

Third, the National resources must remain in the ownership and under the control of the Nation, which, in the exercise of that control, must secure exceptional reward for those men of exceptional ability who, under Government regulation, develop such National resources. All the people of the United States agree with the first two propositions, at least in theory; they are divided on the third. Upon that proposition Mr. Taft and Mr. Roosevelt are agreed respecting coal and forest lands, while Mr. Taft is doubtful, and Mr. Roosevelt is not, respecting water power sites.

But it is very uncertain what view on this question of Federal ownership and control of the National property is held by the old-time leaders of the Republican party, who to a large extent have controlled the party action in the past, and are now vigorously fighting to keep that control for the future. In our judgment, there is no question so important to come before the next Congress, and none, therefore, so important to come before the people at this fall election, as the following:

Shall the National resources, including coal and other mineral deposits, forests, grazing lands, water power sites, and swamp and arid lands, be given to capitalists for private development; or turned over to the States for State regulation; or retained in the possession and under the control of the Federal Government, to be developed under such regulation as the Federal Government may provide?

It is, we believe, not because Mr. Roosevelt has any political personal ambitions for the future, but because he is eager to have the country adopt the third of these opinions and incorporate in its legislation the third of these policies, that he is engaged in so strenuous a campaign. It is, we believe, only as the Republican party commits itself, vigorously and beyond recall, to the policy of Federal ownership and control of the National property, that it can hope to carry the next election; and we recommend those of our readers who agree with us that this New Federalism is necessary to the future welfare of the Nation to vote for no Congressman who has not, by official act, public speech, or personal pledge, committed himself explicitly to its support.

LIFE DRIVING OUT DEATH

Christ lived in a destructive age, and became himself a victim to its habit of destroying that which it did not understand. The leper, having ceased to be of use and become a possible danger, was put out of the gate and might starve at leisure; the man whose brain was disordered was left to wander among the tombs and become a hopeless madman; the woman overtaken in her sin was stoned; the man who doubted was anathematized; the alien was an enemy to be crushed; the nation was a family to be guarded by fear and hatred of other families; religion was a special privilege not to be shared with others less favored; God was the friend and protector of his chosen people, the scourge and slayer of other peoples. The instinct and habit were, not to convert the unbeliever, but to make an end of him; not to teach others faith in the true God, but to invoke the vengeance of that God upon them. Jonah was bitterly disappointed when the people of Nineveh repented; he wanted to see a fiery rain fall on them.

And this habit of destruction, after the brief, delusive, autumnal peace which the Roman Empire compassed by universal conquest, continued through the Middle Ages. The thought of death was always present in the mediæval man's mind; it waylaid him whenever he set foot beyond the walls of his city; it waited for him at the corner of his narrow street; in many Italian cities there was a perpetual seesaw of parties, and when one went down its leaders were banished, their palaces sacked, their adherents killed by the score. The image of death was everywhere; the wounded and dying Christ was seen a hundred times oftener than the figure of the risen and glorified Christ. The skeleton was a hideous but familiar companion of every man's daily life. The Middle Ages thought in terms of death, not in terms of life. If a man thought differently from his age, he was sent to the rack; if he did not recant, he was burned in the square and his ashes scattered to the four winds of heaven: let the enemies of God be annihilated, and let the Kingdom of love and peace be es-

tablished by the thumbscrew, the boot, the rack! If a new truth appeared, the attempt was made to crush it by sheer brute force; if a fresh torch began to throw light in the darkness, it was extinguished with an iron hand!

One of the most profound changes between the ages which thought in terms of death and this age which thinks in terms of life is the modern hatred of waste. Death was a frightful waster; life is a tireless conserver. We cannot and will not endure the waste which our ancestors accepted as a matter of course; the salvation of the few, the destruction of the many, is not only hateful, it is incredible. Its doom was sounded in the hour when men began to see God as Christ saw him. An angry God, hating sinners and pursuing them with relentless fury, has gone the way of the other nightmares which haunted our forefathers. A just and righteous God, hating iniquity and punishing it with unfailing impartiality, but following the offender with tireless mercy of forgiveness and opportunity, has revealed himself in these later times and set the thought of life in place of the thought of death.

The instinct of modern men is not to destroy but to save. If a child is born with a defective brain, it relieves him by surgery, if possible; if not, it places him in the hands of teachers who help him to make the best use of his limited faculties. If he is born blind, it does not treat him as if he were a helpless member of society; it teaches him to see with his other senses. If he is born deaf, it educates him to hear with his fingers; if he is born deaf and blind, it works in him the miracle of the spirit victorious over the maimed body. He shall not only care for himself, but he may become an artist, a teacher, an athlete, an inspirer of his kind. If a boy commits an offense against the law, it does not lock him in with hardened criminals to become as they are; it puts him in charge of men who will direct his energy into wholesome channels, evoke his

self-respect by recognizing it, awaken his interest by teaching him how to work skillfully. If a slum breeds moral and spiritual disease, it does not anathematize those who live in it; it cleans out the slum, lets in the light, pours in the water, opens the settlement and the school, sends the warm-hearted Christian woman there. If there is unrest in a class, it does not begin by passing penal statutes; it begins by investigating conditions. If men and women forsake the churches in great numbers, it does not hurl the thunders of God's wrath at them; it finds out whether the churches are pure, loving, helpful, patient, and tender, as was their Master. If there is a scourge of infectious disease, it does not, save in ignorant localities, become savage with fear, and add human brutality to mortal suffering; it studies prevention, secures good conditions; it fights, not with medicines alone or chiefly, but with reinforced vitality.

In business it is largely the by-product, which was once thrown away, from which the profit comes; in the care of the National domain the great lines of policy are expressed in two words: Conservation and Reclamation. In theology the master word is not destruction, but redemption; not the condemnation of those who fall into sin, but the mighty love of Christ, who cleansed the Magdalen and gave the Pharisee a heart to serve his kind instead of contemplating his own orthodoxy.

In every field of thought and knowledge, in every department of individual, social, and national endeavor, in all attempts to deal with moral and physical disease, the sovereign word to-day is—save. Life is everywhere invoked to destroy death; love is more and more invoked to drive out hate; the best is set to subdue the worst; the angel in man is more and more placed in power above the animal in him; the love of God more and more drives out the fear of the devil; the whole process of life becomes more and more a process of growth and redemption. Life is driving out death.

MR. ROOSEVELT IN THE WEST

STAFF CORRESPONDENCE OF THE OUTLOOK

ABOVE the roar of the train and the hiss and grinding of the air-brakes sounds the dissonant chord of multitudinous cheers. As the train slows down we can see the swirling mass of people crowd perilously near the wheels and close in upon the rear car. Suddenly the cheers burst into a din, and the expectant faces become radiant. Then in an instant there is silence. The faces of men and women and open-eyed children are all intent. The stillness is broken for a second or two by a running ripple of laughter and then resumed. Almost imperceptibly the train begins to move. The dissonant chord of cheers is struck anew.

So again and again, at station after station, in State after State, Americans have been greeting Theodore Roosevelt. At almost every place men and women bring their children and hold them up to see him. Rugged men with bronzed faces, failing to grasp his hand, content themselves with reaching out and touching him. As the train rolls along, men in blue overalls and jumpers wave their hands to him from the doors of freight cars and the cabs of locomotives. The switchman who has turned and locked his switch looks up, and, as he grows smaller in the converging lines of railway tracks, waves his signal flag in friendly greeting. Here and there at little lonely houses near the railway on the prairie a man, a woman, a family group stands in the doorway and watches our train. How these people, far away from telegraph or telephone, know that this is the train that bears Mr. Roosevelt I cannot imagine; but they do know it, for they greet it as people do not greet the trains that regularly pass their doors. Even in the downpour of rain the people assemble at the stations, and peer between and from beneath dripping umbrellas to get a glimpse of this friend of theirs. And after the last "Good-night and good luck" has been exchanged, and the door at the rear has been closed on the last cheering group, and we are trying to find rest for the activities of the coming day, we can tell that the train is speeding past a station by the cheers that come through the rain

and the dark outside. Those unseen groups knew that they could have no sight of Mr. Roosevelt; they could not be sure that he would even hear their cheers. Their gathering was the only way they could show their honor and affection, and so they did this.

At almost every station there is handed up over the car railing or thrown upon the platform some gift. Here it is a bunch of flowers, there a bag of melons grown on "dry farming" lands; here a piece of jerked venison killed and cured by the giver; there a photograph of a happy American family. This bringing of gifts symbolizes the sense of personal, individual relationship between the giver and the recipient. And this feeling has been manifest in the crowds that have followed Mr. Roosevelt wherever he has gone. Those who never saw him before welcome him as if he were an old acquaintance and as if he had had a share in the important experiences of their lives.

So it has been from the Eastern farm lands, across the level country below the Great Lakes, through the short-grass country, along the edge of the Rocky Mountains, and back on the prairies.

Such personal devotion is not like the eagerness to hear an eloquent orator. Mr. Roosevelt's speeches are not of the sort which entertain crowds with either the glitter or the splendor of rhetoric. It is true that his audiences listen with an attention that the rhetorical elocutionist does not secure; but they are not the sort of audiences that throng to hear an orator for the sake of the oratory. This devotion is not like the admiration for a National hero. It is true that the crowds that line the streets through which he passes hail him with shouts; but they are not the sort of crowds that throng to celebrate and then forget some special exploit. This devotion is not like the feudalistic following of a political liege. It is true that everywhere men in active political life have shown their desire to get his advice and secure his certification of their course; but the people as a whole have given no sign that they were uncertain in