

money he didn't earn, is paid for by whoever did earn it.

If he pays his passage with money he got as a gift, what is he but a charity passenger? If he got it by trick or device or force, whether according to the shipping articles or in defiance of them, what is he but a thief or at best a sponge? Every one of us must work his passage on the good ship Earth or be a loafer. And on this ship a loafer is a parasite; for every one's work is needed, and if any loaf others must overwork.

It isn't a question, either, of working on the bridge or on the deck, in the cabin or in the hold. Useful work, not its grade, is the kind that counts in paying our passage on the good ship Earth.

Dropping Quick's nautical metaphor, the question with everyone who would not be a parasite, is how can he serve his fellow men. Whether he is rich or poor makes no difference, or free or slave, at liberty or in prison, educated or ignorant, of good repute or bad; he can nevertheless be useful, and unless he is useful he helps to make this a disorderly world. In as much as he is useful he serves, whereas if he be not useful he is a loafer of the kind that is also a parasite.

The old Negro who boasted of his indispensability at Sunday School was as useful as he thought he was. Though despised as a slave, too ignorant for a teacher, too old for a pupil and too crippled to distribute and gather up the books or sweep the room, he was useful in the Sunday School because, as he himself explained, he "just sat on the pulpit stairs and smiled at the children."

To give pleasure is to serve. To augment comfort is to serve. To encourage good service is to give good service. To promote freedom, or education, or a larger participation of all in the benefits of civilization, is to be useful. Whoever does any of these things faithfully is paying his way as truly as if he were clearing forests with the work of his hands. Slavery and prisons and monopolization of the benefits that civilization has to offer are obstacles, and in helping society to put them aside there is work to do.

Such work The Joliet Prison Post is doing. It is a public service that can be done in prison and by prisoners as well as by others and out of prison. It can be done by even the humblest prisoner. In so far as any prisoner moulds his own life in the moral and civic matrix the Post is making, to that degree is that prisoner working for the abolition of prisons. Not merely by making less occasion for them through individual self reform, but also by making less public necessity for them through social reform.

That those obstacles, and all others, may be soon removed from the paths of civilization is greatly to be desired. But even while they remain there is work to do, not only for their removal

but within their limitations. In prisons and out of prisons, as in poverty and above its reach, the need of useful service is insistent and opportunity for it abundant.

No one is so poor that he cannot do something to help others, no one is so much a prisoner that he cannot freely serve in some way, no one is so ignorant that he cannot teach, no one is so degraded that his friendship is altogether unwelcome. Or, if there be any such, then at any rate there is no one who cannot do service by refusing to do harm.

It would revolt me to be suspected of handing these thoughts patronizingly to prisoners. There is no more need for them inside of prisons than outside, nor by the most hopeless convict than by myself. In so far as they may be a prison sermon it is my wish that instead of a sermon handed in to prisoners they may be regarded as a sermon handed out by prisoners.

For that reason I invite their first publication in The Joliet Prison Post. The Post appeals to me as the local paper of a community that interests me. It interests me not for the peculiar misfortunes of its inhabitants—the inhabitants of all communities have misfortunes—but for the good it is beginning to do, for the public service it is beginning to develop, The Joliet Prison Post reflects local interests and local character. Like any other local paper, it is published for local service and not for the information or education of other communities; yet it contributes, even as all local papers do, to the information and the education and consequently to the fraternal unifying of all communities. It belongs to that great family of local papers through which communities come to know one another and to recognize their likeness as groups in the common whole of civilization. Published primarily for the Joliet Prison community, The Prison Post photographs the character of its community even as other local papers photograph the character of theirs. It is therefore as their own message from themselves to themselves—this community at Joliet—and by reflection to their fellow citizens of the world, their fellow passengers on board the good ship Earth, that I prefer seeing this little discourse appear first in the Post. I would rather have it go from them with their genuine endorsement than to them for their supposed edification.



A VISIT TO THE PENITENTIARY.

William J. Robinson, M. D., in Critic and Guide.

Some time ago, the exact date does not matter, I visited the Capitol of the State. . . . As our American cities of small and medium size are not noted for the interesting and entertaining features that they offer to the stranger, time dragged somewhat wearily and a friend suggested one

afternoon that we visit the state penitentiary. He thought it would be very interesting. As I had never seen the inside, or the outside for that matter, of a penitentiary before, I agreed. Had I known what effect that visit would have on me I would have refrained. I went for a week's rest, and not only was the rest completely destroyed, but the depression which the visit produced lasted for a long time after, spoiling both my sleep and my appetite.

The approach to the penitentiary had nothing unpleasant or forbidding. A few trusties with pleasant smiling faces were mending the road, and, except in their clothes, did not differ from other workmen. The first unpleasant thing was the warden, an extremely stout, red-headed, triple-chinned fellow with a brutish face, with Cruelty and Vice clearly depicted on it. From his appearance and from the few remarks I heard him exchange with some guards and other subordinates I gained the conviction that morally he was probably as low as any of the inmates of the penitentiary, if not lower.

We were shown to the office, where we had to sign our names in a book and pay twenty-five cents each, and were told to wait until some more people came and then we would be taken around by a guard. There were not many visitors that day. After waiting for some time two young ladies came, and then the guard took us around. I shall never forget the feeling I had when the heavy doors closed behind us.

We were first taken through the shops. At one long table a number of convicts were working, making mats and brushes. At the end of each table a guard sat with a cocked revolver in his hand, ready for instant action. The convicts were not simply working, they were all the time rushing furiously as if their very lives depended upon their finishing a certain thing at a certain given second. There was not a moment's rest, it was continuous rush, rush, rush. I only then for the first time understood what was meant by the term "hard labor." It was not merely working, it was speeding one's life out to accomplish a certain task in a certain given time, with the spectre of a terrible punishment if the task was not completed. The involuntary glances which the convicts cast at us—they were not supposed to look at visitors—were not over friendly and I felt ashamed of myself for coming to look at human wretchedness when there was no possibility to help or alleviate it.

In the laundry there was the same terrible hurry. They were working as if their lives depended upon it. While no weapons were applied to the convicts it seemed as if they were prodded with red-hot iron or whipped with cats-o-nine-tails, for only under a feeling of physical pain could human beings move and work so rapidly. The two young ladies that were with us giggled.

To them it seemed great fun. My friend remained perfectly calm, it didn't seem to move him at all. We were then taken to the kitchen, where a number of people worked, and it was the same thing.

After this we were taken to the tiers of cells where a number of solitaires were locked in day and night. At one cell a stout, middle aged negress was shaking the bars like a savage animal, screaming and cursing at the top of her voice, and as we passed her she emitted a horrible yell and spat at us. I am quite sure that that poor creature was mad.

The small, dark, musty cells were horrible. The day was extremely hot and I can just imagine the sufferings of those poor human creatures locked up there day and night, thirsty, hungry, sweltering, suffocating. I was getting sick and wanted to leave, but was told that I could not, but had to go through the regular rounds and then be let out by the accompanying guard.

The faces of some of the cell inmates left impressions never to be forgotten. I saw them in my dreams, both by day and by night.

We were taken into a special matron's room, where some privileged and well behaved women were sewing under her direction. I am glad to say that the women had the spunk to turn their backs on us, so that we could not see their faces. The ultra-obliging guard also showed us the initiation of a new prisoner. A young boy of about twenty was brought in, and he showed us how he was measured for his prison clothes, stripped, etc.

As I say, the impression of the visit to the penitentiary, which I am told is not by any means the worst in the country, was to me most terrible. A civilization, I thought, which must have, or thinks it must have, such institutions is a civilization of a pretty low order.

But what I wanted to bring out particularly is the behavior of the visitors towards what they saw. The two young ladies giggled and laughed throughout. Even the unearthly screaming of the negress, which almost made my blood congeal, produced no effect on them. They were two animals utterly devoid of brains. They did not even have enough brain power for the question to come to them whether what they saw was right or wrong. To them it was simply something strange, unusual, and therefore funny. My friend was a man with brains, but to him it all seemed perfectly right. He did not enjoy these things but he thought them unavoidable. Not only unavoidable, but as useful and as necessary as a hospital. A man committed a crime, he endangered people's property or lives, and he had to be punished for it, and besides Society had a right to protect itself against further crimes. The question whether society was not in some way responsible for the criminal's actions, or more important still, whether there was not a better, a humaner, a

more efficient way of dealing with the criminal, did not come to his mind.

And as I left that hell and was again inhaling the fresh air and enjoying the bright sunshine I thought to myself that this penitentiary and its four visitors represented the whole world and the attitude of human beings towards it. The two young ladies represented a 'huge number of people who have not brains enough to think or to ask any questions. To them everything is measured by their personal position, by their personal feelings. They haven't enough imagination to put themselves in another one's place and anything unusual, even if it be the agony of a fellow being, is "fun" to them. My friend represented another huge proportion of mankind, people who do think, though not in an original way; people who do ask questions occasionally, but to whom this world is the best of all worlds, or even if it is not the best it is the best that we can have, because human nature is bad and the people can only be ruled with an iron hand. Improvement, in their opinion, is only possible when men and women will become angels, but as this is not likely to happen, why the world will have to go on as it has been going on for the past centuries.

As to myself, I suppose I represent the crank, the dreamer, the mushy philosopher, the impossibilist. Well, we'll let it go at that.



THROUGH CHINESE GLASSES.

Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

What does a "heathen Chinese" think of war, the war now ravaging Europe?

Perhaps the most notable and best-cultured Chinaman in Cincinnati is Wong Yie, who conducts a restaurant at 628 Vine street.

"They call us 'heathen Chinese,'" said Wong Yie to The Commercial Tribune last night. "But what are we to think of the Christian nations that are now doing everything contrary to the teachings of Jesus Christ? He said: 'Peace on earth, good will toward men.' But that is not what is going on in Christian Europe at the present time.

"Do they really believe in the teachings of Christ, or are they 'making believe,' like a lot of children? One of the ten commandments given by God to Moses was: 'Thou shalt not kill.' No attention is being paid to that.

"Remember, it is not like an individual man, who, when flushed with sudden anger or mad passion, kills another. No; there is presented the spectacle of entire nations in cold blood organizing deliberately on an elaborate scale for the sole and definite purpose of killing the inhabitants of other nations. What excuse is there for that?

"They know, too, from past experience, what war is. They know what it engenders. They

know its cost, not alone in life, but in property, in health, in morals, in the sacrifice of all that is most admired, most beautiful and most valuable in this life.

"They call us 'heathens.' What do Chinamen do or have they done that is more heathenish than war and all it involves?

"They may say the Chinese are not manly. But I ask what distinguishes man from the lower animals except it be the possession of reason, of the supremacy of mind over mere force?

"The Chinese believe that nation to be the most manly that practices manliness, the qualities of a man, not an immature child or one of the lower animals. We do not confuse coarseness with courage, braggadocio with bravery.

"It is hard indeed for a Chinaman to understand this thing. I know from personal observation what fine men there are in the countries now at war. They see things ordinarily in a very true light, but in this thing of war they seem to contradict themselves in all other things.

"The Chinese have much to learn from European races, and especially of their offspring in America, but we can not comprehend the mental attitude that endures war.

"Now we know after these nations are exhausted with strife, after millions of dollars of property have been destroyed, after innumerable men are killed, that there will be a congress called to treat over a settlement. The Chinese mind asks why not have this congress of reason before rather than after the fight and thereby avoid the fight?

"Yes, it is a strange thing indeed."



IF!

Bartholomew F. Griffin, in Boston News Bureau.

Suppose 'twere done!
The lanyard pulled on every shotted gun;
Into the wheeling death-clutch sent
Each millioned armament,
To grapple there
On land, on sea and under, and in air!
Suppose at last 'twere come—
Now, while each bourse and shop and mill is
dumb
And arsenals and dockyards hum—
Now all complete, supreme,
That vast, Satanic dream!—

Each field were trampled, soaked,
Each stream dyed, choked,
Each leaguered city and blockaded port
Made famine's sport;
The empty wave
Made reeling dreadnought's grave;
Cathedral, castle, gallery, smoking fell
'Neath bomb and shell;
In deathlike trance
Lay industry, finance;