

of veterans of the Philippine service, was formed at Denver on the 14th. Gen. Francis V. Greene, of New York, was elected president.

—Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany has forbidden the celebrations which are annually held at Metz in commemoration of the war of 1870. This courteous action is considered as indicating a movement for a Franco-Prussian reconciliation.

—La Framée, a French torpedo boat destroyer, was sunk in a collision with the first-class battleship Brennus during maneuvers of the French fleet off Cape St. Vincent on the night of the 11th. The Framée sank almost immediately and only 14 of the crew of 62 were rescued.

—Deutschland, of the Hamburg-American line, one of the four great ocean liners which engaged in a trans-Atlantic race against time last week, reached Plymouth, England, after a record-breaking run of 5 days and 11 hours. The Deutschland maintained an average speed of 23.32 knots an hour.

MISCELLANY

PEACE WITH HONOR.

For The Public.

Peace with honor justly craved
Our brave allies, from the first;
After war by plotters nursed
Through base treachery wrought its
worst,

Mocked we then their life-long thirst,
Hatred on their souls engraved,
Only proffering peace engraved.

When our "blessing" failed to bless,
When their child-like faith was lost,
Hope by murderous warfare crossed,
Home and treasure tempest-tossed,
Knowledge gained at fearful cost,
Craved they in their deadly stress
Peace with honor, none the less.

When his flat laying bare
All our canting ruler's aim,
For himself the winning game,
Well might Pillar's dark cheek flame
With the rush of pride and shame,
And his lips refuse the snare;
Peace with honor was not there.

Now our victims call once more
To the PEOPLE, in their pain,
Call amid their martyrs slain;
Should their latest prayer be vain,
Should we court the curse of Cain,
Then, for us who close the door
Peace with honor—nevermore.

Lo, our year of jubilee!
Strikes at last the people's hour
Once for all to prove their power,
Once for all to choose their dower;
God forbid our souls should cower,
And our children fail to see
Peace with honor for the free.

D. H. INGHAM.

ALWAYS NEXT DOOR TO DEATH.

Astonishing it is how many excellent persons don't know that there are some tens of thousands of other excellent persons within the circuit of an hour's

ride to whom life is one long game of pitch and toss with death. Heads he wins, tails they win. Only death's winning is for good and all, while his opponents gain only the doubtful stake of being alive to stake again! During the blizzard in New York city last February a year ago no less than 60,000 human beings were brought face to face with death from cold and hunger. Not paupers, mind you, but persons ordinarily self-supporting. That is, in ordinary times they lived from hand to mouth, from day to day, from meal to meal, trusting to the good Lord that each might not be their last. A period of extreme cold broke the slender circuit and lo! they were as helpless and hopeless as if they had found themselves alone on a desert island instead of in the heart of a community of 2,000,000 or 3,000,000.

Not a very pleasant phenomenon to think of in hot weather. But the joke of it—the ghastly joke—is that exactly the same phenomenon may be observed here and now; not in New York, but in Chicago; in no blizzard, but in the midst of what the weather reporter calls "a spell of torridity." That is one of the many joys of life in a large city—to be all but next-door neighbor to that submerged tenth, to which extreme heat or extreme cold means a miserable death, or what is more than death for those who have to watch it, the suffering of children whom a little—only a little—luxury or even comfort would relieve. The next time you feel like swearing at your wilted collar just think of them—of the children, O my brothers, who are weeping bitterly, weeping in the playtime of the others.—Chicago Chronicle.

AN AMERICAN ANARCHIST ON THE ASSASSINATION OF THE KING OF ITALY.

An interview with Joe Labadie, of Detroit, published in the Detroit Evening News of Aug. 2.

The assassination was not warranted because no good can come from it. Notwithstanding the cry that has been raised against the anarchists it is a fact that the killing of kings, or the killing of anybody else for that matter, is no part of the anarchistic programme, and is directly opposed to their philosophy.

Anarchism is essentially a doctrine of peace, because the problems which it aims at solving must be solved through reason, and when violence is resorted to reason abdicates. The real anarchist's philosophy is the antithesis of force and violence, because the institutions he objects to and

wants to overthrow, are maintained by force and violence.

It is the popular thing, however, to lay every act of violence to the anarchist. When we do not know the true reason of things we jump at conclusions, and generally find ourselves in the wrong when the facts come to be known.

It may be that this man Bresci has anarchistic views, but murder is no part of anarchism, any more than it is of democracy, or republicanism or monarchism. Anarchists may at times resort to force to resist encroachments upon their rights, but that is a matter of expediency. Other schools of social reform resort to force to carry their principles into effect, but that does not necessarily make them murderers and villains.

When one is fighting for his rights, any means that will insure his success are justifiable. But assassination is so rarely justifiable that it can be rightly condemned by everybody. The great European masses want kings and queens, and so long as they do, so long will there be kings and queens. How weak and harmless they would be if the people did not believe they were necessary. Let the great masses of Europe learn that kings and queens are as useless as boils, and refuse to tax themselves for their support, and they would become very common people whom no one would think of assassinating.

Rulers everywhere are as useless as the ornaments of a South Sea islander, but so long as the people like that sort of thing they will have it. When it is realized that rulers are useless and expensive, they can be abolished as easily as putting aside an old, wornout garment, but they need not be killed.

As rulers go, Humbert was as good as any of them. When democracy is thoroughly understood by the people—and anarchism is only the logical, necessary ultimate of democracy—the trade of ruling people will become obsolete.

Nearly all the anarchists with whom I am acquainted believe that, even as a matter of policy, if for no other reason, assassination is harmful to every phase of social reform. But so long as the ruling classes teach the masses the art of killing their fellows, they must not be surprised if they reap the legitimate results of their own teachings.

We have only to look over the world to-day and see murder going on by wholesale in every corner of it. Is

it any wonder that here and there "enterprising" individuals go into the business by retail? We can throw up our hands at such things, and weep and wail over them as deplorable; but so long as social and industrial injustice prevail as largely as they do to-day, the beneficiaries of this injustice need not be at all surprised if some great but misguided souls will do such terrible things under the awfully mistaken opinion that that is the way to bring about juster social-industrial relations.

But I am sure that it cannot be done that way. Better bear the ills that press so hard and appeal to the sense of justice and self-interest which rests in every human heart, and which can be reached by peaceful, intellectual means. While I am opposed to kingcraft, the way to kill it is not by killing the occupants of thrones. It can be killed by thought, by ideas, and by no other means.

PROVIDENCE, OR . . .

An editorial published in the Mexican Herald (City of Mexico) of July 26.

The clergy are sure that Providence is showing His hand in the Orient. It looks to us marvelously like the hand of Don Satanas, but we "aren't calling no names," and are not so cocksure as the preachers. They are always seeing providential straws floating on the stream of events. The plain fact appears to be that the yellow men are wild with wrath; they believe that the white race wants to steal away their country, and in their blind ferocity and general hellishness are torturing and killing white men and women who have been left to their fate among them. Native converts are realizing that the role of the martyr is not so romantic in reality as it is in the ecclesiastical histories. To be sawn asunder, boiled in caldrons, to have one's eyes gouged out and nameless tortures inflicted, are discouraging to enthusiasm.

It is evident that the Chinese rulers, responsible for the atrocities, will have to be punished by way of retribution. The difficulty is to catch the right people. They will save themselves by cutting off the heads of thousands of poor devils of Boxers, their facile tools, and will talk, with oriental slipperiness, to the white generals who shall eventually get to Peking.

Looking at things as they are and not as one would have them be, it seems quite likely that Providence may be going to give the yellow brother his turn. He has been badly treated; all

his favorite ideas have been attacked; he has been made to smoke opium against his will; his country has been parcelled out by European cabinets and he has been kept informed of the plans of the powers by his agents abroad. Everybody who is frank will admit this. The great powers have not said: "China for the Chinese," but, rather: "China for Us."

Perhaps Providence is going to show our race that open and barefaced greed does not pay. The China trade is a big trade, but a great war will use up as much money as could be made out of it in 50 years, at least calculation. So that the policy of stealing your neighbor's vineyard is not even "good business." Why we should imagine that Providence favors us because our skins are white it is hard to understand. It is part of the cant of the times. Kipling put it into his White Man's Burden jingle and he is the faithful voice of the age in Europe. He has never explained to our satisfaction why the *le bon Dieu* should care more for the Indo-Germanic race than for the Mongolian, Polynesian or African. Measured by the infinite standard, we are all backward barbarians together. Our race has had a good show as the phrase goes; but it can't keep the peace in its own sections of the habitable globe. Our cities are filled with slums, and insane hospitals are multiplying because we have made the tension of life too taut. A few people get inordinately rich and have monthly incomes as big as the great fortunes of 50 years ago. We have not learned how to keep famine out of the lands we administer, and, as to our faith, we can't agree on a plain statement of it so as to make it comprehensible by the intelligent heathen.

Allah started out by making the human race very various; his dislike of uniformity is shown by the many tribes and colors of men. The world, in every phase, shows a love of diversity, a hatred of sameness. It is quite conceivable that Providence, whom our excellent friends, the clergy, invoke, is weary of seeing the yellow and brown brethren being hammered so hard. They were reasonably content before our race essayed the role of Universal Boss. Marcio Polo, the Venetian, went a traveling in the far east a few centuries ago; he saw strange and gorgeous courts and mighty princes; he was treated well, and returned to Europe to tell his tale of Asiatic pomp and luxury. In those days, Europe, half barbaric, superstitious, credulous, and every few years ravaged by some pestilence, was not dreaming of getting the orient under its feet. It had a healthy

respect for distant civilizations. But with the newer facilities of commerce our race grew daring and hungered for dominion, and began to build up empires, dependent states, etc., in Asia. We have made the orientals identify our religion with land grabbing, which is most unfortunate. The oriental may wobble in his logic, but this time he is sure he is right. Undoubtedly the fight now begun must go on; but that it will be made evident that Providence is on our side is not so sure.

"GUARDING THE CROSS WITH KRUPP GUNS."

The point that I want to press, and upon which I venture to hope I shall have your cordial sympathy, is this, that the idea of carrying the gospel to the Philippines with the aid of shot and shell is not only no quotation from the gospel, but it distinctly antagonizes the divine utterances which the gospel records and the divine spirit with which, from the beginning to end, that gospel is inspired; and that bringing to them the story of the cross under the cover of our gunboats—redemption in one hand and shot in the other—is an infidel method of accomplishing evangelical results.

Now there are a great many questions clustering about this into which, as Christian ministers, we have no business to enter. For example, in our capacity as Christ's ambassadors we have, as it seems to me, nothing whatever to do with the possible commercial advantages that may accrue to our country by the reduction of the Philippines. Whether there will be money in it for us is not our concern. Whether we shall ever be reimbursed for the tremendous charges to which our government is now putting itself is an unanswered question; but even granting that the most ambitious anticipations are going to be more than fulfilled, that does not touch the particular nerve of the matter that is our ministerial responsibility. The one solitary question that we have to consider before our congregations is this: Is it in keeping with the expressed mind of Jesus Christ that his adherents should seek to extend his kingdom by the use of swords and guns? Can we conceive of his enlisting in the Philippine war, or encouraging, or even allowing his disciples to do so? How would Jesus and John and Paul have looked pleading the love of God one moment and alternating by puncturing the impenitent pagans with a bayonet thrust the next?

Of course, it can be claimed that the gospel, like Washington's farewell ad-