

that any constitution which the Cuban convention frames shall be submitted for approval to popular vote. Every move against that course may be safely regarded as a move against Cuban independence.

In the federal court at New York Judge Brown has decided that as Puerto Rico "is subject solely to the sovereignty and dominion of this country" it is "not a foreign port." This decision was made in a pilotage case, which depended, with reference to pilots' fees, upon whether Puerto Rican ports are American or foreign. Though the decision is not reported in full, there is no probability that it vitally touches the great question of the application of the American constitution, by its own force, to Puerto Rico. Puerto Rico might be American territory, and yet, from the imperialist point of view, not be subject to the American constitution. But two cases are now before the supreme court, to be argued December 17, which do involve the main question. They turn upon the right of the United States to collect tariff duties on goods imported into the United States from the Philippines and Puerto Rico after the Spanish cession. Should these cases be decided against the government, the whole protective system would receive a shock, which could hardly fail to prove fatal either to that system or to imperial colonization. In the event of a contrary decision, the question of the application of the liberty clauses of the constitution to "our colonies" will still be an open one.

An important decision relative to federal authority in the states has been made by the federal court of appeals at San Francisco upon an appeal from the conviction of ten Idaho strikers for obstructing the mails by stopping a mail train. These men had been fined and sentenced to long terms of imprisonment by the lower federal court, but the court of appeals has released them on the ground that

the indictment did not allege that they knew the train they obstructed carried mails. This court held that it is not a federal crime to hinder and delay the passage of a railroad mail train unless the train is actually carrying mails and the obstructors know it. Should the decision be generally recognized as sound, it will serve to protect the country from one of its most menacing dangers—the usurpation of power by the federal government. For the undoubted right of the federal government to protect the mails and to punish their obstruction has been used at the solicitation of great private corporations as a subterfuge to excuse the unwarranted exercise of federal authority, both judicial and military, for the suppression of local disturbances. If the federal authority cannot interfere with strikes, on pretense that they obstruct the mails, unless the strikers intend such obstruction, railway corporations will be obliged to look for protection to the local authorities, where alone it is safe to lodge police powers, and the dangers of concentrated imperial power, directed from Washington, will be to that degree removed.

When George A. Schilling made the speech in English at the thirteenth annual Chicago meeting in commemoration of the execution in 1887 of the so-called Chicago anarchists, he said that if he were ever tried as those men were he hoped it would be by a jury of millionaires.

His reason was that if one of the millionaires were a man of convictions he would hang out for acquittal without fear of losing his job. "Of all the things I should dread," Schilling added, "it would be to be tried by a jury of the hired men of millionaires." This is not an irrational dread. Hired men have come to be so hopelessly dependent for opportunities to earn a living that the most potent fear in the great majority of homes to-day is the fear of losing employment. It is not confined to the poorer classes. The same specter of possible poverty that grins at the struggling me-

chanic invades the parlors of the well-to-do, glares through the windows of counting-rooms, and even stalks along the corridors of the rich. It does make of the hireling an abject creature, as Schilling says, so abject that even as a juror, with the life and death of a fellow-man hanging in the balance, he swaps his conscience for his employer's favor. For that reason, a jury of millionaires would be safer for an innocent prisoner against whom the prejudice of the rich had been aroused. But millionaires themselves must be men of courage in such circumstances, or they, too, will surrender their convictions. So complex are the ramifications of business that not many millionaires could stand up against the vengeance of their fellows. Among all the millionaires of Chicago there are few who could not be ruined by the others. This is not because such power resides with any one naturally. It is due to the vast system of legal monopolies we have been creating and fostering. In a state of free competition no one could coerce anyone else. By checking competition, until now its regulative power is all but destroyed, we have corrupted our business, our newspaper press, our politics, and even our jury system. We have cultivated a race of cowards by inspiring men with fear of poverty.

Another university professor loses his chair for holding opinions adverse to parasitical pecuniary interests. Prof. Ross, of Leland Stanford university, has learned that if one will not labor for plutocratic privileges he shall not eat of plutocratic crumbs. And so the good work of exposing the claws beneath the velvet of plutocracy goes on, thanks to our friend the enemy.

#### RECOMPENSE.

I have loved justice and hated iniquity; and therefore I die in exile.  
—Pope Gregory VII.

When Bryan was in Jefferson City in 1897 he stated, in a private conversation, that he did not expect his reward at the hands of the people

whom he sought to serve, and gave it as his opinion that those workers in the cause of truth who expect their reward of men, are usually disappointed in the end.

The same idea was long ago expressed by Lowell when he wrote:

Count me o'er earth's chosen heroes,  
—they were souls that stood alone,  
While the men they agonized for  
hurled the contumelius stone;  
Stood serene, and down the future  
saw the golden beam incline  
To the side of perfect justice, mastered  
By their faith divine,  
By one man's plain truth to manhood  
and to God's supreme design.

It is, indeed, most natural for man to indulge in the hope of reward. The difference between the true man and the false, is best told by their ideas of recompense. There are those who serve others but to help themselves. They seek wealth, ease and luxury. This they also receive; it is their reward, and sufficeth for them. The world is glad to pay them in the coin of their own mintage, and God is willing that their recompense shall be apportioned out of the base substance upon which their hearts are fed. Wherever there is pampered fraud or consecrated vice, waxing fat upon the heart-blood of innocence and virtue, there will be those who fawn and cringe and vomit forth the perjured flatteries of their putrifying souls. Wherever the weak is gasping in the clutch of power, there will be those who curl the lying lip of scorn to taunt the helpless and applaud the strong; men who will kiss the jeweled hand of Oppression, although it be red.

But the greatness of a man is measured not by conquest, but sacrifice; by what he gives, not what he gains—if he gain his own soul, it is enough. He who aspires to be, in the highest sense, the true servant of humanity, must do for the world that which the world will not do for him. Whoever would make the world morally better must attack the errors and prejudices of mankind. But the world loves its faults and fondles them. You may not shatter the idol without provoking the wrath of its votaries. Who plucks the serpent's fangs, must also hear its hiss.

As Heine so beautifully says:

"Wherever a great soul gives utterance to his thoughts, there is also Golgotha." For the man who combats the folly and injustice of his fellow-men, the Cross of Calvary is still looming in the distance. Socrates dared to be the critic of his age, and he paid the critic's penalty. But shall we therefore say that the hemlock was his only reward? Was Calvary the only reward of Jesus? The noble-minded Greek might have had his life for the asking. Christ could have escaped the Cross, and he knew it. "All These Things Will I Give Thee, If Thou Wilt Fall Down and Worship Me!" Where is the great soul who has not heard that offer, and refused it? Savanarola heard it in his prison cell. They heard it who died at Valley Forge. But those men had their reward. It came to Spinoza, when in the hard gripe of poverty—but he refused it. He heard it who said: "Philosophy has been my worldly ruin, and my soul's prosperity;" but Anaxagoras, too, though exiled from home and country, had his reward.

Robert Morris, one of the signers of the declaration of independence, the man who gave arms to Washington and sustained the national credit in time of need, died among felons, the occupant of an insolvent debtor's cell! But Morris could not have been a tory, even if he had foreseen his end. It is not likely that Warren, the martyr of Bunker Hill, would have changed his principles, even if he could have foreseen what history was afterwards compelled to record—the fact that his children, after his glorious death, were the objects of private charity, and that Benedict Arnold was one of their most liberal benefactors. Yet Morris and Warren had their rewards.

What was it, and what is it, then—this nameless recompense? What is it that leads men to brave the scorn, the hate, the persecution of mankind? They best knew who gave their bodies to be racked and burned, to be the victims of flames, poison, torture or the sword. They best know who are to-day carrying their crosses along the well-worn path. This much we know: It is something more than life, or food, or raiment. Bread is

not the reward of virtue. Perhaps it is enough for them, that they have lived and labored in the cause they loved. The servants of Truth are paid by the knowledge of Truth, for to them alone is it given to know the good from the bad, the right way from the wrong. Surely, as Bacon says: "No pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage ground of Truth." Those who love Truth will know it; and to know it is to work for it. When a man loves the right and knows it (and he must know it if he truly loves it), his soul is married to an eternal principle, and you cannot by wealth or worldly power dissever them; as well may you attempt to sully the sunbeam, or rob the stars of their brightness.

Great souls are nurtured by the love of Truth. Victory and defeat, life and death, are matters of indifference to them when principles are involved. It is as natural for them to teach their doctrines as it is for the diamond to shed its luster. They are the great leaders of human thought, the makers of opinion. Bribes cannot tempt them, nor threats of a halter intimidate. They live, labor and die, under the supreme fascination of a conviction that they must so do and die. "They rest from their labors, and their works do follow them." This, then, is their recompense. "Their works do follow them." Is it not sublime? Lives there a man whose heart was ever touched with yearning for the good, the beautiful and the true, who would not be even as one of these?

The man who loves justice for its own sake, whose soul is wedded to the right—his love will repay him for the work he does. He alone can experience the soul-filling heart-throbs of joy which blessed martyrs feel, when earthly hopes are withered, when life's work is done, and the spirit leaves its home on earth to walk in peace with God. He alone may know the happiness they reached, who lived and loved and wrought for Truth; his character will be clothed with the imperishable grandeur of the principles he loves; he is his own reward; his own name is the noblest title that the world can give.

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