

812,000,000, an increase of \$398,000,000 during the year. The total assessed value of personal property subject to taxation for local purposes is \$650,000,000, a decrease of \$13,000,000 over last year's valuation. Of course, nobody believes that the personal property in the state has not increased largely during the year. One of the important arguments of the advocates of the land tax has been that it cannot be evaded by falsehood. Land is always in plain sight.—Kansas City Star.

THE VICE CRUSADES.

BEGIN AT THE TOP.

A syndicate interview from the Rev. Gustavus Tuckerman, of St. Stephen's House, St. Louis.

"Judge not, that ye be not judged" is an injunction to be heeded by us all.

I am far from unmindful of its applicability to myself. Nevertheless, to be honest, I must express my conviction that the "anti-vice crusade" movement is to be deplored on the ground that it is unintelligent, unethical and, above all, unchristian. Jesus said of Himself that He came to seek and to save the lost; and of those whom He commissioned, that they were sent by Him as He had been sent by the Father. He also said to the exponents of respectability and religiosity that by their blindness and self-righteous separatism they were blocking the way into the kingdom of God—adding, moreover, that those whom they most despised were more open to the truth than they.

More pertinent than these statements of the Christ I know of none unless it be His warning: "Without Me ye can do nothing."

In all efforts for the extermination of vice there is at bottom no alternative to the choice between the cross and the club as a tool—between drawing and driving as the method. No great length of time and no elaborate intellectual process is required to decide which of these was the tool and the method of Him whom we call Master. If justification for the use of force be sought in the double cleansing of the temple of Him it might be well to remember (1) the mote and the beam, (2) the con-sanguinity of poolroom, church-fair raffle and stock exchange, (3) the relative importance of retail and wholesale gambling, (4) the comparative criminality of physical and intellectual or spiritual prostitution.

If we must have "crusades," if the Philippines and China do not afford

sufficient vent for the martial impulse, why be so cowardly as to hound "the least of them, my brethren?" Why not be brave enough to attack "spiritual wickedness in high places?" Why not be honest enough to admit that the time is come for judgment to begin at the house of God—even at us who ostensibly constitute the church and call ourselves Christians? Why not in manly fashion face the fact that, however well meant, any movement which is tainted with self-interest, mercantilism, rotten respectability and religiosity is doomed to ignominious failure and confusion of face? Why not first cleanse the temple? Why not apply the whip there before attempting to wield it in the Tenderloin?

"He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone."

YOU ARE FIGHTING THE SYMPTOMS, NOT THE DISEASE.

Portions of a sermon delivered at Plymouth church, Rochester, N. Y., by the pastor, the Rev. W. T. Brown, December 16, as reported in the Rochester Herald.

When I think carefully and candidly of these crusades against vice and evil which are represented by such movements as that of the Anti-Saloon league and other similar organizations, and when I consider with equal candor and seriousness these other religious movements like that planned for the opening century, while I am compelled to acknowledge the sincerity and earnestness of those engaged in them, as I expect them to acknowledge the same qualities in me, I am obliged to regard them mistaken and wasteful. I cannot approve them and I cannot cooperate in them. And I will tell you why.

In the first place, they seem to me to be misdirected. And they are misdirected because they are not aimed, so far as I can see, at the real vice which threatens most dangerously the life of the individual and the welfare of society. In all my life thus far I cannot remember a crusade against vice which evinced any clear knowledge of what the most dangerous, the most menacing, the most destructive vice is. And I have never known of such a crusade which bore the remotest resemblance to the spirit or life or conduct of Jesus. Indeed, as a matter of fact, Jesus is not very generally invoked in such movements. The crusades which are going on most of the time here in our city under the auspices of the Anti-Saloon league, the Prohibition Union of Christian Men, the Good

Government club and other organizations are directed and always have been directed against the least harmful forms of vice, against the least guilty offenders, against the great laws of human life, whether you think of such laws as embodied in the teachings of the world's great prophets or as implicit in the constitution of man and of society.

What is it we are trying to do in these movements? We are trying to close the saloons, the brothels and the places where a petty form of gambling is carried on. Let me remind you that effort is always directed against those saloons especially which are patronized by the poor rather than against those places which receive the patronage of the rich. Understand, I do not say that the clubs where spirituous liquors are to be had are not included in the general indictment of our temperance reformers. No doubt they are. Nor would I be understood to have any sympathy with intemperance on the one side, or with these attacks on the liquor traffic on the other. I would be glad if there could be no drunkenness in the world. I yield to no man in wishing that all men might be sober, healthy, happy and prosperous. I do not doubt that over-indulgence in drink injures men and women. I understand very well that many of the surface crimes of the world are committed under the influence of drink, as their immediate occasion.

Whatever evil there be in a saloon wears no disguise. It has the virtue of honesty and it has in it no vestige of hypocrisy. I cannot and will not join any man in wholesale or retail condemnation of the saloonkeeper or any other man. I believe that the occupation of a saloonkeeper is quite as honorable and no more demoralizing than many other occupations which I can easily think of. I believe that all that is bad in the liquor business is so for exactly the same reason that makes many other forms of business bad.

Let me remind you again that the houses of infamy and the abandoned women, so-called, against which our crusades are undertaken, are very largely of the least dangerous sort. Moreover, effort is directed and thought concentrated upon the least dangerous form of a widespread social disease. I suppose the great majority of people entertain the idea that most of the licentiousness and lust of our city are to be found in these places where such things are

openly and frankly carried on. Personally, I do not know anything about that particular branch of our industrial system. I do not know how many such institutions are here nor where they are located. But I want to say as earnestly as I know how that if we could find them all out and burn them all up and deport to the Philippines or other of our outlying possessions, or destroy, or convert every poor creature in them, we should hardly have touched the evil of licentiousness in this city. We should not have approached or even dealt with that evil. We should not have come in sight of it. We should not have seen it. It is not there. And that is one reason why I do not sympathize with these movements, because they make a virtue of something which has no virtue in it.

Understand, I have no sympathy with this sad business. I have no desire that any woman on God's earth shall be led in any way to part with her virtue. There is no honorable thing I would not willingly do to let the light and happiness into the lives of these fellow creatures. But I insist that we are on the wrong track. There is a hundred fold more of licentiousness and lust within than without the marriage relation. And besides, the real sin of prostitution is a great deal more common than many of us imagine. We associate it with just one thing. But it lies at the very root of almost every business that men are engaged in.

It is hardly necessary for me to remind you that not one word or teaching or act of Jesus can be quoted in support of this crusade which men and women are waging—as they suppose—against vice. Did you ever think of it? Read the words of Jesus through and through. You can read them all in two or three hours. You will not find one word of His in censure of these vices against which our modern crusaders are organized. Not one word. There is not a word of Jesus against the vice of drunkenness, not a word of His against what is usually understood to be prostitution. Not a word of censure for any of those ordinary vices which seem in our day to fill the whole foreground of the picture. If Jesus were living now, He could not take part in any of these anti-vice crusades. Is it not a rather startling thing? Remember, too, that the older Scriptures are not at all lacking in censure for those vices.

The method we are now employing in dealing with vice is a vicious and worthless method. The policeman's

club and the strong arm of the law do not and cannot touch the evil we are after. They but make it worse. Indeed, they seem to me a sacrilege. I have not a particle of sympathy with this "policeman" theory of civilization and of religion and ethics. It is not only wrong and vicious; it is itself criminal. And we shall one day see it so. We are not getting at the heart of the matter, and we cannot suppose for a moment that this miserable evasion of justice and right is making us any safer or more secure. We are still following the lead of superstition and ignorance. We imagine that all we need to do with evil is to drive away its symptoms.

My friends, we are sadly mistaken. If these institutions are symptoms of a social disease, we must not deceive ourselves with the idea that we have done anything whatever for the disease when we have driven the symptoms out of sight. Indeed, we have simply made it more dangerous. These symptoms, these saloons and brothels and gambling houses, these reeling men and painted women, are nothing but the mere surface symptoms of the malady which rages deep at the vitals of society. If we could drive them all away, it would be a calamity. We do not want to forget that the disease is here. I would not lift my hand to remove one saloon from the streets of Rochester, nor one brothel, nor one drunken man nor one prostitute from the full sight of men and women. I would not put them in jail. Jails are always and everywhere one thing, and only one—they are evasions of justice. Indeed, most of our penal and reformatory institutions are nothing but our attempts to hide our diseased condition from the public gaze and make ourselves believe there is no disease. If I am a diseased man I want to know it. If I am living in a diseased civilization, I want to know that. I will oppose with all my power any attempt to hide the fact. Let us cherish these symptoms religiously. Let us do our utmost to bring them out into the full light of day. By and by, it may be, people will become conscious of the disease and set about to find the cause and the cure.

Uncle Ephraim—I was up in the Hustler office a couple of hours this afternoon. I tell you it takes brains to run a newspaper.

Aunt Martha—Sure it does, Eph.

Uncle Ephraim—You bet it does! There's hundreds of little pigeon-holes in flat boxes up there, an' a different piece of type goes in each one of them, an' the editor knows exactly where each piece belongs.—Puck.

THE CIVILIZED MAN.

An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth,
Give me the head of that Chinese youth,
And that one—and that—that prince, the lot—
They must all be sabered or brained or shot!
These women and children—"Vengeance is mine!"
The Lord was mistaken—I'll fix the fine.
Those temple treasures of yours—I've come
To pack them off for my museum!
I am the child of a God of Love,
The truth of which I am here to prove;
And now, a chunk of the richest earth
You have loved and lived on, since your birth;
And gold galore, and proffer me these
As I command—on your bended knees,
Or I'll fill you so full of Christian lead
You will dam the Styx with your floating dead,
You Pagan devil of tong and clan—
I am the Conquering Civilized Man!
—San Francisco Star.

"But why is it," asked the thoughtful Chinese, "that I may go to your Heaven, while I may not go to your country?"

The American missionary shrugged his shoulders. "There is no labor vote in Heaven!" said he.—Puck.

The anti-imperialists are supposed to have no sense of humor. Is it not curious, therefore, that America's two greatest humorists to-day, Mr. Dooley and Mark Twain—as well as Mr. Reed and Mr. Howells, less typical, perhaps, as humorists—are anti-imperialists? "Expand, expind," said Mr. Dooley, with deep insight. "We are kin in sin," now says Mark Twain, of England and America, with the sure aim of the great satirist.—Springfield Republican.

Edith—Why, Uncle George has lots of books without any pictures in them!

Bobby—Yes; but you know mamma says Uncle George is a crank.—Puck.

BOOK NOTICES.

As its title implies, "The Earth Cornered" (St. Louis, Mo.: John J. McCann), by John J. McCann, is another contribution to the already large and growing literature of the single tax agitation. Mr. McCann is the St. Louis real estate dealer whose name

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