

Death is but the final sleep and is it unreasonable to believe that as its coming night draws near, messages are sent and received, and that loving, rescuing arms are stretched down to the immortal part to conduct it where there is always music and light?

The Case Of Fred Warren

WILLIAM MARION REEDY of St. Louis takes up the case of Fred Warren, who is editor of the "Appeal to Reason," a Socialist paper published in Girard, Kas., who on a charge of inciting violence, has been tried, convicted and sentenced to six months' imprisonment in a federal penitentiary and a fine of \$1,500.

The Mirror recalls the spiriting away of Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone from Colorado to Idaho, and how it was impossible to get them released by any of the courts, and how Warren tried in the same way to get the question before the courts, offered a reward of a large sum to anyone who would capture and take into the Kentucky jurisdiction ex-Governor William Taylor of that state, who then stood accused of being a participant with Caleb Powers in the murder of Governor Goebel of Kentucky. For issuing that proclamation it seems Warren was arrested, tried, convicted and sentenced.

The Mirror cites the cases of the New York World and Indianapolis News editors against whom ex-President Roosevelt tried to work off some political or personal spite through the courts and had things so fixed that he thought he could drag both editors to Washington and have them tried on an obsolete law, and intimates that they got away because they and their papers are rich and influential.

We do not care to discuss the matter except to point out the difference between these cases.

There had been a long series of murders in Colorado, which were charged to the Western Federation of Miners. Before they were perpetrated, there had been acts of extreme violence perpetrated in Idaho by the same organization, the then governor of Idaho, as he was bound to do under his oath, had taken the necessary means to restore order. Long after that and after the murders in Colorado the Idaho governor was assassinated at his own gate. A man was arrested who voluntarily confessed to having been the assassin. He further averred that he was supplied with money by the officers of the Federation, to go to Idaho for the express purpose of committing the murder, and that he had been a principal in the Colorado murders. Under such a showing extraordinary measures were resorted to in order to bring those officers under the Idaho jurisdiction. Whether the means taken were all legal or not we are not discussing.

Warren, Debs and the others of that company denounced the arrest, evidently because they heartily approved of the Colorado murders and the murder of Governor Steunenberg. The men on trial in Idaho were acquitted, and criticism of them ended then. The cases of Goebel, Powers and Taylor were the outcome of a Kentucky political feud, which in Kentucky generally culminated in murder. When a crime is committed and an accused man is brought into court, the first thing sought is the motive behind the crime. We do not know, of course, anything about the trial of Warren, but suspect from what the Mirror says that Warren's motive was what was tried; that the judge and jury believed that could he have carried out his purpose, and had Governor Taylor turned over to the friends of Governor Goebel and hanged, it would be a feather in Warren's cap and would have hastened the day which Warren is praying for, when society will be disintegrated and all laws set at naught. If that was the case, then a great deal of the Mirror's sympathy is wasted, or at least not available.

Of course the freedom of the press is invio-

lable, but like every other form of freedom, in this country it must be subject to the laws.

When an editor, through his paper, strikes foul blows at society, the liberty of society to strike back is unquestioned.

As to the suits incited by the ex-president against the editors of the World and News; they were born of pure spite and meanness; and the law he acted under would not last fifteen minutes in any competent court. He hoped to make those editors trouble and expense, but succeeded only in giving them most valuable advertisements.

They also emphasized the value of the old rule, that when equity is sought in the courts, he who seeks it must go into court with clean hands.

Christmas

CHRISTMAS will come in at midnight, tonight. This little poem on Christmas was written in California fifty years ago by Charles F. Craddock:

"O, winds that blow
From palmy isles or realms of snow,
Be still!
O, waves that roll,
In majesty from pole to pole,
Be still!
O, sea, no more
With vain complainings vex the shore;
Be still!

Peace, peace to winds and waves and sea,
God's peace for all eternity.
Lo! wise men bring
From the rich east their offering
To Judah's king!
And at his feet
With precious gifts and odors sweet,
Fall worshipping.
O, stars that gleam
From bending skies, on Jordan's stream
Together sing—
Peace, peace, God's peace on land and sea
Good will to men eternally!"

Christmas Shopping

ALL the week past people have been Christmas shopping. The old, the young, the middle aged, the mothers, the fathers and the children, yes, and the young men and young women; yes, more still. An old grizzled miner, evidently, entered a famous saloon yesterday and said: "Does any express run to ———, in Nevada? What will four quart bottles of your best cost and what will the express charges be?" Being informed, he from some recess in his clothing produced an old time California buckskin purse, untied the string, poured out some gold pieces on the counter and said: "Take the damages for your poison and the express charges, and send the bundle to Sikes, Brennen and Curly, ———, Nev. Hold on! Put in three plugs of black jack for smoking." Then he explained that the three cusses were living on an outside prospect, and Christmas was coming, and they would want to celebrate. But, said the vender of the poison, "Why do you send four bottles rather than three or six?" "Who's running this?" was the reply. "What an inquisitive tenderfoot you must be! Can't you see that they will get outside of a bottle apiece the first night, and that next morning they will need a round or two each to steady their nerves?"

And he went away, and just then an old man passed, looking furtively into the windows, and he was followed by three boys and a girl, and it was clear that they had been pooling their capital for something for mamma; and young ladies passed, and by their blushes that they had just bought something for—no matter whom; and there were young men who wore that sheepish but de-

termined look which gave them dead away; and there were mothers whose faces showed that they never so much longed to be rich as at Christmas time; and the crowd makes a panorama which is beautiful to look upon, for it all seems moving toward that shore where the song will be "Glory to God in the Highest," and the refrain will be "Peace on earth and to man good will."

The Divine Sarah

EASTERN papers tell us that the youthfulness displayed by Sarah Bernhardt is "uncanny." They need not worry about Sarah; she is only just as aged as she feels. She has tried all manner of experiments; she is content now to take things as they come and have just as jolly a time as she can. If now and then a twinge of pain strikes her, she does not sit down and say "this is the beginning of the end," rather orders it off, and with delicious French anathemas bids it not return for fifteen years yet, and assuming the character of a young girl plays it so near to life that by her acting her art she is perpetually renewing her youth.

Then the footlights help her. Before them she has been subduing men for a good while, and she likes to keep up the practice. "They are such—what you say—such suckers." Sarah is still divine. May she long make the world glad.

The Filipinos

A RECENT visitor to the Philippines gives an interview in which he says the people of those islands do not like Americans; that the higher classes are quite outspoken in their dislike. This is possibly true. A stream cannot rise higher than its source. They are a race that is blood-tainted. Not many of them are at all proud of their ancestors, thousands of them are in doubt who their ancestors were, and their blood on all sides is treacherous blood. Again, gratitude is a trait that has never been developed among them. Most of them were but a trifle better than slaves when the Americans went there. Not one of them was secure either in life or property. The different tribes were always at war; and the ignorance of all but a trifling few was most profound, while the exactions of the Spanish tax gatherers kept the ordinary dwellers there on the verge of starvation from the cradle to the grave. The Americans have established order; they have established peace; they have built roads that the poor might get their products to market; they have given all perfect liberty to do any legitimate thing; they have built hundreds of school houses and instructors to open to them the first leaves in the book of knowledge; they are enforcing the laws which secure to every man what is his own; they are promoting them to positions as fast as they can trust them; they have in ten years wrought a complete transformation there, and in doing that have trenched upon no right which was ever theirs. This would naturally awaken the gratitude of any save a mongrel race. It does not theirs, because they are morally irresponsible. There is nothing to do but carry on the work along the lines of right; but it is a notice that the United States wants no more territory that is peopled by mongrels, for they are not worth redeeming.

Russia, says a contemporary, has but the ghost of a navy. And her last one didn't even have the ghost of a chance.

General Wood declares against fortifying the big canal. He's talking through his Panama.

Canada wants to annex Maine. It would be just like Democratic luck to have that happen.