

The SEMI-MONTHLY MAGAZINE SECTION
A Magazine for your Reading Table
 CONTRIBUTING EDITORS' PAGE



The Rev. Henry R. Rose

Free Speech and the Golden Rule

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BETWEEN license and liberty of speech as practised in the recent Presidential campaign there is a difference which, in this Christmas season, it may be in keeping to review and to emphasize while sundry campaign echoes are still in the air. Especially echoes of the bullet stopped by the former president of the United States.

It is a matter for serious reflection that three out of nine of our Presidents have been assassinated, and that a fourth has been put in jeopardy of his life. Nor is this all; for strong men, useful men and needed men in other walks of public life have within recent years either been killed by hired assassins or terribly wounded by irresponsible fanatics, while going faithfully about their duties. What are we coming to? I do not mean that we are to worry so much about the men who do the shooting—most of them weak-minded and abnormal creatures—as we are to worry about the conditions that lead and contribute to such abnormal manifestations. When Lincoln was shot, Phillips Brooks said: "I lay this accident not so much to the hand of the murderer as to the condition of society which made the deed possible."

The Journalism of Distortion

BLAME must be centered on the abusive speakers and abusive newspapers that have in themselves a passion for distortion, for this attempt on the life of Theodore Roosevelt. They and their type had already been responsible for the shooting of Lincoln; they had already been responsible for the shooting of McKinley, and they are responsible for the bullet fired in Milwaukee. Lincoln was abused outrageously in his own day by certain reckless sections of the press. McKinley was maliciously attacked by the same type of twentieth century highwayman. And the so-called Bull Moose leader has been assailed and maligned as much as, if not more than, any man in the history of American politics. This is no brief against honest criticism of party principles publicly expressed—but it is submitted as an indictment of those organs of public opinion that hysterically indulge in bitterness and unfairness.

Egging on the Assassin

THERE can be no doubt that newspapers, having no sense of their great responsibilities, worked upon the weak and suggestible mind of the would-be assassin at Milwaukee and

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egged him on to his dastardly deed. There can be no doubt that a continuance of such shameful practices may at any time inspire other assaults that may have a more calamitous ending.

The victim in this instance, standing with the bullet in his body, put the blame where it assuredly belonged when he said: "Now, I wish to say seriously to the speakers and newspapers, irrespective of parties, that they can not, month in and month out, year in and year out, make the kind of slanderous, bitter and malevolent assaults they have made, and not expect that brutal and violent characters, especially when the brutality is accompanied by a not too sound mind—they can not expect that such natures will be unaffected by it."

Billingsgate Should be Criminal

AS TO the remedy: should there not be a law, with severest penalties, against saying in public print anything that one gentleman would not say to or of another gentleman to his face? Disguise it as one may, an anonymous editorial is a personal thing, written by a man who knows what he is writing, and he should be held as accountable for it as though he stood in the market place and shouted the words from his own lips to the four quarters of the city. Surely loose billingsgate and slander emitted on platforms and in print should be stopped. Certainly it can be stopped, and it will be stopped if the people, laying aside all partisanship and remembering the Golden Rule, will demand that an end be put to it by the courts—and that measures to that effect be taken without shilly-shallying.

Asylums for the Abnormal

THE other menace to be dealt with at once is made up of those abnormal human beings drifting up and down the cities of the land. They are poor, irresponsible fellows, for the most part, and are more to be pitied than punished; and yet, they embody an evil that urges attention. They are so suggestible as to become assassins on the slightest provocation and opportunity. Examine and put them away where no harm will be done them and where they can do no harm. A great man—regardless of politics or factional considerations—is too costly a product and too much of an asset to have his life jeopardized in any way that can be readily avoided.

Individual Accountability

FREE speech is one of the three cherished rights of American citizenship. There is all the more reason that it be used scrupulously, especially in passing things on that tend to hurt the good name of a neighbor or to inflame the weak and ignorant. Only an inherently vicious spirit feels any obligation to believe or chronicle loose talk and current rumor. Not a day passes but affords an opportunity to throw into the mental waste basket many a thing that should never have been written or said, and we are responsible before the Bar of the Public Good that we use this waste basket instantly and advisedly. Say nothing when you can not say good. Say something good if you possibly can. Let courtesy and honor be the watchwords of the pen as well as tongue.

Big Ben



A cracker-jack of a Xmas present

Remember when you were a kid? The presents that were all shiny and bright, and that "worked!" Weren't they the ones you were proudest of?

Something for your room—something you could use all year—something like big people had in their rooms. The sensible presents appealed to you best when you were a kid. Think back a bit and see. Then think of Big Ben for those boys and girls.

Toys, of course, should never be displaced. It wouldn't be Christmas without them. But mix in useful things—things that develop pride and that make little people feel responsible. Give them presents to live up to and to live up with. Don't make the mistake of thinking they don't feel the compliment.

Let one thing that meets the eye of your little boy and girl on Christmas Morning be that triple nickel-plated, jolly, handsome, pleasant looking, serviceable and inspiring clock—BIG BEN. See if you don't hear them say: "Why! Isn't that a crackerjack! Is that for me to use myself?"

Big Ben is a crackerjack-of-a-Christmas-present to give to any friend. He's two presents in one, a dandy alarm to wake up with, a dandy clock to tell time all day by. He stands 7 inches tall. He's got an inner vest of steel that insures him for life—big, bold, black hands you can see at a glance in the dim morning light without ever having to get out of bed—large comfy keys that almost wind themselves and a deep, jolly ring that calls just when you want, and either way you want, five straight minutes or every other half minute for ten minutes unless you flag him off.

Big Ben is sold by 18,000 watchmakers. His price is \$2.50 anywhere in the States, \$3.00 anywhere in Canada. If you can't find him at your jeweler's a money order mailed to Watchco, La Salle, Illinois, will send him wherever you say, attractively boxed and express charges paid.

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