

Bellefonte, Pa., November 20, 1908.

BEND THE KNEE.

When the world seems dark and dreary, And you know not whence to flee, With your burdens faint and weary, Bend, bend the knee.

THANKSGIVING AT JAMES STREET CHURCH.

Nothing very exciting in the way of mail ever came to the parsonage on James Street. There were the letters from people who wanted marriage records looked up, and those requesting contributions for charitable institutions, and occasionally a long epistle from staid Aunt Jane, giving the news concerning the various branches of the family.

So when his wife brought in the mail on this particular morning the Rev. Mr. Dinsmore looked over the superscriptions with no great show of interest. "Nothing for you, dear," he remarked.

"Do open this one first, Henry," Mrs. Dinsmore answered, picking up one of the letters from the table. "Did you ever see such queer writing? It looks like a child's."

Mr. Dinsmore ran his penknife through the folds of the envelope and drew out the folded sheet. He held up to his wife's astonished gaze a hundred dollar bill.

"Listen to this, Alice!" he exclaimed. "What do you make of it?"

"For the James Street Methodist Episcopal Church debt."

"Your Unknown Friend."

They looked at each other with questioning eyes. Who could have sent it?

Now, the James Street Church debt was not a very big debt, only ten thousand dollars. It had never caused anyone the slightest uneasiness before the advent of the present pastor. During the six months that he had been stationed in Pilgrim he had not failed to stir the minds of his parishioners on the subject but to no effectual end.

Mr. Dinsmore's predecessor, Mr. Geer, had not worried them about it; and although the church was devoted to Mr. Dinsmore, does not anyone know that the opinion of the previous pastor has at least its full weight?

"He must know how much the debt has been on your mind," said Mrs. Dinsmore, finally. "It would look as though he might be a member of your congregation. O, can't you take a fancy to Henry?"

Mr. Dinsmore smiled quizzically. "I will leave it to you and the other women to find out at the Ladies' Aid Society this afternoon who sent the money. We men cannot single out into the fog in the happy way that you women seem to."

The great fact that interests me now is that my wife toward the payment of the church debt is open at last. I shall call the official board together Monday evening."

At half past three that afternoon the parlor of the James Street Church presented an animated appearance. Three quilting frames stood in the middle of the room, and around two of them groups of ladies were already at work tuffing silklike puffs. Upon the third Mrs. Dinsmore and some of the young girls were carefully stretching the lining to a patchwork quilt that Grandmama Phillips had pieced for an industrial home.

"Pears to me you haven't just out that end straight, Mr. Dinsmore," commented old Mrs. Blackburn, bringing her spectacles up from the end of her nose and looking critically through them.

The minister's pretty wife flushed painfully. That end surely did look crooked. What if Sister Blackburn should suspicious the dreadful fact that she had never put a quilt on a frame before?

"You should have drawn a thread, Mrs. Dinsmore," interposed Judge Bentley's daughter Irene, darting a mischievous look at the minister's wife out of her merry brown eyes.

Irene was a tall, handsome girl, full of decision and spirit. She appeared to have taken Mrs. Dinsmore under her special protection. It was Irene who had taken the class of boys of fourteen and sixteen, the worst class of boys in the school, which Mr. Harold, the Sunday school superintendent, had designed for Mrs. Dinsmore.

Irene's face as she looked at the grinning row of lads, and she had immediately declared to Mr. Harold that she was tired of girls and could not be contented unless she taught that class of boys, thus passing into Mrs. Dinsmore's hands her own class of mischievous little lasses.

Irene it was who kept ears open to hear of sick parishioners, so that the minister's wife could get around to see them before the good old sisters inquired whether she had been to call at the various places. Irene it was who had saved Mrs. Dinsmore's reputation as a housekeeper when the foreign missionary tea meeting was held at the parsonage. Her sharp eyes had discovered that the yellow silk shade on the piano lamp had not been dusted, and with her lace-trimmed handkerchief she had fleeced the last particle of dust off just before Mrs. Blackburn entered the room.

Hearing Irene's remark, Mrs. Dinsmore came from the next table. When she had satisfied herself as to the cause she dropped down for a moment into a chair behind Irene's. Mrs. Brass was a newcomer in the church, and having three marriageable daughters, was busy taking an inventory of the slightest of Irene's tricks to repress a smile as Mrs. Brass gave a preliminary cough. At the last Ladies' Aid her inquiries had been about young Mr. Lansing, and Irene wondered who her mind was on now.

"I suppose that you are well acquainted with Mr. Willard Peck, Mrs. Bentley?" Irene frowned slightly. Willard was a favorite of hers, and she disliked to think of the persecutions that were about to befall him. "Yes, indeed, Mrs. Brass; I have known Mr. Peck ever since I was a baby."

man." Mrs. Brass's soft voice dwelt questioningly on the "seems to be;" but, apparently, Irene did not notice it. "He has several brothers and sisters, I understand."

"O, yes. There is a big family of them." "He has been in business a number of years, has he not?"

"O, yes, six or eight; but Willard has been unfortunate. He had a dishonest partner at first, and it failed him; and so poor Willard has been paying for that old dead horse ever since."

"Ah! How unfortunate! What is his father's business?" "His father? O, they take boarders."

"Ah!" The tone of the "Ah" was highly satisfactory to Irene. She had neglected to state that Willard had recently fallen heir to a number of hundred thousand dollars, and that the "boarders" were a couple of wealthy aunts, each with a soft spot in her heart for Willard.

And now for two hours there was a cheerful hum of voices around the tables. Mrs. Brass was making the rounds, and from time to time there was wafted to Irene a familiar sentence: "He seems to be a fine young man. What is his father's business?" but never in connection with Willard's name.

Precisely at six o'clock the door into the hall opened and a long line of brothers and sisters and husbands filed in, headed by Mr. Dinsmore and Winthrop Oloott, a rising young lawyer and Irene's fiancé. No man among them had ever been known to venture alone into that august assembly of females. Everyone remained standing around the long tables in the dining room, till Mr. Dinsmore craved the grace, and his prayer was unusually fervent, and Irene looked at him wonderingly, as, instead of taking his seat with the others, he looked over his flock with a beaming face.

"You are all aware that it has been my cherished hope during the few months that I have been with you at some time in the near future we might pay our church debt. Today an inspiration, a substantial one, has been given me. This morning I received a one hundred dollar bill which an accompanying letter stated was for the church debt. The letter was signed 'Your Unknown Friend.'"

A curious spectator might have noticed a subtle change in the atmosphere in the hour of sociality that followed the supper, an unbending, a cordiality that had never been a marked characteristic of the James Street people; and on the following Sunday morning it was even more conspicuous.

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the embodiment of life and enthusiasm. He carried his hearers so completely with him that the old church resounded with such a swell of praise when the congregation joined in the closing hymn of thanksgiving as had never been heard in it before.

Instead of pronouncing the benediction, Mr. Dinsmore asked the audience to be seated for a moment, as he had a communication to read to them which he had found in the pulpit folder that morning. Every eye was turned back and forth from the placid countenance of Brother Fern to the tall form of Brother Smart, thence to steal a glance at Mrs. Pearsall, as Mr. Dinsmore commenced reading the letter; and before he had finished the third sentence they stopped gasping at Mrs. Pearsall. No woman would have compiled that letter:

"Unto the church which is in James Street, grace be unto you, and peace. 'Now I beseech you, brethren, that there be no divisions among you; but that ye be perfectly joined together in the same mind and in the same heart and judgment. For it hath been declared unto me of you, my brethren, that there are contentions among you. Now I beseech you, brethren, mark them which cause divisions, and avoid them; for they by fair speeches deceive the hearts of the simple. If any to every man that is among you not to think of himself more highly than he ought to give you my advice as to the payment of the church debt; for this is expedient for you, who have begun before, not only to do, but also to be forward. Now, therefore, perform the doing of it; and if you have not done it, do it now; for there may be a performance also out of than which ye have. 'Finally, brethren, farewell.'"

At the conclusion of his reading Mr. Dinsmore stated that accompanying the letter were six one hundred dollar bills to use toward the payment of the debt. "So," he continued, "I now lack only fifteen hundred dollars."

Judge Bentley rose impulsively in his pew. "Why cannot we make an end of the whole matter here this forenoon, brethren?" he said, as he whipped out paper and his fountain pen. "I will give the last five hundred dollars."

"You may put me down for a hundred," called out Willard Peck. "One hundred for me," said Winthrop Oloott.

"Mrs. Oloott, three hundred," came from the other side of the house. Thus quick the responses till all but fifty dollars was raised.

Mrs. Dinsmore whispered something to Mr. Blackburn, who sat in front of her. He spring to his feet. "Our pastor's wife desires me to state that she has in her hand fifty dollars which she has received from an unknown friend for the debt."

"For my part, I am getting discouraged," said Judge Bentley, smiling down upon her. "I will tell you what we will do, Mrs. Dinsmore. If I find out after you are dead, I will lay a wreath on your grave; and if you find out after I am dead, you must do the same for me."

"Not a bit. If anything I am more puzzled than ever," answered Mrs. Dinsmore, turning her head to gaze steadfastly into the judge's kind hazel eyes. That morning, for the first time, a suspicion of him had crept into her mind.

"I had been a little ill," she said, discouraged. "I am getting discouraged," said Judge Bentley, smiling down upon her. "I will tell you what we will do, Mrs. Dinsmore. If I find out after you are dead, I will lay a wreath on your grave; and if you find out after I am dead, you must do the same for me."

Neither Mrs. Dinsmore nor anyone who overheard Judge Bentley's little joke gave a second thought to it. Strong and active, more often taken for Irene's brother than father, the news of his death, which occurred on the next Sunday evening, came as a shock to the community. Always beloved by the parish of James Street, he now became their idol.

Perhaps not strangely the sad event had quite a bearing on the supposed identity of the "Unknown Friend." The party of ten or a dozen who had believed him to be the judge in a few weeks was increased to fifty or sixty. The supporters of Mr. Fern and Mr. Smart then began to fall away.

In the fourth year strangers were not infrequently informed as a fact that Judge Bentley had given two thousand dollars toward the church debt.

At the time of Judge Bentley's death no one in James Street Church would have predicted that Winthrop Oloott would be the man who in coming years would most completely fill the judge's place. Yet such turned out to be the case.

Thanksgiving was again drawing near. Irene, sitting in front of the open fire with Winthrop's Bible in her hand, was studying the Sunday school lesson. Looking down a page for a reference, her eye fell on a marked passage: "Now I beseech you, brethren, \* \* \* that there be no divisions among you." In an instant Irene was back in the church on that memorable Thanksgiving morning. She heard her father's voice as he rose in his pew. Her eyes filled with tears.

She looked again at the open page. For the first time it struck her as strange that Winthrop, who never forgot anything, had marked that passage. She turned to him with a question on her lips; but a thought stayed the words. Irene lifted the Bible and eagerly turned the pages. It was as she had expected. Every passage that had been contained in the letter from the unknown friend was marked. She smiled involuntarily. How like Winthrop's open nature to have been so cunning in regard to the letter in some respects, and in this other to have left tracks that a child might have discovered. And yet four years had kept his secret so well that she had not known it.

"Do you know, Winthrop," she exclaimed, "I have never for an instant believed that father sent that money to the church?"

Winthrop laid down his newspaper and looked at her calmly. "It begins to look now as though that mystery would never be unraveled."

Irene determined on a bold move. "Winthrop Oloott, did you send that money?" Taken thus unawares, Winthrop hung his head like a school boy in some piece of mischief.

"Why in the world, after all these years, should you suspect me, my dear?" he stammered.

"There! You need not say another word, I knew that you did it."

Winthrop saw that he was fairly caught. "I am really glad to own up. A part of my secret has been pretty hard for me to keep. You will remember that it was Mrs. Dinsmore who received the last fifty dollars. Did she ever talk the matter over with you?"

"Never."

"I do not suppose that it ever occurred to you to inquire how she knew that the money was to be used toward the church debt?"

"No, indeed. Of course, you put that in the letter."

"Now, my dear little woman, I just didn't. The envelope was addressed to Mrs. Henry Dinsmore, and the paper in which the bill was folded bore simply the words, 'From an unknown friend.'" The money was intended as a personal gift to her, a Thanksgiving gift. I was so dumfounded when Mr. Blackburn announced that it was for the debt that I came near giving myself away. That was something I had not counted on. Hadn't I heard women talk enough to know what that fifty dollars would mean to her? And hadn't I heard you and mother tell how shabby her hat and jackets were?"

"I saw the whole thing in a second. There was just one little doubt in her mind as to whether the money might not possibly be intended for her to give toward the debt; and as long as that doubt was there, not one cent would she touch."

"I never admired and respected anyone in my life as I did that woman at that moment; and somehow it seemed to knock the bottom right out of my skepticism. I dare say you and other have thought it was your father's death that made a different man of me, but it was not. It was the 'Thanksgiving' woman."

"It seems ridiculous to me now that I should have given any of the money in that way. Perhaps the inside of it was, I was determined that Mr. Dinsmore should have his debt paid, and at the same time I was ashamed to show how interested I was in the matter. Then I thought what a fine job it would be to set everybody's tongue to wagging. It certainly was very boyish in me."

Winthrop stopped suddenly. Irene was on her feet going toward the door. "Where are you going?" he called after her. "O, I am going on an errand. I will be back in a moment."

"You are not going to the parsonage?" The sound of Irene's footsteps along the hall was the only response. Winthrop resumed his reading with a resigned expression on his face.

"Every-one in town will know it before Sunday. I can see Mrs. Blackburn peeping at me through her glasses now."

In the parsonage five minutes later Irene was earnestly telling her story.

"I wonder if it would be wrong for me to hear that your dear father knows," said Mrs. Dinsmore, with a smile, that had a tinge of sadness in it. "He was as curious as any of us women. O, and do you remember his joke with me as we came down the steps that morning?"

Irene and Mrs. Dinsmore looked into each other's eyes. Both read the unspoken thought.

"I will come for you with the carriage at ten o'clock on Thanksgiving morning," said Irene. "Will that be too early?"

"O, no," answered Mrs. Dinsmore. "I hope that you do not think me childish, but my heart is set on it."

"It had been a long time since the grass was still wonderfully green in the beautiful cemetery. Irene picked a dandelion and gazed it lovingly as she and Mrs. Dinsmore walked slowly up the hill to the Bentley lot. Mrs. Dinsmore bore a large package which she would not allow Irene to touch.

"Somehow it never seems dreary to me here," said Irene, as she helped Mrs. Dinsmore undo the package. "Father was such a joyous spirit I cannot feel sorrowful even by his grave."

Mrs. Dinsmore lifted the wreath and laid it tenderly on the green covering that she had made for it. "Yes, that is the reason I chose these cheerful pink roses." —By Flora Longfellow Turkinet, in The Christian Advocate.

There was a young man who started in life with the proposition that he would do nothing but good, not prove for himself or see with his own eyes. For his man history was a sealed book, foreign lands did not exist, astronomy was a fable, chemistry a fairy tale. For the foundation of all knowledge is the acceptance of facts which have been proven by other people and belief in the records of history and generally written by chroniclers and travelers long dead. That young man would be doomed to perish by his own ignorance, because he would take no other man's word and trust no other man's experience. There is a class of people who might be blood relations of that young man who see time and again the statements of others following the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Yet they go on coughing, spitting blood, and losing strength with every hour. The fact that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery does cure coughs, bronchitis, weak lungs, hemorrhages and conditions which tend to consumption, rests upon evidence as sound as that which proves the salient facts of history, geography, or astronomy. It is not more certain that Washington was at Valley Forge, that London was the capital of England, or that the sun rises in the East, than that Golden Medical Discovery cures pulmonary diseases. You can't afford to doubt this evidence or reject it, if you are sick.

Yet a More Excellent Way.

A certain prophet grew very tired of being not without honor save in his own country, for his own country was precisely where the big money was to be made.

So he resolved to try something besides straight prophecy.

"I'm just as big a scoundrel as anybody in the System!" he cried in a loud voice. "Nobody but a fool will take my word! When I tell a man to buy Acidulated Copper, I've got an axe to grind—I'm trying to work him."

The effect was instant. Before sundown the buying public had absorbed all the prophet's Acidulated Copper at his own figure.

His First Case.

A young advocate was engaged in his first case. Before he had proceeded ten minutes, with full forensic force, the judge had decided the case in his favor and told him so. Despite this the young man would not stop. Finally the judge leaned forward and, in the politest of tones, said: "Mr. —, notwithstanding your arguments, the court has concluded to decide this case in your favor!"

Atiring the Room.

Every room that is occupied be thoroughly aired each day. It should be remembered that a large volume of air rushing through the house will remove the impure air more effectively in 10 minutes than an hour's airing with windows partly opened and doors closed.

—Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

BY THE REV. W. R. FITCH.

To Thee, our gracious Lord and King, Our offerings of praise we bring For this Thanksgiving Day, With blessings Thou hast crowned the year, And filled the land with goodly cheer, Driving our cares away.

Thou gavest us, and not in vain, The early and the latter rain, The sunshine and the dew: Encouraged thus, the earth did yield The richest products of the field, Proving Thy promise true.

With garners filled to overflow, No fear of want need any know, Nor dread of winter's cold, For though the air be damp and chill, Even the winds are tempered still: To those within his fold,

O Lord of hosts, from out whose hands Blessings flow down like golden sands To gladden all the year, Accept the praise our hearts would bring, And hear the songs Thy children sing: Thanksgiving Day is here.

History of Socialism in England.

England has been the classic country of development. Her greatest revolutions have been carried on without the storms and struggles which have devastated Europe; often even without any physical force at all. She learns her lessons and adapts them to her needs before they are wrung from her by outraged subjects.

Her economic growth has been so clear and natural that she has always afforded happy illustrations to the teacher and statesman.

The 15th century was the golden age of Labor, not only in England but on the continent. The laborer was better housed, better clothed and better fed than at any time before or since. This was owing to the devastation wrought by the Black Death, which left fewer laborers than could fill the demand. Production and exchange were individualistic and were carried on for use and not for profit. Land was used for raising food and not for capital yielding rent. The relation between master and man was personal. Pauperism was unknown.

In the 16th century an impulse was given to human enterprise and human imagination such as had not before been known, yet the great mass of the working Englishman was changed from a flourishing and wholesome state to one of miserable destitution. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth the whole aspect of the world had been enlarged to the philosopher, the mariner and the statesman. England was laying the foundation of her foreign commerce with Russia, Turkey and India; thus giving rise to a large class of merchants in the towns, who, with the land owners, on long leases, in the country were producing profit. On the other hand, the people who from the Anglo-Saxon times had had the use of the fields for their livelihood and the care of the church when they were in need, were now being driven into the highways by the seizure of the common lands for sheep enclosures and in the church lands by Henry VIII for gifts to his favorites. Pauperism had grown to such an extent that it was legislated in 1601 by the famous poor law of Elizabeth's reign. The capitalist farmer in the country and the manufacturer and merchant in the towns were becoming absolute masters. The personal relation between master and man was being superseded by the money relation.

The century and a half which followed the Tudors witnessed the coming into power of the middle class. The English land ceased to belong to the English people. Real estate became concentrated in fewer hands. The general industry of the country was exceedingly flourishing. The old limited production could not suffice for the extended markets of India, China and the Colonies. In 1660 the great land holders threw off their feudal obligations to the crown. The Revolution of 1688 crippled the royal prerogative further, and did away with the payment of members of the House of Commons. In 1702 the abolition of the annual parliaments, the establishment of a standing army, and the extension of the national debt, placed overwhelming power in the hands of the landed aristocracy and the commercial classes. The extension of commerce and manufacture brought with it a wider system of credit.

The Bank of England was established in 1694. The fetishism of money had reached a high pitch. Underselling with a view to gain had become the rule. Exchange for profit and interest on money lent had become the principle of English life.

From the beginning of the 17th century the history of the trade of the world is little more than a history of the development of the English-speaking peoples. Great Britain, just before the American Revolution, was more powerful, relatively to other nations, than it was at the death of Elizabeth. The machinery of commerce had been rapidly perfected. The power of man over nature had been greatly extended. The complete separation of the people from the soil had been accomplished and the means of production, capital and credit had been concentrated in the hands of the middle class.

Efforts were being made by the capitalists to relieve themselves from state restrictions which interfered with freedom of contract. Men who had made their fortunes in trade were buying up the landed properties and systematically clearing estates and enclosing the commons. Landed estates were now being rated at their capitalized value, estimated by the amount of interest represented by their rental. Land owners dominated parliament. Manufacturers, bankers and merchants exercised a pressure on legislature similar to that which the working classes today exert on the House of Commons. Everything led relentlessly up to the formation of a system, based on "free contracts," "such for himself," at the top, the individual capitalist, holding the whole process of production and exchange in his hands; at the bottom, the destitute proletariat in both country and city, entirely at the disposal of the possessing class.

Throughout this period, before the invention of machinery, although the condition of the agricultural laborer was most wretched, in manufacture, the masters were never fully able to dominate their men. The invention of machinery occurred in the last third of the 18th century. It changed the old industry into the new manufacturing world and is known as the Industrial Revolution.

In 1769 the spinning-frame was invented by Arkwright and his patent for the first steam-engine was taken out by Watt. In 1770 came Hargreave's spinning-jenny. In 1778 the mule-jenny by Crompton, in 1785 the power loom, by Cartwright and in 1792 the cotton-gin by Whitney. These inventions took the tools from the hands of the craftsman and workman and fitted them into machines, the steam engine fur-

nishing the motive power. Industry now passed into the factory system.

The change was so rapid and unforeseen that the results to the workers were very terrible. They were left, empty handed, to compete in the open market, against each other, for the privilege of selling their labor-power to masters who had no economic interest in their welfare further than to get as much work out of them as possible, for the least amount of wages. Owing to the expense of machinery the small manufacturers were forced out into the wage earning class, which was already far too large. Pauperism, misery and hardship increased to an unheard of extent. The accounts of the factory system in England, at the beginning of the 19th century, would be incredible if they were not borne out from so many different sources.

When it was discovered that a child could do more at one of the new machines than a dozen men had done before, the manufacturers got them from the work-houses. They paid these children no wages and did not even properly clothe and house them. They were often worked sixteen hours by day and by night, and if necessary, kept to their work by the lash. They slept, in turn, in the same filthy beds, fed on the coarsest food and subjected to conditions which brought disease, misery and vice to them in the early years of childhood.

Such was the condition of the manufacturing world, when Robert Owen, in 1800, purchased the cotton mills of New Lanark, in Scotland, with the idea of transforming them into a village, modeled after his philanthropic ideals and based on his experience as a successful cotton merchant in Manchester.

New Lanark was considered at the time, as "the best regulated factory in the world," yet Owen gives in his autobiography the following account of it: There were about five hundred children employed, who "were received as early as six years old, the pauper authorities declining to send them at any later age." They worked from six in the morning until seven in the evening. They hated their slavery and many absconded. Many were dwarfed from stunted in stature, and when they were through their apprenticeship, at thirteen or fifteen years of age, they commonly went off to Glasgow or Edinburgh, with no guardians, ignorant and ready, "admirably suited" to swell the great mass of vice and misery in the towns. The people of New Lanark lived "almost without control in habits of vice, idleness, poverty, debt and destitution. Thieving was general."

Robert Owen is often called the father of Socialism, for it was his followers who were first called Socialists. Owen was early imbued with the conviction that man is the creature of his surroundings and circumstances; that his character is not made by him, but for him, and therefore the only way to raise the character and habits of men is to improve the conditions under which they live. He also held that "under the system of free competition the increase of production of labor invariably leads to the deterioration of the condition of the working class." Again he declared that "the quantity of average human labor contained in a commodity determines the value of such commodity, hence if all commodities be valued and exchanged by the producer according to that standard, the capitalist will have no room in industry nor commerce, or the worker will retain the full product of his labor."

At New Lanark Owen abolished the shopkeepers, who had been selling the workers inferior articles at high prices, and he established shops where commodities related at cost. He reduced the workmen's hours of labor and increased their pay, but received no pauper children and for the children of his employees he founded model infant schools and provided means of education for all the inhabitants. In 1806, when a crisis in the cotton industry occurred, which stopped all the cotton mills in England and threw thousands of men out of employment, Owen retained all his men and, although for four months no work was done, he paid them their full wages.

Owen of course met with many obstacles but within a generation New Lanark had been changed from a miserable village with a degenerate population, to a model of a healthy, happy, industrious men and women—the admiration of thousands of visitors. Owen's fame had spread over all the civilized countries. He was at one time the most popular man in Europe.

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