

democratic; it is not chosen by the people and is not accountable to them. In fact, for practical purposes is not accountable to anybody. Jefferson opposed this manner of creating a judiciary with all his might, and he pointed out that here would ultimately be found the tomb of American liberty. How prophetic was that vision? During its whole career this branch of the government has never been on the side of the weak, but always on the side of power. First it stood for federalism and usurpation.

When Gen. Jackson tried to protect the American people from the clutches of the great rotten bank the federal judiciary used all its power to help that institution. After the bank went down this same judiciary did the bidding of the mighty slave power, and after this went down these courts took the corporations under their wings and many of them seemed to become mere side-door conveniences for concentrated and even corrupt capital. For the last 30 years the corporations have fled to the federal courts as the ancient murderers fled to cities of refuge—there they felt safe. Recognizing that the construction of the laws is more important than making laws, these powerful influences have allowed no man to be appointed judge whom they did not believe friendly to them. They do not buy federal judges because it is not necessary. In their eagerness to serve the corporations, these judges have in recent years established government by injunctions in this country, under which a judge becomes legislator, court and executioner. They brush free speech—the liberty of the citizen—and trial by jury away with a contemptuous sneer.

The Anglo-Saxon race has shed its blood to maintain these bulwarks of liberty, and our constitution guarantees them to every citizen. But they have already been stabbed to the vitals. For several years we have beheld the spectacle of some supreme court and other federal judges dragging their ermine around over the land to act the part of advocates for those interests which are destroying republicanism in this country. What are the liberties of America worth when committed to the guardianship of such men? During the recent campaign Mr. Depew came to Chicago under the auspices of the Hamilton club to deliver a partisan address at the Auditorium. Federal Judge Peter S. Groscup mounted the rostrum for the purpose of introducing the orator, and told the audience, among other things, that the light of Jefferson was waning—that on the dial plate of our

nation's history this hour was Hamilton's, that Hamilton's great name exactly fitted these times, etc.

My friends, must we admit that Judge Groscup was right? Let us look around again. The senate of the great state of Ohio has just indicted a Hamiltonian senator for bribery and debauchery in securing a high office. A grand jury in Pennsylvania has just indicted another Hamiltonian senator for robbing the treasury of the state. Almost every great trust appears to have one or more Hamiltonian senators as standing conveniences. In the house of representatives, where the voice of the people was supposed to be heard, we find a pensioned ring-master of monopoly stifling the voice of the people's representatives and reducing republican congressmen to a condition of pity and contempt. Two years ago a horde of Hamiltonian statesmen went to the capital of Illinois and not only sold out the people but robbed the state of everything in sight. Wherever you find dirty finger marks in the temple of justice or a foul odor in the halls of legislation, there you will find Hamiltonism. Verily the spirit of Hamilton fits these times, but what shall we say of a judiciary that openly rejoices over the fact that an era of corruption has enveloped the land, that the betrayal of the people has become a science, and that the robbing of the people has become a fine art? And now we are to widen the sphere of this class of statesmen by giving them a chance to rob the Filipinos! Heaven pity those poor people. The Spaniard took what was in sight, but the Hamiltonite, with his bond jobbery, enters the womb of the future and plasters his mortgage on remote generations.—Hon. Jno. P. Altgeld before the Jacksonian Club of Omaha.

JAIL BOYS.

Statements made to a reporter of the Chicago Evening Post, by Miss Nellie J. Flood, the teacher of the school in the jail of Cook county, Ill., for the boys who are confined there awaiting trial.

I think my boys are easier to manage than the average boy in the public schools. This does not mean that the boys in the jail are better than those outside. Probably their tractability is partly to be accounted for by the fact that their teacher is the only woman with whom they come in contact, and the novelty of this association makes an impression on them, for they are just as impressionable as any other boys, and perhaps a little more so. Then most of these poor little fellows are strangers to anything like womanly affection and a sincere and active

interest in their welfare. This is not true of all of them, but I am afraid it applies to the majority of my pupils. My work has gone far toward disproving the doctrine of "natural and inherited depravity." On the other hand, it has forced me to the conviction that depraved surroundings and associations are mainly responsible for the acts which bring the boys behind the bars.

Only a few months ago I visited the home of one of my boys and talked with his mother. She insisted he was a bad boy and nothing short of the reform school would better him. In the course of the conversation I learned that he had been allowed no liberty at home and that he was strapped for the slightest offense. After a long argument she was prevailed upon to give him another chance under the condition that in the place of the strap she should show a little motherly affection and allow him to enjoy some of the privileges that are the natural right of a boy. On my recommendation the court gave the lad his liberty. Shortly after this, on entering the Sunday school I attend, my hand was grasped and I heard a childish voice exclaim: "How do you do, Miss Flood? Everything's all right now."

As I glanced down I looked into the happy eyes of the boy who had been returned to his home. He has been "made over" by the new treatment he has received at home, and now gives excellent promise of becoming a useful and honest man.

SIR ROBERT GIFFEN ON LAND-LORDISM.

From an essay on "Taxes on Land," written in 1871 by Robert, now Sir Robert Giffen.

At the past rate of increase, the real property of England, which is now worth about £150,000,000 a year, will be worth £250,000,000 in another 30 years. And a large part of this additional £100,000,000, perhaps the half of it or more, will not be owing to any investment of capital in improvements, but to increasing monopoly value. At the past rate of increase, however, our rates will be under £30,000,000, so that, at the outside, there will not be an additional burden of £15,000,000 to set against an additional value of £100,000,000, while much of that additional burden will also have fallen, not on the property generally, but on the profits of the improvements. There is little hope of touching this immense augmentation. But this is hardly a result to be rejoiced over by the defenders of private property in land. If they were wise in their generation it should be

their aim to show that the present system, besides any indirect advantages to the community it may have, is also directly beneficial to the state, because it provides a large fund for the support of national charges. Looking forward to the great increase of value which is inevitable, they should rather, of all others, be anxious to secure a large appropriation to the state, as some compensation to the masses for the privilege of exclusive possession which they enjoy. The divorce of the people of England from the soil would be more, and not less, defensible than it is if it could be shown that private property in it was so regulated as to relieve the general taxpayer of his burdens.

There is not one who reads the history of our own struggle for independence who does not realize that the inhabitants of these conquered islands have as great a grievance against the conquering republic as we had against the conquering monarchy. I have confidence that the democratic party will pursue a single policy, offering to these various countries independent government. If when they become independent, they desire to be annexed, we may consider their applications upon their merits. We will very likely be defeated in such a policy, but time will justify it.—Hon. Geo. Fred Williams, in Boston Post.

"I don't put much stock in this here imperialism; but, I tell ye, I'm right in fer the annexation of Cuba. We need it ter perfect Porto Rico!"

"Oh! yes; but I can't see any use in us havin' Porto Rico!"

"Ye can't? Yer a suppyficial reasomer, Hank. We need it ter perfect Cuba, an' we need Cuba ter perfect Porto Rico. This thing of gov'ment an' ferrin policy is a complex an' a interrelated thing!" —Puck.

If, by order of President McKinley, American guns are fired upon the Filipino patriots at Iloilo, President McKinley deserves to be impeached. Why? Because, under the constitution congress alone can declare war, and congress never has declared war against the Filipinos. Are we to have a dose of usurpation along with the forced draught of imperialism?—Boston Post.

In a recent lecture Mr. Zangwill told the following story: "At one of our seaside resorts—Ramsgate or some other similar place—I was lying on my back on the sands, when I overheard some Jews discussing me and my work. 'Oh,' said one, 'I don't think he's so very clever. He's a Jew and knows all about Jews. No wonder he can write

novels about Jews. There's Besant now. He's written a book about Jews. He doesn't know anything about them. That's what I call clever!'"—Public Opinion.

I heard Dr. Hale say a year ago that one of the greatest Abolitionists who had fought and almost died to help the slaves to freedom, one who kept a station of the "Underground Railway," was approached recently by his little boy, 12 years of age, and the boy said: "Papa, what is a slave?" His father had almost died to free the slave, and the boy had never heard of one until he was 12 years old, and then had to ask this question. And the day is coming when the boys will look into the faces of their parents and say not only "What is a slave?" but they will say: "What is poverty?" "What is injustice?" "What is war?" and the parent shall scarcely find language for adequate description to the child.—Benj. Fay Mills, in the Social Gospel.

The Indianapolis Sentinel, of October 19, publishes a list of evictions made in Indianapolis during the previous six days.

The number was 121.

This was not in Ireland, but in Indianapolis, a city of home owners!—Justice, of Wilmington, Del.

Reformer—But don't you think that public office should be a public trust?

Statesman—Why, certainly! I don't believe in investigation committees, or anything like that!—Puck.

It is said that a little German clerk in the government office at Johannesburg once got the better of Cecil Rhodes. The latter had to stand in line and didn't like it. He had not been used to standing in line in South Africa or anywhere else. "Please attend to me at once," he said, "I can't wait." "When your turn comes, mister," mumbled the clerk. "Confound you, sir! don't you know who I am? I'm Rhodes." "Oh,

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yes, I knew that, but that doesn't worry me," was the unruffled reply. "If you were in Cape Town I'd have you discharged in a minute," roared Mr. Rhodes. "Yes, I've heard that they discharge people in Cape Town for doing their duty," answered the clerk, "but we ain't in Capt Town; this is a republic!" — Northwestern Christian Advocate.

They terribly carpet the earth with dead, and before their cannon cool, They walk unarmed by twos and threes to call the living to school.

—From Rudyard Kipling's ballad of "Kitchener's School."

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