

nothing, and any man who is willing to get a greater value or advantage than he gives in return, is on the same moral plane with other grafters of high or low degree. The practical denial of this truism is one of the chief elements of the dry rot which pervades the modern Christian church and constitutes the most dangerous atheism of the present day.

I have written you at this length because you are a trained physician as well as a Christian man, and so have no excuse for the unscientific and illogical thinking which characterizes the average citizen, whether clerical or lay. No more is it true that "the undevout astronomer is mad," than that the Christian physician who permits himself to rest content with the conventional ethical ideas which seem to satisfy the average clergyman and citizen, is guilty of treason to everything that is worthy of respect.

Engage nine out of ten supposedly intelligent church members in conversation regarding any sociological question, unionism and strikes for instance, and you will find all their sympathies on the side of capital.

I was invited some months ago to join the Minneapolis Citizens' Alliance; but when I had made it clear to the president, an excellent Christian man, that I would be very glad to be a member, provided the Alliance was to be used to secure justice, a square deal for labor as well as capital, the invitation was not pressed.

You and I owe it to ourselves to do some straight thinking, to call things by their right names, and to speak and act with uncompromising loyalty to truth and justice.

Very sincerely yours,

EDWARD J. BROWN.

Minneapolis, Minn.

THE APPEAL FROM TYRANNY.

Portions of a sermon preached by Jenkin Lloyd Jones at All Souls' Church, in the Abraham Lincoln Center, Chicago, Oct. 15, 1906, as published in *Unity* of Oct. 19.

"Strafford," like the other dramas of Browning, is a thought drama. . . . The actors in the drama, some 17 in number, fall easily into two groups: King Charles and his retinue of cavaliers, with the earl of Strafford, Thomas Wentworth, lieutenant general of Ireland, as the leading spirit on the one hand, and the group of Presbyterians, those early Roundheads, who, in the interest of freedom and democracy, sent Charles and Wentworth, the "poor, gray, little old" Bishop Laud, as he is called in the

drama, and many others to the block. At the head of these Puritans are the stalwarts, Pym, Hampden, Harry Vane, Fiennes and the others. . . . With the character studies we cannot at present concern ourselves. The main issue, the central purpose of the drama, is clear. It is a struggle between private preferences and public duty. Shall a man stand by his friends through thick and thin, or shall he if need be sacrifice friend and family in the interest of country?

Thomas Wentworth, who, in due course of time was made Earl of Strafford by the weak King Charles, was born with a silver spoon in his mouth, if indeed it was not a golden spoon. In his veins ran the proud blood of the Conquerors; his family tree was laden with earls, barons, dukes and duchesses, kings and queens innumerable; he inherited a princely fortune and an active brain; he was precocious in the university and early led a noble lady, the choice of his heart, to the altar. He loved the weak King Charles, and in the ardor of his youth swore fealty to him. To this oath he was true to the end of his life, although he found long before the end that the king was unworthy of such fealty and incompetent to reciprocate. Over and over again he found him balking and interfering with and frustrating his plans, and in the end consenting to his execution, although he had privately given his pledge that no harm should come to his person or his property.

As lord lieutenant of Ireland, Wentworth ruled with a strong and relentless hand, holding that a subjected country had no rights which a king and his representatives might not overrule. When affairs at home became unmanageable and the weak hand of the king could not control the uprising of the people under such splendid leadership as Pym, Hampden, young Harry Vane and their Presbyterian colleagues, Wentworth was sent for. He received his earldom and tried to direct affairs in the interest of his friend, the king. According to the evidence brought out by the great trial, he advised transporting his Irish army to intimidate the free spirit in England and proceeded to plot to make "King Charles as absolute as any prince of the whole world," to use Strafford's own words. He was a sick man, but thought it was worth while to live and to have foes, "just for the bliss of crushing them." This towering ambition, this loyalty to his friends, this devotion to politics for

the sake of what was in it to himself and to his friends, made him indifferent to, if not insensible of, the self-sacrificing love of Lady Carlisle, whom he persisted in calling a child.

Over against this man who "sold his soul for a title," was set first and foremost his old friend, Pym, who loved him to the end; who never loved but one man, "nor did Jonathan love David more." Remembering the happy days of their childhood, for awhile Pym hoped that England and the right would win back this ambitious nobleman, but never for a moment did he allow his personal friendship to cloud his judgment or to interfere with his loyalty to England and to the right. So Pym and Hampden and Harry Vane and others forced the issue, compelled the weak king to call his Parliament, and they dragged this courtier friend, this splendid soldier, this brilliant thinker and magnetic orator to trial. It was one of the great trials of the world, graphic glimpses of which we catch in and between the lines of Browning's drama. Strafford was impeached for having "procured power subversive of law;" for having declared that "the king's little finger was heavier than the loins of the law;" for having boasted that "the Irish was a conquered nation and that the king might do with them as he pleased;" for appropriating public funds to private uses, securing and maintaining a profitable monopoly of tobacco; for, to use a modern phrase, "cornering certain manufacturing interests in flax." He was accused of proposing the coining of base money and trying to revise the iniquitous levy of ship money; of advising the hanging of good citizens by their heels, and much more to that effect. . . .

Strafford went to his doom unfree from the toils of the expedient, from the paralysis of the luxurious, from the logic of the successful, saying: "O God, I shall die first! I shall die first!"

Pym was true to country and sacrificed his friends; Strafford tried to be true to his friends and sacrificed his country. Which is better? Let history answer. . . .

The sermon which Browning preached in this drama of "Strafford" is imminent, imperative; it is in the present tense. The United States, Illinois and Chicago are to-day cursed with large-headed, efficient, subtle, attractive and lovable Straffords. The floors of the United States Senate ring to-day with the feet of men who are there by intrigue, who have bought their places with money or with favor; who

have traded in the ambitions, the prejudices and the cupidity of friends and henchmen. The story of Strafford is being written again in bold headlines in our daily papers.

What has been going on in the State of Illinois these last weeks? What means this barter of federal favors, this bargaining with senatorial aspirants, this attempt to persuade the President of the United States and the Governor of Illinois to use their patronage (a smooth word for a damnable practice) to exploit this candidate and that, with supreme indifference to the will of the people, in open defiance to such methods as will give the people free expression of their choice. . . .

Let me bring the sermon of "Strafford" nearer home. The problems of politics are complex; the problems of statesmanship are simple. There are many wires to pull by the selfish; for such it is a long way to go around in order to get there. But the prophet and the patriot, the sage and the saint, the statesman and the savior of men, know but one way to the solution of every difficulty, and that is the shortest way there, the straight line of duty and the right.

What would the prophet and the philosopher say to all this confusion concerning the transportation problem of Chicago to-day? From the standpoint of Strafford, the streets of Chicago have proved a gold mine to the lucky investors. The fortune that awaited the investors came through the signal growth of Chicago, the geographic and historic significance of the situation. Long ago the unsuspecting or the depraved gave to private investors a chance to turn to personal advantage a great public necessity. Because individuals have been allowed to make money off the public in the past, sagacious Straffords are still greedy to continue this speculative advantage. The honeyed promises in lieu of 20 years more of privileges are born, not out of patriotism, not out of love of the city; they seek not to promote its interests, but to further fill private pocketbooks. The people of Chicago have expressed in no uncertain terms their desire to control and eventually to own their means of street transportation. This position is justified by the highest academic reasoning and by practical experience, so far as such experiments have gone.

For Pym-like statesmen there is but one thing to do for Chicago to-day in this matter and that is to carry out as soon as possible and as directly as

possible the expressed wishes of the people. From the standpoint of Strafford the thing to do is to delay, entangle, embarrass, harass the public and public officials until they are nagged once more into further concessions to private speculation and personal investment.

Will Pym surrender to Strafford in Chicago on the score that the need is urgent and the complication hopeless? Will Strafford succeed in defying the people's judgment and persist in the belief, which Strafford always honestly holds—that the people do not know their own interests, that they cannot be trusted with their own affairs? The Straffords of Chicago believe that the aristocracy of selfishness is safer than the democracy of public spirit. The logic of expediency is always conclusive at short range; there are plenty of incidents to justify the pessimistic standard. But the Pym statesmen believe that the people have a right even to make fools of themselves if they so elect, for in exercising this divine right to blunder they educate themselves into the competency of wise self-government.

What ought we to do about it? Hang on to the straps if need be for 20 long suffering years more. Patiently endure the inconveniences until selfish capital is persuaded that there is no speculative value in the streets of Chicago, nothing but the minimum rate of interest that is warranted to a sure investment. When this fact is established beyond all doubt, capital will sue for that adjustment by the long processes of the court or the short processes of arbitration that will give private corporation its equity and the people their liberty.

But "Lo: the incompetency and the corruption of public service!" This is the old cry of Strafford, coming from Strafford-like men who have themselves debauched city politics through these many years and whose logic will keep city politics forever corrupt. Only solemn responsibilities and great trusts will develop the efficiency to control them. Chicago politics to-day needs to be purged of its King Charleses, its Wentworths and its cavalier conceits. It needs stalwart protestants—Pyms, Hampdens and Harry Vanes—to fall back on the primal demands of justice; to appeal from the entanglements of the selfish to the courts of God.

When Strafford found himself in the tower the "place was full of ghosts"

to him. Elliot, the great Commoner, who but a few years before had died within these walls, was "all about the place with his most uncomplaining brow."

On the eve of the trial Pym said to the King:

"Elliot laid his hand
Wasted and white, upon my forehead once.
How can I breathe and not wish England
well?"

Strafford in the entanglements of his own tricks was compelled to confess, "Elliot would have controlled it otherwise." In the most devilish moment of Strafford, he confessed that his last hope was that he might win the sunshine sometime where he would have to "think of Elliot no more."

In the early part of the play the patriots felt the sanctity of the humble room "where Elliot's brow grew broad with noble thoughts," and when the noblest spirit of England was invoked it was with the thought of "the Lion Elliot, the grand Englishman!"

Have we within the narrow circle and short history of Chicago no great statesman, no noble citizen, no self-denying leaders with names to conjure by, no Eliots who trusted ideas, who preferred defeat in the right to success in the wrong, who could not be intimidated by inconveniences or balked by poverty? If there be such a name in Chicago history, let it be invoked in this time, in these days when again the main issues of municipal integrity and civic righteousness are being confused and confounded by the clamor and the clatter of the accomplished Straffords and gracious men who are engaged in the graceless task of retarding progress, defying public spirit and discounting the place of conscience in public affairs.

THE LION OF TULA.

For The Public.

The Lion of Tula, brave Lyof Tolstoy,
With vision and voice of a seer,
Has shown the conditions mankind must
enjoy
Ere Freedom, in truth, shall appear.

The force of injustice is man-made in law,
Granting favors to some on the earth;
With power, attested by parchment, to
draw
On each generation from birth.

Conveyances, title-deeds, cover the lands,
Revealing monopoly's bedrock;
Wringing a tribute of souls and of hands—
True cause of humanity's deadlock.

For Privilege stands at iniquity's source,
From Nature's rich bounty to press
The children of men—by craft or by force,
Their birthright to void or distress.

This evil, continued from ages long past,
Has tainted the life-blood of nations;