

religion he preaches, nor the precepts of its Exemplar, but upon the "just, swift, terrible, certain" infliction of capital punishment. This may be good enough for piety, but it is doubtful Christianity—unless the Nazarene's Christianity was all wrong. A much more sane, not to say Christian, way of considering such things as desperate predatory crime, was suggested on the same day by another Chicago clergyman, the Rev. W. A. Bartlett, of the First Congregational church. Some of the things Mr. Bartlett said are well worth quoting, remembering, and inwardly digesting:

They say there is a reign of crime in Chicago. If we follow the method of the psychologist we ask what is the nature of the crime, and what are the characteristics of Chicago? The answer is that the crime most conspicuous is that of thieving. And the answer to the other question is that the atmosphere of Chicago is that of money getting. You hear practically but one conversation among the men everywhere—money. And with the women just as universally—clothes. The thief tells you that he fleeces one, while the man in a palatial suite fleeces a thousand. I am not extenuating the horrid crimes which make us afraid. Let us study them fearlessly. It comes home to be a matter of individual holiness. The man, however high up, who is unclean, dishonest, greedy, is making the soil of Chicago.

If this is true, and at any rate the shaft of truth in it was pretty well aimed, whom shall we send to the gallows, if the gallows is the remedy for highwaymanship? Shall we send the highwayman who expresses our dominant social evil brutally, or the greedy business man who less brutally but more destructively sets the pace?

Quite unintentionally the lawyer for one of the Chicago elevated railways, which is involved in franchise legislation with the State of Illinois, has paid a compliment to three Chicago judges—Murray F. Tuley, Edward F. Dunne and Edward Osgood Brown,—by challenging them as unsafe men for franchise corporations to try their cases before. No one doubts that all these judges

would accord to any corporation whose case they were trying its full legal rights. But franchise corporations are not content with that. They are like the prisoner who asked his lawyer to challenge a juror for saying the prisoner should have justice; he didn't want justice, he wanted an acquittal. In that view of the matter, a conscientious judge might like the unintended compliment to Tuley, Dunne and Brown somewhat better than the unintended slur upon their colleagues.

Why an organized effort should have been made to obstruct the reopening as a theater of the Chicago Iroquois, in which many lives were lost last winter (vol. vi, p. 744), is not very easy to understand. If a fatal accident had happened to one family there, that would have been no good reason for abolishing the theater, and no one would have proposed it. But the death of 600 persons, while it augments the number of mourners, adds nothing to the intensity of their grief. Why, then, should theatricals be barred from the place, if it is better adapted to that use than to some other? If the use in itself is not repugnant to good morals, the fact that the place was the site of a catastrophe raises no reasonable objection. In the centers of our civilization, births and deaths, weddings and hospitals, theaters and casualties are in constant juxtaposition. There is nothing peculiar about the Iroquois instance except that the deaths in that catastrophe were numerous.

HERBERT S. BIGELOW.

In the city of Cincinnati there is a Congregational church of attractive individuality and interesting and instructive history, with a pastor eminently fitted for his place by rare oratorical abilities and a spiritual devotion refreshingly unconventional.

Over the outer door of this church is the truly Christian legend, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity." Upon the interior walls are

inscriptions such as these: "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free.—Jesus." "Far, far beyond our ken, the elemental laws must hold their sway. — Henry George." "He's true to God who's true to man.—Lowell." "Our country is the world, and our countrymen are mankind.—Garrison." "The God who gave us life, gave us liberty.—Jefferson." "Those who deny freedom to others deserve it not for themselves.—Lincoln." "Those who make private property of the gift of God pretend in vain to be innocent.—Pope Gregory the Great." "What does the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God.—Micah."

The preaching of that devoted pastor and the history of his practically religious church, are in harmony with the spirit of these inscriptions.

Originating in the Abolition movement, this church was dedicated from the beginning to the principle of equal human rights.

Its founders were seceders from a Cincinnati Presbyterian church, the pastor of which had grossly offended their Christian sensibilities by embarking upon a pulpit defense of Negro slavery on scriptural grounds. This occurred in 1831. The seceders chose a courageous Abolitionist for their pastor, and under his ministrations their religious society became famous, as "the Vine Street church," for brave exemplifications of the Christian principles of liberty, fraternity and equality.

Not only did its early pastors preach the right of the slave to freedom, unpurchased and inalienable, but the church building served as a depot, and the church officers as conductors, of the "underground railroad" which, stretching across Ohio, led on from Kentucky slavery to Canadian liberty. Within its walls, moreover, the first evangelical anti-slavery convention ever held in America was organized.

The fidelity of the original pastor was put to serious tests. He was ostracized professionally by the rest of the Cincinnati clergy, and his family as well as himself were brutally assaulted upon the streets by pro-slavery mobs. Lane Theological Seminary tried in vain to have him dismissed as "a

disturber of the peace." When he left this pastoral charge it was to become president of Oberlin college. His successors have been "disturbers" like himself.

In time the bitterness of the chattel slavery conflict passed away. But it was succeeded by the bitternesses of the conflict over economic slavery in the turmoils of which society is now involved. This newer struggle for liberty, equality and fraternity, against the powers of a species of human slavery subtler than the chattel form, found in the pulpit of the Vine street church the brilliant preacher and devoted minister who is still its pastor—Herbert Seely Bigelow, of whom we are able this week to offer our readers an excellent portrait.

The experiences of Mr. Bigelow at the Vine street church in connection with the American conflict over economic slavery, have been very like those of his first predecessor in connection with the American conflict over chattel slavery. No feature of that persecution has he escaped, except mobbing on the streets; and in some respects his experiences have been more bitter than those of the first pastor, whose example he has followed.

Mr. Bigelow was a conventional minister when he came to the Vine street church—one of that army of theological graduates who are so apt to be paganistic Christians and to become perfunctory preachers. If he differed from others it was in his exceptional pulpit powers and his still more exceptional lack of ambition for mere professional success.

Born at Elkhart, January 4, 1870, his preliminary education was acquired in the public schools of that Indiana town. His college course began at Oberlin and was completed at the Western Reserve in Cleveland. His theological studies were pursued at Lane Theological seminary, of which he is a graduate.

Soon after graduating from Lane, Mr. Bigelow was called to the Vine street church. Early in his pastorate there, some impulse moving him to become a resident of the "slums," he went with his young wife, Margaret N. Doane,

a Cleveland girl, into the tenement district to live. They didn't play at living there; they lived there. Not only did they make themselves neighbors of the "slum" people, they accepted the slum people as their neighbors.

This experience opened Mr. Bigelow's eyes. He began to appreciate the injustice of economic conditions, as the founders of his church had appreciated the less subtle but essentially identical injustice of chattel slavery. He awoke to the fact that infidelity was again masquerading in religious garb, as in the days of his earlier predecessors. A bright light shone before him. A cross appeared in his sky. Under these spiritual influences his perfunctory piety evaporated, and he began to get religion.

True to the anti-slavery traditions of his church, as he got religion he preached it. Then it was that the pharisee "came also," and trouble for Mr. Bigelow began. He soon learned that the cross he had seen was no phantom cross, no illusion. It became an agonizing reality. The rich men of the "old Vine street church" turned against him. Its anti-slavery traditions were not tenacious enough to save him from persecution even for admitting a Negro to membership; and their influence was still further weakened as the paganized conscience of influential parishioners detected in his preaching a note of appeal to the biblical command that "the land shall not be sold forever."

Old parishioners abandoned the church, but new ones came. As aforetime, the note that offended pharisees attracted publicans and sinners. The publicans and sinners had lean purses, however, and for a while destitution threatened the Vine street preacher with one of the penalties of getting enough religion to hurt. For months his income was almost nothing. He and his wife were upon the verge of starvation, and the question of being able to keep on became a serious problem.

But the problem was solved at last. The Vine street church has been as firmly reestablished on the abolition side of the question of economic slavery now, as it was originally established on the abolition side of the question of Ne-

gro slavery some seventy years ago.

While Mr. Bigelow was in the midst of his church work, at a critical stage in its progress, Tom L. Johnson's political plans in the same general direction were taking shape in Ohio, and Johnson called upon Bigelow to lend a hand. This call to participate in practical politics was unwelcome; but Bigelow could not refuse without resisting the anti-slavery spirit and stultifying the anti-slavery traditions of the Vine street church. Regarding the political cause that Johnson was leading as being also religious if pursued with religious motives—devotion to the Christian principles of liberty, equality and fraternity—the Vine street preacher responded to Johnson's summons; and for two years he lived and faithfully and effectively labored in what to him was hell, the maelstrom of practical politics. He did it in the same spirit in which he had before lived and worked in the social hell of the slums.

It was while performing this distasteful but necessary duty in practical politics, that Mr. Bigelow became a prominent candidate for political office. The office offered neither profit nor honor, and the nomination did not so much as promise election to the office. But it did offer an exceptional opportunity to preach the gospel of liberty, equality and fraternity to the people of Ohio, while serving as a pioneer in politically organizing the believers in this gospel against the cohorts of special privilege. For that reason Bigelow accepted the nomination, in 1902, of the Democratic party of Ohio for secretary of state.

For two years thereafter, without neglecting his church duties, he battled in political warfare against the combined forces of hoodlums and pharisees in Cincinnati. But now he has withdrawn from all active political service.

Not as a deserter has Mr. Bigelow withdrawn. He has done it because he believes that the obligation of that particular call has been, for the present at least, completely redeemed. When the call came, he alone could answer to its demands, but that is no longer true. Into the political work which Bigelow has faithfully

helped Tom L. Johnson to do in Ohio, other men have come who are capable of taking Bigelow's place.

One can easily believe, what Bigelow's friends know to be true, that Johnson and his purposes, understood so well by Bigelow though as yet so vaguely by the public, must have filled a large measure of Bigelow's thoughts when he decided to withdraw from politics. A warmth of affection glowed within him as he considered that Johnson must struggle on in the maelstrom he himself was quitting for more exacting duties. No matter what the public may think of Johnson's political battles, at least Bigelow knows that he has never suffered defeat. In everything and in all circumstances, what Bigelow has seen in Johnson is what all who know him well have also seen, "the man in him victorious." It is easy to believe that the loyalty of such a supporter cannot falter, and that Bigelow's faith in Johnson's leadership is such that if the call were to come to-day to go down again into the political hells, Bigelow would be there before the set of sun, making the same devoted fight though it held forth no prospect but certainty of defeat. It is of his nature to help the more the greater the need. No light tribute was that of a clergyman, spontaneously offered while Bigelow was in the midst of his political work,—a clergyman in good, even in high standing in one of the most ecclesiastical of denominations, and whose personal relations with Bigelow were not intimate, but who judged him by his career. Said this clergyman to a clerical friend of the same denomination: "I regard Herbert S. Bigelow as a consecrated man."

As may be seen from the portrait of Mr. Bigelow accompanying this issue of *The Public*, his smooth-shaven face reveals a finely chiseled jaw, massive and firm; while all the face above is expressive of the gentleness, charity, and unaffected humility and good humor which are known to be as characteristic of the man as his strength. He speaks in public after careful preparation, but with extemporaneous delivery. Although his oratory often emits flashes of eloquence that

thrill, his rhetoric and elocution are so free from affectation that his speeches, lectures and sermons produce the effect of elevated and earnest conversation.

He is a man to whom the externals both of politics and religion are of little importance. Externalities concern him only as they present obstacles to be overcome in getting to the truth within. Along with Emerson he believes that "he who would gather immortal palms must not be hindered by the name of goodness but must explore if it be goodness," and with Michelet that "no consecrated absurdity would have stood its ground in this world if the man had not silenced the objections of the child."

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

COLORADO.

Micanite, Col., Sept. 12.—There were five of us bound for Colorado. We had long planned our trip to go by way of Colorado Springs on "The Short Line" to Cripple Creek. Some of us had seen this land of greed and gold; others had no notion of what the Rocky mountains were like. As we were about to purchase tickets a telegram came from Canon City advising us to avoid the Cripple Creek district as dangerous. To say we were nonplussed was putting it mildly. Had we been anticipating a trip to the Fiji islands, and it had become known to our government at Washington, D. C., that American citizens could not go there safely, there would have been "something doing" in the departments. The whole available navy would have been at our command. But here in these United States, "the land of the free"! we could not credit the report. However, the wire had the effect of intimidating the majority of the party, so the tickets were bought to Canon City.

Our destination was Micanite, Fremont county. When seated in the Pullman we made the acquaintance of two very beautiful women, both from Cripple Creek. We related the fact of the telegram as to Cripple Creek's being unsafe, whereupon the younger woman declared it false. She said that Cripple Creek district was perfectly safe. "But," we replied, "we are women of pronounced opinions. We believe in the spirit and letter of our Declaration of Independence. We believe in 'trial by jury,' 'free speech,' 'free press,' 'the right to organize,' etc. We believe Gov. Peabody has overstepped his authority." The young woman's eyes blazed fire, and in a very forceful manner she said we would not be safe if we thought that. She would guarantee that we should be "pinched" if we expressed "such views in Cripple Creek."

It transpired that she was the wife of one of the largest Cripple Creek mine owners.

After two weeks at Micanite, we decided to visit Cripple Creek at all hazards. As we approached the town we were impressed with the signs "For Rent" and "For Sale" everywhere conspicuous. We counted 19 in two blocks. As buildings are far apart, this is a large average.

During the day the streets were comparatively quiet; toward evening the people paraded the sidewalks in large numbers. It is a significant fact that nearly all of the stores, even the large ones, were presided over by the proprietor himself. As business no longer warranted the paying of clerks, the largest dry goods store had but two or three.

Yet, these short-sighted citizens are the only happy people in Teller county. One has but to visit the merchants of this district to verify the verdict of Mr. Steffens, the investigator of municipal affairs and writer for McClure's, and Mr. Woodruff, the president of the National Municipal league, of Philadelphia, who agree that the worst citizens we have are our business men. They seldom come out in the open and declare for a principle. They are seldom sufficiently unselfish and public-spirited to lend time, brains or money for a cause or for principle's sake. They seem indifferent to the weal or woe of those around them. Nothing appeals to them until their receipts fall off. When their own pocketbooks are affected they come to life and creep out from behind their counters with the one idea of bringing back trade or revenging themselves upon those who are responsible for its falling off. This is all true of Cripple Creek district business people. When the receipts dropped to actual loss, they came out into the open and formed a "Citizens' Alliance," which is nothing more nor less than a "vigilance committee," or organization of "white caps," backed up and encouraged by the military.

While few sympathized with the Federation of Labor methods, we found the "Citizens' Alliance" had discounted the Federation's acts of lawlessness and tyranny until no man could secure work in Cripple Creek district without a card from the vigilance committee. Even business men are boycotted unless they affiliate with this organized mob.

We met friends on the street and were cautioned to speak in whispers because everyone is a spy upon his neighbor. This vigilance committee, or "white cap" brigade, is breeding hypocrites, liars and bearers of false witness. The word of a member of the Citizens' Alliance has more effect and weight than the solemn oaths of 20 reputable citizens not members of it. Consequently any member of this organized mob, who has an enemy, can get him