

president; it makes no difference what disposition they make of the wealth thus illegally and wickedly obtained—even if some of it is used to endow universities—it is fraudulent wealth, and like all such wealth, it is most likely to be used to corrupt public officials so as to secure further privileges; for, like Oliver Twist, privilege is ever demanding more! Whether others recognize the immorality of the act or not, by us the granting of secret rebates is a matter to be unsparingly condemned, and to be fought with all the forces at our command. We at least will be true to democracy by denouncing all who are parties to freight rate discriminations.

CATTLE BARONS TO LEASE GOVERNMENT LAND: SETTLERS DEPRIVED OF RIGHTS.

The cattle barons appear to have friends at court who are helping them to perpetuate their monopoly of the government lands in the Western States. A special dispatch from Omaha to the Washington Post says:

The land-leasing bill, as now constructed, was introduced into the Senate and House at the last session of Congress. Its advent created a furore of indignation in the Western States, and its effect on the approaching elections was the cause of the laying aside of the measure. Opponents of the measure denounce it as a glaring attempt to create a land monopoly in the Western States.

It is proposed to lease for a period not exceeding 20 years any government land remaining unapplied for, at the rate of from one to six cents an acre per annum. The proposition on its face means the acquiring of a revenue by the government from lands now unoccupied and seemingly worthless. The reality, it is claimed, will be an increasing annual draft on the Federal treasury for costs of collection, the establishment of a large number of new fat offices, the control of immense areas of Western land, and the consequent prevention of settlement by industrious individuals, by a few great cattle and sheep-raising corporations, and the consequent absolute and unrestricted control of prices of meats by the land monopoly.

The dispatch further says:

Col. Mosby was rapidly informing the public of the actual facts when he was recalled.

As Col. Mosby was the special agent of the land department at Washington, and had been given orders to remove the wire fences the cattle barons had erected, his recall must mean that the administration has given up its fight against the cattle men.

The land leasing bill was introduced in the Senate by Senator Milard, of Nebraska, and in the house by Congressman Bowersock, of Kan-

sas, and if passed by Congress will effectively perpetuate the hold the cattle barons have on the government lands of the West, on their own terms.

The farmers of every State in the Union are directly interested in opposing the bills now before Congress, for they cannot compete with the price that beef cattle, sheep and wool can be produced in large herds on land for which no rent or interest is paid and upon which no taxes are assessed.

In the past the free range for cattle on the public lands was participated in by all droves, great or small, but in the last few years the large cattle companies have fenced in vast tracts of the public land and have therefore monopolized its use. The homestead seeker has during this time been gradually encroaching more and more on this public domain that the cattle barons have come to look upon as their own, and the result is the conflict now before the public and Congress.

The leasing of these public lands at the rate of from one to six cents an acre, or an average of three cents, is out of all proportion to their value and the collection will cost more than the government will receive. There will be no protection for the homesteader, for the cattle barons would lease all the lands adjoining his homestead and shut him off from free range for his cattle and perhaps access to the rivers and streams, which are few and far apart on the plains.

The policy of the government from the first has been to reserve the public lands for those who wish to make homes upon them, and its reversal by the present administration, in the interest of the cattle barons, should be denounced by all. Senators and congressmen should be written to, demanding that the honest settler be protected and the cattle barons' fences be removed so that all can have free access to the public domain.

B. W. H.

THE FAITH THAT SAVES CITIES.

Portions of a sermon delivered by the Rev. John Howard Melish, at Christ church, Cincinnati, January 4, 1903.

"Ye are saved through faith."—Ephes. 2:8.

Many will remember the complaints a few years back that Cincinnati would not support this and undertake that, that she was not up-to-date, that her citizens are people of "little faith" and that conse-

quently the city was falling behind her neighbors in the race for honor and glory.

To-day there is a change in the right direction. Men and women believe in Cincinnati, and this confidence is the most hopeful sign of the times. For it is true of a city as an individual, that "ye are saved through faith."

I want to talk to you to-night about the political situation in Cincinnati, and direct, if I can, this new faith in Cincinnati in that direction. I suppose I ought to begin with an apology. All ministers do when they hint at politics. But I do not feel like making any apology. To often have we in the pulpit pilloried, as G. W. Curtis once put it, the timid Peter, the foolish virgins, the wicked Herod, to the great satisfaction of the Peters, the virgins and Herods dozing in the pews.

But when some ardent preacher, heading out of his metaphor, and jumping from Judea and the first century into the United States and the nineteenth, disturbs Peter's enjoyment of his ancestor's castigation, by saying vehemently to his face, with all the lightning of law in his eye, and its thunder in his voice: "Thou art the man!" Peter recoils with decorous horror, begs his pastor to remember that he and Herod are sheep who were to be led by still waters; warns him not to bring politics into the pulpit; to talk not of living people, but of old pictures. So the poor shepherd is driven back to his pictures, and cudgels Peter once more from behind a metaphor.

The Bible is the book of politics as much as it is the book of religion. The men we reverence in its pages did conspicuous service for their country. Abraham founded a nation. Moses led a revolution. Joshua fought battles and won victories. The prophets were patriot orators who preached politics with all their might, and were tremendously concerned about public life. Why, if Amos lived to-day he would suddenly appear before the Board of Legislation and surprise some of those members with a sermon, as he once surprised some other representatives who did not represent the people. The political question in those days was supremely a religious question. Last winter I made some remarks about the school board, and I was rebuked by a member, and told in the press that

"politics and religion make a bad combination."

It is just the lack of the union of these two supreme forces, this terrible divorce between religion and politics, that makes politics corrupt and religion effeminate.

It is just as much a man's duty to preach politics as it is his duty to avoid preaching partisanship. Religion has a message to the Christian city, as it has a message to the Christian citizen. God cares for his family as much as he cares for his son or his daughter.

What should this new year bring to the political life of us children of God which we call Cincinnati? Two things, I take it, a deepened sense of political responsibility and a deepened sense of political opportunity.

Let us think first of the responsibility, a deeper sense of which the new year should bring us.

The recent municipal housecleaning which New York, St. Louis and Minneapolis have been having has shown conclusively that their corrupt condition is due to the fact that an alarming number of citizens are practically political absentees. As a writer said about Minneapolis: "Miles insists upon strict laws, Ole and Hans want one or two Scandinavians on their ticket." These things granted, they go off on raft and reaper, leaving whomsoever will to enforce the laws and run the city.

The political absentees are not recent immigrants; for them the ballot is a new privilege, and ignorance of our political methods is an excuse. Unfortunately the immigrant and the ignorant and unprincipled men never stay away, but in ward primaries and at the polls record their votes. The absentees are men of intelligence and honor, the very men who in social, family and business life are found ranked upon the better side, men who are independent and honest. And these men are not ashamed of their political truancy. They boast of not voting as boys boast of playing truant from school.

Who are these men, and why do they shirk their political responsibilities?

First are the men who say all politics are bad. The men who say this are not angels, who, in their flight through the heavens catch sight of the ills of earth, and then betake themselves to ethereal re-

gions. Neither are they Crusoes, alone on an island. In which case the reason might hold. But they are men who are thinking, working, living, because men in the past fought and died to give them a country in which to work and live; because other men are willing to slave to keep these politics from crushing them to-day.

These are the men who in a half-hearted way believe in their country, but are disgusted with the party machinery by which it is run. They see that they have no voice in the nominations, that professional politicians name the candidates, and then ask them to step up and go through a senseless performance called voting for their man. The self-respect of these men is insulted by this political chicanery, and they fear contamination by touching it. So they stay away from the polls.

This is to play the Pharisee. It is drawing one's robes of self-respect about him and standing aside with contempt written in one's face as the crowd surges by, instead of going down among the crowd and doing what he can to make the machinery more expressive of manhood and citizenship. If ever a party becomes dominated by a clique, and reform from within is impossible, then it behooves men to defeat that clique at the polls, not cowardly to turn the city over to them to loot.

There again are the men who believe that both parties are equally bad; that the voter has only to choose between two evils. Either way he turns he sees himself the cat's-paw of rival political machines. This, again, is no reason for cowardly desertion. Perish the Democratic party! Perish the Republican party! Higher than any party is the honor and glory of Cincinnati. If the leaders of either one turn rebel against the city, then desert them all, and lift up the standard of Cincinnati and the manhood of her citizens. This has been done elsewhere and succeeded. Why not organize a Citizens' party here?

In the second class of men who shirk political responsibility to-day are those who are "too busy."

We have had government in our city to-day because the best men are devoting their energies to our industries. A recent writer on political subjects has remarked that the fathers of our country came out in '76 and destroyed the rule of King George in America, and then went back to their homes and shops, never thinking that the work of destruction was

but the beginning of the fight against oppression. We are just beginning to awake from that pleasant dream to-day. Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty in peace as in war. We have fancied that government would run itself while we made money. And we have found to our cost that a professional class has stepped in to take King George's place. I might use the name as well as the analogy, but I speak from a pulpit. And now we are reaping the results in impure officials in a jobbing legislature and city council, and all the ills which the modern city is heir to.

And our excuse: "Too busy." The truth is it costs less in dollars and cents to pay excessive taxes, to buy franchises, to purchase protection from harmful legislation than to sacrifice the time which must be given that an honest and efficient municipal government may be had. It pays to shirk the responsibility of citizenship! Poor payment, this, as some of you men will find some day, when you are asked not how much money you have made, but have you stood for the weak against the strong, for justice, for righteousness, against the evil which wrecks and ruins manhood and womanhood. All these have shirked responsibility! And with what result! Look at the type of "statesman" that represents Cincinnati on the board of legislation and the legislature.

When he stands up, and to quote Mr. Lincoln, fills his chest, throws back his head, glazes his eye, opens his mouth and leaves the rest to God, he fills the standard of the public man who was described by a eulogist of Col. Yell, of Yellville, late of the Texas legislature, when he said: "His books did not balance, but his heart always beat warmly for his native land."

These statesmen make a standard unto themselves, like the man who was asked if he understood French: "I do when I speak it myself." And the outcome is about as satisfactory to us who watch and who have to bear the brunt of such statesmanship as that of the man who owned the clock, when he said: "When the hands of that clock stand at 12, and it strikes 2, then I know it is 20 minutes to 7." These statesmen have been known to swing from one party to another, after the fashion of the immortal Flanagan, who, after addressing the audience, said to them: "Fellow-citizens, them are my sentiments; but if they don't suit you they can be changed."

On election day these "statesmen" can be seen with hands full of money,

and their campaign speech is that of the Nevada politician who was elected on the merits of a single speech. All he said was: "Fellow-countrymen, follow me to yonder liquor saloon!"

In our city the ascendancy of these men often means the sale of milk which poisons and starves the children of the poor. They run gambling houses and permit others to run them, which wreck young men. The tenement-house regulations are not enforced, and infants are thereby slaughtered. When, by accident, we get men in charge of the health and building departments, as we now have, who try to do their duty, they are hampered by the subordinates who are forced upon them by the machine.

Preventable diseases are bred by dirty streets and choked-up sewers. A district physician is appointed who gives pills to a man who has broken his legs, and another who acknowledges to his friends that he gets \$1,000 out of a \$300 position.

Do you think that the citizens who step aside and let a few run our government are free from responsibility for these things?

By no means. They have the power to vindicate popular government, and therefore they have the duty. Every citizen represents the city, and his acts help to raise Cincinnati to honor or to degrade her. To each man is intrusted the ballot, which is the individual's greatest power to affect the honor and glory of Cincinnati. Not to use the ballot against the corrupt party, is every whit as treasonable as to use it for the corrupt party.

We are confronted with evils because citizens have shirked this responsibility to do their duty at the primaries and the polls. Cincinnati will only attain true honor and glory when her citizens who now are indifferent acknowledge their responsibility by using their ballots to promote economy, honesty and righteousness.

So much for our responsibility. Let us now turn to the opportunity which we have to do something for Cincinnati in this new year.

On the first Monday in April next each citizen in this city has the opportunity to vote for 18 men. One month later 41 men and their appointees go into office, and upon them will rest the work of governing Cincinnati for the next two years. The most important office to be filled is that of mayor. So far as constitutional authority goes, the mayor heretofore has been a figurehead, though I believe his moral authority has been

far greater than any mayor has chosen to wield. But under the new code we have invested the mayor with great constitutional authority.

The new mayor of this city will have a splendid chance to advance the honor and glory of Cincinnati. If he is a fearless, high-minded, hard-headed man he can transform our police force and make it the most efficient in the United States; he can give us a department of health which will insure to the poorest citizen the chance to live and be strong, which the rich now enjoy; he can maintain the university at its present efficiency and help it realize still further its splendid mission to this city—to give to the poorest boy and girl an education equal to any in the United States, and to leaven the whole educational system of our city. All this he can do and far more by his moral authority as the first citizen among us if he is a true man and a patriot.

But let a man go into that office tied and gagged, his appointments selected at Wielert's or Weber's beer gardens, a soft-headed weakling, and the day will come when the citizens of this city will consign the mayor's new authority to hell.

But that Monday in April is not the judgment day of the mayor so much as it is of us citizens. Ours is the opportunity at that time to put a strong, fearless, hard-headed man in office. I say hard-headed, because reform too often calls forth a soft-headed vessel, and, as President Roosevelt once said, it is doubtful who does the more harm in the world—the hard-hearted or the soft-headed man. Use this opportunity in what way your true judgment decides, either through the regular parties or outside both parties, but use it to elect a man to whom we may all look up and love to honor. That Monday in April is our judgment day. If we fail to meet this opportunity worthily we have no one to blame but ourselves.

Again and again when the issue between good government and bad government has been made clear to the people the great majority have broken down party lines and taken the side of honesty and efficiency. This is the justification of the faith in the people for which America stands, as it is the inspiration and encouragement of men to attack a long-seated, deeply entrenched wrong.

What are you doing in God's fair Earth and Task-Garden; where who-soever is not working is begging or stealing?—Carlyle.

THE FLAG OF FREEDOM.

For The Public.

Egyptian pyramids
And temples still relate
Unto the race of man the solemn story
Of mighty monarchies,
And then the common fate
Of fading fame and glory.
The mummied clay of all the haughty
Pharaohs
Is humble now amid the dust and sand,
And beasts of burden are the king's descendants
Within their native land;
For in all Egypt, not from spine or crag,
Was ever floated freedom's hallowed flag.

Vast is that wilderness
Of marble known as Greece,
Wherein was Alexander's bloody shrine;
Where men were taught to kill
And scorn the arts of peace,
While war was held divine.
There slaves clanked chains, and blood was
shed for gold,
And tribute laid on colonies afar;
But Greece is now beneath the moss and
mold;
For her, Hope's luring star
Has set forever. She had not unfurled
The flag of freedom to the conquered world.

Oh, what of mighty Rome
With Caesar on the stage,
And pomp and pride unknown in ages past?
She went the common way,
And in her tottering age
Lay in the dust at last.
Though every Roman citizen was free,
He forged the chains that bound his
brother man,
And doing so, lost his own liberty
And fell beneath the ban
Of Law eternal. No untarnished flag
Of freedom swung in Rome from spire or
crag.

The Caesars' children now
Are begging daily bread
Within the deserts that their fathers made;
Nor hath the Roman where
To lay his weary head
When day begins to fade.
His fathers little knew when forging fet-
ters

To manacle the sons of other lands
That they were only blinding in their
blindness
Their children's children's hands,
The nations perish that have not unfurled
The flag of freedom to the suffering world.

Sad echoes from the tombs
And catacombs arise
"As melody from Memnon to the sun,"
Repeating unto men
And whispering to the skies:
"Here was injustice done."
The crumbling towers in tearful desolation
Forever from their sculptured lips of
stone
Reiterate their sullen proclamation:
"Here Wrong was on a throne;"
And the leathern tongue of every mum-
mied seer
Likewise attests: "There was no justice
here."

To thee, O Liberty,
Our fathers knelt—to thee,
And dedicated unto thee this shore,
To be the biding place
Forever of the free—
The free for evermore.
And they in high revolt unfurled the flag
Of freedom. Let it wave till moss and
must