

the people had voted on the subject, and by a 50,000 majority had elected to put the Law into effect. Reluctantly and with many evasions, and even downright violations, the Mayor and his Cabinet were making a mere pretense of enforcing the Law, while the "practical" politicians, the "ward heelers," "handy men," "bosses," et al., were cursing it with bitter, burning words, and scheming with devilish ingenuity to put it out of business. The Law was in dire danger of becoming worse than a failure; it was up to somebody to come to its support. If the actual bona fide Civil Service employes, those who were being benefited under the Law, did not support it, who would?

Under such circumstances the League was born. It was regarded over in the City Hall as an Ishmaelite, a renegade, a thing to be avoided and denounced. But there were a few brave souls among those few pioneers who thrived on war. The breath of battle was sweet to their nostrils, and knowing that they were in the right, they sought the enemy in his own camp, and carried the fighting to him. What an ally they had in Mr. Starr! He haunted the Civil Service Commissioners' office, he hauled them over the coals and roasted them to a turn one day; then helped them out of some difficulty the next. So it went on from day to day; cases were taken to the Grand Jury; indictments were obtained; after awhile trials came off, and, wonderful to relate, convictions were obtained and punishments meted out for the violation of the Civil Service Law. Members of the League began to have more confidence in themselves and the Law. Little by little they began to talk about the League to their friends and fellow workmen. The Law began to be enforced more strictly; examinations were actually "on the square." Members of the League managed to take about all the examinations that were held. They wanted to be on the ground and see for themselves how things were done. It might be handy for evidence sometime.

As time went on the League began to grow. Employes of one department talked about it to those of another. By and by people began to ask for application blanks. They did not have to be urged to come in; they no longer regarded the Chicago Civil Service League as a joke. It was a grim reality, and they made haste to seek admittance. Some of them did not get in. The leaders in the League, right from the start, took a strong position in regard to new members. The only requirement of appli-

cants is that "they believe in the Civil Service Law." But as actions sometimes speak louder than words, a man's history and his previous attitude toward the Law is taken into account, and while there may be conversions from the heathen state of a politician to the more Christian condition of a Civil Service man, still an applicant to the League who is known to have been at some previous time a spoilsman, is scrutinized very carefully, and, as a considerable number know by experience, a pretense of belief in the Law is not sufficient to open the doors to them.

And so the League has grown and expanded till at the present time more than 300 earnest, active supporters of Civil Service principles are enrolled as its members. Nearly every department of the City Service is represented, and now applicants are continually seeking admittance. Probably, in all the history of organizations in any way connected with City affairs, this is the first one which has never looked or asked for favors of any kind. Its members know that having complied with the requirements of the Law they have rights under the Law, and those rights are all they ask. But they do ask for them with a mighty loud and insistent voice, and they are going to keep right on asking, and woe be to the politician who thinks he is big enough to say them nay. He will wish he hadn't. That's all.

In conclusion: The Chicago Civil Service League knows no creed, no party, no nationality, no sex, no color. It has one object—"the enforcement of the Civil Service Law in Chicago." It is no reform organization. It is a practical business proposition, designed to prevent lawlessness and discourage law-breakers. It asks no favors, but it would be pleased to have the respect and confidence of all good citizens; and having gained these, it promises to so safeguard and protect the Civil Service Law of Chicago, that in time to come this City may be pointed to as the best governed City of this great Country of ours.

PHILIP STEELE,
Of the Board of Directors.

THE MEASURE OF SUCCESS.

Portions of an address delivered in Cincinnati, Ohio, Sept. 25, 1904, by Herbert S. Bigelow, pastor of the Vine St. Congregational Church.

What is our philosophy of life? What do we strive for? What is our measure of success? What star guides us? What goal urges us on? This question of aims and motives is pre-eminently the theme of religion. If the church has any message to the world, it relates to this question: What

aims and ambitions are worthy of a man, and what should be his measure of success?

In the woods this summer I noticed an oak sapling that had sprung up beneath a group of trees, the shade of which was so dense that the sapling sought to escape from it. Instead of growing erect, it had stooped and passed under the darksome branches and made a break for light and liberty. So eager was it to get to the sunshine that it had inclined to an angle of 45 degrees, and in that attitude of supplication it seemed to pray for its share of life and light.

As saplings thirst for the light, so man craves happiness; and the course of each is swayed by what his nature demands. Man, like the tree, strains and struggles to arrive somewhere; but, unlike the tree, he can stop and inquire if that for which he strives is worth while, and if he chooses, he can change his course and go in search of some other and higher good. His desires are capable of education, and this is because he is gifted, as trees are not, with the faculty of taking himself in hand, of thinking about the question of his destiny, and to some extent shaping it to his taste.

A man may be unlearned. The word "philosophy" or "ethics" may not be in his vocabulary. Yet he lives, and the manner of his life shows his philosophy. What he thinks, that is what he is. The man who uses the spade as well as he who wields the pen has each his scheme of life and his course is molded by it. What is our scheme of life? Is it the best? Is it developing, or deforming us? Are we growing erect, with our face to the stars, or are we bent and crippled with gazing on the ground?

A man's philosophy will always be influenced by his environment. But there is still a margin of responsibility left to his soul. That margin is the dynamic of human progress.

In the same environment and with the same chances, so far as we can see, one man will be sodden with beer and beastliness, while his brother, with ashen cheeks and hungry soul, will pore over a book in his miserable attic, while the desire for liberty rages like a fever within him, and the angels sing him songs of a world made free.

Take the world with a brave heart. Let the years of our life throb with high thought and true endeavor. Drink the full cup. Taste the whole of it. The toil and the play, the joy and the sorrow—these are but the materials with which we build for eter-

nity. Fear nothing. Welcome whatever comes. Even death—let us approach it with the interest of the schoolboy for whom the teacher unravels the mysteries of a difficult problem. The spirit is free. On earth there is no bondage for it. In heaven there is no terror. The days are opportunities. Action is glorious. The higher the aims, the broader the sympathies, the more abundant the life, the greater the joy of it.

You can't expect to lynch the Negro in the winter and have him pick your cotton in the summer.—Booker T. Washington.

"Up to this time th' issue has been measures not men. Th' rayublicans ar-re ashamed iv all their measures an' th' dimmycrats have no measures an' fit."—F. P. Dunne's "Mr. Dooley."

I find three classes of men who are not willing that women should have political equality. First, the fossilized and crystallized class, who cry out against any change in church or state; the man who is "the same yesterday, to-day and forever." Second, the man of colossal conceit, who thinks a woman's brain was cut on the bias, and his own on the straight. Third, the very young man, who is learning to smoke his first cigar.—Kate F. O'Connor.

BOOKS

LETTERS FROM A CHINESE OFFICIAL.

A Philadelphia clergyman has given voice to the humble utterance that "the people of America are preeminently the children of Providence." By his side stands an imposing band who, presumably in like humility, aver that no race can compare in all virtuous qualities with the Anglo-Saxon, no business methods can equal those of America, no culture is so subtle as ours and no religion so civilizing as the one we profess and are willing to share, by means of powder and shell if need be.

There is another band of Americans—as large and as influential, it is earnestly hoped—who, while recognizing the grand achievements of the Anglo-Saxon race, while admitting the American faculty for business, the existence of true culture and the beauty of Christianity, can yet have the honesty, the judgment, and the altruism to see that neither our achievements, our commercial methods and ethics, our religious tendencies nor our culture are what they should be, or can always stand comparison with those of certain other peoples whom we despise and reject.

One of this class, therefore, will receive with openmindedness and lay aside with mingled shame and admiration a book recently published. This is "The Letters from a Chinese Official" (published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York, 75c.).

The author's name is withheld, and much discussion has arisen concerning the authenticity of the book—the genuineness of its Chinese origin. But since no less a person than the Chinese minister at Washington has vouched for the Orientality of its authorship, averring that he knows the writer, we need not further question. Even without such assurance, it is hard to see in it anything spurious or affected, and we are ready to believe that the author is a Chinaman of the Chinese—one who for many years has lived in England, holding some important post. "A long residence in England gives me some right to speak of your institutions; while absence from my own country has not disqualified me to speak of ours."

And so, although the book was written primarily for the people of England, yet having received many of her distinctive characteristics, and the same blood flowing in our veins, we may rightfully be included in the analysis and may not escape the arraignment of this Eastern critic. For the object of these letters is to analyze the English nation—to study its qualities, its tendencies, its political, social and religious conditions.

It is not an easy matter to select representative passages for quotation, since quotable sentences follow one after the other on every page. There is a vigor and finality about them that cause one to pause and ponder. "With you the individual is the unit, and all the units are free. No one is tied, but also no one is rooted." To this lack of fixity, due primarily to the looseness and indifference of our family ties and relations, he attributes our unrest, our confusion, our lack of morality. He calls our civilization "an economic chaos," and adds: "The salient characteristic of your civilization is its irresponsibility."

These and many more are his judgments—shrewd, clear-sighted and deep-probing, but uttered always with the utmost courtesy and without manifest bitterness or prejudice.

And then having drawn his picture of Occidental life in general, and that of England in particular, he hangs another beside it—that of his own land and people, the life and aims, faith and earnestness of those whom we are pleased to call "heathen." It is undoubtedly a fair scene he puts before us, the colors all aglow and the shadows very faint. It might be urged that his deep love for his country has led him to overestimate the good and

hindered him from seeing the evil. But remembering that his discernment of our defects has not blinded him to the good that is in us, we may trust him to see and to present his country in its entirety. "We measure the degree of civilization not by accumulation of the means of living, but by the character and value of the life lived. Where there are no humane and stable relations, no reverence for the past, no respect even for the present, but only a cupidinous ravishment of the future, there, we think, there is no true society. And we would not if we could rival you in your wealth, your sciences, and your arts, if we must do so at the cost of imitating your institutions." And again: "None is master, none servant; but equality, concrete and real, regulates and sustains their intercourse. Healthy toil, sufficient leisure, frank hospitality, a content born of habit and undisturbed by chimerical ambitions"—these are some of the more pronounced characteristics of his fellow countrymen.

As to their life, their religion, their government, their devotion to the soil, their love of home and attachment to each other, their preference for "the simple life" over "the strenuous life"—all these are noted and justified. And then putting the one picture beside the other, he points out wherein these two great peoples differ—with a difference almost inconceivable—and shows that there is in China no desire to adopt Western civilization; that there is, in fact, and will continue to be most vigorous efforts to keep out of China the aggressive European. For aggressive he is, coming under the pretext of civilizing and Christianizing "the barbarian"—he in reality is demoralizing and defrauding.

And so, as I said, having read this book one will lay it down with mingled shame and admiration: Shame that such things be (for we must admit the truth of the presentation), and admiration for the scholarly Oriental who can thus grasp and express the very essence of a life and condition so vastly different from his own.

As a piece of literature the book is masterly; as a work in ethics, it is salutary.

MARY HEATH LEE.

PAMPHLETS.

Fairhope Colony, which has become famous through widely published reports about it as a successful single tax colony, has published a description of itself (Fairhope, Ala.; price, 10 cents) illustrated with local pictures. The title to the land of this colony is vested in the corporation as trustee for residents, who hold under 99-year leases subject to a ground rent to be annually assessed in accordance with annual appraisements based upon the value of each occupant's holding regardless of the