

ever. Slight as has been the element of public ownership in this case, it has reduced street lighting in Springfield from \$137.50 per arc light per annum, to less than \$60.

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#### Moses Harman's Release.

About a year ago (vol. viii, pp. 242, 290, 806, 815) Mr. Moses Harman was convicted in the Federal court of mailing an obscene article in his periodical, *Lucifer*. He was convicted, not because the jury considered the article obscene, but because the presiding judge instructed the jury that the question of obscenity was not within their province, that the only question for them to pass upon was the fact of the mailing of the paper. In fact the article was not obscene, and Mr. Harman's conviction and imprisonment were, as the Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones describes them, "nothing less than a crime." It is a subject for congratulation that Mr. Harman's imprisonment has under these circumstances been treated by some of the good men and women of the community as an honor instead of a disgrace, and that they should therefore have greeted him with an honorable reception upon his return. It was no misplaced praise, that of the late Ernest Howard Crosby, when in responding to an invitation to this reception he said: "No one can know Mr Harman personally or through his writings without becoming impressed by the purity and honesty of his purpose and by the fact that his main impulse is what seems to him a high ideal." These words we repeat and endorse, not in advocacy of Mr. Harman's views, for we dissent from them, but in the same spirit in which Mr. Crosby added to his personal praise the words: "That such men should be met by the arguments of iron bars and dungeon cells shows that the spirit of Torquemada is not entirely exorcised."

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#### The Traction Referendum in Chicago.

Mayor Dunne has insisted upon a referendum on the traction ordinance, (p. 914), but every influence to prevent this has been resorted to by the newspapers that do the "hurrah" work for the traction companies. This seems to be the supreme test which the companies and their coadjutors wish to avoid, and at last they have come to depend upon the impossibility of securing a referendum petition for lack of sufficient time. In the *Chicago Tribune* of the 6th this expectation was "given dead away." "The question of a referendum on the ordinance at the spring election," said the *Tribune* of that date, "practically will be

settled by the date on which the settlement is reported to the Council; if the measures are not submitted until next week, and no move toward getting at the petition is made before that time, it is unlikely that the requisite number of signatures, 86,000, can be secured before the statutory limit of February 1."

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But Mayor Dunne has not been as fast asleep as some of his friends have feared and his enemies have believed. On the 7th he urged the City Council by message to readopt the Foreman resolution of a year or more ago (vol. viii, p. 456), pledging the Council to make no final settlement of the traction question without an approval by popular vote on referendum. The adverse vote upon this request of the Mayor proves the danger that confronts the city. If a referendum is not obtained before the 1st of February, the Council will probably pass, over the Mayor's veto, a franchise ordinance that will practically strip the city of its rights and turn over the streets for twenty years to come to Pierpont Morgan's stock-jobbing crew.

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#### ERNEST HOWARD CROSBY.

To some men their ideals are realities, and Ernest Howard Crosby was conspicuously one of these. His ideals were not dreamy ruminations for drawing room chat or club house banter. They were not intellectual playthings for leisure hours when the serious work of life is suspended. They were in no sense secondary. Mr. Crosby's ideals were to him the primary object of his life, its beginning and its end, its form and its substance, to which everything else was subordinate, to which everything else was made to give way.

Accidents of worldly fortune had indeed placed him beyond any necessity for practically contrasting the seriousness of his ideals with the seriousness of making a living. But such a test would have been a minor one in comparison with some that he actually endured. The essence of it all is not that as a man of leisure he was able to devote himself to his ideals with singleness of mind, but that in all he did, whether from necessity or choice, his ideals had the first place and the controlling influence.

They were worthy of it. For Ernest Crosby's ideals were both lofty and practical. He loved his fellow man with a love that was more than affectionate emotion and truer than conventional philanthropy. Emotional it certainly was, but it was the emotion that inspires. With him the