IRVINE

JACK LONDON
AT YALE

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Jack London and State Secretary Irvine

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Extract from the Chronicle of an Ancient Monastery

"IN the year of our Lord 1432 there arose a grievous quarrel among the brethren over the number of teeth in the mouth of a horse. For thirteen days the disputation raged without ceasing. All the ancient books and chronicles were fetched out, and wonderful and ponderous erudition, such as was never before heard of in this region, was made manifest. At the beginning of the fourteenth day a youthful friar of goodly bearing asked his learned superiors for permission to add a word, and straightway, to the wonderment of the disputants whose deep wisdom he sore vexed, he beseeched them to unbend in a manner coarse and unheard-of, and to look into the open mouth of a horse to find answer to their questionings. At this, their dignity being grievously hurt, they waxed exceedingly wroth; and, joining in a mighty uproar, they flew upon him and smote him hip and thigh, and cast him out forthwith. For, said they, surely Satan hath tempted this bold neophyte to declare unholy and unheard-of ways of finding truth contrary to all the teachings of the fathers. After many days more of grievous strife the dove of peace sat on the assembly, and they spake as one man, declaring the problem to be an ever-lasting mystery because of a grievous dearth of historical and theological evidence thereof, and so ordered the same writ down."

Jack London at Yale

"THE spectacle of an avowed Socialist, one of the most conspicuous in the country, standing upon the platform of Woolsey Hall and boldly advocating his doctrines of revolution was a sight for gods and men." This is how the *Register* begins its editorial. We could not do better. It was just that—but it was more than that—it was a sign of the times. People are still asking, "How did he get in?"

It is the purpose of this sketch to tell.

Representing the state committee and the New Haven local, I invited Comrade London to come to New Haven. His calendar was full. His time was limited—there was a great demand for him. Nevertheless, he cut out several smaller engagements both of a public and personal nature and gave to Connecticut January 26th.

All New Haven theatres and halls were engaged for that night. We tried them all and failed. A small one-horse thing of a dance nature

was going on in Warner Hall. They refused to give it up. We approached the Y. M. C. A. They had a hundred thousand dollars to raise and "therefore" could not rent their hall for the purpose. The Christian organizations, being wholly dependent upon the gains of the capitalists, cannot afford to even appear to sanction a lecture on Socialism. If it were Christian Science—or Buddhism—or a negro minstrel show, or anything of that sort, it would pass muster. In desperation I called upon a Yale student who had been canvassing the subject on his own account.

We outlined a plan. London was a literary man. Yale probably had heard of him. My friend talked the matter over with an officer of the Yale Union—a debating society. The seed fell on good soil.

I was called into conference for final arrangements. The conference took place in Vanderbilt Hall—the proper place for such things.

The officer of the Yale Union was a youth of exceeding great callowness.

"They say he's socialistically inclined, Doctor," he said.

"Rather," I replied.

"Well," he said, "I suppose we'll have to take our chances."

So we did—but they looked small just then. They looked larger later.

There was no money in the Yale Union treasury and the hall would cost fifty dollars.

I guaranteed the hall rent, advertising, etc., provided we might charge an admission fee of ten cents.

He agreed.

In case of a frost or a failure I promised to make good the deficiency. I also meekly suggested that as compensation for "risk involved" I would take the surplus, if there was any.

He nodded assent.

He was apprehensive over the attitude of President Hadley.

"Of course if he says nothing about Socialism it'll be all right."

"Of course," I echoed faintly.

"Will you introduce him?" I was asked.

"Certainly."

I had heard the address three times and I knew it almost by beart. I could smooth the way.

"Do you know his topic, Doctor?"

"Yes, I do."

"What is it?"

"He calls it—'The Coming Crisis.'"

"Social—I suppose, eh?"

"Yes, it is a suggested remedy for a lot of our troubles."

"Ah—well, er—has he really a socialistic tendency?"

How funny all this was. I remembered the savagery of satire on things as they are, of the arraignment of capitalism before the bar of reason. I saw in vision the sons of the rich listening to the thunderbolts of this prophet of the new order. I saw them quiver and shake and squirm—I saw some of them convulsed with silent profanity—so as I sat there playing with words I yearned for an opportunity to laugh—to laugh loudly.

"A tendency—did you say? Well, brother, if when you hear this speech you call it a 'tendency,' I would like to know what the genuine article is!"

The Socialist student had a few rounds with Lee McClung next morning. "Mc" is the Yale treasurer. He didn't know Irvine from a gate post. London was also an unknown quantity—but "Mc" took Prof. W. L. Phelps' word for it that London was a literary man and he let it go at that.

"Yale is a university," said the brilliant Phelps, "and not a monastery. Besides, Jack London is one of the most distinguished men in the world."

A few hours after it was decided that we could have Woolsey Hall the advertising began. The

factories and shops were bombarded with dodgers. Every tree on the campus bore the mysterious inscription: "Jack London at Woolsey Hall." Comrade Dellfant painted a poster which gripped men by the eyes. In it Comrade London appears in a red sweater and in the background the lurid glare of a great conflagration. In a few hours we had informed New Haven and Yale of the coming event. The information was in red letters. On the morning of the 26th Yale—official and unofficial—awoke as if she had been dreaming. She rubbed her eyes and again scanned the trees and the billboards. Then the officers of the Yale Union were run down. They had previously run each other down. Explanations were in order all around. Several of the Yale Union boys—in pugilistic parlance—lost their little goats. They were scared good and stiff.

Several Yale Dons got exceedingly chesty over the affair. But the New Yale took a hand and Prof. C. F. Kent and Prof. W. L. Phelps counselled a square deal and fair play.

The Yale Union had a stormy meeting—a small cyclone struck it and never in all its history had things looked as important as they did now. A real sensation was at hand and every man in it was determined to cover himself with glory. It was indignantly moved and carried that the pres-

ident of the Union introduce the speaker. Irvine was a Socialist and everything with a socialistic tendency was to be cut out. They considered asking London about his address and offering some suggestions thereon, but that was abandoned.

A student in sympathy with us wrote me as follows:

"Yale Union and many of the faculty are sweating under the collar for fear London *might* say something socialistic. The Union realizes that it would be absolutely useless to ask him to smooth over his lecture and cut out anything which sounds radical. Also they have decided that it would be a shock to the University and the public to have *you* appear upon the platform in any way shape or manner. They are going to ask you to cancel your agreement to introduce London. In this I think they are unwise, but as they are determined—it must be so. I advise you to agree to whatever arrangement they may suggest. This done, they will "take the chances" that London will express socialistic ideas.

Now I fear there will be the devil to pay for the lecture—the University is going to be surprised; the faculty shocked beyond measure, and the Yale Union severely criticised!"

The following on the same date is from a member of the executive committee of the Yale Union:

"At a meeting of the executive committee of the Yale Union it was voted that the president of the Union introduce the speaker of the evening as it would tend to identify the Union more conspicuously and also to give it prominence before the student body. For this reason, wholly beyond my power and opposed to my opinion, I shall be forced to forego our little plan which I thought by far the best. I regret if my suggestion has caused you any inconvenience in the way of unnecessary labor. I have written this note in anticipation—that is, in case I could not see you at my room personally when you called. I shall expect you at my room at the time you proposed which will leave you and your distinguished guest ample leisure.

Cordially and most respectfully,"

It had been definitely settled that the lecture could not be called off and the only thing left was to make the best of a bad job. When we arrived on the scene the boys still believed that any reference to Socialism would be merely incidental.

Woolsey Hall was crowded. The crowd gave the boys another idea. This time it was a financial idea. A crowded hall at ten cents per capita with a large reserve section at twenty-five cents was responsible for the thought. We gave the

Yale Union full swing in every particular save one. We, too, got an idea into our dull heads and strangely enough this was also related to finance. Socialists are not familiar enough with the game to play it successfully, but in this particular instance we played according to the rules—we furnished the goods, took all risks and bagged the pot! We gave nine points out of ten. The tenth was a financial one.

The crowd represented every phase and form of our city. A hundred professors and ten times as many students; many hundreds of workingmen; many hundreds of citizens. A great crowd assembled in a great hall for a great occasion.

Hundreds of Socialists—members of the party—were there, but so overwhelmed were they by the Bourgeois atmosphere that there was not the slightest attempt to applaud during the entire length of the lecture.

If the students had attempted to play horse with the lecturer there would have been some exceedingly interesting developments. Workingmen were prepared for such an exigency, but for over two hours the audience gave the lecturer a respectful hearing. A woman—a lady—went out swearing. A few students tried hard to sneer, but succeeded rather indifferently. Jack London gripped them by the intellect and held them to

the close. There was some applause at the beginning and some at the close, but at neither end was it intense or prolonged.

At the close of the lecture Comrade London was invited to a student's room—one of the largest—and there he answered questions until midnight. As the clock struck twelve a member of the Yale Union came to me and asked me seriously if I thought there was any hope of keeping London for a week. "We can fit him up here," he said," "in fine shape!"

There was a second conference at Mory's and some tired intellects were handled rather roughly by the guest of the evening—but the students clung to him and escorted him in the wee sma' hours up Chapel street toward the Socialist parsonage where another reception was awaiting him.

A professor of Yale told me a few days after the lecture that it was the greatest intellectual stimulus Yale had had in many years and he sincerely hoped that London would return and expound the Socialist program in the same hall.

Press Comments and Remarks

Jack London to Yale Men

Lecture on Socialism in Woolsey Hall. University Ideals Clean and Noble but not Alive. Indictment Against the Capitalist.

From YALE ALUMNI WEEKLY, Jan. 31, 1906

MR. Jack London, author and Socialist, gave a lecture at Woolsey Hall, Friday evening, January 26, on "The Coming Crisis." The lecture, which was under the auspices of the Yale Debating Association, drew a very large audience of cosmopolitan character. Several hundred men from the University were present, but the majority of those in the hall were from the city, and included many Germans, Russians, Italians and Jews, evidently warm sympathizers with the cause of Socialism.

Mr. London appeared upon the platform in unconventional dress—a black cheviot suit, with a white flannel shirt, rolling flannel collar, a white silk tie and well-worn patent leather pumps. His hair was combed low over one side of his forehead. He looked the man to whom conventional things didn't mean much. When he was introduced he walked to the edge of the stage and began to speak in a clear voice, which reached

easily to the furthest corner of the hall. He used scarcely any gestures, and rarely raised his voice even to emphasize a point. His emphasis he got by reiteration. Mr. London, after his preliminary remarks to the University men, which are given below, read the rest of his speech, which was the same as the one he has delivered in his present lecture tour, and from which quotations have occasionally appeared in the daily press. From the expressions heard after the lecture it was a disappointment to most of the audience. He told of the growth of Socialism fr om its inception to the present time, and pointed at a crisis not far off, but gave no remedy, or suggested no way by which it might be averted. Speaking of the magnitude of the movement he said: "In the United States there are one million men who begin their letters, 'Dear Comrade' and sign them 'Yours for the Revolution.' In all countries the 'comrades' are gathering—now seven millions strong—who will fight with all their might for the conquest of the world and the complete overthrow of existing society. There has never been anything like this revolution in the history of the world. It has nothing analogous to the French or American revolutions. It is the first organized movement to become a world movement, with a history, traditions and a martyr roll only less extensive, possibly, than the martyr roll of Christianity. It is an army that loves peace, but is not afraid of war."

The Socialist indictment against the capitalist class, Mr. London said, was that it had its opportunity and failed. Now the working class would take a hand and demand its chance. "In spite of the fact that middle class men are interested in the movement," he continued, "it is nevertheless a distinctive working class revolt the world over. The workmen of the world, as a class, are fighting the capitalists as a class. Socialism's count against the capitalist has never been answered by that class. The capitalist class has managed society, and its management has failed ignobly, deplorably, horribly. The capitalist class had an opportunity which was vouchsafed no other class in the world. It mastered matter, organized the machinery of life and might have made possible a wonderful era for mankind in which no creature could cry aloud because it had not enough to eat and wherein there would have been every opportunity for spirit uplifting. Here was the God-given chance, and the capitalist failed. There are 10,000,000 people in the United States who have not enough to eat, and are perishing, body and soul, because they have not enough to eat. All over this broad and prosperous land are men and women and children who are living lives of chronic starvation. In some respects we are no better off than the cave man, because our management is irrational."

Mr. London prefaced his lecture with some

remarks directed particularly to the universities, which, he said, he found clean and noble in their ideals, but not "alive." These remarks are reported verbatim:

MR. LONDON TO COLLEGE MEN

"I speak tonight on behalf of the Intercollegiate Socialist Society. This is a society formed, not for the purpose of getting Socialist votes in the colleges and universities of the United States, but for the purpose of starting in the various colleges an intelligent study of Socialism. It is to be deplored that so far in the United States there has been no such intelligent study of Socialism.

Socialism is something that has been tabooed, or else it has been misunderstood, misinterpreted, misconstrued. For instance, I know, I am confident that there is no man in this audience tonight who knows anything about Socialism who will say that its aim is anything else and anything less than noble. Yet, reading the capitalist press of the United States, one constantly has impressed upon him the feeling that Socialism is something in aim that is not noble.

A BIT OF BIOGRAPHY

"Socialism is nothing more nor less than a science and a philosophy that deals with the human, and attempts to make a better world for the human; attempts to get a more rational organization of society than we have today. And Socialism is clean, noble and alive. I, for instance, was

born in the working class. I lived on a ranch in California in a state of sordidness and wretchedness. I did not have always enough to eat. I am trying to give this little bit of biography in order to make you understand my own approach to Socialism. I had no outlook but what you might call an up-look. Above me towered the colossal edifice of society, and I felt that up there were beautiful clothes; men wore boiled shirts, and women were beautifully gowned, and there were there all the good things to eat and plenty of them. So much for the flesh. I felt also that up there I would find things of the spirit, clean and noble living and deeds and ideals, and I resolved to climb up there. But it was my destiny, before I climbed, to go down. Starting in the working class, I went down into what Gorky calls the 'cellar of society,' down into the abyss, down into the charnel houses of civilization. This is something it is not considered good form to speak about, but I went down there and lived, and 'sweated my bloody sweats' in jails and prisons of various sorts, digging my way, and starving and looking at society from an entirely new point of view. I found there, it is true, all the inefficients of society, the men who were born failures, but I found there also, and in great numbers, the men who had been worked out by society, the men who sold their muscles.

THE STATE OF THE SELLER OF MUSCLE

"Now, as I looked, I learned a lesson, and that was that it was not the thing for me to do to remain what I had been, that is, a seller of muscle. I saw that all men bought and sold commodities, and that the most unfortunate of sellers was the man who sold muscle, because his was the one stock that did not renew itself. The shoe merchant sold shoes, and as fast as he sold shoes, he put in more shoes in his store. He constantly replenished his stock. The brain merchant did the same thing. As fast as he sold his brain, he replenished it. But the man who sold nothing but muscle, each day reduced his stock of muscle, until at last—when he was forty or forty-five or fifty years of age—he had sold out his complete stock of muscle, and as he had no children to take care of him, no children fortunately situated, he went down into the shambles, down into the abyss, and perished. Whereas, the man who sold brain, when he was forty-five or fifty or fifty-five or sixty, he had a finer stock, a fuller stock, than any time in his life before, and he was receiving a higher price for his wares. And so I resolved to become a seller of brain. When I succeeded in becoming a merchant of brain, I found that society opened its doors to me higher up, and I went up there expecting to get in with people who lived lives that were clean, noble and alive. I fully expected that, and I, who had come

through all this material want and wretchedness, came in on the comfortable parlor floor of society and was appalled by the gross and selfish materialism I found there. I did not find life clean, noble and alive.

"In the business world—well, why should I stop; why should I take two minutes to tell you of the business world. You know the base side of the business world today. Accounts are given in all our daily papers and all our magazines of the rottenness and betrayal and crime that pertains to the business world. I found there nothing that was clean, noble and alive. And in the political world I found the same thing. I found our political leaders were men who were mastered by machine bosses, who obeyed the dictates of machine bosses who were themselves bought and sold, who rode on railroad passes and who sold legislation to capitalist-purchasers of capitalist legislation.

THE PASSIONATE PURSUIT OF INTELLIGENCE

"I went to the university. I found the university, in the main, practically wholly so,—I found the university clean and noble, but I did not find the university alive. I found that the American university had this ideal, as phrased by a professor in the Chicago University, namely: 'The passionless pursuit of passionless intelligence'—clean and noble, I grant you, but not alive enough. I, for one, who am very much alive and who min-

gle with men who are very much alive, feel that such an ideal is a decadent ideal, believing that there should be a passionate pursuit of intelligence. And the reflection of this university ideal I find —the conservatism and unconcern of the American university—in the great mass of the American people, the people who are suffering, the people who are in want. And so I became interested in an attempt to arouse in the minds of the young men of our universities an interest in the study of Socialism. Of course, such is my vanity—it is only human vanity—that I personally believe that practically every young man who has noble impulses, who wants to go in for something that is clean, noble and alive—that practically every young man who will study Socialism, its science and philosophy, will become a convert to its doctrines. Such is my belief. . . .

"We do not desire merely to make converts, to have our young men of the universities all become Socialists. We do not expect that, but want them to raise their voices for or against. If they cannot fight for us, we want them to fight against us—of course, sincerely fight against us, believing that right conduct lies in combating Socialism because Socialism is a great growing force. But what we do not want is that which obtains today and has obtained in the past of the university, a mere deadness and unconcern and ignorance so far as Socialism is concerned.

Fight for us or against us. Raise your voices one way or the other; be alive! That is the idea upon which we are working."

London's Lecture

YALE ALUMNI WEEKLY, EDITORIAL

"IT is good that Yale students should have as clear a presentation made to them as possible of the life and feelings and aims and beliefs of a considerable portion of their fellow-men concerning whom, through ordinary channels of information, they know little. Whatever disappointment there may have been in the lack of constructive suggestion or of original information in the lecture by London, many hard, grim facts of tremendous moment were brought out. It would be well if there were more of these attempts to give this side of real life and thought to men who are here constructing their philosoply of life and political science, and who some day may be called upon to meet the issues growing out of these facts. It does no good to belittle them any more than it is wise to exaggerate them. The great thing is to take them into account and treat them and not ignore them in the development and upbuilding of a Christian civilization."

THERE is a subtle assumption running through all these comments that Yale is a capitalist and a class institution, and that the fact that a member of another class—the working class—the discontented class—had an opportunity to speak there was on the whole a rather commendable thing and an evidence of breadth and open mindedness.

A few more London lectures would help us to believe that "*Lux et Veritas*" really is the motto of the university. At present, as it is related to the actual life of the institution, we think it is a humbug and a farce.

Comrade London donated the proceeds of the lecture to the state committee.

Class War

From NEW YORK TIMES, Feb. 1, 1906

WE must commend Mr. Jack London for the perfect frankness with which he tells his audiences what Socialism is, and what it aims to accomplish. He does not dissemble. He is not mealy-mouthed. He does not croak Socialism in timid disguises. He does not profess to regard it as a mere return to the golden rule, or as a reform altogether beneficent that will harm nobody and make the world happier. Mr. Jack London's Socialism is bloody war—the war of one class in society against other classes. He says so. It is a destructive Socialism. He glories in it.

It was reported that the faculty at Yale were somewhat apprehensive lest Mr. London's views should be a little too radical for the New Haven atmosphere. The faculty's apprenensions were not without ground, for in his address to some three thousand Yale men at Woolsey Hall last week Mr. London made these observations:

"When I write to a Socialist, I start the letter with the phrase, 'Dear Comrade,' and I close the phrase 'Yours for the revolution.' That is the practice among 400,000 Socialists in the United States. There are throughout the civilized world

7,000,000 Socialists, organized in a great international movement. Their purposes are the destruction of bourgeois society, the doing away with the ownership of capital, and with patriotism; in brief, the overthrow of existing society. We will be content with nothing less than all power, with the possession of the whole world. We Socialists will wrest the power from the present rulers. By war if necessary. Stop us if you can!

"The grip of Socialism is tightening on the world. The blood-red banner will soon be waving wildly in all winds. This is not a vague uprising. The propaganda is based on intelligence and on economic necessity. The workers as a class are fighting the capitalists as a class.

"The capitalists are in the minority. We are in the majority. All capitalists are bad and all workingmen are good. If people object to our program because of the Constitution, then to hell with the Constitution Yes, to hell with the Constitution.* President Roosevelt is frightened by our revolution. He says that class war is the greatest danger to the country. Class war is our watchword."

That is what Socialism means. It is to the accomplishment of these things that Socialism tends. Consciously or unconsciously, pretty much all Socialists want to see Mr. Jack London's re-

*This report is perverted of course. See Note following.

forms achieved, and to see them achieved in Mr. Jack London's way. They all aim at a redistribution of wealth — the taking things away from those who have in order to bestow them upon those who have not, quite regardless of their desert, or of any of the principles of justice as those principles have been formulated and established by human society. Very few Socialists, however, have Mr. Jack London's courage. Again we say, he must be commended for his courage and for his honesty. Society can judge Socialism better and reach sounder conclusions of its merits when it has a correct understanding of the nature of Socialism and the intentions of Socialists.

Note

COMRADE London delivered his lecture in Grand Central Palace, New York, on January 19, 1906. In it he quoted a workingman who, after having been deprived of his rights and robbed of his labor, is lectured on the sacredness of the Constitution. This workingman, said London, is very likely to say, "To hell with the Constitution." That is the setting and the sense of the phrase.

At the close of the lecture a young man got up and asked this question: "Is the first article of a

Socialist's creed, 'to hell with the Constitution?'" After a fierce indictment of capitalism—after a most definite challenge—this was the only question that occurred to the bourgeois mind—to a worshiper of traditions. Instantly mother Jones arose in the gallery and said, "I want that young man to understand that it wasn't a workingman who said that, but a general in the army." General Bell of the Colorado gang of professional killers was the man referred to. London anticipated a working man saying it, *but Bell said it!*

Isn't it strange that the Times should be oblivious of the fact that the same lecture was delivered three times to immense audiences in New York weeks before it was delivered at Yale? It quotes as if he said it for the first time at Woolsey Hall. Quite a number of comrades have gotten mixed up on the use of the phrase.

The lecture, "The Coming Crisis," was purchased by Collier's, months ago, but it is now fairly well understood they got cold feet on it and so it is pigeon-holed for keeps.

The Gospel of Londonism

THE REGISTER'S pungent Editorial, Jan. 27, 1906

THE spectacle of an avowed Socialist, one of the most conspicuous in the country, standing upon the platform of Woolsey Hall and boldly advocating his doctrines of revolution, was a sight for gods and men. There are doubtless those who tremble at the thought that Jack London was thus permitted to beard the lion in his den and take the young men of the university into his confidence, while he instilled into them the gospel of Socialism, but these fears and forbodings are entirely misplaced. It was a good thing that he was brought here, and it was a better thing that he was allowed to preach to his heart's content in the very citadel of conservatism. There is little chance of his views receiving enthusiastic approval from the students of Yale, while there is every probability that the knowledge of the spirit back of the socialistic movement will awake slumbering skeptics to the realization that there is something for them to do stem the tide of radical thought in this country.

While many of the statements made by London challenge denial, and while many of his protests have a solid foundation in justifiable irritation, it by no means follows that the way out of the wilderness of men's selfishness and wrong doing is

through revolution and the destruction of the present organization of society. Far more dangerous than the gospel of Londonism is the cause back of it. Under normal conditions it would be impossible for even a more fascinating speaker than London to fill, as he did last evening, that great assembly hall. Men do not search for new doctrines of government and new policies of conduct when what they have produce equitable results. It is when the old order seems unable to anticipate and provide the needed protection for injustice that men turn impulsively to any cure that promises to improve things. There were probably but few present last evening who were in sympathy with London's ideas, and who at the close of his address knew what the panacea is which he has for the betterment of society. There were fewer, in all probability, who did not feel unconsciously that he was in some mysterious way representing them in their protests against the evils of our times. If they are unwilling to subscribe to his gospel, they are ready to listen to his statement of their grievances, which is only another way of saying that they have deep-seated grievances which are not receiving proper consideration at the hands of those who should be concerned with them.

As for the gospel of Londonism and the panacea which it offers as an escape from burdens grievous to bear, it thrives and will continue to thrive so long as legislative bodies continue to ig-

nore matters of common significance and importance, and confine themselves to matters of special and exclusive interest. Jack London may, therefore, be said to be occupied in a useful public service, He is rattling the dry bones in a manner to disturb sleep, and the greater his success the sooner will they use their waking hours to force consideration of the welfare of the masses of the people. As we have intimated above, it is no use attributing all this revolutionary and incendiary talk to the foreigners whom we have welcomed to our shores and given equal rights with ourselves. We must look for the causes within ourselves and in our conduct of our own institutions. Of all the countries in the civilzed world, this country should offer the smallest territory for the propagation of socialistic doctrines, and yet today we find it the most prolific in socialistic movements. It is worth while we should say for our leaders and students to begin at once an examination of our national assets, and not lose sight of the fact that the presence of London here last evening was an answer to the call of Yale students, who enjoyed the sympathy of an unusually large audience in the largest of local assembly halls. Such an examination must take place, and reforms introduced, or there may be serious trouble in the land.