

No man can do business nowadays unless he does the very things that Mr. Calhoun did. They all do it, if they are successful business men." "It is hardly possible that a man of Mr. Calhoun's ability, business experience and financial connections would ever be a poor man by reason of taking a stand for honesty, and even if he did, would it not be better to be poor than to commit crime?" The lady who had foreboded poverty for Mr. Calhoun replied "No. A man's first duty is to his wife and family, to keep them in the position and comfort to which they are accustomed." . . . The poor man steals his loaf of bread for starving wife and babes, and goes to jail—the law must have its course. Private property must be protected without regard to the station of the wife and children. The rich man robs the city, steals public property,—and is defended by this new type of American wife and mother, as necessary to maintain her station of luxury; he does not go to jail. Public property does not need to be protected—in fact, with most consistent logic, it is justifiable to steal public property to protect private property—if you do it on a big enough scale. There is nothing to get excited about. This old-fashioned patriotism of the little woman who would rather take in washing than have her husband maintain her station by public corruption—perhaps "his is obsolete, perhaps the other teaching will get us faster along the line of true Americanism. It will encourage Emma Goldman. It is a better argument for anarchy than any she is likely to make. It is better for two reasons—it is so easy and attractive that it will win adherents fast; it is so effective because it can destroy the government absolutely in a generation. All hail to the fashionable anarchist and her anarchistic teaching!

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The Jibe at Nazareth.

The (Chicago) Christian Century (rel.), July 15.—Tom Johnson once declared he was not a reformer. Many a real reformer has sought to deny his supreme title. He has feared the jibe against his Nazareth. He knows the multitude of hair-brained, the eccentric, the fervently biased, the demagogic, the one-sided and he fears the generic term. Then he must deny himself classification with the opposite kind, for there will be found the avaricious, misanthropic, the haters of their kind, the birds of prey, and the plutocratic horde of "help yourself and let the devil take the hindmost" kind. The jibe of "Nazarene" is glorified in its bearer and many a term of derision has become a diadem of glory. The true reformer is the only man that keeps step with the process of the suns. He alone "thinks God's thoughts after Him." The spirit of things is onward and upward. He who leads in the breaking of those ancient customs that have solidified around the spirit and imprisoned it reforms the body to the needs of the enlarging soul. His age may cling to the creed and the custom and defame him as an enemy of his kind, but time sees him emerge from the obscure minority and his host grow as an army out of the night.

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Individual virtue and personal morality, considered as an end, is an instrument of hell.—G. A. Briggs.

RELATED THINGS

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LESSON LEAVES.

For The Public.

You may preach of depravity, sin and damnation,
And sing of a dolorous way to salvation;
Swamp me with volumes of man's pious knowledge
Straight from theology's sacredest college;
You may startle with views of the cosmic creation,
Spontaneous growth or divine revelation;
With forms of selection and symptoms of science,
With altar and psalter that stand in defiance—

The soul of me turns with no reason to offer
To pagan or pedant, to saint or to scoffer;
Turns to the Love that abides and is wooing
Silently, out where my garden is growing—
My garden of flowers, such fragrance distilling
To rapture the senses and set the soul thrilling
With sweet recognition—no isms and proses—
Just the lines writ in the leaves of the roses.

EUFINA C. TOMPKINS.

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SOME REMARKS BY OLD TOM HARDER,

About Killing, and Other Gentle Amusements.

For The Public.

"Like as not ye won't believe me, but sure as I'm livin' an' talkin' to you, Tomkins come clear to the middle o' the corn field to tell me that Roosevelt had killed a big lion with a black mane, an' a lioness without any mane, an' four big rhinoceroses with everything that belongs properly to the rhinoceros tribe. Caught it goin' over the wire, he said; an' Kermit, that's the little Roosevelt, did a lot o' killin on his own account—lions an' rhinos an' other things. Tomkins expected me to be astonished at the news, but try as hard as I could I couldn't git up a bit of astonishment.

"I says to Tomkins, 'I don't see nothin' out o' the ordinary in it. In my readin' an' observation o' things it's the most natural thing in the world for men that don't have some good healthy sort o' work to keep 'em out o' mischief, to git hysterical an' restless an' go out an' kill something. That's the reason we have laws against killin' human bein's, an' laws to protect the game an' fish. If it wasn't that most people have to work for a livin', there wouldn't be hardly anything left alive on the face of the earth.

"'Astonished! Well, I guess not. Now, if you'd come out here an' told me that the King o' the tribe o' Lions had sailed five thousand miles over the ocean an' killed two Roosevelts an' four Aldriches an' a couple o' Joe Cannons, I would have been astonished. If you had told me that

the King o' Lions had sailed all that distance to do some killin', not because he was hungry, but simply because he wanted to kill an' have some hides to adorn the floor o' his kingly den, then I would have been astonished. If you had told me that the Lion King had brought along his youngest cub to participate in the killin', an' lay in a few aristocratic human hides to show his prowess in the killin' line, I should have been more astonished, for I never heard about anything in the animal kingdom actin' that way, 'less it was a weasel. Most animals kill to satisfy their hunger, an' because they know no other way to satisfy it.' An', come to think about it, why should a sane an' reasonable human bein' want to load himself down with killin' machines, an' go out in the wilderness an' shoot down animals that are doin' no harm?

"Of course we start with the presumption that the man is sane an' reasonable. If we admit that he has homicidal, or circular, or some o' the other fashionable kinds of lunacy, we can understand why he delights in killin'. But there's a mystery concealed in the actions of a person who takes so much pains an' trouble to go to the wilderness to shoot wild animals. If the animals was injurin' the crops or makin' it dangerous for the killee in his own country, self-defense would be a reasonable excuse for the killin'; but you can't find such an excuse in the case of the mighty modern hunters. You can't find the excuse of hunger, although some of 'em turns a little ready money by sellin' the spoils. The natives o' the country where the wild beasts breed have not called on any of the big killers to go to their help. At least, the call hasn't been printed yet. Yes, sir-ee! It makes a man think sometimes when he reads about the natives of the countries where the wild beasts live that they would suffer a little less from the wild beasts than they do from the kind o' civilization that the hunters an' the diamond diggers an' the lawmakers bring along with 'em an' impose on the natives, without askin' their consent.

"Of course the men o' science that try to figure out the why is it, about everything, can demonstrate to our satisfaction that the big animals don't have much nerves an' no feelin' to speak of, an' that the killin' don't hurt 'em much, which may be true or may be jest a little untrue. But that ain't what bothers me. I want to know what it is in the man that makes him delight to kill. It would take a man a long time to make a reasonably respectable lookin' lion; an' the man never lived that could put that mysterious thing we call life into the best lookin' lion that could be made. If some feller should make an imitation that looked an' acted jest like a real lion, do you suppose the mighty hunters would travel round the earth to shoot an' destroy it? I think not. Now, if you can explain the impulse that

leads sane an' Christian men to enjoy the takin' o' life without any excuse, an' to enjoy the killin' jest because it is killin', you will give me a heap o' satisfaction.

"I never read about Christ loadin' up with destructive weapons an' goin' out to kill things jest for the fun of it. St. Paul was a strenuous sort of a man, an' we never read about him goin' out to do a little shootin' jest for the fun of it. We read about them goin' fishin', but that was because the hunger drove 'em to it. They made a livin' by it, an' as soon as they got the light o' the gospel in their brains, they cut out the fish, an' went out to catch men an' wean 'em from wrong-doin'.

"No! I ain't a bit astonished when I hear about the killin' o' things for fun. I'll be astonished when they quit killin'. After all, I 'spect it is better to kill the wild beasts than it is to capture 'em, an' shut 'em up in cages, an' treat 'em the way they do in the shows an' menageries. There's a whole lot o' things done by men, an' especially by white men, that could be done better if we could only make our Christianity a little more on the Christian pattern."

GEORGE V. WELLS.

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THE INITIATIVE AND REFERENDUM.

An Effective Ally of Representative Government.

Lewis Jerome Johnson, Professor of Civil Engineering, Harvard University, in the *New England Magazine* for June.

Our fathers founded this government in order to secure for the people—all the people—the blessings of life, liberty, and happiness. They devised institutions and machinery for attaining this end.

Today, after the lapse of a century and a quarter, combinations of power, of financial, industrial, and even political power, have found intrenchment in these institutions in the face of which, for multitudes of our population, life is precarious, liberty practically despaired of, and happiness, except of a kind enjoyed by the Roman proletariat and the plantation slave, unknown. We wonder why. We know that no one would be more impatient of such conditions than our revolutionary forefathers, and no one more keen and resolute in seeking a remedy. Honor to their revered memory requires us to scrutinize their work, and modernize it if necessary, just as they modernized their inherited institutions.

Accordingly we turn first to the underlying spirit and purposes of our institutions. We find nothing to criticize, even after all this time. Even in this blasé age we are thrilled and inspired with a new enthusiasm by the ideals expressed by our fathers in founding this Republic. We quickly conclude we cannot hope to suggest improvements in this quarter.