

admitted that much of the fault for this condition is due to imperfections in the laws themselves and to our complicated machinery of justice. But even when there is no direct obstacle to justice, the American juryman is prone to let a foolish sentimentality break the iron of his will and the inviolability of his oath. He waits to sympathize with the accused, secures pardon finally, and so undermines the moral forces of the state.

Human life is fast becoming a cheap and worthless thing. Too often can a murderer successfully plead the unwritten law, or insanity, appealing to the sympathies of the public heart. In Oregon last year there were fifty-six homicides, and from seventeen cases already tried for murder, but three convictions. Indeed human life has become a trifle and law a puerile thing. Contempt for law and immunity from punishment loosen the bonds of unity between man and man, between man and the state, so that gradually men lose faith in their government.

The spirit of the mob is abroad. What true American fails to view with grief and horror the revelations in the Steunenberg trial? That such things can be in this land of freedom is almost beyond belief. William Haywood was acquitted of the charges brought against him, justly, let us hope. Yet in the eyes of law-abiding citizens he stands convicted of treason to the principles of his country, not by any evidence brought out in the trial, but by his own words when he said that the reason for his acquittal was because the unions, when united, are invincible. Invincible! Where is the boasted freedom of America? Is this the Land of Liberty when the leaders of the sons of toil teach the spirit of violence, when they would have might to be the right and fling with sacriligious lips the name of Justice in the dust? Here at our doors the red-handed are at work. Harvey Brown, in the full bloom of a strong and clean manhood, at the very threshold of his home was blown into eternity. O America! where is your vaunted principle of Justice? Is this the Land of Justice where, boldly stalking across her borders, comes the dread spectre of anarchy?

Integrity of the nation requires that we have common laws and universal administration of those laws. Integrity of character requires that a man demand of himself and his neighbor unflinching, uncompromising justice. Is there, then, in the development of character, or in the life of a nation, no place, no room for the administration of mercy? A thousand times, yes, for true mercy, but for mercy untempered by justice, never. "The quality of mercy is