

to secure armies of effective fighting force.

Philippe de Segur said a man could not be a hero without an iron constitution. Such heroism, then, is largely physical—largely a matter of temperament. In the old days, when it was foot to foot, eye to eye, and hilt to hilt, this heroism had something of the picturesque about it, which is essentially lacking in modern methods of warfare.

We need a popular revision of the word "courage;" we must understand that it is of different kinds, possessed in its lowest manifestations by all animals, even the rodent. We hear now and then of "the enervating influence of peace" upon the nation; but what inspires to the highest courage in the defense of rights is not familiarity with the experiences of war—it springs from the consciousness of having rights worth defending, and dies only with the loss of liberty.

We hear of "the cankers of a calm world and a long peace." How "cankerous" Paradise must seem to the writer of that famous line! But if war has its moral uses, then is that steady progress of the race toward the humanizing spirit that constantly mitigates against war an essentially deplorable thing. The growing antagonism between war and the developed moral consciousness must be wrong if war is right. But is not an argument in favor of "the moral uses" of war all beside the mark? No nation ever made war because it regarded war as beneficial.

Now, it is the easiest thing in the world to be moved by the warlike spirit, the cry of patriotism, the girding of arms by the nation for war; but it is a more difficult, as it is a more heroic thing, to stand in opposition—to speak boldly the word of protest, if conscience be against the war. But it is this higher courage that the military spirit visits with the name of cowardice. Is there any lack of heroism in the humbler walks of life? Pick up the daily paper, and in almost any issue you can read stories that illustrate its possession in the very highest degree. We have no lack of heroes; the annals of our fire department, our police force, our railroad service, will tell a story as full of heroic incident as any chronicle of bloody wars. But for that higher courage, of which civil life is full and militarism does so much to quench, we shall find few examples in army life. The long line of epau-

leted perjurers who took the stand in the Dreyfus case made a momentary lifting of the veil from a spectacle of moral stultification which the atmosphere of militarism lays upon the consciences of men.

THE FIGHT OF PENNSYLVANIA AGAINST PENNSYLVANIA.

After the usual speeches and the usual applause, after the average men saying their average inanities to an average approval had finished, Thersites got up and made them all angry with his growl. This was the growl of Thersites:

You people have overdone Quay. Quay is unduly honored. Quay is not a disease. He is the symptom of a disease. Quay is not a dynamo. He is its spark. You land your blows on Quay fast and hard. Quay is unhurt. Why? Because Quay is not the offender. Quay is the offense. Quay knows that no blow that hits him as a person hurts. He puts his tongue into his cheek and goes fishing, while your wrath blues and reds the atmosphere of your village. What is Quay to you or what are you to Quay that you should hate him or he should fear you? Quay knows better than you do that he takes, does not give, opportunity. Quay knows that all his chances are offered him in your open palm. He knows that he does not own a dollar you have not given him, nor wield one graft of political power not granted him by you. You are his perennial source of income and influence. What does this mean, my dear friend? It means that your war is not with Quay, but with yourself. It means that if you really wish to get rid of Quay, you must first get rid of yourself. It means that all discipleship of dirty senatorships and dirty mayoralties finally rests in you. Quay does right then when, accused, he turns accuser.

There was a wild hubbub at this point in the proceedings. But Thersites, despite vague murmurs, outcries and oburgatory gestures all over the hall, continued his rabid discourse:

Do you know, fellow fools, all the crimes we charge to the politicians are your crimes and mine on horseback. Our innocent weaknesses aggregated and taken into public life assume the nature and proportions of a colossal arrogance. They come back to oppress us. We are our own damners and our own saviors. Here, tonight, we have puffed ourselves red in the cheeks denouncing Quay. We can get rid of Quay offhand any moment we really wish to. You are his prop. You are his apologist. You, the dear people, the apotheosized citizenship of Pennsylvania, denouncing this man with your lips, in your hearts are down on your knees offering him tribute. You are the ground under his feet. Not every man of you. But the big "you" as a whole—the "you" that makes up our total statehood. Quay is a moonbeam, a sun ray, anything except a source of power. Quay, instead of being the greatest, is in fact the least, factor in the whole problem. It'll be a darned sight easier proposition to get rid of Quay than to get rid of the social ignorance, conceit and indifference that are his creators. Quay can be got rid of by a blow. The other thing can only be got rid of by a proc-

ess of growth that will try the last patience of the man who is eager to purify his state. Quay is invited to do what he does, and is then blamed by his inviters for doing what he is invited to do. You volunteer your purse to the highwayman and call him a criminal if he takes it. He would be worse than an ingrate if he denied you the pleasure of being robbed. You like to be robbed. If you were not robbed, you would have no one to excite your virtue to expression. In the end, under the right focusing, Quay, instead of being a malefactor, a stealer of forbidden office, is a benefactor, eating Edenic fruit provided by you, his prayerful host.

Thersites was having no go-as-you-please in making this speech. But he was not dismayed by the bludgeoning vocalism of his hearers. When they got tired of their noises, he would resume his speech. Finally he managed to add and conclude with this:

Let's go to roots. We've fooled long enough above the surface of this matter. Let's look into your heart, my heart, the common heart. Let's take our picks and shovels there and first clear ourselves of the debris whose existence is the primary guarantee of political transgression. I've got in my own heart a devil of a big Quay. Until I can evict the tenant, what right have I to make faces at my perfectly honest representative in Washington? For it is not Matthew Stanley Quay who is dishonest. It is I who am dishonest—I, Pennsylvania; I, the boasted citizenship of a mock commonwealth; I, the two and four of political iniquity whatever momentary form it may chance to take. Instead of holding public meetings to denounce Quay, we should hold meetings in his honor. We should apologize to Quay for all the hard words we have addressed to him. We should recognize in his face our own lineaments, and in his career the average ideal. Quay? Quay is essential Pennsylvania. Quay is the high tide and low tide of your common honor. A few men may ascend, a few descend, from the Quay level. But Quay is present Pennsylvania. To speak of either one is to speak of the other. Whether you take off your hat to Quay or to the coat-of-arms of the state—the act is in effect of one color. That is why I say the fight is not Quay versus Pennsylvania, but Pennsylvania versus Pennsylvania. That is why I venture the cruel paradox that each Pennsylvanian is his own Quay, and that in order to get rid of Quay he must first dust out the neglected corners of his own heart.

Thersites had contrived to have his say. Not one of his auditors approved. But there was a wise man sitting in the senate at Washington whose applause was heard in Philadelphia.—Horace L. Traubel, in City and State for March 28.

ANTI-IMPERIALISM IS MORE ALIVE THAN EVER.

For The Public.

It would be amusing, if it were not so blusshless a self-confession of false-pretense, to observe the importance which the organs of imperialism attach to the capture of Aguinaldo. For years the organs and orators of

"criminal aggression" have been inveighing against the Filipino chief as a pretender, a budget of treachery, a usurper, a little tyrant, a factionist of insignificant capacity and a misrepresentative of his people without influence to be taken into account. Dead they have had him several times, but whether dead or alive it mattered not. He was not a factor to be weighed in the balances. Mabini and some others were the brains of the "rebellion." Mabini was in exile and pacification was near at hand.

But lo! no sooner was the contemptible fellow captured—how? by a feat of treachery that puts all civilized warfare to blush—than Aguinaldo rises into a personality overshadowing all other influence of the "insurrection." Pacification—ah, yes; assuredly it will now be proclaimed to-morrow or next day as the glorious triumph of our American arms. To what ridiculous dimensions does all this reduce the talk on talk and sneer on sneer with which the good people of this land in the past two years have been regaled by the detractors of the Filipino ally who helped us to the capture of Manila and the defeat of Spain! How it proves that all the while in the recesses of the administration this deeply-wronged man has been rated as Senator Hoar has viewed him, a lord of liberty to be likened to Bolivar, Garibaldi, Toussaint L'Ouverture, Kosuth and others of similar fame.

We know not under what stress of influence, under what sort of duress the captive has taken the oath and issued the address with which he is accredited. From the beginning of the Philippine shame all our information concerning proceedings and events in the Philippines has come to us in such questionable form that we have not known just what to believe. We do, however, know enough to know that we have been many times deceived by official reports from the unpacified islands. Such has been the gross deception either in suppression or misrepresentation of fact that not a few even now discredit the report of Aguinaldo's oath-taking and address-issuing. But grant the report to be true, what does it signify? The oath of allegiance by a prisoner of war, menaced with exile or death—what a burlesque, not to say tragedy, is here made of solemn obligation! How it degrades the oath of the official administering it and all the officials authorizing the act! An address from a dungeon for the surrender of his followers by a

captain who has heroically battled for their independence! Pitiful enough, if true, for the incarcerated captive, but, oh, how much more deplorable for the nation that constrains the appeal! If in the man it be weakness, what cowardice and beggary are not implied in the head of the nation's army!

But here again, as at every step heretofore, do the violators of republican principle display their shortsightedness and their puerility. Suppose Aguinaldo has taken the oath and issued the address, and suppose that the effect thereof should be all that his captors crave for the pacification of the islands, what then? Is the evil cured? Is the wrong redressed? Is the criminal aggression less criminal? Is the spirit of independence pacified? Is the ground less broad for a continuance of moral warfare against the administration responsible for the work of subjugation? Not at all. On the contrary, seeing by what perfidy the subjugation was inaugurated, by what process it has been carried on and by what ineffectual means it would be finally consummated, the moral demand for protest and resistance to the end is only intensified.

The projectors and prosecutors of the Philippine war would seem to be sufficiently shallow to reason that a wrong perpetrated is to be condoned and forgotten. Not so, if you please. Whatever wrong is done, in so far as may be, should be undone. This is true in minor things. Much more does it hold in a case of a wrong of national proportions. Accordingly, the war for the overthrow of the administration and the reversal entire of its policy, "tactless and brutal" as it has been, to use the trenchant words of Richard Olney, will go on.

Lest there may be some misunderstanding by the foes of the republic, it better be distinctly understood now—anti-imperialism is more alive to-day than ever before. As the aggression, insolence and perfidy of the slave power did but hasten to triumph the cause of emancipation, so the corresponding depravities in this later time do but inspire the friends of republican government to a warfare that shall prostrate its enemies. Presidential pilgrimages will not soften the popular indignation or retard the agitation that has for its high object the reinstatement of the declaration of independence and the constitution of the United States in the esteem and life of the American people.

A. A. P.

Uxbridge, Mass., April 24th.

A GREAT MEXICAN STATE CAPITAL.

Extracts from an article with the above title by Sylvester Baxter, published in Harper's Weekly.

A large city equipped with all the attributes of a modern capital, and standing like an oasis amid a desert of barbarism—such is Guadalajara, the seat of government for the great state of Jalisco, the metropolis of western Mexico, la reina del occidente (the Queen of the Occident), as her people proudly term her. . . .

Guadalajara is the most important educational center in Mexico outside of the national capital. There are large schools of law, medicine, engineering, and fine arts, besides other technical and trade schools, and high-schools for either sex. These schools are all supported by the state government, whose educational system is remarkably liberal and enlightened. It is, indeed, more radical, and practically socialistic, than that of any state in the American union.

The law prescribes universal education and makes it compulsory. Parents who do not send their children to school are punished by fine or imprisonment. Education is absolutely free, from the lowest to the highest grades. If parents are too poor to support their children while they are at school, then means are provided by the state. And any scholar who, having passed through the common schools, desires to continue his studies in any of the advanced institutions, and is without means, receives an allowance from the state, sufficient for maintenance, until he has finished his desired course.

One is struck by the complete absence of beggars and other objectionable characters in the streets. Their presence is forbidden by law, which is rigidly enforced.

The advanced ground occupied by the state of Jalisco in education is due both to the liberal and enlightened action of its modern statesmen in framing the present laws and to the traditions early established in its history.

The public institutions of Guadalajara will compare in character with those of almost any other capital in the world. The crown of these is the noble Hospicio, founded in 1803 by another of the public-spirited bishops of Guadalajara, Juan Ruiz de Cabanas. The citizens naturally enjoy showing strangers over this grand institution, for it is doubtful if an asylum better organized and conducted can be found in any other part of the world than that which has grown up in this remote Mexican capital. It is a genuine