

not wish his life to be more secure than that of the man on the street."

The speaker went on to show that the same principle applies everywhere. The few have tried again and again to secure special protection for their property. The experience of the world is that no rich man can ever safeguard his property when the humble have no property to be safeguarded, or have no stake of their own in any common property interests.

"Riches, held only by the few, 'take to themselves wings.' The eternal laws command, in some form, what we in Massachusetts love to call a 'commonwealth.' Shall those who possess property, then, seek to hold it with a closer grip? The very reverse! They shall contrive that the fortunes and the interests of the many may be lifted to larger and larger opportunities. What else is at work in economic society to-day, but the inevitable and beneficent pressure of this law?

"The very essence of your 'gospel' or religion is here. Life is certainly not in trying to get all that one can, or to fence one's self about with special precautions and safeguards. Even the bodily health is much enfeebled with this fatal regime. Much more does the moral health of man depend upon his complete obedience to the vital law of the universe."

MR. BAKER AND THE NAVY FETISH.

Robert Baker, newly elected congressman from Brooklyn, has been jumped upon by all classes of newspapers because he refused to name a candidate for the naval school, at Annapolis, asserting as his reason that there is no excuse for training men in the art of murder. Mr. Baker is no soft-hearted, effeminate sentimentalist, nor is he a man of defective logical powers, as these journals would have us believe. I have known him for years, and I know him to be a man of peculiarly keen observation and intellect. And the fact is that he told the simple truth. There is no excuse whatever for teaching our promising young men the best way of slaughtering their fellowmen. The idea that somebody might "attack" us, is the product of an unbalanced brain. There is a well-known disease (I think they call it paranoia) which ends in softening of the brain, and death, and which presents as its first symptom the belief that people are conspiring against the victim. A man of this kind came into my office some months ago, thinking that I was practicing law, and after

carefully shutting the door, and looking round suspiciously to make sure that there was no spy present, he explained to me in whispers that he was pursued by conspirators, and appealed to me for protection against them. I saw at once what the matter was, and I told him frankly that I believed that he was suffering from hallucination, and this belief of his was a common symptom of mental derangement. He smiled at me in a patronizing way (precisely as our patriots do when I tell them the same thing), and assured me that he was well acquainted with the delusions to which I referred, but that his case was quite different. Seeing that I could make no impression upon him, and having no desire to add him to the list of my regular callers, I advised him to move to some other city, leaving no trace of his whereabouts behind, and especially not to let me know where he was going, and I have not heard from him since. An acquaintance of his told me afterwards that he was hopelessly insane. Now, our statesmen are suffering from this form of paranoia, but, unfortunately, it is not so easy to get rid of them. Nobody in the world is going to attack us. They may cite the fact that men usually have revolvers in their houses as a protection against burglars, and that nations should take similar precautions. It would be easy to prove from the newspapers that the household revolver kills ten innocent people for every burglar; but let that go. The cases are absolutely dissimilar. We arm ourselves against burglars, but we do not arm ourselves against Mr. Smith and Mr. Brown, who live next door, and dine at our tables, and sit opposite us at church. Now, there are no burglar nations, but we actually arm ourselves as a nation against our friends and equals. Imagine a man setting up a battery along his neighbor's fence and practicing to find the range of his house, and yet pretending to be on good terms with him! The thing is, of course, ludicrous in the extreme, and only explicable on the hypothesis of incipient insanity. Mr. Root has been paying visits abroad, and he has been a guest at the country homes of English statesmen. He might have gone in the same way to the homes of the rulers of France and Germany. How he would have resented the imputation that Mr. Balfour or President Loubet or the German chancellor might be lying in ambush for him, and preparing to kidnap him or assassinate him! And yet, when it is suggested that these same

people as statesmen intend to "attack" us as a nation, at once we begin to pile up \$5,000,000 battleships and beat the woods for recruits. Clearly, the whole thing is pathological.

And one of the most amusing arguments brought against the common-sense objections to this crazy militarism is that such objections are sentimental, and that the militarists are stern, clear-sighted, matter-of-fact individuals, who meet real conditions with real business-like wisdom—while the fact is that they are all daft with shadowy sentiments. Patriotism, Old Glory, the union, the army and navy—they are ready to lose their heads over anything that can be written with a capital initial, without ever onethinking of analyzing the truth or falsehood for which the epithet may stand. Patriotism, flags, unions, armies and navies—were made, like the Sabbath, for man, and to worship them, as ends in themselves, is sentimentalism run mad. Mr. Baker has been analyzing this navy fetish, and he has come to the conclusion, as every other unprejudiced man must, that it is the focus of extravagance, pride, bluster, hatred and murder, and that the sooner we are delivered from it the better. He may have the satisfaction of knowing that at some time in the dim future the rest of the world will catch up with him. Meanwhile I doubt if the attacks made upon him by the whole lunatic asylum disturb him much.—Ernest Crosby, in The Whim.

IF THE SALT HAVE LOST ITS SAVOR.

We had an evangelist at the Brattle street church last week, and I went to please the folks. I always do when she asks me that way. He is a good man, and he said a lot of good things, and I was glad I went for what I got out of it, besides the fact that it pleased the folks.

I remember where he was talking to the business man who is a pretty clean fellow, and does about what he thinks is right, and guesses that is as near as a man can get. He gave the business man full credit for his fine, moral life, but no credit for inventing it; all he has in that way he inherited from centuries of Christian influences. And that's true. But when he absents himself from church he is cutting himself off from the foundations of his virtue. It can't last more than one generation without going back to its source. In a word, he condemned the self-sufficiency of the merely moral man of the world. Self-sufficiency—it struck me all at once there