

colored man can be a well-wisher of organized labor until organized labor learns to respect the manhood of every man.

New York Times (pluto-Dem.), May 5.—Chicago is now reaping the penalty of putting a Socialistic municipal ownership crank in the Mayor's chair. The city is without an effective government, life and property are without protection, bands of strikers who are no longer workmen, but criminals, possess the streets, and are indulging in riot, arson and pretty much every form of outrage and violence. The police, it has been demonstrated, are incapable of keeping the peace. Yet Mayor Dunne, being importuned to invoke the aid of the militia, refuses on the ground that the police have not exhausted their powers. The conditions that now prevail in Chicago do not call for police treatment, they do not call for militia treatment. The proper remedy is an application of United States troops in sufficient number at once to put a stop to violence and to give the strikers an exemplary lesson.

Cleveland Plain Dealer (Ind. Dem.), May 3.—Mayor Dunne did his best, first to avert and then settle the trouble by peaceful means. When these efforts failed he resorted to sterner measures, and there is no reason to suspect that he will not use all the means at his command to preserve order, even to the extent of calling for State troops. If rioting shall reach such a pitch that city and State have to call for help, then the President will take a hand in the game necessarily, and it will not be as an arbitrator. The basis of American political life is the self-reliant community, able and willing to take care of itself and insistent upon that right; a town or city capable of settling its purely local affairs, which includes suppressing its rioters. American local self-government will be in a bad way when it is thought necessary to run crying to Washington every time bricks begin to fly in the streets.

MISCELLANY

THE DEATH WE CREATE.

In the early 40's of the nineteenth century, Germany was passing through an era comparable to the one our country is now experiencing. Morality and civic virtue, as grounds for social esteem, had been displaced by respectability, which was measured by outward conformity to certain requirements relating to living in a certain style, to clothes, well groomed appearance, going to church, professing adherence to certain ideas in religion, in politics, economics; and refraining, when under observation, from slang, profanity, saloons, brothels, gambling resorts, and from the robbery of the poor, except under the forms of law. The pain which these conditions produced in the sensitive soul of Heinrich Heine, the German poet, are well depicted in a poem, of which the following lines are a free translation.

Oh! give me, at my ease to die,
A wide expanse 'neath vaulted sky;
Oppress me not to suffocation,
Foul stench of mercenary nation.

Your drink is good, your meals are prime,
You love such lives as snails in slime,
Your generosity's as great
As coins in offertory plate.

Spices from all the world you store,
Fragrance, incense to breathe the more.
Stench of corruption covers all,
With blighting, suffocating pall.

Colossal vice let me behold,
Crimes horrible, stupendous, bold;
Save me from goodness which is measured
By balances at bankers' treasured.

Ye clouds above, bear me away
To Lapland or to far Cathay,
Or Kaffirland—if it must be—
Only this land no more to see.

I wish with you—oh, flying clouds,
Which cross the sky in rushing crowds—
Past greed, and fraud, and force to race,
With swift, accelerating pace.

T. W. H.

THE LINE BETWEEN GAMBLING AND BROKERAGE.

Press report from Springfield, Ill., under date of May 5.

The Board of Trade bill to legalize option trading and shut out bucket-shops, after having been twice beaten, was galvanized into life in the house to-night and gavelled to third reading, but not until after one of its opponents among the down-State members, Representative John M. Rapp, of Wayne, a newspaper man, had offered the following amendment, hitting off what he regards as the purpose of the bill:

Section 5. Hereafter, in the State of Illinois all players of the great national game known as poker who shall play for stakes where the limit is less than two dollars, shall be known as gamblers and shall be subject to the penalties prescribed by law for gambling; but where the limit of stakes is two dollars or over, the game shall be considered a brokerage office for the purpose of fixing the value of celluloid checks, and the players thereof shall be known as brokers or high-class financiers, and shall be exempt from penalties prescribed for violations of the gaming law. The intent of this act being hereby declared to shut up all small games, and legalize all large games.

The amendment was tabled.

ENVIRONMENT AND CITIZENSHIP.

Yesterday I saw a group of boys looking at a theater poster. The picture showed a man in the act of plunging a dagger in the throat of a woman. The boys did not run or scream. But their eyes were big, and the intensity of their faces showed that the horror of the picture was not lost upon them. Near by were two younger children playing together in the gutter. Their faces were smeared by the mud made by the dish-water running over the sidewalk, and the children were amusing themselves floating cigar stumps in the disgusting pool.

Reflecting upon that sad sight there came to mind other childhood scenes. There stood out in memory a little lake which nestled among the hills where sweet-breathed cattle browsed, and where the branches of great trees

were mirrored in crystal waters. There were the boat house and the swimming hole and the spring-board, and there were summer nights, too, when the leaves were still and stars were bright and the spirit of the child looked up in silent wonder.

In the race of life, in the contest of physical endurance, in the moral tests that come, that child has not a fair chance who has sprung out of the mud of the streets.

To know the breath of lilacs and the rustle of autumn leaves, to be up with the lark, to bathe one's feet in the dew of the pasture, to go to bed with the song of the whip-poor-will—these memories are like guardian angels.

The children whose horizon is a brick wall, who must play on cobblestones and go swimming in the canal and be chased by the police, if they do not grow up to be ideal citizens, shall we, of holier memories, sit in judgment upon them? Shall we not remember their bonds?

HERBERT S. BIGELOW.

WHO WAS GREATER, FRANCES WILLARD OR THE HUMBLEST MOTHER?

In the eulogy of Frances E. Willard by Senator Beveridge on the occasion of the unveiling of the Illinois statue of her in Statuary Hall at the nation's capital, he says: "The mother of all mothers, the sister of all wives, to every child the lover, Frances E. Willard sacrificed her own life to the happiness of her sisters. For, after all, she knew that, with all her gifts and all the halo of her God-sent mission, the humblest mother was yet greater far than she."

Why should such an estimate of herself be imputed to Frances Willard? She was above all a Christian, and this is not a Christian idea. When Jesus answered the woman who blessed the mother who bore him, he said: "Yea, rather, blessed are they that hear the word of God and keep it." (Luke ii, 27-28.) There is, then, something possible for womanhood more blessed than to be even the most exalted mother. For mere motherhood is a physical function, and such a function cannot be the highest achievement of a being endowed with intelligence and soul, whether woman or man. How clearly this would have appeared if the orator, instead of the name of Frances Willard, had used that of George Washington or Phillips Brooks, and said: "The humblest father was yet greater than he!"

Perhaps this extravagant praise of the "humblest mother" was given because the question of "race suicide" is now so.