

the degree of bachelor of arts from Radcliffe College, Cambridge, Mass., on the 28th.

—In the London Times of the 27th there appeared a ten-column article by Tolstoy denouncing war in general and the Russian-Japanese war specifically.

—The National Educational Association opened its annual session on the 28th at St. Louis. The President, John W. Cooke, of Illinois, read a paper suggesting the reestablishment of corporal punishment in schools and attacking trade unions.

—Mgr. Guidi, apostolic delegate to the Philippines, who was sent to the Philippine islands nearly two years ago as the representative of the Vatican in the negotiations with the Philippine commissioners for the sale of the friar lands to the American government, died on the 26th.

—A complimentary dinner to John Z. White upon his return to Chicago from his single tax lecturing tour in the East, was attended by over 150 persons. Judge E. F. Dunne presided and the speakers besides the chairman and the guest of the evening were Western Starr, Leonora Beck, Henry George, Jr., and Louis F. Post. The arrangements were made under the management of Olive Maguire.

—On the 24th the following cabinet appointments were announced by President Roosevelt: Paul Morton, of Illinois, secretary of the navy, in place of Mr. Moody, who became attorney general in place of Knox, appointed senator in place of Quay; Victor H. Metcalf, of California, secretary of commerce and labor, in place of Cortelyou, who becomes chairman of the Republican national committee.

—The Negro regiment of the Illinois militia, Eighth I. N. G., commanded by Col. H. C. Marshall, has been barred from the St. Louis exposition. It had prepared to attend the Fair, but Col. Marshall was informed that Negro troops could not be allowed in the barracks occupied by white troops, and that if they went to St. Louis they must provide a camp and commissary outfit of their own and go into camp outside the grounds. The regiment has therefore abandoned the trip.

—The coroner's jury at New York in the case of the burning of the General Slocum, at Hell Gate, (p. 171), with great loss of life to a party of Sunday school excursionists, returned a verdict on the 28th of criminal responsibility against Frank A. Barnaby, president of the Knickerbocker Steamboat company; J. K. Atkinson, secretary of the company; all the directors, Capt. William H. Van Schaick, Mate Edward Flanagan, and Henry Lundberg, assistant United States steamboat inspector, who approved the fire fighting apparatus of the boat before it was placed in commission in May.

PRESS OPINIONS.

"SANE" DEMOCRACY.

(Cedar Rapids, Ia.) "Why." (s. t.) June.—"Safe and sane Democracy" as it has come to be known—therefore, is at best merely a reflection of modern Republicanism. Its devotees follow the same path, are moved by the same prejudices and dominated by the same god of commercial greed. People who want to get what the safe and sane Democracy says it wants, can get it more certainly and in fuller measure by voting the Republican ticket.

REPUBLICAN PROSPERITY.

Dun's Review (com'l), June 18.—Industry suffers from an epidemic of ultra-conservatism—emanating apparently from the theory that a season of depression must come every ten years, while the coincidence of a presidential election furnishes another precedent. As a result, stocks of merchandise have been reduced, railway traffic is curtailed, preparations for future business are curtailed, and less money is distributed in the form of wages; while those having capital to invest confine their attention to the highest classes of bonds or hold back for still lower security prices. All these factors have combined to produce a reaction entirely out of proportion to the natural readjustment that was really started by abnormally high prices of raw materials and other excessive costs of production resulting in accumulation of goods that could not be sold at a profit. Retrenchment has made considerable progress, wage earners, as a rule, recognizing the importance of accepting reductions in pay.

REPUBLICAN DEADHEADS.

Detroit Times (ind.), June 24.—There were not many things about the national Republican convention at Chicago that are worth talking about. . . . One important thing was the invitation to the delegates, by Senator Depew, on behalf of the railroads, to visit the St. Louis exposition at the expense of the railroads—an invitation that was quickly accepted. And this morning, three special trains, laden with delegates to the national Republican convention, left Chicago for the world's fair city. As the railroads are not given to hauling large numbers of persons around for nothing—not in the habit of giving anything, unless they expect something in return for it—it becomes of interest to inquire why these particular thousand men have been singled out for such a special privilege. Nor does it seem likely that it will be necessary to go far to find a solution of the mystery. These thousand men are politicians. Most of them have attended national conventions before, and many of them will attend national conventions again as delegates. As politicians, they have nothing of their own to give the railroads in return for the privilege of riding to and from St. Louis free of charge, but they have something that belongs to the people that the railroads want. That "something" is the right to make party candidates, party platforms and, indirectly, national history.

MISCELLANY

JANE ADDAMS.

For The Public.

(See Public of June 11, p. 158.)

When good Jane Addams passes away
I want to die in that hour and day;
For the gates of Heaven will swing so far,
'Mid triumph shouts to welcome her,
That I'm sure a lot of us common fry
Could in the dazzling light slip by!

B.

AN EASTERN EXAMPLE.

The following remarkable story appears in Mr. Whigham's "Manchuria and Korea." "A Cossack, in a fit of drunkenness, had shot a Chinaman, and it was necessary to bring several of the men

to the bedside of the dying victim for purposes of identification of the culprit. The Chinaman, however, refused absolutely to single out the guilty man, saying: 'Why should he be killed, since I must die in any case?' Then they explained to him that the man would only be severely punished, to which the Chinaman responded that since he forgave the culprit there was no reason why he should suffer. Then the theory of punishment was induced as an argument—the Cossack must be punished in order that he might not repeat the offense. 'But,' said the Chinaman, 'he will never do it again, when he knows that I forgave him,' and there the matter ended."

—Concord.

A CHORUS OF CRIPPLES.

At the Vine Street Congregational church, Cincinnati, June 26, the pastor, Herbert S. Bigelow, discussed the meaning of human misery.

In a children's hospital was a group of little ones singing a hymn. The condition of the children was a sufficient comment upon the sentiment of the hymn:

God will take care of you. All through the day,

Jesus is near you to keep you from ill.

Every child who joined in that hymn had been mutilated by some cruel fate. One boy had lost a leg. Another had a hump on his back. Tuberculosis of the hip joint had frightfully crippled a third.

But the visitor forgot the rest in his interest in one little face, the most beautiful and the most tragic of all. A girl of five years, perhaps. A tinge of gold in her hair. Dancing eyes. Complexion like the blush of the lily kissed by the rose. The face of a dream-child but for one over-shadowing blot.

On the lip was a cancer-like growth, standing out as big as an egg—a loathsome parasite, feeding upon that innocence and beauty. With a background of such loveliness, the parasite seemed transformed into the shape of a living monster, with gleaming red eyes and hairy tentacles that held the fair little life in their murderous grip. Even while that horror was creeping upon her, the child sang:

God will take care of you. All through the day,

Jesus is near you to keep you from ill.

The cancer gave the lie to the song. We shall not lose anything in the end if we are honest with ourselves and subject our religion to the test of facts. God did not prevent the growth of the cancer. Neither will he touch the little lip and make it well. Who, then, is God, and what is the cause of our sufferings?

The universe is a school house. The plan seems to be to give man an opportunity to acquire grace and strength of character. If the child is to learn to walk, it must be allowed to fall. There is no God to save it when it stumbles. If the parent saves it, he may consult his own feelings rather than the good of the child, and prove an unkind providence in the end.

How could there be virtue in intelligence if man had not been compelled to work his way up from ignorance? How could there be strength of character if the soul were not made to choose between right and wrong? Sin is but the shadow of virtue. Misery is the promise of heaven. Possibility of evil is opportunity for good.

When government is corrupt and commerce is craven and ships go to sea in greedy haste, reckless of the lives they carry, no God will curb the fury of the flames or command the waves to cease. Virtue is more precious than life.

What is the lesson of the cancer? Ignorance and greed cause social injustice. These social wrongs increase ignorance and greed. Trade is a kind of war. The common weal is forgotten in the scramble for private gain. Selfishness adulterates the food of the nation. Poverty and ignorance eat it. The poor stifle in tenements. The palaces of the rich are locked and lonely. A Boss-ridden city empties its filth into the river, and the little children drink the water of pollution. Disease rises from the vapors of the sweltering slums like an avenging fury.

Would you see what our civilization really is? Behold the child's face—beauty expiring in the coils of ignorance and greed and social wrong.

God cannot prevent the cancer without repealing the moral law. While ignorance and greed last, human misery will prove the morality of the universe. Let men learn the lessons of justice and mercy and truth. Then, if they are miserable, they may impeach the Almighty.

Righteousness is the law of the universe. Let human society obey that law and the earth, love-enchanted, will ring with the laughter of perfect children, and painless old age will find in death but a moment's sleep before the dawn.

The truly religious man is he whose thought and life are in accord with the righteousness of the universe. The noblest form of worship is the labor by which we strive to teach the world to deserve the rewards of righteousness. This religion is the salvation of society

and the redemption of the soul that receives it.

MULLIGAN ON THE WATER WAGON.

For The Public.

"I have thirty cints in me pockud," said Donovan, "an' if you and Flynn'll come along we'll blow ut in."

"I'm not dry," said Mulligan, "and nayer is Flynn. Sit down, Donovan, while I tell ye a bit av a shtory."

"Is it a good wan?" asked Donovan, as he resumed his seat.

"It is not," said Mulligan, significantly, "but I hope it'll do yez good to hear it."

"Fire away!" cried Donovan. "I'm all ears."

"Ye don't need to tell us that!" said Mulligan.

"Don't ye be bladgin' about Donovan's ears, but give us th' shtory," said Flynn. "Here," (extending the tobacco box), "fill yer poipe an' go ahead."

Mulligan filled his pipe leisurely, struck a match on the sole of Donovan's shoe, which happened to be in a convenient position, apologized for it, remarking that he had mistaken it for the cracker box, lighted his pipe and began:

"I attinded a convention of builders in Saint Louis last month. The object was to get acquainted and to discuss quistions of common interest. But it's not of the business av the conviction that I'm going to tell yez, but av some av the diversions.

"One evening, in the hotel, a gentleman I'd got acquainted wid clapped 'is hand an me shoulder, an' says: 'Come on, Mulligan.' I wint wid 'im, through a hall, into a little room just off the barroom. A half dozen other mln had gone along wid us, and everybody took chairs about a table in the cinter av the room. Then comes a waiter wid a bottle of champagne and glasses.

"I could see that half, or more, av the company had dhrunk more than was good for thim already. 'Mulligan,' says I to meself, 'get onto the wather wagon, an' do ut quick!' So I says to me frind, says I, 'I'm a saart av a shtick in a place like this, for I don't drink. If you'll excuse me—'

"It's no matter," he says; 'take a cigar or a glass av 'polinaris wather.' And the whole bunch insisted on me shtayin', an' so I shtayed; but I hung onto the wather wagon.

"Well, a bottle av wine filled the glasses about once round. An' wan bottle was no more than imptied when another was called for. It's the

truth I'm tell'in' yez, gintlemin, I've never seen a gang av bricklayers rush the can like thim captains av incoosthry chased the bottles av champagne. An' the more they drunk, the faster and louder they all talked. By an' by wan av thim gets up an 'is feet an' shteadies 'imself be the table, an' 'e says: 'Shay, boys, don' lemme mish me thrain.'

"What toime does yer thrain go?" axed wan av thim. But the man had already forgotten about 'is thrain, an' was makin' a speech, an' the rist av the crowd laughin' at 'm.

"Well, to cut it short, after about an hour in that room, we all wint out, and Mulligan the only sober man in the company. I lost sight av all av thim, except wan man, a rich contractor from Philadelphia. He was a handsome felly. He was dressed in the height of shtyle—patent leathers, fancy vest an' silk hat. He was unsteady an' 'is feet, as 'e stud wid 'is hands in 'is pockets, gazin' out av the windy. Purrty soon he shteped out onto the sidewalk, and I followed 'm. Two gerris, about twenty years av age, I should judge, were passing by, and I heard him schpeak, but couldn't hear what 'e said. I'll never forget the frightened look in the gerris' eyes, as they glanced at 'im and darted away! I was glad when, very soon aather, he staggered back into the house.

"Nixt day I heard a group av me wine-room frinds laughing and joking about their experiences av the night, after they left the wine-room."

Mulligan stopped here, as if he had reached the end of his story. Presently Donovan asked: "What sort av experiences were those?"

"Wan av the gintlemin lives in this city," said Mulligan. "His wife is a most excellent lady, and their two daughters are in the high school. I hope they'll never know how far along th' road to hell their father wint that night! I thought av thim—and av another woman and her daughters—my daughters, God bless thim, and her—as I listened to the drunken rallery av the revelers!

"No more av that part av the story; here's the other part av it: Back av our house, on the next street, lives a mechanic wid his wife an' three little children. I knew nothing av thim till to-day, when Missis Mulligan was tell'n' me. She says: 'Those people haven't a thing in the house to ate. The man's been drunk for three days, an' has spint all av 'is week's wages. And lasht week, an' the week before it was the same. The poor woman done some work for Missis Gallagher yesterday an' got 50 cints for ut. She