

A NEGRO STREET RAILWAY COMPANY.

From the Literary Digest of October 17, 1903.

A new phase of the race question has developed in Jacksonville, Fla., out of the attempt to separate the races in the street cars there. When the attempt at discrimination was made, the colored citizens refused to ride in the cars, with the result that the restrictions were withdrawn. Even then the Negroes did not patronize the cars, but instead they raised the capital and organized a car line of their own. The Christian Recorder (Philadelphia, Negro), which supplies the above information declares that to-day the Negroes "are operating the finest and best patronized car lines in the city of Jacksonville, the line on its business thoroughfare alone possibly excepted." The company is made up entirely of Negroes, even to the motormen and conductors, and the line is patronized by the whites as well as by the colored. The Recorder continues:

The courage and self-sacrifice shown by these people as a whole during the contention for their rights was really remarkable. Women and children would walk miles day and night rather than submit to the outrage which was ratified by the city council. They were so wrought up over the indignity that they ceased to patronize the cars even after the offensive restrictions were withdrawn.

The success of this instance of overwhelming the "Jim Crow" infamy in the South will be hailed with pleasure by friends of the race and lovers of fair-play everywhere. To the race in New Orleans, Montgomery, Birmingham, Atlanta, Augusta, Columbia, and elsewhere, the actions of the Jacksonville people are commended as an object-lesson. In their case the discrimination was turned into a fortune, and the same use can and should be made of every phase of adversity suffered by us anywhere.

ERNEST CROSBY ON THE PANAMA QUESTION.

My own views of the Panama question are very simple. Twenty-five years ago one of the favorite questions propounded by the Middle-man to the Bones at minstrel shows was, "Why does a dog wag his tail?" After Sambo has made a number of futile guesses Mr. Johnsing would explain, in his usual sententious manner that a dog wags his tail because he is bigger than his tail. If the tail were bigger than the dog, it would certainly wag the dog, but the contrary being the case, it was a scientific necessity that the dog should wag the tail. Look at your map of North America and you will clearly see that the Isthmus of Panama is its tail, and that, roughly speaking, the United States of America

is its body. The United States wags the Isthmus, and not only wags it, but docks it, because it is bigger than the Isthmus,—and that is all there is of it, and when the President talks of "holding a mandate from civilization," whatever that may mean, he is trying to conceal the truth behind a mass of verbiage. And people say that the anti-imperialists are sentimentalists! Good heavens! if a Mandate from Civilization isn't sentiment, what is it?

My own chief objection to the Panama business is the way in which it was done. We expect nations to steal, and it would be rather Quixotic to object to it, but there is a decent way to steal and an indecent one. The old-fashioned highwayman was the plink of politeness, but we do our stealing like cads. If I wanted to buy my neighbor's horse for a thousand dollars and he asked fifteen hundred, and I was determined to have the beast on my own terms, surely the most vulgar way of annexing him would be to give his coachman five hundred dollars on the sly to put him in my stable. And that is practically what we did, even if the President and Mr. Hay never said a word on the subject, for the millions to be paid for the canal were dangling before the eyes of the Panamanians. Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Hay belong to the "silk-stocking element" in politics, but they have rushed into this business barefoot. I have no objection to the right of secession for good cause, but I object to the subordination of secession by the implied promise of moneybags. Suppose Great Britain were negotiating with us for the harbor of Portland, Maine, and we stood out for a big price, and the main legislature seceded on a basis of half-price, cash down, would it be an ordinary case of secession? I trow not. We are loyal and patriotic people in Dutchess County, and if you will give me ten million dollars in gold and lend me a couple of men-of-war in the Hudson, to prevent outside interference, I will undertake to have the county to secede from the Union in a fortnight, and establish a full-fledged government at Poughkeepsie in the hideous court house which we have just built there, and the women's clubs would soon be sitting up late at night to design and make a new nag and the school children would soon be busy saluting it. The right of secession should never be complicated with the cash question.—The Whim for March, 1904.

It is almost as difficult for a rich man to stay in the American jail as it is for him to enter Heaven.—Montreal Star.

AN EASTER SERMON.

In his Easter sermon, at the Vine Street Congregational church, Cincinnati, O., April 3, 1904, Herbert S. Bigelow discussed the question: "What Has Science to Say About the Hope of Immortality?"

Have we, as Paul so confidently affirmed, "a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens?" The confidence that we have, declares Mr. John Fiske, is "the one thing that makes this world inhabitable for beings like ourselves." Yet for many the progress of science has destroyed this confidence, and it is evident that the dreariness of life has increased with the waning of this hope. We may put on a bold front, but we cannot conceal our heaviness of spirit. Infinitely lonely is the universe from which God is banished. Melancholy is the life which looks forward to nothing but death.

Honest despair is nobler than dishonest hope. If science has destroyed the foundations of faith, let us know it. But has the hope of immortality been discredited? Does Truth call upon us to suppress the religious emotions, and resign our faith in God and in life eternal? This, as Prof. Tyndall says, is "the problem of problems at the present hour."

Infallibility has been routed out of several redoubts. It used to hold the Vatican. Later it was thrown back on the Bible. The higher critics assailed this defense, and it took refuge in the authority of Jesus. Now it is Science that is infallible. At least there is a common impression that Science has rendered an adverse verdict, and that Faith has no appeal.

This impression has been caused by the fact that many of the dogmas of the church have been utterly discredited by Science. Such valiant service has she done, and so often has the ancient theology gone down before her, that many have come to the hasty conclusion that there is nothing left of the old Faith. But just as a nation may be strengthened by the loss of its colonies, so Religion has been strengthened by the loss of her theological encumbrances. When we come out of this period of iconoclasm it will be seen that only the useless has been destroyed, and the way cleared for the marriage of Faith and Reason, for which the world has been waiting.

What has Faith learned from Science? Just this—that in all matters which lie within the range of human experience, the increasing knowledge of Science is our only guide. But immortality does not lie within the range of human experience, and, therefore, Science can neither affirm nor deny it.

"But," says the materialist, "to believe in anything which lies without the range of human experience is an absurdity." On the contrary, scarcely a year passes which does not give us proof of realities of which we had never before dreamed. There is no faith so unwarranted as that of the materialist who assumes that the soul is not a fact because no one has seen it under a microscope.

Mr. John Fiske, in his address, "The Life Everlasting," meets the materialist in his stronghold. He analyzes the doctrine which holds that consciousness, or the soul, is a result of molecular motion in the nerve centers. The materialist declares that the brain is like a harp; Consciousness is like the music. When the harp is broken, the music dies. Mr. Fiske, with his scientific attainments, defends, as no dogmatic theologian could do, the contrary view—"that the conscious soul is an emanation from the Divine Intelligence that shapes and sustains the world, and during its temporary imprisonment in material forms, the brain is its instrument of expression. Thus the soul is not the music, but the harper."

Science has no knowledge with which to challenge the conviction of Martineau, who declared that "a divine revelation is required, not to prove immortality, but to disprove it, if it be really not true."

We may have the comfort of knowing that the revelations of Science have greatly increased the presumption in favor of the belief that the soul survives the body. With more confidence than ever, we may say, with the venerable Martineau:

The scale on which we are made is conspicuously too vast for the short reckoning from mortal years. The profoundest feeling which possesses me at the end of life is that I stand but little removed from its beginning, schooled only in the mere alphabet of its attainable lessons!

THE UNPOPULAR RACE.

Extracts from an article with the above title, by Julien Gorçon (Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger), published in the *Cosmopolitan* for February, 1904.

A recent experience has given me food for reflection. The printed remark that if Mr. Booker T. Washington called on me he would be welcomed in the drawing-room, brought upon me from the Southern newspapers—many of them deemed reputable—a landslide of contumely, a torrent of vulgar abuse, as unexpected as it was astonishing. That merely for expressing an opinion, one's person, works, habits and family should be made targets for the lowest innuendo and the coarsest insult, might amuse,

were it not for the melancholy illumination that it casts upon depths of ignorance and of folly.

Apart from petty personal attack, entirely irrelevant to the subject in point, these journals asked whether social equality with the negro was desirable, and intermarriage possible. This sex question appeared peculiarly imperious and irritating—a question which had never crossed my imaginings. To the writer it seems as revolting that white men should have negro mistresses as that white women should have negro husbands. Yet if, indeed, race prejudice exists to the extent that we are told it does, how is it that the commingling of the races—which we are forced to observe—has been so general? Why has it not been more abhorrent? Is the hypothesis mere hypocrisy—cant, pure and simple?

The question of human equality it is futile to discuss except before the law. It has never existed; it cannot exist, either in the present or in the future. One does not ask one's Chinese laundryman to dine. But one would hardly invite a Confucius to sit in one's pantry.

A rabid Senator has lately announced that the negro, being absolutely devoid of moral fiber, must be denied education. He accuses him of bestial traits, but will not permit him such spiritual and educational advantages as might benefit his character and raise and restrain his brutal tendencies. Could one reach a darker nadir of unintelligence? When one hears such tirades, one realizes that selfish personal advancement does not depend on the possession of the reasoning faculties. Morally, the negro prior to education may be considered as about on a par with a type of bohemian Paris and intellectual London. The decadents may be less robust in crime, they are more deeply corrupt. Nobody can be quite so wicked as a certain brand of bohemian Frenchman and intellectual Englishman. From his debasement the Negro has got to evolve, just as other races have evolved. What he requires is what all other races have required—time. This is the day and hour of little nations. The trumpet of the downtrodden has sounded. The unknown and unheard are making themselves felt. Upheaval is in the wind. There are mutterings and stirrings—a low roar of mighty forces, resistless, pushing for light. These people want air, life, and, what is more precious, life's liberties. He who refuses to heed the warning is doomed to ultimate confusion. The boon of life may be doubtful, that of

liberty is positive. The love of life is temperamental, the mere matter of a high or low vitality, but the desire of liberty is universal. Liberty means opportunity. This race will have to work out a new and more valuable emancipation. The broad enlightened element among Southern men is willing and anxious that it should—has already accorded the help of generous words and practical aid. No assistance will be forthcoming from that army of professional sufferers who continue to poison the air with their obsolete grievances. Whether the victory came of God or of Apollyon—it was won. The wise bow to the decrees of fate. The weak beat against its fiat and bruise themselves.

In their own ranks, with such general as Booker T. Washington—of whom an exquisite woman once said that he had the soul of a Christian; the heart of a gentleman and the eyes of the jungle—they have their chance. With such men as T. Thomas Fortune, Paul Laurence Dunbar, Charles W. Chestnutt, Prof. Burghardt Dubois, Bishop Walters, John W. Thompson, and many other worthy and experienced teachers and clergymen to guide them—we do not forget that a late class orator at Harvard was a Negro—they are certain to solve their own problem. These things take much time—generations will be required.

Let us not quarrel with nature. The divinities are at work.

The Negro has aptitudes—special gifts. He is frequently dextrous and clever with his fingers. He has imagination, humor, a natural eloquence. He has poetic and musical gifts, and he has manners—manners which are extinct to-day, unless in Italy and China.

THE SINGLE TAX IN GREAT BRITAIN.

Following is the speech in Parliament of Mr. Trevelyan, condensed for the *London New Age* from the report of the *Manchester Guardian*, which Mr. Trevelyan delivered in moving the second reading in the House of Commons on Mar. 11, of the land values taxation bill, which passed the House on the 12th (see *Public*, vol. vi, p. 79) by a vote of 223 to 156. Mr. Trevelyan is a leading Liberal member. His bill was suggested by his own party and by a large number of Conservatives.

Mr. Trevelyan, who was received with cheers, moved the second reading of the Land Values (Assessment and Rating) Bill. He said the Bill was the result of prolonged, careful, and businesslike deliberation on the part of a conference of municipalities, directly representing some 150 local authorities, and including many of the greatest in the country.