

importance that delegates to this constitutional convention represent their constituents in all things.

RELATED THINGS

CONTRIBUTIONS AND REPRINT

THE UNSATISFIED ANIMAL.

Bolton Hall in "Even as You and I" (first edition).

When God bade Adam work for bread,
And till the earth by hand,
He did not post up signs like this:
"No trespass on this land."

God's alms don't pauperize the poor,
Nor take the toilers' share,
They are not paupers through His gifts
Of sun, and rain, and air.

Just lend the poor man seed and land,
When begging to be fed,
Teach him to use his own strong arms
And ask the earth for bread.

L'Envoy.

Don't talk so much about the poor
And causes of their dearth,
They but suspect it; but we know
The poor just want the earth.

* * *

SERVICE: A PRACTICAL IDEAL.

Address by John Bovingdon as Class Valedictorian
of the Queen Anne High School of Seattle,
for the Year 1911.

The ultimate aim of knowledge is action. The direction of that action is determined largely by our principles of life. As there are two channels separating human action, the one bearing effort for ourselves, the other, effort for our fellows, so is there a clear line of distinction between the motive principles—the one purpose being the gratification of self at the expense of others, the other, the good of others by means of our own service. In essence, one is egoism, the other altruism.

To us, this occasion is the "parting of the ways," a time indeed proper to "take our latitude" and consider why we go forth—with what impelling moral motive force, what ideal of life to pursue and cherish.

Our minds are held under the spell of two influences—memory and hope. Memory recalls mistakes, successes, impressions from the world as it is. It pictures the prevalent business ideal, one of cut-throat competition, service only for ourselves. And in that picture we can see the hopeless majority with their outstretched arms toward the dollar mark—only a few eyes raised to a light that shines in the distance—the light that few see, and fewer have sufficient strength to pursue. That star is the beacon-light to the life of service.

Hope points to an ideal, in the consummation of which, we each have a part: a picture again but a far different one. The dollar sign has faded to the distance. But look! That star now is a beautiful angel with face that bespeaks nobility of character, a presence that bespeaks nobility of soul—the Angel of Service to the Common Good. Humanity kneels to serve her. Man's Brotherhood has come and in that vision of hope, a new land appears—Christ's Ideal Commonwealth—the Kingdom of Man—the Kingdom of Heaven on earth.

Why should we dedicate ourselves to service? Because we owe it to society. Our parents gleaned their characters largely from environment or society. Through them we inherit her influence. And building on those inherited characteristics, by her influence since childhood, society has made us what we are. So, our personalities are Trusts from mankind to be developed and enlarged according to our ability, and returned. And unless we do return that Trust in Service to our fellows—unless we do give of ourselves the very best, we leave this world its debtor, which means that the world has not received our contribution and is not better for our having lived.

Think of the men in the past whose lives have made the world better! Our fathers stood with Cromwell to deliver us from the divine right of kings; with Washington, from the divine right of Britain; and with the martyred Lincoln, to lift the curse of "involuntary servitude." Not the leaders alone but the Common Soldiers gave their lives a service to their country. But who reaps the harvest of their sacrifice? Look to the institutions under which we live, and answer—Representative government a progressing experiment, the "Composite Citizen" the only possessor of divine rights, and our land a haven of increasing opportunity for all men.

We then are privileged to be the beneficiaries of this splendid trust. But every privilege has its complementary duty. Our duty is to do for our kind what they did for their kind. As we were born into better conditions economically and morally, than they, so we must see to it that our children find a more generous business ideal; will need to spend less time satisfying the physical wants, leaving more for those higher cravings peculiar to man's soul. May they find public service a public honor, as in early Rome, cherished and sacredly kept.

Our duty is plain. This debt cannot be paid in money. Giving men gold, the result of our service to ourselves, makes men weaklings, dependent, ignoble. It teaches them that the law of compensation does not operate unfaillingly. It teaches them that they can get something for nothing. In fact, philanthropy recognizes this truth in its changed attitude toward charity. Very seldom do we give money to unfortunates. The new watch-

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word is "Give them opportunity." Independence scorns material gifts: it demands the opportunity to procure them by honest effort. This country is demanding through the Progressive Move, that financial magnates cease to take what by right belongs to the people. By what moral law should churches, colleges and libraries be individual gifts, when built with the people's money?

Passersby dropped coins into the box of a beggar who lay on the streets of St. Petersburg one cold day. He was worn and weak and threadbare. Count Tolstoy was passing and the beggar asked for an alms. The great heart turned, and with one hand clasped in his, the other resting on the stooped shoulder, his eyes shining warmly into the beggar's heart, he said, "My brother, I have only my blessing to give thee," and passed on. The decrepit, wasted body sank lower and lower whispering, "He called me brother, he called me brother!" And that night, after God's angel had come, they found him with eyes lifted toward heaven—a smile on his face, the parted lips breathing, "brother."

The great Russian's influence on the beggar is as our influence upon those to whom we give our Service. It makes men encouraged, generous, grand. Treat men nobly and they will prove themselves noble. We reap as we sow. For material gifts we receive material return. For the gift of service we receive service; we receive power, we receive real life.

The men whom we remember in the past are those who gave their lives in service to the Common Good. Some worked in the industrial world, others in the political. Gutenberg gave the printing press, Watts the steam engine, Fulton the steamboat, Whitney the cotton gin, and Edison practical electricity. As these men have devised ways for improving conditions in society, they have done a service. In political service, England had her Burke, her Chatham, her Gladstone. We have had Washington, Jefferson, Webster, Lincoln and many of lesser brilliance who have thrown their minds and hearts into the cause of justice.

And as there was then a great work waiting for leaders and servers, so now do we need men in the fields of endeavor who will be strong, who will not lie, who will work for the common good, realizing that only with that can come their highest good.

Men are needed in engineering, in the industries, in commerce, in law, in journalism, in politics.

The sun draws moisture from the sea to the mountain tops. When this moisture loosens itself and rushes to the valleys below, it gives off power. If that power is allowed to waste itself upon the banks of the stream, there is a large social waste. The man who invents the means of harnessing that power and converting it into

an economic product increases the social income and is, therefore, of service to the nation. For it is a fact that the larger the income of a people compared with the cost of living, just so much higher will be their standard of life.

We need men who will contribute such engineering ability to the nation without demanding exorbitant rates for the power which that water furnishes—the privilege of taxing the people in perpetuity.

We need men in the industrial world who will not treat their men like machines to run at full capacity until disablement or an early death. In the past money has been of more moment than lives. Men's lives and souls have been considered and still are by many men, merely industrial machinery. But we are at the dawn of a day that puts man above gold; and if to produce the material needs of existence, it is necessary to spill the life blood of young manhood, the price is too great.

For young men have a great work beckoning them into higher fields. Commerce calls them into the peace movement between nations. Men who weave nets of trade around the globe take their station beside peace societies in the effective abolition of war, for "Commerce binds the world as one."

The country needs young men in law, not to increase lawsuits but to decrease them, not to complicate but to simplify law. The twentieth century demands that laws coincide with right. Educated lawyers with the right impulse can bring this about, for to know truth is to be its defender.

As we think of the mammoth industrial pirates as servers of humanity only so far as they are enabled to better serve themselves, so in contrast with this purpose do we think of the devotion of Louis D. Brandeis and Francis J. Heney in the legal profession. Both of them giant legal minds, both of them braving the dangers of fight in public life, both of frail frame, yet both with that same principle of service coursing through their veins. Heney woke up to the fact that the city government was made the tool of an unprincipled boss. And Mr. Brandeis taught us the truth about the Cunningham coal claims when he submitted the whole question to the American people in the investigation of the Secretary of the Interior. Only by posterity can the service of these men be measured.

But what seems even a greater field for service is journalism. It is work for which the people pay well. As molder of public opinion, the editor may do good or evil. But grand indeed is the reward for using the talents God and Society have given, for high and true purposes.

Yet broader than all is the political opportunity. But, you say, it is so full of grafters, an honest man is either made like the rest or killed politically. We may grant that there are many

bad men in politics, a majority, even a large majority, but that only proves its need for clean men. If it were all right there were no need for reformers. The presence of large evil is the proof of a need for great men.

We are now at the opening of a new era in nation building. The dishonest public servants will be weeded out; the wrongly directed public policies will be abandoned; and new policies, new men, and new opportunity will take their places. But this change must be effected by men.

And shall we despair of the possibility of honest statesmen when we see the La Follettes, the Woodrow Wilsons, the Tom L. Johnsons? Shall we say that an honest young man of determination and high purpose can do no good in politics, when such men, by their lives, have proved the possibility?

The Senator from Wisconsin started his reform work in his home State. He rose gradually in esteem there; and now, probably there is not in the nation a more loved and honored man than Robert M. La Follette. You and I, schoolmates, can only read of the terrible fight which he waged while Governor of Wisconsin. But you parents can recall it. It was a mortal struggle between right and wrong—between the demanders of special privilege and the protector of the public rights. One cannot express, can only feel the appreciation for this the grandest figure in American politics today.

Our country mourned, a few months ago, the death of a man who was essentially a city server. Public Service was Mayor Tom Johnson's dream of the night, his vision of the day, the work of his life. It was Tom L. Johnson, Steel Magnate, Street Car Owner, Millionaire, who, reading Henry George's book, "Progress and Poverty," conceived the vision of Service. He served the public in Congress when he opposed a tariff on steel, though he as a business man would profit by it. He served the public in Cleveland.

He found us striving each his selfish part.
He leaves a City with a Civic Heart,
Which gives the fortune-fallen a new birth,
And reunites him with his Mother Earth;
Which seeks to look beyond the broken law
To find the broken life, and mend its flaw.

. . . Nay, no demigod,

But a plain man, close to the common sod
Whence springs the grass of our humanity. . .
And is he fallen? Aye, but mark him well;
He ever rises further than he fell.
A man is passing! I salute him, then,
In these few words: He served his fellowmen!

"He served his fellowmen!"

Ever striving to be true to this vision, ever trying to consummate the ideals here pictured by our teachers, may we go forth to do our work in our country's service.

BOOKS

A MARKED FIGURE IN HUMAN PROGRESS.

The Life and Letters of Martin Luther. By Preserved Smith. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. Price, \$3.50 net.

The author of this new biography of an active agent in the making of religious history offers an apology for bringing another coal to Newcastle. "A glance at the catalogue of any great library—that of the British Museum for instance—will show that more has been written about Luther than about any man, save one, who ever lived. . . . One main reason is to be found in the extraordinarily rapid advance of recent research which within the last twenty years has greatly changed the knowledge of the man." With these new sources of information at his command, Mr. Smith has been able to give his readers what they have hitherto missed in the study of Martin Luther—a revelation of the man rather than of the theologian.

In the copious extracts given from table-talk and letters vivid glimpses are caught of the real Luther hidden so long behind the theological mask in which he has been always presented by the historian. No trait of his heroic character is left untouched. His indomitable will, his loyalty to conscience, his courage "never to submit or yield" are qualities associated with his name, but the warm heart, the ready humor, the capacity to penetrate to the very essence of things have not been so fully revealed. It may be further noticed that the coarseness of the uncultivated nature with its bursts of uncontrollable temper is manifested more than once in the story of his life. It was the coarse fiber and fighting quality of the man, undoubtedly, that made him the powerful force that he was in the resistance of Church tyrannies and iniquities to which his eyes had been opened during his seven years of monastic life when, as he said, he looked for Christ and it seemed as if he saw the devil.

The heretic of the twentieth century may fail to understand why Luther stopped short in his denunciation of Church doctrines that impute human frailties and absurdities to Divine Love and Intelligence. For the heretic of today sees in the creed of Luther himself the narrowness of vision, the harshness of judgment, the limited conception of Divine Law which he brought along with him out of the wreck of his faith in Papacy. Perhaps the highest expression of tolerance for those who differed from him may be found in his remarks on Cicero who he said did not "fool" like the Greeks Plato and Aristotle.

"I hope God will forgive such men as Cicero

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