

as the law goes, there is nothing to prevent the Americans treating the Filipinos and Porto Ricans as the Russians are treating the Finns. The thoroughfare of imperialism, which is the thoroughfare of autocracy, is declared legally open to the descendants of the signers of the declaration of independence. A curious issue, this, to 120 years of triumphant democracy. Scoffers will welcome it as a proof that the "great experiment," as Carlyle prophesied, does not promise to be so very great or so very novel after all. By what complex process the judges of the supreme court reached their decision it is impossible to tell; but there is the past to show that on occasion the members of the tribunal which all Americans rightly reverence may not be able to put their political opinions altogether aside. This reflex action of public opinion upon the judiciary, dangerous as it is, is unavoidable in a nation which enjoys the privilege or disability of living under a written constitution. Times change and new conditions arise, and confusion becomes only worse confounded, if the instrument of government refuses to accommodate itself to progress. The Americans, as Mr. Bryce observes, have more than once been obliged to bend their constitution in order to avoid being forced to break it. This time, however, they have bent it without the provocation. It is not progress which the constitution has been stretched to cover, but retrogression; not the advancement of humanity, but that disheartening product of our times, the militarism of a democracy. The American constitution never showed its amazing elasticity on behalf of a poorer cause.

We deplore the decision with all our heart. It can only give fresh encouragement to the already ominously large party which seems bent on shaping American destinies after the worst models of the old world. If ever there was a country whose sole mission seemed to be the building up of an orderly, prosperous and intelligent commonwealth, of developing a new and higher type of civilization, that country was America. The force that the nations of Europe waste in arming themselves against one another, Americans have turned to "fruitful strifes and rivalries of peace," to subduing their vast continent, to making it, what it is now, a homogeneous and unconquerable

whole. Not one of the causes that make colonization a necessity for the powers of the old world is applicable to the United States. Stupendous as is their population, they still have room enough and to spare for twice their present numbers. There is no population question, no labor question, no question of a submerged tenth to make an outlet for emigration imperative. Their foreign commerce is large, for a European nation it would be immense, but it represents barely four per cent. of the value of the interstate trade. It will be generations before their new possessions bring in a tithe of what has been already sunk in them. And as for the fantastic notion that imperialism will steady the national character and bring a better tone into domestic politics—we confess to some scepticism as to the possibility of reforming Tammany Hall by way of Luzon. If American politics are parochial, it is the Americans who have made them so. Unless they annex a quarter of the world they will never find problems more pressing, more complex, more worthy of the finest statesmanship than those now clamoring for solution on their own continent. But, after all, it is the headlong fall in the moral scale that is most to be lamented, the turning of the back on all that has been the special glory and distinction of the country in order to join in the barbaric scramble for the waste places of the earth. It is not in a year, or even in a decade, that the evil fruits of imperialism mature. But that sooner or later America will repent her wild outburst is inevitable.

CHRISTIAN CITIZENSHIP AND THE FOURTH OF JULY.

An extract from a sermon preached in St. James' Episcopal Church, Greenville, Miss., June 23, 1901, by Rev. Quincy Ewing. Reported for The Public.

If any of us doesn't like the declaration of independence unemasculated, with its soul and character left in it; if he considers it as it stands, not a good document, but a bad one, not a true document, but a false one; why, let him say so. Let him "take no stock" in the Fourth of July; and he may, if he follows this course, lay just claim to Christian citizenship—he saves his honesty. But the man who professes to glory in the day which commemorates the adoption of the great declaration, and repudiates its essential and most distinctive propositions, can hardly lay claim to Christian citizenship in this republic, if Christian citizenship implies thor-

oughgoing honesty on the part of him who claims it; and I think it does.

We may as some other sort of citizens, but we cannot as Christian citizens—impliedly honest—celebrate the adoption of the declaration of independence as it left the pen of Jefferson and was voted for by the colonial congress July 4, 1776; and applauded the shooting to death of an incipient republic, and the denial of rights to one of our territories that we accord to others, on July 4, 1901.

Convince me that this nation has finally, for all time to come, repudiated the declaration of independence, and I could only celebrate the Fourth day of July honestly—in accordance with my emotions—by stretching the blackest crape I could find across my front door, the crape of mourning for a dead nation that I had loved—dead with that soul-death which possesses all nations and individuals who repudiate their souls!

But I do not think it will be necessary for any honest citizen of this republic to bespeak his emotions in black crape on the Fourth day of July. The nation is not finally dead; it is only sleeping. The soul of Christianity still lives, though traitors to it have worn the mitre and the triple-crown. Chartered into active life and conquering power by the Sermon on the Mount, the Lord's Prayer, and the sovereign definition of religion as love of God and love of man—Christianity has survived not one Judas, but millions, and is potent and alive enough to survive billions more. So I doubt not the soul of this republic will survive all traitors who seek to deliver it to death. It is sleeping now; they are wide-awake. The day must come when it will wake, and they will sleep—not with their fathers, for as citizens of this republic they are fatherless.

The declaration of independence which chartered this nation's soul into active life and conquering power, is not dead, nor is it outgrown; and on the Fourth day of July all Christian citizens of the republic may celebrate it gladly and honestly, recalling the spirit of the colonial congress of '76, and looking to the future, to another congress, in which that spirit shall rule supreme!

THE AMERICAN EMPIRE. For The Public.

Less than 14 decades ago the parliament of England passed a law to tax the American colonies, explaining, in justification of the act, that the proceeds of the taxation would be used in, and for the benefit of the colonies.

The world knows the result. The colonies repudiated the act as an unwarranted usurpation of power, declared that "taxation without representation is tyranny," and fought one of the fiercest wars of history in defense of the principle that all men are entitled to self-government.

By a series of acts, culminating in the recent decision of the supreme court, the present administration and the court have approved the action of a tyrannical parliament; cast aside the declaration of independence; asserted that one race may govern another without that other's consent; denied the right of all men to self-government; declared that men may be "subjects" of America, yet not be entitled to the protection guaranteed by the constitution.

By these acts they have "drawn the black bar sinister of tyranny" across the national escutcheon. Vandal hands have desecrated the graves of the nation's noblest dead.

Humanity with all its fears,
With all its hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless in thy fate!

The fatal word has been spoken; the order has been given; the ship of state has been turned adrift upon an unknown sea. The anchor has been thrown overboard; the chart has been left in port; the compass, no longer deemed of any importance, is broken in fragments, which lie scattered upon the deck.

A dark and awful storm is gathering, yet not a sail has been furled; the masts seem ready to break as they bend before the fury of the storm; the maddened wind howls through the rigging; the ship reels and plunges; she seems to be sinking. Where is the crew in this hour of peril? We hear their voices—oaths and blasphemy—and yonder in the fore-castle we look upon a vile scene of drunken revelry, as they stake their all upon the turn of a card.

We seek the captain; with hurried steps we fly to the wheel; near it he stands, but his hands do not grasp the spokes; they hang listlessly by his sides. We hear his voice; breathlessly we listen; we hear the words:

"Manifest destiny! Plain duty! Conquest!"

By the dim light of a lantern hanging near we can see that his restless eye scans the distant horizon. We follow his gaze. In the distance we see a faint light which seems to rise and fall upon the dark, heaving sea. He sees it; his hands grasp the wheel, and, with a mighty effort, the bow is turned toward the new-found light. It

seems to be a vessel in distress, and as our ship speeds on we shout: "Bravo!" for she is surely going to the aid of the stranger ship. How grandly she defies the storm, one moment in the trough of the sea, the next plowing majestically through the angry waves, but ever nearing the struggling vessel!

Again we hear the captain's voice in measured, solemn tones:

"Duty! Destiny! Conquest!"

We come nearer. We see her signal of distress. She is almost under our bow, oh, horror! Will there be a collision? She strikes. There is consternation and alarm on the stricken ship, but the shock brings every one of our sailors to the deck, and involuntarily we applaud, for they have surely come to aid the unfortunate crew.

But above the storm's roar the voice of the captain is heard as he shouts:

"Is there any valuable cargo aboard?"

"Yes," comes the answer; when, to our dismay he gives the order:

"Lash the ships together; spring upon her deck; kill or capture every sailor that resists! The ship is ours by right of conquest. Fate has brought us here. Our manifest destiny is to rule. Take everything of value." Then in lower tones, as if speaking to himself:

"Benevolent assimilation! Plain duty! Destiny! Conquest!"

A vivid flash of lightning reveals what we had not seen before. Above the stars and stripes floats a black flag, and the hull of our ship has been painted the same somber hue.

The awful truth dawns upon us. Our once noble craft, the hope of humanity, has become a pirate ship; with no destination but that determined by the storm of fate; with no mission but pillage and murder, and no code of morals but might.

Bravely the strangers defend their sinking vessel, but they read their doom in the greater number and superior equipment of the pirate crew. Still they fight on, shouting:

"Liberty or death."

The rattle of musketry, the saber's stroke, the shriek of the wounded and the groans of the dying are mingled with the roar of the pitiless storm as we turn away from the scene of awful carnage, and are greeted again by those incoherent mutterings like a funeral dirge:

"Ours by right of conquest! Benevolent assimilation! Destiny! American empire!"

J. A. GILKEY.

Montesano, Wash., June 10, 1901.

MR. PINGREE THE RADICAL.

Some two years ago, when the late Hazen S. Pingree was endeavoring to bring about the sale of the Detroit street car lines, to the municipality, I spent a week with him studying the conditions for and against municipal ownership in Detroit. It was just before the governor's now well-known address at Cooper institute, New York, on the trusts, and was while Tom L. Johnson, of Cleveland, was with him. I had an excellent opportunity to know the governor as he was, to measure him better than cartoons or interviewers ever had. Johnson was stopping at the Russell house, and the governor came there almost every evening to consult and talk with him. One evening Mr. Johnson was so busily engaged with the appraisers who were valuing the property of the street railway lines that the governor had to sit quite a time in the anteroom awaiting him. It chanced that I was waiting for Mr. Johnson also, so I stretched my legs alongside those of the discoverer of the "potato patch" and waited for him to speak.

He started sledgehammer-like on Grover Cleveland. He exclaimed:

"Grover Cleveland had the greatest opportunity of any president since Lincoln to do great things. But he got fat on the brain. Prosperity hurt him as much as it has McKinley. Both men had desperate struggles with poverty before they got into the white house, and when they suddenly found that they were certain of three square meals a day and a change of linen twice a week they simply couldn't stand it. They got right away from the people and began to be chummy with the men who have no use for the people except to bleed them. Before Cleveland left Buffalo all his companions were fellows that swore by the vox populi, but after he got to Washington all his companions were men who think the United States is a purse to be picked. The Ohio country didn't contain a bigger radical than McKinley before he got the right dip into politics. He was for everything that means reform and greater democratic powers. Well, he ain't now. He got scared of the people, and it's the trouble of everybody that gets into too much politics that they begin to duck from the people. I never did, but I didn't have to, and I've never been afraid to be on the people's side of a proposition whether it was popular or not.