twist, "of course I pick pockets, but I've no share in this wickedness. I act only in an administrative capacity. I'm a mere tax collector. It's the foreigners pays the taxes, anyhow."

The Wings of Love.

Winter lay hard upon the land, and the heart of the child was unsatisfied and sad; for the child listened to the tale of a land where all things bloom forever in the wonderful sunshine of love. The child said, "Here it is dull and cold, yet almost in my reach there are flowers and almost in my hand is love." Then the Teacher arose and gave her beautiful flowers, and for a moment the child was glad, but the sadness came again. The child said, "If I had wings, I would fly to that land of love." So the Teacher kissed the child, and petted her, and the child was happy, but in a little while she was dissatisfied. The child said, "I will set out alone for the wonderful land of love." The child wandered seeking that land till her hair was gray and her day was spent; then, weeping, she returned. The Teacher said: "My child, only when all go with us, shall that land be open; that land is in our hearts, where all things bloom forever in the wonderful sunbeams of Love."

Signs of Progress.

An Animal found an Eden, in which were lakes and streams, fruit-trees, and animals suited to his use. The beast was not big nor strong, nor as yet was he cunning, and he could not have lived had he not found such a garden. But in it he learned to stand upright and to work with his fingers and thumb. He thought it the region of the blest.

But some of his children were not content, and set out to find strange beasts to fight; and unknown lands to possess. Then the animal grieved and began to think. As he thought, the heads of his unborn offspring grew larger and his nerves began to be sensitive to pain. Those children that were slow and stupid stayed in the garden; afterward, the strong returned and drove them out and others in turn drove the drivers, so that the place became such a battleground that none could live therein.

Then all the animals were discontented, and said, "We live in an evil world, and life in it is not worth the living."

A Radical Fault.

The steamship *Civilization* would not go. She churned up the water and burned up the coal, and did everything but go to her port of Commonweal. So the owners called in the experts. One said: "I can tell you what the matter is; but my advice will be expensive." So the owners of the steamship resorted to the magicians.

Said Dr. Divinitas: "The trouble is that the whole nature of the boat is corrupt. You must regenerate it; every part is bad, and must be made good."

"But what shall we do?" said the owners.

"Well, you should build a church in the saloon," said Divinitas, "and establish a mission in the hold."

"Will it be right then?"

"Oh, no!" said Divinitas. "We can never get things right in the world; but if every one will go to the church and subscribe to the mission, they will all be more contented."

A Radical Fault.

“Will the boat go better then?”

“Well, not much better. But after everything is burned up, it will be all right with you—that is, if you hearken to me.”

Then Professor Economy drew a diagram. He said: “You see, the Asymtote of Progress, which we call W A R, approaches the axes of Demand and Supply, but never gets there. Now let C O N represent the curve of Diminishing Returns; divide by the mean Consumption of coal, and we get as a result the square root of R O T. Is that clear?”

“Not quite;—but will it make her go?”

“Ah, only competition and development can do that, but it will enable us to prevent the passengers from finding out what the matter really is. It will keep things quiet.”

Then the owners went back to their first adviser and agreed with him upon his price. “Now,” said they, “what is the matter? We will do what you say.”

Said the expert: “Take off your screw and turn it around. You have got it on backward.”

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But the owners said: "No, no; that idea is revolutionary"; and neither the Professor nor the Doctor approved of it; so, instead of turning the screw, the owners turned the boat around, and let it make what progress it could, back end foremost.

Prospectus of the Misery Mfg. Company.

Chartered under the Laws of Every Civilized Country. General Agents : Mauser, Shrapnel & Co.

Recognizing the rude methods by which Hades has so long been raised, a number of gentlemen, prominent in social, political, and Christian life, have formed this company for its manufacture on a large scale, and have enlisted the co-operation of the United States Government.

We believe that our methods will put us beyond competition, even of the saloons; at the same time helping the farmer to raise more Hell and fewer hogs, paying us, of course, for the privilege.

We control the patents of Dingley, Hanna, L. Roaring Jake, and others, as well as the secret processes of "Charity" and "Monopoly"; but our chief advantage is the wonderful

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NEW PROCESS OF BENEVOLENT ASSIMILATION.

(United States Patent.)

Our product, served with roasted Georgia blacks or "*à la* Idaho," will be very popular, being most satisfying for domestic use.

We put the article up in neat coffin-shaped boxes, marked with the American flag. Special brands, devised by practical missionaries to meet the demands of all countries; for instance, for brown pagans, we label it "Civilization"; for Spanish Christians, "Humanity"; for Indians, "Guardianship," and for Mormons, "Morality."

We have found means to utilize the by-products of Hades, such as corruption, savagery, and repression. These alone will repay to the stockholders their entire investment.

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The Woodpeckers' Tree System.

The Woodpeckers were advancing in civilization and took up something like the English land system. It was shown that holes in a tree trunk were fixed improvements which would not be made unless ownership of the tree was secured. Full title to the trees was, therefore, confirmed to various Woodpeckers.

Thereupon the more active and long-headed Woodpeckers began to fix to each vacant tree a little red leaf like a seal, so as "to hold it until it is wanted."

The Woodpeckers increased in number so that there were not unclaimed trees enough for everybody; later all the convenient trees were full, and still there were more applications.

Said one lazy tree owner: "If you common peckers bring me grubs, you can have a tree to yourselves." So that tree got quite full, and still little peckers were coming into the world, for whom, as all the trees were owned,

The Woodpeckers' Tree System.

their creator had neglected to provide a place—in fact, “population increased faster than the means of subsistence.” The wormiest trees were held for a rise in values (which appeared in the census as “increasing wealth of the community”).

But large and growing lower classes of Woodpeckers had nothing to peck. So wicked and lazy did these “lower classes” become that they organized unions, and refused to peck for other birds unless by constant toil they could make enough to keep themselves alive.

Then the upper classes set up trade schools where young Woodpeckers were trained to work, and old ones were taught to accept any pay rather than be idle. They said: “The poor we must always have with us (else wages will get too high).” As the lords could not consume all that the others produced for them, the community suffered from over-production.

The tree lords left upon the hardwood trees some of the little waste grubs and set the

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poor beggars to peck them out. Then they sold the fattest grubs. That was "philanthropy and five per cent."

They said: "Our principle is not alms, but a friend"; so, when the destitute had nothing to eat, they were exhorted not to drink.

Then the Benevolent Tree-owners subscribed to a Woodyard as a "labor test," where disemployed Woodpeckers might peck the grubs out of a cord of wood for half a grub a day. This prevented the pauperization of the poor.

They formed an "Employment Bureau," where the hungriest birds were helped to get situations by underbidding the discontented Trades-union peckers.

They washed the poorest birds and set them in the fresh air for two weeks. They investigated them and found that their own Intemperance, Imprudence, Impudence, Ignorance, Idleness, and Incompetence (and everything beginning with I) were the Causes of Pauperism. The tree-owning birds taught

The Woodpeckers' Tree System.

the poor to live upon chips instead of grubs, and when they had "organized" the means of relief they said: "We have Improved the Condition and greatly increased the number of the Poor."

The Radical Rat.

A rat started to bore through Monopoly's dam. Night and day he kept at it. One could see how muddy he made the water, and now and then bubbles came up.

Monopoly was alarmed. He threw in big logs and built out the back of the dam. He drove in huge piles. The dam looked stronger than ever. As Monopoly worked to broaden the dam, he filled up the pond and some of the water ran over the top. Still the rat kept boring.

Monopoly was frightened. He dumped loads of dirt behind the rat so that the rat had to bore his way back; but the new dirt was soft and loose.

Monopoly reasoned with the rat, and also threw stones at him; he said: "You are attacking the base of the structure, where the dam is thickest; you will never succeed that way; besides, you will bring about a catastrophe." Still the rat kept on boring.

The Radical Rat.

When he came up for breath, he saw that Monopoly was making the dam higher with new piles and heaps of dirt and brushwood, and the rat was almost discouraged. Still he kept boring. The rising water pressed hard upon the dam.

Monopoly argued: "You are such a little rat. The dam is vast and old; you can never tear it down."

Said the rat, "But I need only to make one little hole; the water will do the rest."

The rat keeps on boring.

Diary of a Deacon.

“The year has passed with hardly an entry in my old diary. Business and the church take all my time.”

December Twenty.

Heard a heart-breaking account from Dr. Rubrick of a family almost freezing to death this bitter cold weather. I sent him a bundle of old newspapers to put between the sheets and the counterpanes. I think since navigation is closed coal would bear another twenty-five cents per ton.

Teach me thy ways, O Lord.

December Twenty-two.

The boys seem to take no interest in business; and, although Lucile is such a lovely girl, I can hardly find anything to say to her. That Count Detrini is a fortune-hunter. I gave her \$1,000 for the Settlement: my name was in the papers between Mr. Pastor's and Mr. Chiselling's. We got the control of the meat supply.

Thou art merciful and gracious, O my God.

Diary of a Deacon.

December Twenty-five.

The happy Christmastide! Sent \$50 to the Salvation Army Christmas dinners. Have matured a plan to crush the Packers' Union.

Godliness is profitable for all things.

December Thirty-one.

The old year closes. How much God has given us this year, through the tariff on coal.

All thy ways are pleasantness.

January One.

May the New Year bring blessings to all! The beef combination will enable us to dispense with over two thousand employees.

Thy ways are not as our ways, O Lord.

January Seven.

Lucile has taken up the unemployed. She is dissatisfied with the sewing society—says it takes away work from the seamstresses. I told her that the charities do so little that they could not do much harm (our business alone amounts to more than the \$10,000,000 that is spent in New York on charities annually); but Lucile said that it is the

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cheapest article in the market that sets the price. That may be so, for we find that the men applying for occasional jobs keep down the wages. I was glad to find something to talk to her about, and something besides business to think about. The miners struck against the reduction; this will enable us to get the extra fifty cents on the ton; I fear there will be violence.

Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.

January Eight.

Much perplexity about business. The boys squander money among profligates and at the billiard halls instead of making useful acquaintances at the church.

January Eighteen.

A horrible day—"The wicked have drawn out the sword and have bent their bow." All my stock in the meat combine gone for lack of a few thousand dollars for margins. I fear the coal will follow. The strike in

Diary of a Deacon.

the mines has set afloat reports about our credit.

Have mercy upon us miserable sinners.

January Twenty.

My heart bleeds for the poor men who will be thrown out of employment—but they would not accept the new schedule.

Here the diary ends abruptly. A newspaper clipping of an Associated Press despatch fell from between the leaves. It reads: "Magus Scribes accidentally shot himself in his bedroom at three o'clock this morning while cleaning a pistol. His firm, Scribes & Mammon, assigned yesterday."

The Survival of the Fiercest.

"My statistics show," said the Butcher, "that the fatness of the herd has increased thirty-one per cent in the last ten years; and the rate of mortality of our sheep has decreased eleven and two-thirds per cent, as compared with wild sheep. Yet you are more socialistic than ever."

"But," said the Sheep, "we have a right to life and——"

"It would be a happier world," answered the Butcher, "did you talk less of 'rights' and more of duties. Anarchy results——"

"Anarchy," said the Sheep, "is where one preys upon another; we want only justice."

Said the Butcher: "There it is again, always talking about justice and not a word about sacrifice and love—now I love mutton."

"You know yourself it is wrong to kill defenceless lambs," replied the Sheep.

"I am in the hands of my friends," returned the Butcher, "and besides, spring

The Survival of the Fiercest.

lamb is the reward of superior ability,—the unfit must surely succumb; that is the law of nature.”

“That is a brutal law,” said the Sheep; “man should be able to make a better selection——”

“I believe,” said the Butcher, “in natural selection, but not in the survival of the fittest.”

The Sheep bleated piteously. “You forget,” said the Butcher, “that in any case you lived only by my permission, for the pasture belongs to me.”

Strength by Growth.

An Acorn fell into the hole of an old Grindstone which lay in a garden, and there it sprouted and grew, following its own law of life, without thought of the Grindstone.

The Grindstone noticed the little sapling in its centre. "Here," said the Grindstone, "you ought to be strong like me." The shrub put out another leaf. "You are soft, and you are getting lopsided," said the Grindstone, "whereas you should be hard as I am."

"It is true," said the bush, "that you are strong and round and hard—but you don't grow."

After a while the oak split the old Grindstone into four pieces.

Our System of Taxation.

Old Sam Head made his millions running department stores. His method was simple. He would buy a building, or take a long lease, in the best part of a town. Then he would divide it up, allotting the front for fancy goods, the centre for dry goods, and the rear for groceries. He would entice merchants to hire of him sections of the store. He furnished water, heat, elevator service, detectives, and care-takers for the building. For the best situations he charged the highest prices, but being a good-natured fellow, he gave a peanut man the privilege, for nothing, to sell his wares on the sidewalk.

One day Sam suddenly disappeared, and the boys took up the business. Wood Head, who was an observing fellow, took a point from the way our country is run, and reversed the old man's methods. He charged a fee for bringing goods into the store and appointed officers who received the dues at the

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doors. Some of these fees were on the value of the goods, and some of them a fixed price for each article. He argued that, although this required a considerable number of officials, the customers who purchased goods never noticed that there was such a charge, and the income derived from it relieved the seller of the goods from a part of his fees for the ground rent. In addition to this, it induced some of the storekeepers to start manufactures of their own, which seemed to increase the demand for floor space; yet somehow the receipts fell off, and the store did not prosper.

Another brother, Bill Head, said the best thing to do would be to charge every customer who came to do business a fee based upon his guesstimated income. Customers seemed to object to this, and would never give their incomes correctly. They were dishonest. But Bill insisted that the principle was just and fair. He said "they pay according to their abilities."

Dick Head said he believed in internal

Our System of Taxation.

revenue, and instituted a tax on all corsets worn in the store. He said corsets were injurious anyhow. This tax was constantly evaded, however, by unscrupulous women, who said they wore only waists. The young men especially objected to being examined as to whether they wore corsets.

Sharp Head, who was a far-sighted sort of chap, seeing that his brothers' plans were not working as well as they might, and that a change in the management was bound to come, induced them to give him a lease (which he duly recorded) of the elevators, and charged everybody for going up or down. He put in an improved elevator, and pointed out to the firm what a public service he had done.

Big Head, taking a point from him, got a similar franchise for supplying light, and as he had not the capital to put in the electric lights that were needed, he got bonds out of the concern sufficient to cover the cost of putting in the plant, and he charged a moderate fee for the service.

The custom of the store, however, appeared

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to be dwindling, and it was necessary to devise some new methods of raising revenue. A conference of the brothers decided that a proper source would be a small charge for the water in the drinking fonts and the lavatories. By a happy inspiration, the firm also sold outright the exclusive privilege of supplying heat to the building, for which every tenant had to pay in accordance with the display he made. This brought in a large sum, which kept the firm going for some time. Nevertheless, the business declined.

Wood Head now admitted that his tariff on goods coming in was not working well, as it did not bring enough revenue. He claimed that it had done its work by establishing industries, and that it would now be well to establish licenses to do business. He urged that those departments which sold soda water and other things that people did not need ought to pay for the privilege; that if customers did not wish to be taxed they should not buy these things.

Bill Head stuck to his income tax; but as

Our System of Taxation.

it was very difficult to collect, he consented to modify it so that only the merchants should pay it. However, he made them swear to the amount of their profits, or rather, for the most part, swear that there were none.

Wood Head said that, in his opinion, Sharp and Big were making all the money that was in the business, and that the wise thing would be to charge them a fee for the privilege they had.

These plans, however, were of no avail, and the brothers despairingly concluded that there could be no natural and scientific plan of taxation, and made an assignment.

Building the City.

“What are you doing, Labor?”

“I am working at digging foundations, cutting timber, getting out stones, and putting them into shape. As a reward, I get work for myself.”

“What are you doing, Manufacturer?”

“I am helping Labor and his fellows to organize so as to produce the best results. As a reward, I get the best results for myself.”

“But why does not Labor organize himself?”

“Because Labor is stupid; but I am busy; so talk to some one else.”

“What are you doing, Merchant?”

“I am buying the products of Labor and of Capital in different places and bringing them together so as to save delay and loss: I get the saving for myself.”

“But why don't Labor and Capital do that themselves?”

“Because they are stupid; but this is my busy day.”

Building the City.

“What are you doing, Capital?”

“I am lending money to Labor, Organizer, and Merchant to help them in their business; the help is for my own benefit.”

“But why do not Labor, Organizer, and Merchant make their own money?”

“Because they are stupid; but I have no time to talk.”

“And what are you doing, claimer?”

“I am standing in the way.”

“But you won't make money doing that.”

“I am not trying to make money. I take money that other people make. When I see any one looking for a place to work, I go and get possession of it and stay there until some one pays me to get out.”

“But no one will pay you for that; they will put you out!”

“Oh, no! You don't understand. The people are stupid and I am a buyer of vacant land.”

The Land Gobbler.

“Overworked!” said the landowner, as he sat down to dinner. “Well, he was a good farmer and always paid his rent promptly,” he added; “I hope to meet him in heaven.”

“Grasshopper-fed!” he said, as he wiped his mouth. “Well, he was a good turkey and very juicy,” he added.

“Pa,” said the boy, “do you hope to meet the turkey in heaven, too?”

The Advance of Slavelization.

The tragedy of the Landing of Cortez is in our histories, but long before that age the cycle of æons had brought him once before to the shores of America. He was a pioneer of civilization; his heart was filled with bitterness against the primitive Aztecs, and he had been reading socialistic books.

From them he had learned that machinery would reduce people to practical slavery. Therefore he said: "Why should we shed our blood in subduing these savages;" so he brought over a ship filled with machinery instead of arms.

Cunningly he induced the natives to use his machines. Anxiously he watched for sweatshops, and fifteen hours of toil; the pig-headed Aztecs made goods with his machinery, so that they cost not a tenth of the labor they used to cost, and, during the time which was saved, they amused themselves, or got from the land what they needed. Nobody worked fifteen hours or started a sweatshop.

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Cortez was cast down, but he persisted; he read Karol de Right, and learned that the blessings of the people came from machines and tools and increased production. So he bought from the Inca, and took from the people all the machines they had: spades, horse-plows, steam-plows, even hammers, and pile-drivers. "Now," said he, "I have reduced these people to slavery." But the illogical Aztecs set to work again, and made as many more machines out of wood and of metal which they found in the earth.

Cortez was disappointed, but his iron will was unbroken. He read Professor Far West till he believed that vast accumulations of money were the real curse of every country. Therefore he sent his ships back to Spain for goods. He sold them, and set his men to make more things to sell, till he had nearly all the country's coin in his own hand. But the stupid Aztecs used his goods, and then issued their notes and receipts for goods, and used the notes as money.

Seeing this, Cortez read Heinrich Georgius'

The Advance of Slavelization.

works, and gave his money, his ships, everything, for title to the land of the country. Then he compelled his tenants to upset the reigning dynasty, and, as conqueror, seized the crown land, and rented it out. There was division of labor, abundant production, plenty of money, and a small class of land owners. Then at last appeared want and misery.

The common Aztecs said that they could find no work; that they could get no food, and that the money belonged to some one else. Every one had to seek an employer who owned some land on which he could work, and each one offered to work cheaper than others. Cortez said: "My purpose is accomplished. Now has the Aztec realized the blessings of civilization, and I have entered into the joys of being his lord."

The Convert.

A wicked young man used to say "D—"; and he invited his impious friends to drink cocktails and to play penny-ante. He chewed tobacco, and did not love to work, and would stand at the corner evenings and make passers-by give up nickels to rush the growler. In short, he was thoroughly bad.

This vicious youth was seized by a slumming Bishop, who told him that he was going to hell: whereupon the youth joined the Church and became a stock broker, and gave up swearing, and his cordial manners helped him to get on the inside track.

Then he stood in with the Legislature, and got a railroad franchise. He gave up beer, and bonded the road for twice what it cost and built a mission chapel, and stocked the road for three times the bonds, and was put on the Committee of the Thirteen Reformers, and got rid of nearly all the stock before the receiver came in.

The Convert.

Then he gave up chewing tobacco and founded an hospital, and made a good thing on the reorganization of the road, and retired from business, and sold the income bonds at nearly par, so that he was able to endow a chair of political economy, and make again on buying in at the foreclosure of the road. He said: "All things work together for good to them that love the Lord."

When he died of the gout, he left eleven millions and a mistress, and his devout widow put on his mausoleum: "There remaineth, therefore, a rest for the people of God."

The Pirate of Trade.

We were a real Brotherhood of farmers, where each reaped the fruit of his own labors and no one made a profit off another.

When the community needed any service, we asked a member to attend to it, and allowed him out of the common fund what he would have earned attending to his farm. Our plan worked well, and in our valley there was contentment and peace.

Our example was followed, so that in the adjoining counties similar associations sprang up. One cut lumber and had a sawmill; another raised stock and did a little tanning; and we lent one another what we needed, or we gave it free, and when any had a surplus we exchanged.

Now, Brother De Part had a horse and was of good discretion, so we generally asked him to go for what we needed of our neighbors. Sometimes, to make up his load, he would bring more than was needed, but he always

The Pirate of Trade.

found some one who required most of the surplus before he made a trip again.

Sometimes our brethren at the tannery wanted more farm truck than we wanted leather; then Brother De Part used to take money for the difference, or else a little memorandum of the value they had gotten from us.

Well, you know, our colony grew, as it deserved, and its wants grew with it, so that after awhile Brother De Part did nothing else but fetch goods, and distribute them. He learned where to get the best goods, and he was really a great convenience. Some of the members complained a little that he spent the time for the wants of a few who were always sending for things; so we agreed that what De Part would have made in the time he spent should be paid by those who used the goods. Afterward, when the wagon wore out, he had to add the cost of a new one.

Now, De Part had rather a small house, and it was always cluttered up with a variety of goods, so he asked that he should have a

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big shed set apart for him, and he would pay a fair rent for it, which he would charge to those who used his goods. That seemed reasonable—he wanted to fix it up a good deal, so we gave him a ten-years' lease. When all was finished—he put in show windows! We found too late De-Part-meant-Stores!

Now the question we are going to debate next week is, "At What Point Did De Part Cease to Be a Public Servant and Become a Public Enemy?"

A Vision of Mercy.

I cried out for Judgment, because men had sinned against me seven times. And she appeared to me with her two-edged sword. Her scales were not empty, for in one side was blood, and in the other tears; and when I laid hold upon her sword, it cut my hands. So I ceased to cry to her.

And while I looked, the Spirit of Man took the bandage from her eyes; and when she saw what was in her scales, she dropped the sword, and washed the scales in the spring of Brotherhood, and took up the staff of Mercy. The Spirit pointed upward; she raised her eyes to heaven: Justice was transformed to Love.

The Death of the Body.

(With acknowledgments to E. S. O'Connor.)

The Caterpillar felt his body stiffening; the chrysalis lethargy oppressed him. "What do you find hardest to leave behind you?" questioned his sister. The poor Caterpillar said, "The Future."

Church Fair at Corinth.

A fair and entertainment was held by the church at Corinth, under the management of the beloved apostle John, and was largely attended.

Booths were arranged around the hall. The centre of the platform was kept clear for the entertainment, which consisted of comic songs, skirt dances, and living pictures.

On entering the hall was a table, where lemon punch, cakes, and other refreshments, including olives, were served by Mary Magdalen. This adjoined another refreshment table, called St. Timothy's table, presided over by Dorcas.

At St. Judas's table was Herodias's daughter, and at St. Pharisee's was the charming Miss Dives.

Then came the fish-pond: in which, by casting a line and paying to the genial Peter the sum of five farthings, you were sure of

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getting a fish, for behind the screen were two damsels, the Barabbas girls, who saw to it that the cast was a successful one.

Across the aisle was the Wild West and the Bowery under the charge of St. Luke and St. Paul.

Three farthings took one into the charmed enclosure, where music greeted you in connection with some of the greatest curiosities, both living and manufactured, ever seen, among them a Seminary endowed with Blood Money, also a photograph of a Monopolist entering heaven.

Next to the platform, on the western side of the hall, was the Consecrated Money Match and Holy Family booth, kept by Misses Jezebel and Delilah. Here the staid matrons, Mrs. Rahab and Mrs. Festus, presided over the scarlet booth, and sold their favors to any who might call.

The booths were all well filled with useful and fancy articles—swords, dice, crosses, interest tables, and praying rolls; and they made a fine picture.

Church Fair at Corinth.

A large number were present at each evening's entertainment to listen to the music and singing under the management of Judas's daughter. On Saturday evening it was estimated that 400 were present. The doors were closed promptly at midnight, in order that the Sabbath might not be profaned.

The low price of admission admitted of everybody having an evening's entertainment, and all who had cash were welcome, whether Jew or Greek, Prætor or Publican.

And all who purchased tickets had a jolly good time, besides helping the cause of Christ.

Restoring the Balance.

“More rent!” said the Farmer. “Why, you know I have had a bad year; I have sold \$600 worth more than I bought.”

“Why,” said the Land lord, “that looks to me like making a profit.”

“Profit!” cried the Tenant; “no, the more you export and the less you get back, the more favorable is the balance of trade.”

“Ah, yes,” answered the Land lord, “then your rent will be \$700 more this year, and I’ll take your \$600 worth of produce in part payment. That will make a satisfactory balance for both of us.”

The Social Poultice Society.

The subject for the evening was, "How to Abolish War." The President suggested, that, as a matter of course, we should prohibit the use of dum-dum bullets, and that we might also compel combatants to fight with sticks, as we have compelled prize-fighters to wear gloves.

A woman delegate from the Pink Cross Society said that what was really necessary was to heal the wounded.

The Light Cross delegate said that immorality inevitably went with war; so that all that was needed was to stop the immorality.

A teacher wrote a book to show that it was necessary first to dig up some dead soldiers to see whether it were really war or "the personal factor" that caused them to die.

The Disturber of the Peace then explained that we have killed in the Philippines only 30,000, but that the railroads killed over 2,000 every year in the United States alone;

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that our war had cost only \$400,000,000, but that our advertising cost \$100,000,000 every year; that our soldiers have violated a few women in Luzon, but that 40,000 women are violated in New York brothels every night; that fatigue and wounds are nothing compared with the strain of business, and the horror of losing one's job. Just then, the Secretary hurriedly rose, and the Disturber moved that it be "resolved by this Society that the slaughter being greater, the waste infinitely larger, the miseries more intense, and the crimes more horrible in our industrial war than in our military war, our first duty is to stop the industrial war."

But one cannot open men's eyes with an oyster knife.

An Humble Mission.

God sent His Prophet to show His light to a Man. The Man was set in his ways, and his eyes were bent upon the earth, for he was raking in the mire. The Prophet showed him that the mire was foul, and he pointed to a star. The Man said, "What care I for stars?" The Prophet said, "It is bright and shining." Said he, "I find bright and shining things in mire."

"But," said the Prophet, "it is great, so that no man can measure it, and high, so that——" He answered, "Should I mind high things?" and turned again to the mire.

So the Prophet returned to God to say that he was wasting time on such a man. God said: "From eternity have I labored to bring that man where he now is. Will you not help me to lift him higher?"

So the Prophet returned and helped to rake the mire. The stars shone over them, and, as they raked, the water made pools in the

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hollows, and the man looked upon the pools. Said he, "Behold, your stars are also in the mire." The Prophet said, "Wherever the light shines, there is the star." He answered joyfully, "I have seen the star," and the Prophet answered, "You see its image only, not its glory."

Then the man looked up, and the star rays lit his narrow face, so that it was transfigured, and the mire rake fell from his hands. God said, "Have you 'wasted time' in lifting up a soul?"

At Sunset.

The Farmer bent over his plow. "The days are too short for me," he said, "to get enough of what I produce—and live."

The Financier bent over his ledger. "The days are too short for me," he said, "to get enough of what others produce—and die."

The Teacher bent over his thought. "The days are too short for me," he said, "to get enough of what I learn—and love."

For these are the fates that we seek—Life or Death or Love.

Deputized Religion.

Then shall He say also unto them on the left hand: "Depart from Me, ye cursed, into the outer darkness; for I was an hungered and ye gave Me no meat: I was thirsty and ye gave Me no drink: I was a stranger and ye took Me not in: naked and ye clothed Me not: sick and in prison and ye visited Me not."

Then shall they also answer Him, saying: "Lord, when we saw Thee an hungered, did we not show unto Thee a St. Andrew's one cent stand? and thirsty, did we not give Thee a Temperance tract? When we saw Thee a stranger, did not our police take Thee in? and naked, went we not to the Dorcas society? and when we saw Thee sick or in prison, we gave Thee a dispensary ticket and asked the Chaplain to visit Thee?"

Then shall He answer them, saying: "Verily I say unto you, 'Inasmuch as the Charity Societies did it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye did it not unto Me.'"

A Socratic Dialogue.

“When we were discussing overproduction, O Bicyclades, you called Lycurgus a farmer.”

“Yes, Socrates, and deservedly; for he would not agree that men are in want because they produce too much of everything they need.”

“Did you mean, then, Bicyclades, that he was a cultivator of land, or do you consider that to be a farmer is equivalent to being stupid?”

“Assuredly the latter, Socrates; for I think farmers are poor because they are stupid—that is, excepting those that farm farms instead of farming farms.”

“Then either there is something stupid in cultivation of land, or else a stupid class of men takes to it. Is that not true?”

“Yes, Socrates.”

“But to farm requires much knowledge and skill; moreover, the stupid are inclined to keep their places as Professors rather than

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to go to the country; therefore, it cannot be that a stupid class of men takes to farming."

"True, Socrates, I had not thought of that."

"Is it not also true, Bicyclades, that contact of men one with another, more than anything else, makes men bright and sharp?"

"I believe that to be the fact."

"What class of men, then, is the most isolated, O Bicyclades?"

"Surely the farmers, Socrates, unless we except keepers of lighthouses, and the wise."

"But, why are the farmers isolated—is, then, all the vacant land adjoining the cities used for farming or otherwise?"

"Indeed, no, Socrates; around Athens, Ohio, are many miles of unoccupied land."

"Are those such 'Vacant Lots' as Potato Patchrockles allowed the disemployed persons to cultivate?"

"I do not understand you, Socrates; for, if the people cultivated lots, they would not be disemployed."

"I meant disemployed from their natural

A Socratic Dialogue.

avocations of building or manufacturing or trading on those lots."

"They are the same kind of lots, Socrates."

"Who holds those lots of land?"

"No one, Socrates; they stay there without being held."

"You say truth, Bicyclades; but I mean who owns them."

"I, indeed, for I bought them of Lycurgus, as you know, Socrates."

"It was he who made the land laws and went away, instead of adopting a Constitution, lest wiser men should change them."

[Editor's Note.—Socrates appears to be mistaken here.] "But you, Bicyclades, do you let the farmers have those lots to farm?"

"No, for the farmers are poor; they cannot pay all that the land may be worth in five years, Socrates."

"Are they not poor because they have to work upon poor or distant lands?"

"It certainly seems that that would make them poor."

"But these poor men would get rich by

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tilling that valuable land if you would let them?"

"It seems so, Socrates."

"Do you get produce from it, Bicyclades?"

"No, it produces nothing now; you know that I am land-poor, O Socrates."

"Then is it not you who would rightly be called 'a farmer,' Bicyclades, if you make other men poor in order to keep yourself poor also?"

"It is time that you drank your hemlock, Socrates."

The Last Lesson.

We had been ministering to old Anselm that night; but he gently pushed our hands aside, and signed that we should raise him on the couch, and said :

“When the little Jesus was born, the Blessed Virgin, because she was very young and because she had not talked with other women, knew nothing of the care of babes. Therefore, when the Child stretched forth His hands, she and the holy Joseph thought that he wished to go; so Joseph put him upon an ox, and when the ox started, the child cried out and seemed like to fall.”

“Then Mother Mary clapped her hands and cried: ‘Fly, Bambino, fly!’ and the little Jesus stretched out His hands again and rose into the air, and flew back into her holy arms.”

When we heard this, we kept silent for a while as we watched his face grow gray. Then I, Pietro, questioned him, “Father, why do you tell this to us?”

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Anselm turned his loving eyes to me. "Because," he said, "it seems to me, my son, that this is a parable of what happens to men, and especially to the religious. The blessed Bambino is like the Soul of God that dwells in men, and the holy Joseph is the intellect which thinks that the soul can progress only through natural or material things. The oxen stand for those material things (you are very kind to minister to me, but I do not need the drugs). The Mother of God, the Blessed Virgin, is love who cries to us that we must use our higher powers, that the Soul must trust itself to its wings."

And with that, Anselm's face grew white and his head sank down. His soul had flown back to the Mother's arms.

Catching Little Thieves.

When continued robberies had become a serious social problem, a committee of Leading Thieves met to decide what should be done.

Miss Caraty proposed a relief fund for all that were robbed.

The City Vigilance Society submitted that indeterminate sentences for small robbers was the real remedy.

Dr. Statics proposed to study the tracks of the little robbers in order to find the law governing the hob-nails in their boots.

Professor Ostrian said he had already solved that problem, by pointing out that if the square of half the cosine of the curve $H O B$ equals the demand for nails, then Y will equal the number of nails.

The Outsider said he didn't see how all that would help to catch even the little robbers; besides, said he, "The land owners took——"

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Mr. Prominent interrupted him by saying that "the causes of these small thefts are very complicated, and we must first deeply study them—else we might really catch some thieves that we were not seeking for."

An Untaught Child.

“Nobody allows their children to play with Katy Smith, mamma; she says none of the children round here will go to her house, though she has asked them ever so often; she cried when she told me, so I’m going to play with her, mamma.”

“The Smiths are vulgar people, dear—”

“Why, mamma, they have a carriage, just like us, and a pony, too. Are they naughty, mamma?”

“No, dearie, they know no better; but Katy’s the little girl that uses such bad grammar and eats with her knife.”

“But I know better, and I could teach her, if she comes here.”

“Sweetheart, if you play with her, none of the other children will play with you—that’s the trouble about having bad manners. You must not play with her.”

“But if nobody taught her, it isn’t her fault; it isn’t her fault, mamma, she cries, and it isn’t her fault,” the tears filled my little girl’s eyes.

I am old and wise; I did not cry.

The Extravagance of the Poor.

A Bandit used to rob the peasantry, so that when they began to starve, they appealed to him for charity.

Said the Bandit: "I will give you nothing; you are poor because you are thriftless. If you were industrious and honest," said he (as he lifted a sheep), "the country would be richer (and I could make more). You waste your goods (so that there is nothing to steal). My Associated Charities inform me that you waste even the bones of your meat; and then we all suffer hard times."

"But, Sir," replied the Peasants, "you yourself throw away even the legs, and eat nothing but the tenderloins."

"I can afford it," said the Bandit, "because I do not have to work for my living; you Lower Classes would better pray to heaven for prosperity, instead of troubling me with your preposterous discontent."

Modern Competition.

I have a letter from my friend Singh Duhlee saying that my accounts of the Black Hole of Calcutta, labeled "Competition," are censored reports (he called them "lies," but this word looks like a reflection upon General Otis, so I strike it out). He says that the Indian war of Independence, which we dub the "Mutiny," was really an uprising against English landlordism. He says that when the Rajah put the English into the great round room that we think of as a prison, the first comers at once re-established private land ownership, and marked off all the space that they thought they could "hold," so that when the Rajah sent others into their little world, there was no place for them.

All the breathing-holes had been pre-empted, and the rents demanded for space near them were so enormous that the pioneers actually piled their countrymen on top of one another, in what was called "the tenement

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quarter." Of course, great misery ensued, and "the poor," whose all had been taken for space in which to stand, became a discontented and criminal class. The upper classes, therefore, paid a few of the poor to suppress rioting among the rest. These were called "the regular army." They contributed generously, also, to other poor people to allay discontent by promises of future comfort. These were called the "Salvation Army."

Still other prisoners arrived, and the pressure upon this class became so great that the death rate almost equalled that of our American slums.

These degenerate types acquired unnatural and disgusting habits of drinking, which the better classes regarded as the chief cause of their turbulence and crime.

Nor were the aristocracy themselves exempt from the sufferings and vices incident to their organization of Society. Notwithstanding all their luxury, they, too, caught the diseases due to unnatural food and to overcrowding, and they lived in fear of attacks upon prop-

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erty and vested rights by the abject and submerged nine-tenths.

The upper class organized a fresh air fund, and occasionally dragged some of the children of the poor from their degraded surroundings and took them for two minutes to the open spaces. This unfortunate interference with natural law, however, by saving the lives of some, really increased the over-population, and it was finally abandoned, because it made the children dissatisfied with their lot in life.

All the food that the Rajah threw into the prison belonged, of course, under the law, to the owners of the spaces where it fell, and these owners either refused it entrance, except at prohibitive prices, or else charged high prices for permission to gather it; all in the community, therefore, were driven either to eat one another, or to live upon food that was needed to prevent the rest from eating one another.

A curious feature of the case was that the eaters and the eaten, the payers of the rent and the collectors of it, all considered them-

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selves guiltless, and charged the cannibalism to "Society," and to "The System" which they themselves supported and lived upon.

Naturally the heat in the principal centers of population became intense, so that the main sources of employment were speculating in standing-room, or fanning the prudent and well-to-do people, who by foresight and economy had established positions of advantage.

Some of the industrious poor proved themselves ingenious in devising means of serving their fellows, and acquired such wealth as enabled them in their turn to become space owners, for they bought the rights of those whose hereditary failings or imprudence had reduced them to want.

It is to be regretted, however, that most of the proletariats either sank into hopeless pauperism or else pandered to the baser appetites of their superiors. This led to the formation of a "Society for the Suppression of Vices" of the poor. Many of them also, being unable to pay rent even for a place to

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work, became a burden upon their fellows, and necessitated an "Association for Improving the Condition of Poor Tenants."

The better classes, however, did all that they could to alleviate suffering by organizing an "Anti-Sweating Association," and by making a "white list" of those who sucked the blood of the tenants quietly and gently, and who would not eat the bodies of their employees until after they had died.

My friend Singh, who is a very reverent man, complains bitterly that I charge all this misery to the Rajah. He says that there were only seventy millions (he probably meant to write seventy persons) and that the Rajah had provided ample room for a hundred times as many. I will write to Singh and tell him that he is mistaken; that some people, like me, are better than the rest, but that "The poor, in a lump, are bad."

Never a Needless Sigh.

“Why did not Nature make me right at first?” groaned the Clay upon the Potter’s wheel.

“Why would not the Potter make me hard at once?” wailed the Shape as it reddened in the flame.

“Why could not the Artist make me glaze while I was in the fire?” wept the Vase in the oven.

Yet on the finished Vase was written, “To make form and strength and beauty the gods need many hells.”

But will the Artist crush the Vase or put it through a useless fire?

The Strenuous Voice.

When the scribe was younger (much younger) than he is now, he had a beautiful friend, an American. This lady, according to a habit then common, spoke in an extra audible voice. As she left the house, the scribe, sitting in the fourth story, heard the soft lady say "Good-by" at the door. He calculated that she was about fifty feet away from him. Now she intended to be heard at not over four feet distance, but her voice penetrated fifty feet—forty-six feet more than was necessary. As the intensity of sound is inversely as the square of distance—that is, as a whistle is only one-quarter as loud four feet away as it is at two, it is clear that she spoke 2,116 times too loud. Now, when the scribe had gotten further from the social heaven than when he was a boy, this set him thinking, why did the gentle one speak 2,116 times louder than she need? Why even 1,116 times too loud? And it was revealed

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to him that she did this because her ancestors for generations, and she herself, had striven to get ahead of everybody, till the habit of strife had become so ingrained that even her good-by was a struggle. Her children, thought the scribe, will get 2,116 times more land than they need—in their effort to lessen competition. Whereon let the reader reflect.

SUPREME COURT, IN EQUITY.

A. SAGE, <i>vs.</i> SAM PATRIAM, <i>et al.</i>

Copy of the Complaint.

The plaintiff, A. Sage, complaining of the defendants, alleges as follows, for a first cause of action :

1. That the defendant, Patriam, was until recently one of the inhabitants of the City of New York, and as such carried on his business of shovelling dirt.

That the plaintiff is a large employer of labor, and from time to time employed the said defendant at one dollar per day shovelling said dirt.

That in consideration of said employment the defendant was to hold himself ready at

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all times to take the job of others who were shovelling for the plaintiff, and thereby to keep the wages of the said shovellers at a just and reasonable figure. But the defendant has wickedly and corruptly conspired with certain others in restraint of trade and in defiance of the peace of the Commonwealth to join a Union, which Union has extorted from the plaintiff the sum of ten cents a day additional wages during two hundred days in the year, when the defendant was employed; thereby causing plaintiff much mental anguish, to the great loss and damage of the plaintiff; for a second cause of action:

2. That the plaintiff is a taxpayer in the said City of New York. That the defendant falsely alleged that the said wages of one dollar per semi-occasional day were insufficient to support his family, and has therefore gone to the poor-house, and is about to receive certain moneys: to wit, one dollar per week for three weeks and one ton of coal of unknown value, for which the defendant will have to pay in taxes levied upon his real

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estate, and therefor paid to him by his tenants, to the further and separate damage of the plaintiff; for a third cause of action:

3. That the defendant, as such resident, was accustomed to buy various goods from stores situated on the land of the plaintiff, thereby helping to pay the plaintiff's rents, and particularly was accustomed to buy coal at the rate of \$6.00 per ton (for the hauling of each ton of which on his railroads the plaintiff got \$2.50), all of which defendant threatens to cease to do; to the incalculable damage and grief of the plaintiff; for a fourth cause of action:

4. That the defendant, by his presence and shovelling in the said city, increased the land value of the same, as in duty bound, and raised the rents of the plaintiff's slums and land.

That he now threatens maliciously to leave said city, taking with him a part or quota of said land values, and reducing the rents of the plaintiff, to his additional loss and injury.

That the defendant is out of work, and

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that, owing to drink and to having a family and to other wasteful and extravagant habits, he is wholly irresponsible, and is unable to respond pecuniarily to any money judgment of this Court.

WHEREFORE, the plaintiff demands judgment that the defendant be forever enjoined from being out of work, and from attending the meeting of, or paying dues to, said Union, and from leaving the said City, and from remaining there to become a charge to the said County.

Sworn to, etc., etc.

Emancipation.

This is a chestnut—but it has the burr on it.

Perhaps you are not used to eating them that way.

When the trolley cars first appeared down south, the Nigger said: "Dey's great people, dese Yanks; first dey comes down here and frees de Nigger: den dey comes down here and frees de Muel."

A lean old Mule was grazing by the roadside, and he opened his mouth and said: "They didn't free the mule; they only put him out of a job."

The Nigger scratched his head.

"Boss, dat's de same way wif me," he said.

The Preacher that Lacked Balance.

A "Munificent Benefactor" donated a Church to the Boomtown that he owned.

Then the Benefactor sold out his building lots to all such as were religiously and devoutly disposed, and started a bank (it was a faro bank), which is safer and less pernicious than land speculation. And the Christian Church was mortgaged to a Jew for all it was worth.

The Trustees called a popular preacher to lift the debt and to minister to their spiritual land boom. But this preacher preferred the service of the Lord to the service of the Land lord; therefore he preached against gambling of every kind.

He said also that in the beginning God created the Heavens and the Earth, and in the end the Land lord grabbed them.

The Trustees said that the young man lacked balance—bank balance they meant; and they told him to preach redeeming grace

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and leave vexed questions alone. But the preacher said: "If you object to my preaching, I will stand from under and let the mortgage drop on you." And the Trustees held their peace, for the fear of the Land Lord is the beginning of wisdom.

The State of the Heathen.

We met to consider what was the trouble with the heathen. Everybody talked at once, so that nobody except myself could hear what anybody said.

"He wastes the skins of his bananas," said the College Settler.

"He drinks too much rum, when we send it to him," said the Good Templar.

"He does not acquire any land," said the Political Reformer.

"Nor, indeed, any of his neighbor's goods," said the Business Man.

"He spends too much upon his funeral rites," said the Superintendent of the Poor.

"He thinks too much about his other rights," said the Senator.

"Send him to the country," said the City Missionary.

"Send him to the devil," said the Practical Politician.

"We must share with him the blessings of our civilization," said the Stock Broker.

The State of the Heathen.

“Send the soldiers after him,” said the Expansionist.

“And some Bibles, too,” said the Parson. “Bibles (when they are in the soldiers’ pockets) often stop bullets.”

I stood up and said nothing. At this they were greatly astonished; and when all had ceased talking I read:

“Ye compass sea and land to make one Proselyte, and when he is made, ye make him twofold more a child of hell than yourselves.”

The meeting broke up in confusion.

An Ineffectual Life.

I am a preacher; therefore I took up my parable to reprove therewith that Fanatic, and said:

“A certain man wished to raise the level of the sea, and when he had found that ‘giving himself’ (by jumping therein) did not help; and that charitably ladling water into it did no good, he cut drains from whatever water was near the coast, so that the water might flow into the sea.

“But when he had worked his whole life out, he measured the level of the sea, and behold, it was no higher than before!”

That Fanatic replied to me: “Aye, but in doing that he drained the swampy land that was along the shore.”

I said, “Then he must have drained also the lakes.” And the Fanatic answered me again: “No; nature has fixed the drainage of the lakes, and besides,” he said, “your man could not measure it, nevertheless he did his part to raise the level of the sea.”

A Final Agreement.

Four pioneers stood at the North Pole. "Now, I will go south," said the Socialist, starting off.

"You are wrong," said the Single Taxer, going the opposite way; "this is the south."

"Extraordinary delusion!" said the Anarchist, turning his back upon both. "This way is south."

The Communist went off in the opposite direction. "I alone, said he, "go truly south."

They all reached the South Pole.

Our Plain Duty.

A Methodist burglar bought from a Catholic pal the key to a house, and let himself in. When the people of the house became alarmed, he assured them that he was there only to assist in driving away intruders. The man of the house said that he was perfectly able himself to drive away any intruders, except the burglar. "Yes," said the burglar, "but I purchased the sovereignty of your house from a former claimant."

When the man of the house resisted the benevolent assimilation of his valuables, the burglar denounced him as a rebel, and finally knocked him down. The burglar then began to consider his duty in the house. Said he: "Having opened the door, it is my plain duty to stay in the house lest some one should steal my new possessions. I must also shoot the inmates in order to maintain order." Then he assaulted the women so as "to establish respect for civil authority."

Our Plain Duty.

He said: "This house needs a revenue commissioner, also a home secretary, a commandant, an attorney-general, a head of the department of the interior, and several other officers, which are the manifest destiny of my numerous family."

The Thing as We Make It.

I, Publ-el-Shikar, by the favor of God sent to do justice, relate the thing as it was.

Before me came Ramd Dhass, a miner, crying that he was abused, as were also those other poor men, laborers of his village, servants of the Company.

“The Presence is the protector of the poor,” he said, “but the foreman is of the Sons of Satan, for he weighs out for us 3,800 pounds to every ton, and we cannot complain, lest we be discharged, and our little children starve.”

Then the foreman bowed down and said: “The Sahib is my father and my grandmother, but the manager is an eater of dirt, whom God curse; for he causes the output of the mine to be compared with the wages paid in it; and if the output passes not that of the Pit Burgh mines, he will take my wages from me, companion of thieves that he is, saying that he cannot sell the coal, seeing that it costs too much.”

The Thing as We Make It.

Now the Superintendent was brought to me, and he wept and said: "I also am a poor man, though I live in the Company's bungalow, for I have many children, as arrows in a quiver, O my Lord, but expensive to keep in sandals and in food; and I must keep ponies and give feasts to the rich lest I should lose my caste; for the Directors require much profit from the mine, and if I fail to give it, then another, moved by greed, stands waiting for my place."

Next came the Directors, who explained to me that they lived in penury, and that it was not true that the profits of the mines were great. But seeing that the eye of their Benefactor is as the headlight of a devil carriage for penetration and for seeing into their report, they would tell the truth; it was necessary to make a hundred per cent. profit, for the risks were large, and their leases of the mines would expire next year, and they could not tell what royalty the land owner, glutted already with gold, but still unsatisfied, might then require of them."

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So I, moved by compassion for those at the bottom of this pile of men, was wroth against the land owner; but he, when he came, said that he had paid for the land a lakh of rupees, and now received for it less than he could get for his money from the money changers of the bazaar.

Since I saw that only the land owner did no work, I called them all before me, and asked them if the things whereof all complained were according to the custom and the law, and they answered, "Yes, they are."

I asked also who made the laws. And they answered: "We did, my Lord—that is, we chose out the wise men from among us to make laws; and of our stupid men we made police and soldiers to enforce them."

Then I thought how the complaint of each one seemed to have justice on his side, and how all were oppressed with toil, save only the land owner, who ate bread in idleness, to which all seemed to consent.

Then I gave command to drive them all forth with blows, saying: "Ye slaves, ye

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heads of dead fish, ye jackals eating one another and coming to me complaining of the pain. Go to, all of you, and unmake your foolish laws, or at the least defy them all."

And I, Publ-el-Shikar, by the favor of God sent to do justice, do bless the Most High, who has given his servant sense enough to refrain from making laws to hurt himself.

Æsop's Facts.

A Fox and a Cat quarrelled over an oyster, so they referred the matter to the Monkey.

“I will give you the profits,” said the Monkey, handing one shell to the cat, “and you the interest,” handing the other to the fox. “I will swallow the oyster as rent, as I own the rock that you found it on.”

“Seen from Above.”

The Chessmen were shaped like men and women, and, as the fingers of Opportunity moved them, I watched the progress of the game. Some of the pieces were black, some were white; some large, some small; but I could see that every one was needed for the game.

Some stood so as to protect others, and some I saw that cared only for themselves; while some joined with their fellows, and castled, so as to protect one another. I could see that these were safest.

A Pawn slipped into a square at the edge, and I heard him say how secure he was, when another moved so that he was shut up in his square—then he complained that he was useless in the game. But I could see that his position there kept one square safe for his friends.

The Bishops said that the order of the game was bad, because the Knights skipped

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squares. "That," said they, "is the work of the devil." But I could see that otherwise the game could not go on. Many, seeing that both Knights and Bishops went backward, wailed that progress had come to an end.

Some went gladly to fight or to sacrifice, as the way was clear; but some, dazed by the confusion and lamenting the chaos that they saw, were so disturbed that their bodies warped or split.

Sometimes a piece was lifted from the board, and those about it mourned; and the pieces whispered to one another of the horror of that time when each must go. But I could see that the piece lay quiet in the box till all his fellows had come to him, and then returned to another game.

* * * * *

So they fought, and played, and loved, and wondered, and made good moves and bad; but I could see that every move worked out the problem of the game.

A Simpleton's Remedy.

Old Lady Finance was breathing hard.

Dr. Pop said she must go to the Government Sanitarium.

Dr. Banks said that she was poisoned by bryanide of silver.

Dr. Prohib said that the drain through the saloon had depleted her system.

Dr. Over Production said that the trouble was that she was too well.

Dr. Bags said that Honesty, Industry, and Perseverance would make her all right.

They got a trained nurse with a college diploma. The nurse offered her bounties and subsidies to rouse her to activity. Still she was clearly in a precarious state.

Said Merchant, her youngest son: "You've taxed her resources in trying to reduce over-circulation."

Said Farmer, her eldest son: "You've checked her circulation."

Said Wage, her second son: "Your gold

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cure has created an unnatural craving for stimulants.”

Said Dr. Liberty: “Remove those restrictions that are choking her, and let Nature make her well.” But no one was so ignorant as to permit such a thing as that.

An Uncomfortable Saying.

It was in the congregation of the Monopolists, where they worship God, Government, and Grundy (and the greatest of these is Grundy).

“Faith,” said their Clergyman, “is the substance of things hoped for (in another world), the evidence of things not seen.”

“Faith,” said the Pagan, “is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not so.”

“Faith,” said the Pessimist, “is substituting the desire of a thing for the probability of its occurrence.”

“Faith,” the Idealist said, “is belief in the possibility of righteousness here and now.”

The Monopolists said one to another: “This thing is loaded; ideals are dangerous.”; and, beginning with the wisest, they went out one by one.

The Degenerates.

"These pigs," said the Hog, "are sickly, unclean, and brutal."

"They are our children, Victor," said the Sow, "of course, they don't get enough to eat, and——"

"That little one has an unsymmetrical ear —if——"

"You know we chewed part of it off."

"That was because it didn't conform," continued the Hog, "and one must eat; the runt also has a birth mark, which shows it is a low type."

"The mark," returned the Sow, "just corresponds to the place you ripped me with your tusk before he was born."

"He has tattoo marks besides," said the Hog.

"Only where his brother bit him," returned the Sow.

"I am going to eliminate those decadent pigs, according to Dr. Makepeace's plan, by eating them," said the Hog, "for the good of society—that is, of Me."

An Intemperate Reformer.

Of course, the first passengers that arrived preëmpted all the best parts of the ship, and held them for a rise, so that later comers had to live on the deck and in the steerage.

The people there were overcrowded, and they became dissipated and reckless.

One day a cry of "Man overboard!" brought the Benevolent out of their cabins. The Reformers hurriedly began to collect data as to what percentage of men fall overboard; what proportion of the loss was due to the positive factor, and to calculate how many the sea would hold.

The secretary of the Charity Bureau, who believed in "doing the next thing," threw over a crowbar. The Chaplain said that such cases needed Conciliation between the cabins and the deck.

Meanwhile the man was a mile behind; he hadn't listened to the Chaplain's remarks, or even caught hold of the crowbar—(the lower classes are so unwilling to be helped).

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Some of those on the deck became angry, so the Captain threw over a life-preserver, and the Purser said he would establish a free library for them all. The Bishop said that the submerged were hard to reach, but that we might do something for the young; so he showed the children his watch, and took up his residence in the steerage for an hour.

The Doctor said; "The accident was due to overcrowding."

Just then Dick Deadeye came forward and smashed in the cabin doors with a handspike. He said: "There is enough room on this ship without crowding any one off."

But he was a Revolutionist.

Sir Fool Monopola.

“Good morrow, Fool,” said I. “What have you got in your bottle with the seal?”

“I have air,” said he; “my inheritance of air.”

“Air?” I said. “Why, is there not enough of air for all of us fools to use without carrying vacant air?”

“Aye,” said the Fool, “there is as much air as land. But I am going on a great reform crusade, to teach such as are not fools what my ancestors said, that they must take up the air; not all the air, you know, only air near where men live—only the air that one could use.”

“But you can’t get at it all; you can’t make deeds to air, Sir Fool,” said I.

“Deeds!” quoth the Fool, “not deeds, but acts; not acts of Congress, true, but acts like mine.” With that he pulled another bottle from his pouch and popped the cork—there came from thence such an unseemly stench

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that we were fain to fall upon our faces, and to inhale out of his beastly bottle.

Then coughed the air-owning Fool: "You see, my deed has given a value to my private holdings of the air."

Thinking Backwards.

A SPECIMEN CHAPTER.

It had been suggested by Dr. Beete that we should devote the next discussion to the Common Food System of the City, with some attempt at an explanation of the refectory courses of the twenty-first century. "We have simply extended the Public Fool System of compulsory education," said Dr. Beete. "We have a Curriculum of food, just as you had of lessons; every child is expected to feed during seven periods of forty-five minutes each, from nine to three, and the food is officially prepared for him, beginning with five cubic inches of bread for infants, going on to seven ounces of bran for children of seven, and carrying the youth up to seventeen drachms of plum duff at the age of seventeen."

"Plum duff was terribly heavy in my day," said I.

"If I have not been misinformed by your cook-books," Dr. Beete answered, "it was not the plum duff, but the water with which

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it was adulterated that was so heavy. The specific gravity of plum duff appears to have been very low, and would have been far lower if it had been made by wholesale."

"If I may interrupt," I said, "may I ask why you give only seventeen drachms to the children of seventeen while the younger ones get more?"

Dr. Beete smiled. "Because we have learned by the experience of the public schools that the capacity of the children decreases as they grow older, also because each year requires a quota. Your own writers, if I may judge by the accounts of your colleges, seemed to recognize that man is mainly a case to be stuffed just so full of learning and grub and art."

"How do you select the bakers?" I asked.

Edith smiled archly. "Oh, papa knows all about that! He invented the plan," she said.

"Hardly invented it," said the Doctor, with pardonable pride. "I applied the principle of Professorship; I suggested that those be appointed who have eaten the most bread."

Thinking Backwards.

"How is that ascertained?" I asked in delight.

"We give them degrees of fatness," replied Dr. Beete.

"But do not some of the larger children object to the food and wish to eat more than their fellows?"

"For such," said Dr. Beete, "we have a well-regulated system of sanitariums, corresponding to your lunatic asylums."

"And how about those who object to the food and secretly evade taking their appointed portion?"

"The Truant Officers stuff it into them when they object," the Doctor said, "and we periodically measure the girth of their stomachs, just as you used to have yearly examinations."

"I should think that competition—" I began.

The Doctor smiled. "We did away with that early in the twentieth century, you know, by means of the trusts."

The Wild Bornee.

This is the greatest living curiosity, Ladies and Gentlemen and my little Friends. It is so ferocious that it will go thousands of miles to kill people, and will slaughter its fellows at the command of its masters. Don't be afraid: this one is thoroughly trained. This specimen was procured at enormous expense; the color makes all the difference. The black variety is worth over \$1,000 a head. Little brown specimens have been sold in their native land at \$2 apiece, but the Bureau of Labor at Washington calculates that the annual value of such a one as this is over \$1,500.

This is the only animal that builds elaborate dwelling places, but does not live in them; and that works all the time.

You observe how intelligent it looks, but its intelligence is all in its hands, for it produces its own food in vast abundance, but does not know enough to take sufficient for

The Wild Bornee.

itself. It has enormous strength, and is incredibly stupid, for it will destroy its young in order to please those whom it is accustomed to obey.

In captivity it spends much of its time in stuffing little bits of paper, which its master gives it, into a box, and thinks it of the greatest importance which bit it will stuff in. If it knew its power, we could never restrain it.

No matter how lean it is, it never kicks so long as the bulls and bears are fat, because it thinks the country is prosperous. If you stir it up, it growls; but it doesn't do anything. — (Twist its tail, Mr. Corner.)—that's its Vox Populi.

Its name? It is called *Americanus Working-Manus*, or *Parti-voter*.

Heads of Society.

"No Communism!" cried the White Pawn, while the squares were clear in front of him.

"That's what I say," answered a black one, "no anarchy." The board was in good order.

"Right; I believe in Individual Liberty," said another. (The heads of the Pawns were blocks of wood.)

"You are defenders of Liberty and Property," said the Bishop. (The Bishop meant well, but there was a crack in his head.)

"You are solid men," said the Knight. "And talking of Liberty and Property, forty-seven games ago, a King gave these squares to a former Knight; so you see they are mine." (The Knight had a head as long as a horse.)

The King put his Castle to defend his squares. The Castle had great influence in certain directions. (But he had no head to speak of.)

Heads of Society.

“Hard on the men? Why, Space is cheap outside the board,” said the King. “I can’t be captured anyhow.” (The King was a dunder head.)

“As I am allowed to move any way I like, I say nothing,” said the Queen. (The Queen had the biggest head of all.)

A Living Word.

A Professor uttered a mighty thought; and the newspapers printed it; the papers were laid aside, and the thought was forgotten.

He put the thought in a book; and the book moldered into dust upon the library shelves; and the thought was again forgotten.

He engraved it upon a granite block; and afterward even the language of it died, and the thought was still forgotten.

* * * * *

A Prophet had a thought, and he wrote it in the hearts of Men, and Men were stirred to action by the thought; and afterward this thought also was forgotten.

Then the Prophet died, and at the Throne he found his thought in the Book of God's Remembrance.

In the Congregation of the Righteous.

"Let us talk about why we that produce nothing are rich, while those that produce everything are poor," said the Gentleman.

"It isn't true," said the Statistician.

"Nor new," said the Historian.

"Nor pleasant," said the Lady.

"Nor permanent," said the Benevolist.

"Nor profitable," said the Clergyman.

"Nor nothing," said the Politician.

"It may foster discontent," said the President, "and alienate—ahem—support from our institution. Let us discuss a subject agreeable to us all—eh, 'The drink evil among the lower classes.'"

The Consolation of the Church.

“The coal supply of the earth will last but three hundred years longer,” said the Mineralogist.

“But don't you know that the orbit of the earth approaches the sun,” said the Mathematician; “that soon we will plunge head-long into its fire.”

“In any case,” said the Malthusian, “the earth would be so thickly populated in two thousand years that there would not be standing room.”

“The sun is burning out,” said the Astronomer, “and in about ten million years the whole earth will be coated with ice.”

“Man will have disappeared long before that,” said the Physicist, “for the water of the world is rapidly evaporating into space.”

“Don't worry,” said the Clergyman, “we learn from the good book you will all have gone to the bad place long before that.”

A Celestial Conversation.

Said Zeus to Minerva: "Minnie, I wish you'd go and see what's the matter with those mortals. They complain that they are short of all the things they need."

So Minerva opened the windows of heaven and looked out.

She reported to Zeus that men were crowded together in the towns by vacant lands surrounding them, and that they wanted to know if they couldn't have a new continent to discover.

So Zeus said: "Well, mortals don't get any of the things they need off that unused land; just scoop it all out and make a new continent of it, and set it down in the middle of the sea."

"All right," said Minerva; "but the new continent will produce more things, and the merchants and farmers—who give us most of our offerings—say that they can't sell what is produced now."

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"Do what I tell you," said Zeus; "they can't sell anything to the vacant lots, anyhow."

"Well," said Minerva, rather sulkily, "I suppose that will do; but why not let the oracle tell them to fine everybody that keeps one of those patches of earth vacant; the land would be where they could get at it and would be used?"

"You're not so stupid as you look, Minerva," said Zeus; "but I'm afraid they wouldn't do it."

Said Minerva: "Oh, yes, they would. They're always fining each other for all sorts of things—for going into business, and for not doing anything, and for making drink, and for drinking it, and building houses, and for buying goods and selling them."

"You make me giddy, Minerva, with your imagination. You shouldn't invent such things."

"They do; it's truth I'm telling you," said Minerva; "they call them 'duties,' and 'taxes,' and 'imposts,' and 'licenses,' and

A Celestial Conversation.

'tariffs,' and I don't know what besides, and think they do them all a lot of good."

"Well," said Zeus, "if they are so foolish as that, how are they to know how much to charge for each lot that people keep vacant?"

Minerva turned away to hide a smile. She said: "I am the goddess of wisdom, and I will tell them to charge for every piece just what it's worth."

Zeus said: "Minn, you're always springing some new-fangled, far-off scheme on me, and I've no time to discuss panaceas for the woes of men. What I want to do is to really help those people out of their troubles, so just you start them a Sunday-school to make them more resigned."

The Point of View.

DEDICATED TO MY DEAREST FRIENDS, A. B.
AND X. Y. Z.

“Now let us get to a common basis. These rows of beets run north and south,” shouted the Socialist.

“East and west you mean,” said the Single Taxer, standing on the side of the field.

“I have a compass!” cried the Anarchist, “and if you will come over here you will observe that the rows run southeast and northwest.”

“Just look at the sun, which is behind me,” the Communist remarked, “you will see that they run southwest by northeast.”

“They are ranged in order,” said the Prophet, “from whatever point you look.”

The Evidence of Things Not Seen.

The Kingdom of Heaven upon Earth is like a man flying across the sky, for few are possessed of the desire to fly; but when men saw him flying, they said one to another, "We did not know this thing was possible."

Then they said: "How can a man do this; is it that he has grown wings, or has he made a machine?" And when they had been answered, they said, "We also wish to fly."

So, men do not desire the Kingdom; for they still believe that "the laws of the devil are the only practicable laws."

The Genesis of Love.

In the garden of Life I lay,—a fleecy cloud was driven down to me, dissolved and reunited,—reunited and dissolved till, close to me, I discerned three tiny sprites.

And beneath my head one placed rosemary and sweet pine—her name was Self; one touched me softly with her lips—her name was Knowledge; and one waved over me as a sighing summer wind the blossomed burden of green orchard boughs, and Sympathy was her name. And as I looked, the forms blended again, enwrapped in radiant cloud; peace stole over me, for unto me a child was born, whose name is Love.

The Fall of Troy (Oklahoma).

Some pioneers settled in Oklahoma Territory where the land was worthless. They called it "Troy," because they went there as exiles, with nothing. At first there was no travel, few people, and hardly any houses; so there was no need for roads or sidewalks, street lights, police or fire department. But as the town grew, and houses, churches, shops and stores were put up, they began to need such public improvements; and, at the same time, the land, being occupied, began to rise in value. The settlers saw that it was the increase of population and the improvements that made the land more valuable, so the town meeting laid an annual tax on that value, to pay for the improvements. Of course any land that was not worth anything paid no tax.

One day a man appeared in the town with an old Indian deed to the land on which the town was built. He showed that it was in

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proper legal form, and politely asked the settlers to come to his office and settle with him for the rent. They did not like this. They foolishly argued: "Your land was worth nothing whatever before we came, and now, because we have made it valuable, you want us to pay you rent." However, that was clearly according to law, and the landlord insisted on his "rights."

Well, the settlers left their shanties, loaded their portable goods on rafts, and paddled across to the other side of the river. They took with them the most valuable thing they had, yet it was not in the boats; no one carried it, and every one forgot it. And they took it from a place where it was no longer needed to a place where they could not have an honest government without it. What was it?

The value of the land.

Monopoly's Provision for Another World.

Russell: "This morning I was struck——"

Chorus of Charity Secretaries: "What courage springs in mortal breasts. To think of 'striking' Russell."

Russell: "I was struck by a text——"

Chorus of Brokers: "Ah! Norcross struck him once before, but that was with a bomb."

Russell: "It said, Lay up for yourselves treasure in Heaven; George should certainly do it."

George: "What good would treasure in Heaven ever be to me?"

Phil.: "Put it in cold storage, George."

Chorus of Lambs: "If you provide cold storage for anything in another world, it should be for yourselves."

Russell: "You don't see the point, George. It says, 'Lay up for yourselves.' Now, if we lay up for ourselves in Heaven, we won't be robbed of it after death."

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Bill: "Each day my trolley roads add other voices to the Heavenly choir. Those are my treasures, which await me there."

Chorus of Clergymen: "Earth is a desert drear, Heaven is their home."

Cornelius: "Why, now you speak of it, have not I a store of happy souls who have gone by my Central road to their Heavenly rest?"

Collis (suddenly): "Now, why does Elbridge dance the couchi-couchi dance?"

Chorus of Monopolists: "Elbridge is inspired to think not George and Van and Bill alone, but all of us, have crowds of crowns awaiting us in Paradise."

(*Exeunt omnes*, Rockefeller doing hand-springs of holy joy.)

**“Give Us This Day Our Daily”
Work.**

The Dog-in-the-Manger (having become highly civilized) said to the Ox: “If you want some of the hay ‘of this country, which God in His infinite wisdom has given me the control of,’ carry me on your back; and if your family must live, I will give them employment feeding me on their milk.”

The Ox carried him, and the Dog-in-the-Manger grew fat and raised a large family. One day, however, the Ox strayed out into the field, and having found pasture there, he struck for shorter hours; “for,” said he, “I can get grass in the field nearly as easily as from the manger.” The Dog said: “You are ungrateful, for I have kept you from want during the hard times”; but finally the Dog had to yield.

The Dog-in-the-Manger having made a further advance, said to himself: “It is hard work guarding this hay from dishonest cattle;

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besides, the hungry bulls will toss me. I must find another way."

Accordingly, he granted the field to his eldest Pup. When the Ox went to graze, the Pup commenced an action against him, and the Dogs bit his heels for Trespass.

After the Ox had been ejected, he learned that he must thank the beneficent Dog-in-the-Manger for employing the family at all.

Said the Dog: "You lazy beast! Muscle must be ever the slave of brains."

The Handwriting on the Sand.

And the Scribes and Pharisees brought unto him a woman taken in adultery; and when they had set her in the midst, they said unto Him: "Master, this woman was taken in adultery, in the very act. Now Moses in the Law commanded, that such should be stoned: but what sayest Thou?" This they said tempting Him, that they might have to accuse him. But Jesus stooped down, and with His finger wrote on the ground, as though He heard them not.

And I saw, as in a vision, what was written: and this is the writing that I read: "In every man sin lies asleep: yet God is in every one both to will and to do of His good pleasure."

"Judge not, therefore, lest in condemning men, ye judge your God."

"What shall it profit a man though he gain all the things of the flesh and all power, if he lose his love for men?"

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“These are hard sayings; ye cannot hear them now, but My Spirit shall teach you all.”

So when they continued asking Him, He lifted Himself, and said unto them: “He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her.”

And again He stooped down and wrote on the ground, and this was what He wrote: “Of old time the sons of God went in unto the daughters of men: even so now, the soul that requireth the things of the world is an adulterous soul, and is condemned already.”

“God readeth the heart.”

And they, being convicted by their own conscience and beginning with the eldest, went out one by one.

The Systems and the Customs of the Ants.

Professor Halb Witz has just published some interesting observations upon ants, showing their extraordinary organization, which might be called civilization.

It appears that among the large white ants some individuals act as "feeders"; the "feeders" do not make food, but simply allow the working ants to feed; and for doing this the feeders are given the largest part of the food. These "feeders" are distinct from the captains or organizers, which have other duties. The Professor believes that the ants that may be seen running about ceaselessly, apparently doing nothing, are feeders, and that they are really giving the rest permission to produce. Herr Dummkopf, however, maintains that these ants are looking for a "feeder" to give them employment feeding themselves.

To other ants is assigned the duty of

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“holding” the spaces where ant hills are or might be made.

These leisure-class ants form a sort of upper four hundred and grow fat, being fed upon the bodies of the common ants, in return for the privilege that they extend to the community of living on the sand. They seem also to transfer this privilege in a manner which is curiously acquiesced in by the masses of ants.

Consequently large numbers of the working ants die of inanition; this is regarded as a natural check upon over-population, and it is believed by the Professor that, were it not for the “feeders,” the ant societies would go to pieces.

Herr Dummkopf says he wishes they would.

The Disemployment Society.

“O Mr. Rocks, we want your subscription to our delightful Society; and Ethie and Gladys will be patronesses.”

“But I don’t approve of my children going to the slums.”

“Why, we haven’t any slums now: we call them ‘Improved Tenements’; but our Society makes the unemployed come to us for work.”

“Nonsense! Unemployed!” said Rocks. “Any man that wants work can get it.”

“Yes, dear Mr. Rocks, but we know of one girl who still wants work: now we get her a place; of course, we can’t make a place; but, as she will work cheap, we get her some man’s place, and she becomes partly self-supporting; then the man is out of work, and we find a place for him, and later for the man he has displaced—even children can be employed to make worthy objects of our charity. It’s ‘Philanthropy and Five per cent’—off the pay-rolls.”

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“So, so, um——it reminds me of a story: The boy had been wild, and his father said: ‘Here, Oates, it’s time you were settling down and taking a wife.’ ‘Why, so it is, father,’ said the boy. ‘Whose wife shall I take?’ Ha! ha! ha! Here, Mr. Books, draw my check for this lady—\$50—and charge it to the wages account. And, ah! just write to the Young Women’s Christian Association to send down a girl to take your place.”

The Leaders.

The horses were penned up in a corner of a field. Colts were born, and space became less obtainable. The condition was most pitiable.

They whinnied and kicked and starved in the pens.

"What you really want," said a Philhipposist, "is better tenements." So he put some boards over the pen, for the use of which he charged a fee.

"These," said he, "will pay me five per cent."

"We must strike," said the Horses, "for better food."

Said Mr. Carlyle: "A kind, strong Bull is needed for a ruler."

The Bull prodded them with his horns.

"We are becoming a world power," said the horses,—yet many of them died of their wounds.

Said Mr. Ruskin: "A great, wise, good

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Ox is needed for a leader." The Ox led them all around the pen. The horses stopped kicking and said: "We are making material progress." Yet many more died of hunger.

"If we had horspitals now," said the Horse Doctor, "we could operate on the sick ones."

"A new system is needed for a democracy," said Mr. Bellamy. The system crippled them with its restrictions. "We are realizing the ideal," said the horses, and they grew stupid and fat.

"It is moral instruction they need," said the President of the Society for the Suppression of Nature. "Sixteen per cent. of these horses are penned up on account of causes indirectly due to misconduct."

Said a Fence Builder: "We have only to teach these horses to walk on their hind-legs, then they will not take up so much room."

"A new Gospel is needed for Liberty," said Truth, but the horses turned longingly toward the pens—because they were cattle.

But when the horses learned to rear up on their hind-legs, they saw over the fence——!

Cabled from Portugal.

Everybody knows that Columbus applied to King John II. of Portugal for aid to discover America before he appealed to the Spanish throne. The particulars of the interview at which he was refused have just been discovered.

“King, I want aid,” said the blunt sailor, “to discover a westerly passage to the Indies.”

“That is certainly an infant industry,” said King John, “and as such entitled to the money of the people; but if you will read the works of Professor Densmore, you will find that the natural lines of commerce run north and south, and not east and west.”

“But,” said Columbus, “I expect to find Eldorado, and to make gold as cheap as silver.”

“It is clear that you have not read Bourke Cockran’s \$10,000 speeches,” answered King

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John, "or you would know that it would be suicidal to the creditor class to depreciate the standard of value."

"But it would help the poor debtors," weakly answered the sailor.

"Mr. Matthew Marshall, who caters to the self-respectables in the 'New York Sin,'" replied the King, "has shown that the poor are the principal creditors and the rich are the debtors."

"Consider, King; I will get pearls and skins and spices and other goods from the new countries."

"I fear," replied the King, "that, as Professor Grunting says, you will only expose the older and higher races to the competition of the newer and lower."

"Well, at least we can get things that the Indians make," said Columbus.

"Have you considered Professor Carey's proof that this will decrease work?" asked his majesty.

"It will increase good things," returned Columbus.

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“Increase over-production, you mean?”
said the King.

“There are many things in those places that we don’t have here; we could exchange——”

“The Indians, I understand, dress in breech clouts or less,” interrupted the King, “and have few wants. Think how commerce with them will lower the standard of living for our wage-earners.”

“Think of the vast possessions, the new lands——”

“New lands!” cried the indignant king; “have we not been legislating and adjudicating to keep wages at a figure that will enable us to compete in the markets of the world? And you, with your free land, would make them exorbitant.”

“It will be an outlet for our over-population,” urged Columbus, in desperation.

“It will raise a spirit of independence,” said the King, sharply, “that will be fatal to organized society—that is, to ME.”

“Not,” said poor Columbus, “if I bring

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you the wealth of the Indies, pearls and gold, and——”

“We do not desire that this happy country should be deluged with pauper gold—goods, I mean,” replied the King.

“I will make this people rich,” said the sailor, “if you will only help.”

“You will create a money power in the realm,” replied the King; “no, you need talk no free trade to me.”

“Hear me!” cried Columbus; “this discovery will bring the commerce of the world to our doors; we can get spices for the picking up, and ivory for the price of bone.”

“It is all a scheme,” answered the King, “to ruin this country, in the interest of her rivals, by decreasing prices here. I believe in Portugal for the Portu-geese, and am not going to assist in making my country the dumping ground for surplus foreign goods.”

“See how the discovery would foster navigation,” urged the persistent sailor.

“Now you tire me; if you have any plan of registry, for destroying foreign shipping

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and confining our own to the coasting trade, or for filling up the sea so as to assure us the control of our home market, I will listen.”

Columbus went away discouraged.

The King said: “If I’d let that Dago trick me into free trade, this country would have gone to ruin, just like Spain.”

The Science of Healing.

“Your school of Medicine is the Pasteur System, is it not, O Bicyclades?”

“O Socrates, I must get you a dictionary of dates, for Pasteur will not be born for about two thousand years.”

“True, Bicyclades; but, as the Bunco Seers commonly say, ‘There is a fool born every minute.’ If Pasteur is not yet born, some other doctor is.”

“Are you not then afraid of germs, Socrates?”

“No; I am not superstitious about bugs. But what is the object of Medicine?”

“To save life, Socrates.”

“Are not many people killed by medical experiments, by erroneous systems, and by accepted treatments?”

“Indeed, yes; the majority of medical systems are foolish, and often fatal to people; but that is of little consequence, as people are by no means rare: when one dies, another is already born to take his place.”

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“I suppose that was what the Sandwich Island woman meant when she ate her baby and said, ‘Him plenty come again.’”

“You say truth, Socrates, for, indeed, we suffer already from over-population.”

“Is it then, a sufficient object for medicine to save life, seeing that Nature is so prodigal of it?”

“It hardly seems so, Socrates. Perhaps, then, our object is rather to relieve suffering.”

“Are the patients under your System without suffering?”

“In truth, no; we call them patients from the word ‘pateo,’ because of their suffering.”

“What do you consider that the suffering is for, Bicyclades? For, surely, it cannot be needless.”

“Clearly it is given us by the gods in kindness, so that we may know when something is wrong; is it not so?”

“But men are in constant suffering, both

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individually and in their relations one to another."

"And men, individually and in their relations to one another, live constantly in violation of the laws of Nature."

"If, then, the sufferings were relieved, Bicyclades, would people learn to live rightly,—or continue to pay you money?"

"They certainly never would learn to live rightly if they were happy while living wrongly; but those would continue to pay us whom we could frighten into taking some more 'treatment.'"

"I mean, Bicyclades, if pain and the fear of pain were removed."

"I fear they would not, Socrates."

"Accordingly, we must admit that merely to relieve suffering would be a mistake, even if we could do it?"

"That must be admitted, Socrates."

"But does your system of Medicine really cure?"

"By Hercules, yes."

"Everything cures, does it not,—Kneippe

The Science of Healing.

Cure, and Grape and Milk Cure, and Karlsbad, and Mrs. Sinkham's pills, and the Waters of Lourdes, and Hydropathy, Allopathy, and Somatopathy; also mud baths, and liver pads and Saratoga waters, and Electropathy; besides Magnetism, Homeopathy, Osteopathy, and Whiskey, and the bones of Saint Ann, and Virginegar Bitters, and drinking blood, and eating no breakfast, and Holy Oil, and Kerosene, and Faith——”

“True, Socrates, all these cure; ‘any old thing’ cures, unless the people die before they get well of their own accord.”

“Do not most people die under some one of these treatments?”

“They do, Socrates; but every time they recover from an illness they think that some system has cured them. Therefore, as men can recover many times, but can die but once, the ‘Systems’ keep a good credit balance.”

“And is your System, Bicyclades, one of these?”

“No, Socrates, my System is only a plan

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to get money: people want to be treated, so we treat them, and charge what they can afford to pay.”

“That, then, seems to be the object of medicine, Bicyclades.”

Drawers of Water.

It fell upon a day that I would instruct my Son, therefore I read unto him from the book of "Equality" these words, saying: "There was a certain very dry land, and all the water was brought together in one place, and there did the capitalists make a great tank for to hold it."

"Why didn't the people make some tanks?" asked the boy.

"Because," said I, "banking laws prevented them.

"And the capitalists said unto the people: "For every bucket of water that ye bring to us, that we may pour it into the tank, which is the Market, behold! we will give you a penny, but for every bucket that we shall draw forth to give unto you, ye shall give to us two pennies, and the difference shall be our profit, seeing that if it were not for this profit we would not do this thing for you, but ye should all perish."

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Said my Son: "Why didn't the people drink the water instead of putting it into the tank?"

"Because," said I, "it didn't belong to them; don't interrupt."

"And it was good in the people's eyes, for they were dull of understanding. And after many days the water tank, which was the market, overflowed at the top, seeing that for every bucket the people poured in they received only so much as would buy again half a bucket."

"I would think," said the boy, "that these people would have drawn water for themselves, and left the tank to rot."

"I told you before," said I, "that they were not allowed. Please let me go on."

"And the capitalists said to the people:—"

Again interrupted my boy: "Weren't any of the people capitalists themselves in a small way—Didn't some of them own tools?"

And I said: "Be quiet, please." I continued reading.

Drawers of Water.

“ See ye not the tank, which is the Market, doth overflow? Sit ye down, therefore, and be patient, for ye shall bring us no more water till the tank be empty. And the saying went abroad, ‘ It is a crisis.’ ”

The boy asked me: “ Why didn’t the people get together and say ‘ We won’t have any more of this plan ’ ? ”

“ Because,” said I, “ each one was trying to get ahead of the rest instead of helping them. That’s a foolish question.”

“ And the thirst of the people was great, for it was not now as it had been in the days of their fathers, when the land was open before them for every one to seek water for himself, seeing that the capitalists had taken all the springs and the wells and the water wheels and the vessels and the buckets, so that no man might come by water save from the tank, which was the Market.”

“ Why did they want to take the wheels and the buckets,” said my son, “ when they could have charged two pennies for drawing from the springs? ”

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“Because—” said I. “I’ll answer this question another time. You’re spoiling my story.”

“Well, pa,” said the child, “didn’t the capitalists really begin by getting the springs? If they didn’t, they had no more sense than the story. If I——”

“Well, you see, my boy,” said I, “the trouble with you is that you are not fitted to discuss this matter, because you haven’t read ‘Das Kapital.’ ”

* * * * *

You see it is no use to teach little fools, whose questions are embarrassing.

The Poor and the Land Poor.

And Necho said: "In my dream, behold I stood upon the bank of the river; and behold, there came up out of the river certain kine, fat fleshed and well favored; and they fed in the meadow.

"And seven other kine came up after them, poor and ill-favored, such as I never saw in all the land for badness. And the lean and ill-favored did eat up the fat kine.

"And when they had eaten them up, it could not have been known that they had eaten; they were still ill-favored and lean as at the beginning. So I awoke."

And the Prophet said unto Necho: "The dream of Necho is true. It hath appeared unto Necho how it is worked. The good kine are working men, and the seven thin ill-favored kine that came up after them are the land owners. This is the thing which was shown unto me. The seven ill-favored and lean-fleshed kine put a fence about the

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meadow, so that the other kine could not come at it; yet the working kine did not consider.

“Behold, there shall come years of plenty throughout all the world. And there shall rise at that time several land owners so that all the plenty shall be forgotten by the workers and poverty shall consume the poor.

“And because the fatness shall be taken away in rent, it shall not be known that famine followeth the owning of the land. Yet the land-owning cattle shall be ill-favored and lean-fleshed as at the beginning: ‘For their gold and silver shall be cankered; and the rust of them shall be a witness against them and shall eat their flesh as it were fire.’”

How to be Great.

The children sat down to the table.

Willy said, as he staked out a claim to the chairs: "My foresight was such that I secured these sites—seats, I mean."

Johnny, by the connivance of the servants, scooped in all the salad oil. He remarked, as he handed the waiter a bribe: "The Lord gave this to me as a Trust." Georgie said: "By my honesty and industry I secured control of this passageway, and I am entitled to all that the traffic will bear."

A Fatal Objection.

Labor was wild. He found his work very hard; his head was swelled, and he didn't know his place, and he was unreasonable and violent; so they took him to the Social Reform Clinic, and considered his case.

When he was stripped, an iron collar appeared imbedded in his neck, and Dr. Lord explained that, many years ago, when labor was a child of wandering habits, he had put the collar on him, and that it had never seemed to do him any harm. He said also that, anyhow, there was plenty of room for Labor outside of the collar.

Dr. Legis suggested compulsory arbitration to decide what was really Labor's place. Dr. Ateour said: "I think that to shorten his days would lengthen his life." Dr. Malitia said that his system needed stimulation. "Now," said he, if we could get him into a fight, so he wouldn't think about his condition——"

Dr. Boness said a share in the profits of exploiting would keep Labor quiet.

A Fatal Objection.

Dr. Status said an old-age pension would help Labor, if he lived long enough, but that if he should die sooner, what he needed was an Association for the Reduction of Funeral Expenses.

“A law against Sweating,” said Dr. Statute. “And against drinking,” said Dr. Prohib; “if he didn’t drink, he wouldn’t sweat.” “And against gambling and other excitements,” added Dr. Nosey. “Not forgetting,” said Dr. Vigilant, “a law against immorality (of the cheaper grades).”

“Why not remove the iron collar?” asked an orderly.

“My friends,” said Dr. Conservita, “we have had many excellent suggestions from my learned colleagues; all of which we will try again, if the patient can be kept quiet: but we are not here to consider the Revolutionary theory of this Radical.”

So they discharged the orderly.

Labor had another fit that night and cut Dr. Conservita’s throat.

A Pillar of Society.

“You wander about,” said the Buttress to the Bird, “but none of your agitations move me. I’m going to keep the Earth right in its place; I have it anchored to this Church. I’ve been looking up to that fixed star for a hundred years, and, in spite of all your progress, I never budge.”

“Do you know,” said the Bird, “that during all that time your Church has been swinging with the Earth at the rate of 24,000 miles a day?”

The Buttress trembled. “But the Church always comes back to the place it started from.”

“It seems so to you,” said the Bird, “but your steady old Earth has been wandering round the sun at the rate of nineteen miles a second, and the sun has been whizzing round your fixed star at a rate that the Lord only knows, and the fixed star has been flying round the——”

The Buttress got so dizzy that it almost fell down.

The Road to Wealth.

Aladdin, Jr., made for himself a lamp of Law: when he rubbed it, the genie appeared.

"I want millions of sequins," said Aladdin.

"I'm sorry," said the genie, "but I've got Equity—or at least Religion—since the Arabian Nights, and I can't give them to you, unless you can make a good use of them."

"That's impossible," replied Aladdin.

"I know it is," said the genie.

"I see," said Aladdin in a rage, "you haven't got any millions; you're a pauper. The plutocrats have got them all; you're trying to crawfish."

"I can't give you millions without robbing some one else," said the genie; "but I can show you how to get millions for yourself: get a monopoly, gather in all the corn, and raise the price."

"But other people will raise more corn, or import it, and put the price down again."

"I will take care of that," answered the

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genie. Thereupon he dipped his wand in a dark fluid, waved it in crooked lines over an ancient scroll, and putting a blood red seal upon it, he presented it to Aladdin—a deed to the land that bears the corn.

“By Allah,” said Aladdin, “you trifle with the possessor of the Lamp; you shall be sealed up yourself in an ink bottle and stamped with Solomon’s seal. Why should I trouble to gather in the corn when I own the land? The slaves that work the land will bring me the corn; and they will call it rent.”

A Philanthropist in a Pulpit.

Associated Press Dispatch.

President Jesse James yesterday addressed the Sunday School of the Church of the Travelling Public, his subject being "Commercial Success." Mr. James took his text from the Book of Revelation of Plutocracy, chap. i., v. 1, "The Public be damned." He said in part: "As you know, my dear little People, by my Industry, Honesty, and Perseverance I acquired this road from Dick Turpin, whose death by a fall from a scaffold was a public calamity. Having secured the road, I am entitled to whatever the traffic will bear. Some infidel demagogues, forgetting the immense sums that I have donated in wages to those who work for my Interest, and the further sums that I have appropriated to my University, call these gifts my 'booty.' These are the public against whom the denunciation of our text was launched. But every boy has a chance to get such booty.

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Only, the Highways must be managed by professional Highwaymen.

“Let every one get a Monopoly, even if it be only of a little piece of land; for, except by Monopoly, there is no way to get more than you can earn. Remember that ‘He that hasteth to get rich shall come to poverty’; that means to legislatures, for the legislators are poor and powerful. For ‘the law is a strength unto my right hand.’

“I hold my wealth only as a Trust, a sort of Steal Trust, for those to whom it really belongs, but who shall never get it.”

Metaphysical Concepts.

Phil and Hodge were learning their lessons.

"I can't make out how much 63 times 269 is," said Phil.

"I'm sure I don't know," said Hodge; "I'm only up to 7 times 9."

"Those are mystical numbers, else I'd know," said Phil; "but I'll call what I don't know INFINITY."

"What a wonderful mind Phil has!" said Hodge.

"I wonder what was the date of the Eocene period," pursued Phil.

"I haven't an idea," said the other, "who was the Eocene Period anyhow?"

"Well," said Phil, grown bolder, "we call the idea that we haven't got ETERNITY."

"How profound a thought!" said Hodge.

"What's beyond the place where everything stops, do you suppose?" asked Phil.

Hodge scratched his head. "I can't think," said he.

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“What you can't think of, you dunce,” said Philosopher, “is SPACE.”

Then Philosopher began to tell Hodge about his antinomies of INFINITY and ETERNITY and SPACE.

Hodge took off his hat, and got a chair for PROFESSOR PHIL.

An Early Church Festival.

The Fair held for the benefit of the Christians at Antioch, on Christmas A.D. 42, was a most enjoyable occasion. The contest for the most popular disciple was most exciting. Thomas had 111 votes, but at the last moment Simon Magus took a hundred votes at three farthings each, bringing him in first with 177.

Mary Magdalen had a great success at the flower booth, all the young disciples flocking to buy at extravagant prices the roses she had kissed.

The handsome Timothy proved himself a most entertaining auctioneer, and realized nearly a talent for one of Dorcas's quilts.

Forty chances were sold on a fine sword donated by Peter; amid great laughter and excitement it was awarded to John.

The proceeds were thirty pieces of silver.

The Death of Love.

There came to my heart a silvery bird—the wonderful bird of Love. My bird flew to all mankind, for the bird was Love, all Love, and when I saw that men desired my bird, I put it in a cage—a beautiful cage for Love.

But still men came and looked upon my bird, so I covered it up with a veil—a bridal veil for Love. . . . It pined and it drooped—my beautiful bird of Love. I took it from the cage and pressed it to my heart, but when it stretched its wings, I was afraid, and I covered it up in the cage—my wandering bird of Love. My bird grew dull and cold—it pined and it died. I have killed my bird of Love—my beautiful bird of Love.

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