ferent point of view, concerning one or two other figures of his time. But Altgeld was my idol, my particular idol among public men, and I can not help saying why.

I have before me a collection of discussions of the Governor the day after his death. The paragraphers eat their own words. He would have been immortalized, if the memorial notices had been printed as many days in succession as the lifetime attacks. They were careful not to praise him till quite sure of his demise. They chronicle with literary sobs how twelve thousand of the unfortunate filed past his coffin that lay in state in the Chicago public library. The procession continued long after dark. Some estimated that twenty-five thousand went by.

The death notices reviewed with full justice all his doings but one. It received such casual mention as is indicated by the clipping which begins this article. It was set down more elaborately by Louis F. Post in The Public for March 22, 1902, as follows:

One of Altgeld's acts as Governor was never openly criticised. It is briefly told by the Chicago Record-Herald, a Republican paper, from which we quote:

In the 1895 session of the Legislature . . . franchise corporation bills were passed very like those which made the session of 1897 a reproach. Mr. Altgeld could have made a million, and probably millions, by letting them become laws, but they were vetoed.

The truth is that one million dollars in cash had been placed at Altgeld's disposal, under circumstances which would have enabled him to appropriate it with absolute safety to himself. The sole condition was that he should sign those bills. But he vetoed the bills.

At that time Altgeld's pecuniary difficulties were pressing. From a rich man he had become comparatively poor, through no fault of his own but chiefly because he refused to join any of the respectable rings that make money for themselves and squeeze money out of others by means of predatory laws. The legislature had been bribed to enact the corporation bills in question. They were so thoroughly bribed that the Senate passed them even over Altgeld's veto, and in the House only a few votes of the necessary two-thirds were lacking. The latter body remained in session long past its hour for sine die adjournment, turning back the official clock for the sake of appearances, to allow the corporation lobbyists time to buy their goods. But Altgeld's veto stood, in spite of the Democratic leader on the floor, in spite of the Republican speaker in the chair, in spite of the lobbyists all over the House, and in spite of as fine an aggregation of respectable gentlemen at Chicago furnishing the funds as one could wish to meet.

Yet all this might have been avoided. Nothing was needed but another respectable gentleman of the same marauding type in the Governor's chair. Had Altgeld signed those bills he might have retrieved his broken fortunes, have grown as rich as the richest, have been honored by a debased press and fawned upon by the sycophants, might have gone to associate and conspire with other such characters in the Federal Senate, and instead of being denounced as a reactionary demagogue been lauded as a progressive statesman. But he was too able to be beguiled and too honest to betray his trust. He held the mercenary plotters back, knowing full well that the rich and influential ones among them would punish him without mercy. And they did. They plotted against this able and honest Governor until even this wreckage of his fortune had disappeared. Yet, through it all he defied them and went his way—impoverished, lonely, but faithful.

THE JUDGMENTS OF SOCIETY.

From "Defence of Criminals," an Essay by Edward Carpenter.

A criminal is literally a person accused—accused, and in the modern sense of the word convicted, of being harmful to Society. But is he there in the dock, the patch-coated brawler or burglar, really harmful to Society? is he more harmful than the mild old gentleman in the wig who pronounces sentence upon him? That is the question. . . . The judge pronounces sentence on the prisoner now, but Society in its turn and in the lapse of years pronounces sentence on the judge. It holds in its hand a new canon, a new code of morals, and consigns its former representative and the law which he administered to a limbo of contempt. . . .

When the ideal of Society is material gain or possession, as it is largely today, the object of its special condemnation is the thief—not the rich thief, for he is already in possession and therefore respectable, but the poor thief. There is nothing to show that the poor thief is really more immoral or unsocial than the respectable money-grubber; but it is very clear that the money-grubber has been floating with the current of Society, while the poor man has been swimming against it, and so has been worsted. Or when, as today, Society rests on private property in land, its counter-ideal is the poacher. If you go in the company of the county squire-archy and listen to the after-dinner talk you will soon think the poacher a combination of all human and diabolic vices; yet I have known a good many poachers, and either have been very lucky in my specimens or singularly prejudiced in their favor, for I have generally found them very good fellows—but with just this one blemish, that they regard a landlord as an emissary of the evil one! The poacher is as much in the right, probably, as the landlord, but he is not right for the time. He is asserting a right (and an instinct) belonging to a past time—when for hunting purposes all land was held in common—or to a time in the future when such or similar rights shall be restored. Caesar says of the Suevi that they tilled the ground in common, and had no private lands, and there is abundant

evidence that all early human communities before they entered on the stage of modern civilization were communistic in character. Some of the Pacific Islanders today are in the same condition. In those times private property was theft. Obviously the man who attempted to retain for himself land or goods, or who fenced off a portion of the common ground and—like the modern landlord—would allow no one to till it who did not pay him a tax—was a criminal of the deepest dye.

LITTLE TALES OF FELLOW TRAVELERS.

1. The Reckless Youth.

For The Public.

According to his lights the Professor of Mathematics at Worthington Private Academy was a good man, obedient to the regulations of his social world. It was not altogether his fault that like many other people he only carried with him in his journey through the darkness of life a somewhat ill-smelling and spasmodic acetylene lamp of local manufacture. He had never cared to connect with those everlasting currents of electric flame in which the planets float like midges on a ray of sunshine. He had heard that men's comfortable shelters were sometimes thus burned to ashes, and that they had to create new ones by making their own bricks, hewing their own timbers.

Painfully the Professor toiled along the road, paying little attention to his fellow travelers, dealing in narrow honesty with all men, voting his straight party ticket, contributing according to his means to "worthy objects," suffering blindly at times, but not without efforts to bear witness to the things in which he believed.

Day after day he taught an unimaginative species of commonplace mathematics out of his text books; he never once rose into the realm of those great living conceptions which make *Pure Mathematics* as wonderful a science as the Universe holds.

The Professor was on a railroad train, and he heard the conversation going on in the seat behind him. There sat one of his former students, a young man of promise and of prospects, the son of a rich merchant whom he knew. The youth was hardly eighteen. He was being educated with especial care to become his father's successor in business, and before long he would be sent abroad with a valet and a tutor. With this youth of such promise sat an ill-dressed, hard-handed young man, a farm-laborer from the next county.

They were talking together in an amazing fellowship, full of fishing and other outdoor things, then of people and of books they had read. The Professor continued to listen; it seemed so strange and so dangerous a fellowship.

"There is that fine young Ellsworth McMasters," he thought, "with all his high-class family connections, chumming with that long-legged Link Jones, exactly as if they were friends and brothers. I wonder whether I ought to try and interfere in some shape?"

But he kept on listening, and after awhile it dawned on his comprehension that these two young men were really exchanging life-experiences; were asking each other lots of questions, and were hammering out problems of many sorts with entire self-satisfaction. Pretty soon Link was telling Ellsworth about his hard times, his secret ambitions, and Ellsworth was telling Link a story out of Plutarch's "Lives," and quoting something from Shakespeare.

Then Lincoln Jones had to climb off at his station. Ellsworth went with him along the platform; spoke to a dozen people he knew; took off his hat to an old woman in a buggy, and sent his regards to an invalid husband. When the train was ready to start he ran back to his seat with the great and joyous vitality which was born in him.

Before long, however, he fell into a "brown study," gazing out of the open window, and up into the sky, as the train moved across a blossoming valley. The Professor, whom the youth had long before greeted, watched his thoughtful face.

"Ellsworth," he said at last, "I wish you would tell me what is on your mind."

"I am worried, Professor Dayton, about the unfairness of things in this world."

"Is not that very much like criticising the laws of your country, or Providence itself?"

"I hope not," said the youth. "But if so I don't much care. Because things might certainly be more decently arranged. The world is full of nice people like Link Jones, who get less than they earn, and full of other equally nice people—such as myself—who get more than they earn. It isn't right, Professor Dayton."

"It seems to be the way the world is made, Ellsworth; it's only the working out of the great Law of the Survival of the Fittest."

The youth leaned forward, close to the Professor. "But see here," he said. "Wouldn't you like to have all people, everywhere, rich and poor, strong and weak, black and yellow, white and green and brown and spotted, begin to live together like good and helpful neighbors?"

"Ellsworth," he said, "I must confess that I have heard a good deal of the strange conversation which went on between you and your seatmate. I listened to much of it with surprise and regret. I cannot understand why you found that ignorant farm-hand interesting. You seemed to have no conception of the difference in your respective stations in life. Otherwise you would not have sympathized so strongly with him in his criticisms of our industrial system. Lastly, you