

said that a very much better class of men became willing to serve as legislators. Violent party prejudice passed away, and government by the politicians came to an end. In fact, as soon as the people themselves could say what laws should or should not pass, it made comparatively little difference what political party was in the ascendancy; and professional politicians, who can thrive only on "graft," had so little power for evil that they went out of business.

And this condition of affairs continues to this day. Indeed, it is maintained by those who ought to know, that Swiss lawmakers are uninstructed legislative experts who practically hold the relation to the Swiss people of an executive committee, with legislative powers, subject to revision by the people. If the work of these experts is satisfactory, no potential opposition to their lawmaking is offered; but when, in any instance, it is unsatisfactory, their work is at once annulled at the polls.

A peculiar effect which this system of lawmaking is said to have had in Switzerland is that "rotation in office" has practically disappeared. Public office is no longer looked upon as a private snap, to be passed around among "the boys." The government is conducted on business principles. Honesty, efficiency and economy are demanded of all public officials, and when an office holder proves himself worthy, he is retained in office as long as he will serve. It is said that no involuntary retirement from the Federal Council (the executive department of the Swiss government) has taken place since 1874.

**THE CANNIBAL AND THE MISSIONARY.**

THE DAWN OF TRUTH IN THE SOUTH SEA, IN MANY ACTS.  
For The Public.

ACT I.

The Missionary: I absolve thee, but spend thy remaining years in ever-humble repentance that thy God may forgive thee.

Cannibal: Repentance for what?

M.: For slaying that man yesterday, out of whose body you made a feast.

C.: What, that? Man? Well, hardly. He was of the Hinchokoe tribe, and no more a man than I an angel. They have neither the appearance nor habits of men. They live in the ground, eat nothing but nuts, roots, herbs, and such things, and they don't even hunt. Of all the sports none can equal the hunting of these Hinchokoes. They whoop and yell and make a great fuss, like they were afraid. And when they are hit and fall, they mumble as though

in prayer. Only a few days ago I was after this very one, but I missed him. Yesterday I got him after the most strenuous and exciting chase I have yet had.

M.: You have been guilty of the crime of crimes.

C.: His skin is orange color, his nose flat, his eyes large and cornered, he is peak-headed and round-backed.

M.: All men are equal in the eyes of their Maker, Our Lord.

C.: He has hair all up and down his back, like any other animal.

M.: The color of his hide or the shape of his body is immaterial. We are all the children of our Father in heaven.

C.: All his children?

M.: Yes, all. His love excludes none.

C.: Regardless of shape, size and color?

M.: Yes, every living thing is a creature of our Lord, and to kill is to sin against Him.

C.: Then you are no better off than I am.

M.: Why so, Sam?

C.: Didn't you kill a bird yesterday, and make a meal of it?

M.: Yes, I did; but birds and such things were meant for the food of man.

C.: Are not birds the creatures of God?

M.: Yes, but not in the same respect as man. God gave man the power to rule the earth and all that is on it. And he evidently intended the lower animals for the food of man.

C.: Then also the Hinchokoes.

M.: No. Though you think otherwise, the Hinchokoes are nevertheless a type of man. And God commanded man, saying: Thou shalt not kill. Every man is endowed with a spark of life from God himself; and to destroy life, however humble, is a violation of law, a sin against God.

C.: If the Hinchokoes are endowed with a spark of life from God, why not the birds and other animals? Or is there any other source of life, less sacred?

M.: No, God is the creator of all things.

C.: Also the birds and beasts that we eat?

M.: — Yes.

C.: Their spirit of life, then, is from God, as well as man's?

M.: — It must be so.

C.: And to kill is to sin. Then have we not been sinning a long time?

M. (After a thoughtful silence): You are right. We have both in our ignorance and thoughtlessness sinned against our God. But our Heavenly Father is merciful and will forgive us even this, if we in the future pay that utmost reverence

to every manifestation of life that we have lacked in the past. Let us go and sin no more.

The most sacred thing on earth is life, wherever and however found, and to make it happy, true and free shall henceforth be our aim.

Though I have gone wrong, I am happier than at any previous time in my life, for I have found a truth. It is as if the very birds hail me as a brother.

ANTON S. ROSING.

**FROM EARTH TO HEAVEN.**

Extract from a sermon by Herbert S. Bigelow, delivered in Cincinnati, Ohio, March 12, 1905.

"Washburn A" boasts of being the largest flour mill in the world. It is one of the monster mills for which Minneapolis is famous. Here the Father of Waters is made to grind the grist of the nations. To follow the wheat on its journey down floor after floor, through machine after machine, until, with hardly the touch of a human hand, it yields its golden treasure; to see the Mississippi harnessed to those mighty engines, feeding at man's command, the mouths of millions—this is a sight that the Psalmist should have seen who wrote: "Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor."

One does not think of the miller as a hero, or his occupation as dangerous. It is hard to believe that flour dust is as explosive as nitro-glycerine. On the walls of Washburn A. however, the visitor may read the following inscription: "This mill was erected 1879, on the site of Washburn Mill A, which was totally destroyed on the 22d day of May, 1878, by fire and a terrific explosion occasioned by the rapid combustion of flour dust; not one stone was left upon another, and every person engaged in the mill instantly lost his life. The following are the names of the faithful and well-tried employes who fell victims of that awful calamity." After the names of the martyrs of the mill, these words are added:

Labor, wide as the earth,  
Has its summit in Heaven.

Men freeze in lumber camps, that we may have shelter; they are buried in mines that we may have fuel; on the railroads alone, nearly 75,000 are killed or injured each year, and all that we have has been purchased by the blood of the martyrs. The cooperative commonwealth is not far distant. But for the elements of monopoly that still inhere in our industrial life, we would be a vast, half-conscious brotherhood, in which each man is serving another, in serving himself. But if these ele-

ments of monopoly were destroyed, it is inconceivable that life would be held so cheaply as now, or that so many would fall in the industrial battle. With the last vestige of monopoly gone, and God's storehouse open to all alike, the light of brotherhood would break upon the earth and we could say without any cant:

Labor, wide as the earth,  
Has its summit in Heaven.

But the more we appreciate the service and sacrifice of labor, the more intolerable becomes the thought that any should enjoy the legal privilege of living without labor.

One entrance to the Powers' department store, in Minneapolis, is built upon leased land. The owner of the land receives a ground rent of one thousand dollars per month. The land is only about seventy feet square. The tenant has put up the improvement and pays the taxes, so that the lord of the land has an annual income, for doing nothing, of twelve thousand dollars. The customers do not see him. Yet they pay toll to him. They pay it in the price of what they buy. At the door of every store there is one of these invisible toll collectors. The tribute they exact is tremendous, not only in its aggregate amount, but also in its vicious, indirect influence.

Must some men die to give us bread, and others eat and give nothing in return? How would it do to make these lords of the land support the government out of their unearned incomes? If they have not made these land values, if the city has made them, why then, should they have them? Why should not the city take them? Why tax industry and leave the land owners in possession of something the city has produced? Why not take this step towards the goal of the emancipation of labor—labor, wide as the earth with its summit in heaven?

#### UNCLE SAM'S LETTERS TO JOHN BULL.

PRINTED FROM THE ORIGINAL M. S.

Dear John: Theodore has killed a cinnamon bear. I don't know how the boys toted the bear out there, and if I did I wouldn't tell; but Theodore got him. I know you will be interested, as you have kept your hunting interests alive beyond boyhood; but I've about quit butcherin', myself, except fer meat. I used to be a great hunter, too; but then I needed the provisions.

A man likes the excitement of the hunt well enough, but after he is really grown up he begins to doubt the justice of getting a modern gun and shooting some

unarmed animal, just because he can. He feels a little mean and "streaked" afterwards; and, if he is really a dead game sport, quits hunting and looks up something a little less one-sided—something where he'll meet one of his size.

And it ain't hard to find. There's plenty of game in America right now for a sportsman with knightly instincts—one of the old St. George kind. You mind, John, how George went out and slew the dragon that was eating the common people, and you made him a saint for it, hey? He wasn't chasin' around after no cinnamon bear, George wasn't. The dragon was eatin' the girls, and George went for him. There was danger, and George went right at him—didn't take no vacation, but sailed in lickety split, no hunters a-beatin' the bushes, and no niggers in the lead. Man! I'd like to see St. George tackle my Coal Trust, or Beef Trust, or Oil. It wouldn't take him no two years to get into a fight, I bet you.

Fact of the case is, John, I don't know what in the dickens to do. The trusts and combines have put up prices so people can't live on their wages, and they are strikin' for more. The trusts can't give any more and keep up their dividends. In fact, the trusts, every one of 'em, allow their employes enough—about enough—to live on, if it wasn't that some other trust comes in and takes it all away. The trusts are like the chief cashier who steals one thousand dollars from the bank, and the under cashier finds it out and steals one hundred thousand, and the chief cashier dare not tell, and must stand for the whole graft. What are they goin' to do? I dunno. It's up to them. The present plan is to make the boys take the same wages or starve—or same wages and starve a little. I guess they'll make it go too fer awhile; but the end must come sometime, because there's a limit to starvin'.

One mighty queer thing has come out of it. I've got another revolution on my hands! My courts have overridden Magna Charta. They have set aside trial by jury. It's in all the State and Federal constitutions—Magna Charta is; and trial by jury, you remember, is a corner stone of the charter of John. "Nullus liber homo capiatur, vel imprisonetur." Do you mind the old lingo—I most forget, but it means, "No freeman shall be taken or imprisoned, or disseized or outlawed or banished or in any ways destroyed, nor will we pass upon him unless by the lawful judgment of his

peers or by the law of the land." That's the ticket King John had to sign for his courts, and ever since no bill would stick in chancery before a judge alone unless it said without lyin' that there was "no remedy at law (by jury) only in chancery." If a jury could try the case, the bill must be dismissed. That's the law for me and you, John. There's no blinkin' it. Now look at it! I have judges takin' criminal jurisdiction by means of a bill in chancery; I have judges plowin' domestic corn by chancery writ, and Lord knows what is a comin'—never was such a revolution heard of since the commons yanked John to law at Runnymede in the seventeenth year of his reign, and made him swear also that all these things "shall be observed bona fide and without evil subtilty." They were dead tired, the commons were, of being pulled up before a judge and sent to prison without a jury trial, and they stopped it.

But the trouble about a revolution is that you don't know how far it's goin' to revolve. Judges ain't the only folks that can disregard the law. A whole lot of people may take a hand in it, and the sooner we creep back under the protection of the big Charter, the safer we'll all be. That's my judgment. What do ye think?

But who's a goin' to bring my judges to a sense of sin? Who's a goin' to make them sign Magna Charta? Congress won't do it. In fact, my Federal judges deny the right of Congress to limit their jurisdiction. They are great big fellows, and hold under the Constitution direct. Then what's a goin' to happen? You can't imagine that Magna Charta and jury trial is goin' to be set aside permanent in America. Who has the first move? What'll end it? Will some Cromwell send a file of soldiers to the Supreme Court and turn the inmates out? Will my barons now running a strike in Chicago, and throwin' coal and milk bottles, send fer 'em to a new Runnymede and refresh their learning? I dunno. Something is bound to happen soon or late, and people with property and lives to lose may well be uneasy when the law is violated in high places.

UNCLE SAM.

#### CHRISTIAN CITIZENSHIP AS RELATED TO THE BALLOT BOX.

A brief address delivered by Wiley Wright Mills at the Christian Endeavor rally at the Englewood Christian Church, in Chicago, March 2, 1905.

The subject assigned implies that a Christian has civic duties, which is true. Attending prayer meeting does