

dizement, this nation will have lost its moral credit. And it is very doubtful whether any American now living will ever see that moral credit fully restored. What patriotic man can desire this?—Hon. Carl Schurz, in Chicago Record.

#### A FABLE FOR CRITICS.

A slender, white-robed Girl stood before a large concourse of people, waiting to sing. Her face was bright with a glad, unknowing smile, her eyes shone with expectancy as the prelude was played, and, when she sang, the clear, high, birdlike voice floated forth with little effort, and the people listened. After she had finished they applauded politely and murmured, "She is very pretty." They never mentioned her singing at all. But Those Who Knew looked at her with cold eyes and said, "The Eternal Amateur." The young Girl, disappointed, looked towards Fame, who stayed far off and kept even her face averted.

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Years passed. A Woman, still young, stood before an audience, larger and better informed than the last. The color of her cheek was heightened by art, and in her scarlet dress she looked like some gorgeous-hued tropical flower. There was no uncertainty and no expectancy. She had been for years in a land where Art lives nearer to her children than in ours, and all that could be taught by masters she had learned; and more, for she had tasted of the Cup of Error, and in her eyes lay Knowledge of the Ways of Men. When she sang, her rich, full, sensuous voice delighted the ears of the people, who shouted bravos and showered flowers at her feet. And even Those Who Knew listened with interest and said, "She is a great Singer." But the Woman, who, during the song, had looked only at the people, turned at its conclusion towards Fame, who came no nearer, but who no longer kept her face averted, and at times seemed to listen.

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More years went by. An audience, which crowded every niche of an immense building, stood waiting breathlessly for a Woman to sing to them. Time had changed her, but she was only more beautiful. Her cheek was quite pale, but her eyes shone with the Light of Stars as she stood patiently in her black gown, waiting to begin. All haste and eagerness and desire to please, and intention of any kind, were gone. Great Love had touched her, and Great Grief and Death, and made her human. She no longer looked at the people or at Fame, but Upward.

All her work and knowledge of Evil and Good and Love and Hate had moulded her voice into perfect melody, as with passion and pain and joy she sang, "I Know that My Redeemer Liveth." When she finished, the people shouted and applauded, and Those Who Knew said at last, with sobs in their throats, "She is a great Artist." And, amid the multitude, Fame came and knelt at her feet, and offered up to her a laurel wreath; the Woman looked down at her and said gently, "Who are You?" And the answer came, "I am Fame."

"Pardon me," the Woman said, "I had forgotten you."—Elinor Macartney Lane, in Life.

#### NO MAN IS SAVED ALONE.

Extracts from a commencement oration, given at the Kansas State Agricultural College, June 9, 1898, by Prof. George D. Heron.

There is no way for an individual to practice his social ideal, if he has one, until it is realized by society; he can only exhaust the possibilities of his life in bringing about the realization; he can plant his life in the common life and die, that he may not abide by himself alone, but may bring forth the fruit of a redemption which shall be to all the people.

An individual cannot practice national ownership of land, except the land be owned by the nation; if his zeal be at bottom a spiritual self-deceit and cowardice, he will spend his time devising ways whereby he may individually escape the curse of private ownership; if his zeal be social and Christian, born out of love for his brethren, he will spend his life in bearing away the curse from his nation, and from the world. An individual cannot practice the public ownership of utilities, except public utilities be publicly owned; his Christian sacrifice does not lie in keeping his hands clean of privately owned public economies, but in helping the people to own their economies in common. A Russian cannot practice political democracy except Russia become politically democratic; his service for freedom does not consist in his moving out of Russia, but in making Russia free. A slave cannot practice freedom except his shackles be broken, and his freedom be secured in the freedom of his brethren; for no man's liberty is safe so long as there remains any sort of a slave upon the earth. A man cannot escape the slavery of the wage system, except the system be abolished, and there be no hirelings under the sun; indeed, to pay the best possible wages to the largest possible number may be the precise

Christian sacrifice required of the consistent opponent of the wage system.

There is no individual redemption from social wrong; only a social redemption will free each individual at last. There is no way out of the social pain and shame, out of the communal sin and guilt, save deep through it, to the other side. In whatever the social salvation of the individual may lie, it does not lie in the individual ex-trication and escape, for that way is the way of selfishness and death.

If the theological doctrine of the incarnation is a moral fact, and not a mere metaphysical definition, it means that God himself is living in the life of the common man, bearing the sins of the downmost life as his own sins, suffering the sufferings of the people in his own heart, breaking their bonds and oppressions by the passion of his love in the midst of them. The coming of God in Christ is the disclosure of God as the innermost presence of every human prison house, in every historic tyranny and wrong; it is the disclosure of the suffering love of God as the making force of history, as the real power that is leading the collective life through successive forms of material captivity to a common spiritual kingship and liberty. God himself, so we see in Christ, will have no righteousness or freedom that he may not have in the common life of man; the soul of God will not be satisfied until we are satisfied in being like him. There is a sense in which God, as well as his witness, cannot "practice what he preaches," cannot "do the thing he talks about," until the whole human life cooperates with him in the practicing or doing. "God has become free," Lacordaire used to say, "with the liberty of the citizen." . . .

Private property in righteousness is the worst form of private property. The search and conservation of a righteousness for one's self is the one real sin. He who orders his life for the saving of his own soul is precisely the opposite of all that makes a Christian, whatever else he is, however religious he be. In so far as the Church has preached Christianity as a religion for the saving of one's soul, it has preached the supreme apostasy and lie. The follower of Christ is not one who seeks to escape the sin of the world, but one who lives to deliver the world from its sin; one who lives to bear away sin from the necks and souls of his brethren. There is no final salvation of any man from sin, until the last prodigal sets his face homeward. There is no ascending into heaven, save through descending into hell, to fight with the

to keep from getting blown away. My stomach flapped up and down on the ground, and sweat poured out—it was hot enough, with no shade, for that any way.

I knew and told myself over and over again that if I was killed I should never know it; and I wasn't afraid of being killed—consciously, that is. But I knew that I didn't want to be wounded, for I felt all the time that if I were to be wounded my fate in that battle would be decided. It was the uncertainty that knocked my nerve endwise. I would think of those hopeless and horrible wounds that don't kill outright, but let one linger without attention for hours—for help is too precious on these occasions to be wasted—and I wondered if I would have strength of mind enough to blow my brains out at once should I get such a wound. Well, it was the worst hour I ever spent. It seemed ages.

Other experiences differ from mine. But the man whose stomach did not thump on the ground when we went under fire that first time, is a liar. Afterwards, for the next two days, the officers could not keep us lying down; we were always up on our hands to see what was going on.

Sometimes we would advance a few hundred yards and lie down or crawl closer into the bushes as a battery of artillery rattled past. The fire kept up, slowly getting hotter, as we moved forward. The road became choked with men. Officers from a score of regiments moved among us, shouting the most confusing orders. With the noise of orders, shells and bullets, there was the greatest mess of sounds you ever heard. The only thing to do was to follow your company man in front of you, he the man in front of him, and so on. Companies lost half their men or more, through the men's mixing in with other companies; and officers wandered about looking for their commands. The bush was higher than our heads, and we couldn't see a thing yet. We could hear the liveliest kind of firing on all sides, though, mixed in with that of a Gatling battery scattered along the front.

These bullets do not make a sound like the old style "ping," but something like the light stroke of a whetstone on a scythe, or the striking of a telegraph wire with a stone. It is exactly like a long drawn "TSe-eethe," starting sharply and drawing itself softly out. These bullets see the through the air literally. But it's a mighty vicious sound.

I was at the rear of our company, among the smaller men, and we always

get the bad end of things. When we finally moved forward, nearly half of us got mixed up with company F of the regulars, and we couldn't tell "where we were at." Hearing yells for company F, which is our own company in the 71st, we followed only to find that we were among the regulars. Presently, seeing company M of the 71st, we stopped and reported to its captain. By this time I had my nerve. I had seen our own officers doubling, and ducking, and rubbing their noses in the dirt; but the regulars we saw were walking coolly about, smoking, and apparently totally unconcerned about their chances of being hit. I remember it did not occur to me until afterward that when I went over to report to the captain of company M, I got up and walked over; for at first, when we fell out of the regulars, we had instinctively dropped. After that I sat up and looked about, and tried to enjoy things.

Company M was lying down behind some bushes, waiting for orders. I saw several men hit, but though the fire was all one could ask for in the way of severity, men didn't drop often. Here and there one would stagger, and stumble to the ground, shivering if badly hit, but usually acting as a man does when first stung by a bee—but just for a second. Then he would drag himself into the bushes or try to get to the rear for help. One man of company M was killed within two feet of me, and another but six feet away was plugged clean through the knee joint. All the men I saw hit acted in the same way. When they were killed outright, they simply "dropped as if they had been shot," their guns tumbled out of their hands, and they lay as they fell. If they lived for two or three minutes they usually took a peaceful position as if they were about to have a nap upon the ground.

About ten minutes after we had joined company M, the company was ordered back into the road and forward to the firing line. Where that was no one knew. The trail grew narrower as we advanced toward what we now know as the "bloody ford," and we were obliged to march single file, one regiment at a time. The dead and wounded lined both sides of the road, and though it had not rained that day—it was then about 2:30 p. m., I believe—the road was in places simply muddy with blood. The dead officers were decently covered with a blanket; files attended to privates. Sometimes we would strike a dead artillery horse with traces cut, and hear a stray bullet go "chug" as it struck the carcass.

By the way, when anyone was hit, you could always hear the bullet go "chug."

The "bloody ford" was one of the hottest places of the battle, with the exception of San Juan hill and "Hell's Pocket," where the main road crosses the San Juan river. We were close behind our own company at the ford, though we didn't know it. Three of its officers had been picked off here in five minutes. The water was only knee deep, and as we gained the other side we left the brush behind us, and came in full view of the fight.

On the edge of the little plain that now stretched before us to the foot of San Juan hill, we formed in company formation and marched across. I have heard that the way in which these two companies—F and M, of the 71st—formed and marched across the plain won special commendation from the regulars; though they said it was all "damnon sense," as we were under fire. The hill itself had already been taken; but a cross fire was kept up upon us as we climbed it. It is very steep, though not high. Upon reaching the top I rejoined my own company and was with it from there on.

At the blockhouse on the hill I patched up a couple of wounded men under a shed. Bullets were still flying, but I was pretty well used to them now. All the troops here were regulars except our two companies. It was fine to see a regular officer come out into full view of the Spanish, smoking a cigarette, look them coolly over through field glasses, and then retire and give an order about firing or aiming. They did not expose themselves unnecessarily; but when it was necessary they did it in such a business-like way that it gave one confidence immediately.

The fire slackened before sundown, and by sunset the battle was over. That night we worked entrenching ourselves on San Juan hill. During the next two days there was some firing, but little advancing. We were shelled several times, but no damage was done. Most of the work for our army was cleaning out the sharpshooters in our rear. They fired on the Red Cross, on ambulances jammed with wounded, on wounded men, on surgeons, on anything in sight. Whenever we went down to "Hell's Pocket," the main road ford across the San Juan, where we got our water, we were fired on, and could hear the bullets cut the bushes near us. We had to be protected each trip by sharpshooter guards. These guards we could see in squads from the hill, ducking about on the plain below. Now and again one of the squads would

stop, fire together, and then rush forward, as the body of a Spaniard toppled out of a tree ahead of them and crashed down through the branches.

Since the battle there has been nothing eventful or very interesting. Burying parties at first, and water details or work, in a gradually dying out stench, filled in the time. A succession of truces made things monotonous, and everyone's nerves went to pieces with it. Even the surrender, when at last it came, excited only mild enthusiasm; it had been expected so long. The nights and evenings and mornings are cool, but in the middle of the day the heat is frightful until cooled by the regular heavy rain. After three days, we moved from San Juan hill to the camp near Santiago, where we have been a long time—it seems ages—and we all want to go home. Sickness of a mild malarial form, but very uncomfortable, broke out a fortnight ago, and is now slowly going away. It knocked out everybody; me too—I had it four days. Some companies had only six men for duty, and at one time Lowe and I and one other were doing eight men's duty. We have been among the healthiest of the lot.

#### THE SPANISH LESSON.

The "dying" of a nation is a tragic sight. The dying of Spain, the discoverer and once the owner of the greater part of the Western Hemisphere, her death throes upon the very spot where Columbus landed and where he lies buried, is a tragedy which this nation could not watch unmoved, even were it not the instrument used to give the death blow.

But Spain presents not merely a tragic spectacle to the people of the United States—it furnishes also a lesson and a warning. This country is called upon to end the long agony, but Spain has been wounded unto death by her own sons. She is a dying nation because of internal corruption and dishonesty, and the description of the causes of her ruin has an ominously familiar sound to American ears. We have in Spain the spectacle of a nation which conducts its government upon the principles which control Tammany Hall and the republican and democratic machines. Not only its civil service, but its army and its navy have for generations been treated as "spoils," and the result is before us. We know well what incompetency, what weak inefficiency are the necessary outcome of such principles, and it is not to be wondered at that Spain has failed in every direction.—Josephine Shaw Lowell, in *The New York Times*.

#### SEEN AND HEARD IN CHICAGO STREETS.

Four or five little boys and a dog sat in a row on a low coping last Saturday evening, talking over the war. Very quiet and deliberative were they, for no one can be more impersonal and unimpassioned than your quite little boy whose intellect has just become his dominating power. The dog was motionless but alert, and at least imitatively deliberative. He kept the alignment true, looked straight before him, and listened carefully. If his powers ended there he did not betray the fact.

We heard only fragments of the conversation, but imagination supplied the application of the remarks.

At first they were probably discussing some promotion which they thought undeserved, for one stated with disapproval:

"He ain't done no bravery."

A few minutes later they must have got to the results of the war, for one asserted:

"They will have to do whatever we want them to."

To that a deep-voiced little boy added as the impressive finality:

"But Cuba will be free. We shall have made Cuba free."

They were only children.

ALICE THACHER POST.

There has spread among men and women of the dilettante temper the belief that to know the results and products of the past simply as curios and relics is to share the culture which these things of beauty and skill embody and preserve; and this false idea has helped to spread abroad the feeling that culture is accomplishment rather than force, and that it is for the idle rather than for the active and creative. There never was a more radical misconception of a fundamental process, for culture in the true sense involves, as a process, the highest and truest development of a race, and, as a product, the most enduring spiritual expression of race genius and experience. The culture of the Greeks was the highest form of their vital force; and the product of their culture was not only their imperishable art, but their political, social, and religious organization and ideals. Their deepest life went into their culture, and the most enduring fruits of that culture are also the most significant expressions of their life.—*Outlook*.

An old countryman came into a small town in Arkansas a week or so ago. He lived in the woods, and his last visit to town had been made at the close of the civil war. The little coun-

try place was then full of soldiers, and now after 30 years the first thing the old man saw was a militia company marching to the depot on their way to the encampment. He looked in amazement and muttered audibly: "By gosh, them durned liars told me Lee had surrendered, an' here's that dratted war still a-goin' on!"—*Chicago Inter Ocean*.

"Never mind, dear," I said to my little girl, having vainly endeavored to persuade her to give one of her dolls to a child who had never owned one, "never mind! Perhaps some day you will be a poor little girl yourself, and then you will know what it is to have no toys."

"Yes, mamma," she sobbed, "I have thought of that, and that's the reason why I want to save all my things."—*Youth's Companion*.

Famous.—The New Butler — And when do you get up in the morning, sir?

The Professor—You can find that by looking in "Famous Men of the Time." —*Fliegende Blaetter*.

"The Truth is yours and it shall make you free."

So spake the Teacher in rapt prophecy: Alas, how well that other text is learned, From prophets stoned and faithful martyrs burned,—

If Truth alone can make us free in sooth, Freedom alone can give us perfect Truth. —John Basil Barnhill.

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Subscription, One Dollar a Year.

Free of postage in United States, Canada and Mexico; elsewhere, postage extra, at the rate of one cent per week. Payment of subscription is acknowledged up to the date in the address label on the wrapper.

Single copies, five cents each.

Published weekly by

THE PUBLIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, Room 522, Schiller Building, Chicago, Ill.

Post-office address:

THE PUBLIC, Box 657, Chicago, Ill.

SUBSCRIPTION AGENTS:

Western Reserve, Ohio, OTTO PFISTER, 316 American Trust Building (Telephone, Main 1069), Cleveland, Ohio.

Toronto, Ont., E. M. BLOOMER, 579 King St., West.