

able some to get wealth which they have not earned, and which, therefore, deprive others of wealth which they have earned? How can there be any sound public morality which does not recognize the immorality of our tariff laws, land laws and laws protecting the ownership of the great monopolies? The wealth which by such laws is filched from the world's workers is like the insignificant mountain streams. From every cottage in the land these streams flow in such threads at first as scarcely attract attention, but from these beginnings comes the power of the raging river of wealth whose banks are strewn with the wrecks of homes and whose torrents toy with their helpless victims.

Every unjust law on our statute books is a link in the chain of the industrial slave. There is no social salvation except in an enlightened social conscience which acknowledges the same code of morality for public as for private life.

"Thou shalt not kill!" The preacher sneers at the man who is bigoted enough to suppose that because he may not murder, therefore the nation may not slay. I submit that unless the command is as binding upon the nation as upon the individual there is no moral code to guide the nation and no moral restraint to be put upon the rule of force and greed. On what principles can the nation ever be justified in taking life except the principle that would justify the individual in taking life in case there were no government? If the government takes life under any other circumstances it commits murder, and the blood is upon those who teach that a nation may slay at will.

If a highwayman makes an attack upon my life I am justified in taking his life, if necessary, to protect my own. Upon that principle, and upon no other, is a nation ever justified in shedding human blood. It may be that the doctrine of non-resistance is even higher than this. It may be that I should so shrink from violence as to prefer to lose my own rather than to take the life of another. I will not now discuss that. But certainly that common code of morality would not justify me in taking life unless it were necessary to save my own from violence. If there is any justification for capital punishment, it can only be on the ground that public servants are required to do what, without the government, each individual would have the right to do for himself, namely, to protect himself from murderous attack. We may equip armies to resist crim-

inal aggression when the life of the nation is attacked. But when a nation fights not for its own homes, but for the homes of others; when a nation fights, not to maintain the integrity of its own national life, but to rob others of their nationality, that is murder, and, as for myself, I feel that I cannot encourage my country in such a course without putting the mark of Cain upon my own brow.

If the purchase of one man is a crime, what is the moral code which makes the purchase of ten million men a virtue? My neighbor is a Catholic. Have I a right to go into his house and kill him because he will not turn Protestant? If I may not kill men because they will not accept my views of religion, whence comes my right to equip armies and slay my brothers because they will not accept my views of government? "Go ye into all the world and shoot the Gospel into every creature," is the imperialist version of the gospel of the Nazarene.

Last summer, in Chicago, at high noon, a man was dragged from Van Buren street into an alley and murdered for \$33. Are we horrified when a man is murdered for \$33 by the uncouth robbers of the slums, and yet do we share in the guilt of a public policy which murders by tens of thousands for gold fields or for islands, for the expansion of a dishonest trade or the glory of a dishonored flag?

I read a book the other day written by one of the professors in your Columbia university. It reminds me of a remark by Wendell Phillips when he was asked why there was so much learning in Cambridge. His reply was that nobody ever took any away. The Columbia professor, in a chapter on the present colonial policy of the nation, did not attempt to justify the morality of it, but held that it was something that all nations had done, and that this nation was bound to do it, and he told the obstructionists that they were foolish to trouble themselves to denounce the immorality of a course that was inevitable. The subtle atheism of that advice was concealed, of course, beneath a profusion of words. You would have supposed that the professor stood close to the throne of Omniscience, that he was gifted with a knowledge of coming events more than ordinary mortals, that he was such an intimate of the Deity that he could with perfect safety set aside the common perception of morality to be guided by considerations of what he and the Almighty knew was going to be rather

than by what his own heart told him ought to be!

I have read upon the crumbling walls of the cities of the dead the moral of the centuries, that when the ship of faith is not guided by faith in eternal justice its manifest destiny is to drift to its destruction. The American farmer may yet lean upon his hoe with the emptiness of the European peasant in his face. New York and San Francisco may go the way of London and Paris, Madrid and Constantinople, Nineveh and Babylon. This always has been and always must be until some nation proves her claim to immortality by putting justice on the throne to administer the laws of nature.

The tissue of the life to be

We weave with colors all our own,  
And in the field of destiny

We reap as we have sown.

Possibly the professor is right. It may be inevitable that America should learn to her sorrow that standing armies stand first upon the backs of the common people and then trample upon their liberties. But what the future has in store is no business of mine. I had rather go down before the forces that lead my country to destruction than mount upon the ruins of her fortune.

#### THE EVIL THAT GOOD MEN DO.

Has it occurred to you that about all the serious harm ever done in this cool world has been done by the Good People? It is the historic fact.

Not the little, ephemeral personalities like sneakthieving, murder and the benevolent assimilation of a neighbor's wife. Acts harm the actors. These poor fools harm society no more than a madman kills it when he cuts his own throat. The criminal is absolutely powerless as a factor in evolution. We know him, if only late; and he knows himself. Whether we ever catch him and hang him, counts little. His punishment and his futility are in him and on him, anyhow.

But all the great, long, deep, generic wrongs; all the ignorance and bigotry and oppression in human history—all these have been committed by the Good People.

Who blocked the new message of the Nazarene? The rabble? No, the orthodox. Whom does Christ curse—the brute Roman soldiery? Nay, the Good People. Rabbles do not adjudicate systems of religion—such things are approved or rejected by the religious.

Who stood in the path of Luther's reformation—the slums? No, the church. Who silenced Galileo—the

dunces? No, the scientists. Who made the Spanish inquisition a byword for cruelty—the bad people? Oh, no! The most pious, orthodox, God-fearing people in Spain. Who hanged witches and flogged Quakers in New England—the riffraff? Not at all; the most virtuous of our Puritan forefathers. The unregenerate do not care enough what another man believes to roast or rack him into orthodoxy; to be so cruel needs men who would die for the faith themselves. Even in our modern version of the inquisition—church heresy trials—it is not the backsliders who play inquisitor.

Who kept negro slavery alive in this country? Not the Legrees (who were few) but the minister of the Gospel who preached and prayed for the "divine institution" of slavery, and proved by the Bible the righteousness of slaveholding; and the orthodox congregations which kept that kind of ministers to do their conscience. Who maintained the war of the rebellion four years and more? The camp followers and "hard cases?" Never! Scoundrels and scrubs are as small a drop in the bucket below Mason and Dixon's line as above it—and it is an abolition Yankee who admits this. That war lived because the sober, home-loving, law-abiding, God-fearing people of the south believed in it. They fought as scrubs never will fight—and they made the scrubs fight, who would have run away as soon as the brute excitement wore off. Only, all these Good People were mistaken.

It is needless to continue the parallel. All history runs the same way. It means something. And the first thing it means is that men can't wholesale their duty. It is a retail business. It means that a majority of the people in any country "mean well;" that they generally start wrong and wind up about right. And their itinerary is so invariably of one method that the student of history knows what to expect. When you see a stolid multitude of Good People; and here and there among them a Good Man arising, with brains in the upper end of him, and disagreeing with the crowd at his proper cost; and the word spreads, and persecution spreads with it—why, then you may reasonably figure that in a year or five years or a generation the crowd will agree with the man who wouldn't agree with the crowd. It works that way—whether it be one golden-rule carpenter against Mosaic Palestine;

or one protesting monk against Catholic Europe; or one Puritan against a United States half slaveholding and half consenting to slavery. It doesn't mean that every man who protests is right, any more than that every crowd is right by conforming. But when men with heads and hearts begin to break out for conscience' sake; when they brave their own party, their own social peers—why, then the crowd that thinks by platoons might as well make up its mind to right-about face. For it is going to have to.—Chas. F. Lummis, in The Land of Sunshine.

"LAST SCENE OF ALL."

At first the infant  
 Doubling his fists and countering on the nurse's jaw,  
 Then the school-boy with his padded mitts,  
 Punching the bag and licking all his class.  
 And then the ranchman, sleeping on the turf,  
 Living on dried buffalo and knocking down  
 And sitting on the cowboy! Full of vim  
 And biting nails in two for fun. Then the soldier,  
 Scattering great armies with his awful look,  
 Dashing up hills through deadly showers  
 of lead  
 And smiling as it were the harmless sport  
 Of some enchanting summer's holiday.  
 Next the grim governor defying lobbyists,  
 Confounding bosses, writing histories  
 With one hand tied behind him, speaking to  
 The multitudes in spite of flying rocks  
 And whirling bricks! Shouting defiance  
 at the tough,  
 And brandishing his fists full in the bully's face.  
 And then the hunter, strangling wild  
 beasts,  
 Tying the mountain lion in a knot  
 And hurling it across the precipice.  
 Last scene of all, vice president,  
 Sitting with nodding head and limbs relaxed,  
 Hearing the oft-repeated tales  
 Of isthmian canals and subsidies  
 And Sampson-Schley affairs—in mere oblivion,  
 Sans mitts, sans spurs, sans gun, sans—  
 ay, but wait.  
 —S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Times-Herald.

Now, at last, it was plain the Tiger's pursuers were gaining upon her.

She will certainly be destroyed!  
 But, no! The great beast has thrown her two cubs to the hunters, and while the latter are dispatching these she makes good her escape in the thicket.

"This," explained our guide, "is the famous Tiger of Tammany, of which you have doubtless heard. She has sacrificed her two cubs, Vice and Corruption, to save herself. Oh, no! it is no trouble for her to raise cubs!"

We asked the guide if the hunters were actuated by a desire to make an

end of the Tiger, or by the love of sport, merely; but of this he professed not to know.—Puck.

The Spanish Sugar Planter — He swore that he would carry out his agreement.

His Cuban Partner—But he is an American.

G. T. E.

In India, where women have always been drudges, the deference paid by Englishmen to ladies is always a matter of curious interest. An educated Mohammedan gentleman was talking to an old resident of the Punjab, who has written on the subject. Said the Mohammedan: "Now that the queen is dead, will you Englishmen take off your hats to ladies?" When told certainly this would be done, and asked why he made the inquiry, he said: "We thought you used to take off your hats to ladies because a lady was the ruler of the country."—Chicago Chronicle.

Judge—You are charged with stealing six turkeys from Col. Smilax. Have you any witnesses?

Rastus—No, sah; you bet I ain't. I doan steal turkeys befo' witnesses, sah. —Chicago Chronicle.

"Oh, father, father!" wailed the beautiful American girl who loved, "why have you forbidden Senor Independez, the noble Cuban, to call on me?"

"Because, my daughter," replied the new-school patriot, sternly, but with a touch of sadness in his voice, "I discovered that he wrote in your autograph album the treasonable sentiment: 'Beware of the man that speaks not the truth.'"

G. T. E.

Wherever the ownership of the soil is so engrossed by a small part of the community that the far larger number are compelled to pay whatever the few may see fit to exact for the privilege of occupying it and cultivating the earth, there is something very like slavery.—Horace Greeley.

But the colony multiplies, while the space still continues the same, the com-

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