

IS IT TREASON TO PROCLAIM LIBERTY?

Extract from the speech in the Senate on American government in the Philippines, made by Senator Edward W. Carmack, of Tennessee, as reported at p. 5219 of the Congressional Record of May 1.

So far as I am concerned I have never permitted myself to be disturbed by this cry of treason. We have got used to it down in my part of the country. There is hardly a man of distinction in my section of the United States who has not at some time or other been denounced as a public traitor by some public thief. Men have been denounced as traitors because they opposed the protective tariff. They have been denounced as traitors because they opposed extravagant pension legislation. So long as men have the courage to oppose wrong and denounce it there will be knaves to raise the cry of treason and fools to repeat the cry.

For the most part, sir, such abuse comes from brawling demagogues and may be passed with patient and serene contempt. But I regret to say that there have been men whose utterances usually command and usually deserve respect who have used language that will give countenance and encouragement to crawling slanderers who are not worthy to lick the dust at their feet.

I believe, sir, that I have as high respect for the office of president as any man in the country. I have much admiration for some of the strong and splendid qualities of the distinguished gentleman who now occupies that office, and because I have I very greatly regret that he has uttered language which for his honor I am glad to believe he will some time be ashamed of. In his address glorifying the strenuous life he says:

No small share of the responsibility for the blood shed in the Philippines—the blood of our brothers and the blood of their wild and ignorant foes—lies at the thresholds of those who so long delayed the adoption of the treaty of peace, and of those who by their worse than foolish words deliberately invited a savage people to plunge into a war fraught with sure disaster for them.

And again:

It must be remembered that their utterances are saved from being treasonable merely from the fact that they are despicable.

Mr. President, I have not quoted that language for the purpose of expressing resentment. I do not feel any. I know, sir, that we must make many allowances for that remarkable man, and especially must we not expect from him the language of

moderation when dealing with the character and the motives of his political opponents. We must not judge the President in his moments of oratorical ferocity or by the way he ejaculates his parts of speech when the maniac frenzy of battle is in his blood.

The President is not vindictive, he is simply strenuous; and these outbursts are due to that abounding animal energy which makes it impossible for him to move except with a bound, to speak except at the top of his voice, or to express his disapproval except with the full strength of his vocabulary. He is the strong man Kwasind, and rends and tears not from fury but from sheer excess of strength and energy. He resembles, in his habits of speech, my friend Joe Ballanfant's horse, of which remarkable animal it was said that running away was his natural gait.

Now, I say that the President is not vindictive. I do not believe that he hates Democrats any more than he hates grizzly bears or mountain lions. He just loves to shoot them. He is an always loaded gun, and can only go off with the full force of the powder that is in him. In his talk about the "treasonable" and "despicable" utterances of men whose motives and opinions are as honest as his own, just as when he described Mr. Bryan as a red-handed anarchist in the last campaign, the President was simply "going off."

Mr. President, we are no more responsible for the resistance of the Filipinos than any man who anywhere or at any time has spoken the language of liberty and left his words upon the page of history as an inspiration to mankind. We are no more responsible than the author of that great document now being reveled by some of our military heroes as a "damned incendiary document."

I wish to suggest to our friends on the other side that when they get out a special Philippine edition of the Declaration of Independence they ought to edit it after the fashion of the distinguished junior senator from Massachusetts (Mr. Lodge), who in a recent address paraphrased one of its immortal sentiments so as to make it read: "All civilized governments ultimately derive their power from the whole body of the people." Diluted with this word "ultimately," it is not half so incendiary, and I doubt whether

in this form it would have ever set the American colonists on fire.

But, Mr. President, if we are to be held responsible because we are said to have held out words of hope and encouragement to the Filipinos, what shall be said of the responsibility of those who have habitually maddened them with words of insult and opprobrium, whose every utterance has been made as though with a deliberate purpose to destroy every hope of a just and liberal government at our hands and to plant in their bosoms an inextinguishable hatred of American rule?

THE MORGENTHALERBURG INSTITUTE ENTERS PRACTICAL POLITICS.

By Wardon Allan Curtis, in Puck, of Feb. 5. Reprinted in The Public by the courteous permission of Messrs. Keppler & Schwarzmann, publishers and proprietors of Puck. (Corner Houston & Elm Sts., New York.)

The faculty of the great Morgenthalerburg Institute of Sociology had emerged from the seclusion of academic discussion of sociological problems, into the field of actual politics. Ever since the establishment of this renowned post-graduate institution upon the John Charles Henry Williamson foundation, its faculty had studied every possible sociological problem from every possible point of view and the results of their studies had appeared in divers reviews and sociological journals, where they were devoured with avidity by scores of professors and students of sociology everywhere.

But when Dr. Charles Ephrosatus Raynebeaser assumed the presidency of the institute, he announced that it was high time for the school to take on a more practical phase, and, abandoning the mere academic discussion of theories, struggle to have them put into actual use.

The doctor was a faddist—what sociologist is not?—and for years he had meditated upon the problem of the treatment of the defective classes, the mutes, the imbeciles, the degenerates and criminals, and the best methods of preventing them from perpetuating their defects as a sad heritage to their descendants. The doctor was a disciple of the doctrine that for the benefit of the whole race, the defectives should not be allowed to perpetuate themselves. To attain this desirable end, there was but one effectual way, the most radical:—not segregation, but death. "True, some sadness is occasioned by

the initial movement of the eradication from the race of the taint, the execution of the defective," said the doctor, "but think what it means. It saves the sorrow of the individual descendant himself, it saves the sorrow of his friends, it saves money to the state."

It was the first experience in practical politics that the Morgenthalerburg faculty had ever had. They had criticised politics, they had built ideal systems of politics, but when they were about to launch their programme, they found they did not know how to do it at all; so they resorted for aid to the Hon. James McGann, chairman of the state central committee of the Republicrat party.

"You came to the right folks," said the Hon. James. "This plan calls for cutting down expenses. Our crowd is great on that. Anything that promises economy takes with the people just now. Economy, economy, is the cry, and we've been wondering what we could offer 'em. Your plan seems to be a good thing. I think it'll take. I'll bring it before the central committee and I think we'll vote to offer it to the nominating convention for insertion in the party platform. It would have been no use for you to have offered it to the other party. They're too conservative and old-fashioned. But we're radical and progressive and right in for such things."

After this interview, the Morgenthalerburg faculty found itself in the whirl of politics. They sometimes demurred at the methods of the Hon. James McGann, but early appreciating the fact that to gain the ultimate good they must tolerate some present evil, they made the best of the situation.

"Now, there's Jerry Donahue. We want him fixed," said Mr. McGann. "He has a big pull with the central committee and will have lots of influence with the convention. He controls a whooping big vote down in the tough end of Milwaugo and is one of the boys, and no mistake."

When Dr. Raynebeaser laid eyes on Mr. Donahue and learned that he had twice been in the penitentiary, he was somewhat disconcerted, for this brute, physically powerful, but with all the signs of mental degeneracy in his plug ugly face, was as promising a subject for execution under the proposed law as he had ever contemplated. And so were Messrs. Flynn, Coughlin, Burke and Donnelly, hench-

men whom Mr. Donahue called into the back room of his saloon, where they met and discussed ways and means with Dr. Raynebeaser.

"In order to properly carry out the law," said the doctor after he had read the bill and voluminously explained its bearings to the stolid array of gorilla faces before him, "I had thought that it would be best to create a special commission to attend to it. Judges are subject to local conditions which would tend to prevent them from thoroughly carrying out a law which might operate to the sorrow of their friends and neighbors. We want a state-wide committee which, hampered by no ideas of false humanitarianism, and which knowing the cases brought before it only in an impersonal way, can act for the best interests of the commonwealth and posterity, uninfluenced by any mistaken sympathy for the present and temporary sorrow of the relatives of the defectives. A clause providing for this commission will be inserted in the bill. They are to be appointed by the governor. They must be strong, resolute men, unwavering and determined, say eight in number. They will sit in session at the capital, consider the cases of defectives and pass sentence upon them. As I said, this commission must be of picked men. I am not one who believes that unusual ability should be given the public free. Men of high quality are attracted and stimulated by high rewards. This commission should be paid. I believe that they ought not to receive less than \$2,000 and expenses per year."

"I am in favor of the bill," said Mr. Donahue, Mr. Flynn, Mr. Coughlin, Mr. Burke and Mr. Donnelly.

The Republicrats swept the state. The Hon. Samuel Rammerton was seated with great pomp in the gubernatorial chair at Springville. The Raynebeaser law had been the principal feature of the party platform and the legislature promptly passed it. Immediately upon its passage, the governor sent for its erudite author.

"Do you know," said he, beaming upon the doctor, "your bill pulled us through. The idea of economy expressed in it, pleased the people. No asylums to keep up, the final abolition of penitentiaries, it took. That made us win. I thank you. I am deeply grateful to you. By the way, you would probably like to know whom I have appointed on the commission. Let me call in the chairman, Mr. Lenox Buxby, attorney at law."

Dr. Raynebeaser half started from his chair when his eyes fell upon the individual who came into the private office from the outer room with the messenger. He was a powerfully built, but loosely hung man of medium size. Great arms with hairy wrists protruding beneath his cuffs, hung down his frame from an abnormally broad pair of shoulders. A long gash of a mouth stretched across the wide lower part of a head that narrowed unpleasantly above the great pouch-like cheeks. Little black beads of eyes, shifty and cunning, but with that fullness beneath them which betokens fluency of speech, a Mongolian nose, an enormous chin and enormous ears projecting straight out from a shock of bristly, low-growing black hair, completed the front view of Mr. Lenox Buxby. Dr. Raynebeaser shuddered.

"Just the man for the place!" said the governor, when Buxby had retired. "He won't be afraid to pass sentence of death, or even to put it into execution. In fact, he was in the pen on a sentence of ten years, and they let him out on five, because he did the hanging. Here are the names of the rest of the committee."

The doctor's weak eyes winked rapidly as he read: "Jeremiah Donahue, Terrance L. Flynn, Patrick G. Coughlin, Timothy S. Burke, Matthias Kauwenhoven, Casimir Lapinski and Wencelas Nowacek." Not a single professor in the Morgenthalerburg faculty. A commission, the members of which were degenerates themselves and subjects for the operation of the law. He gasped. Inarticulately, but unmistakably, he expressed his disappointment and disgust.

"What's the matter with that commission?" asked the governor in a hard voice, looking at the doctor with a hard eye. "They're all fearless fellows. Besides, Donahue and his gang demanded the places before election. They carried Milwaugo for us. The other fellows are butchers who did work for us in other parts of the state. You wanted men of resolution, and who wouldn't hesitate for maudlin sympathy, and you've got 'em, and I'd like to know what you're kicking about."

"Did I and the other Morgenthalerburg professors do nothing to elect you? Did we deserve no consideration? I shall, with the assistance of the rest of the faculty, air this thoroughly in the reviews and in the press of the state, and if you are renominated or reelected, I am very much mistaken."

The commission was convened by or-

der of the governor that afternoon. Mr. Lenox Buxby arose with a roll of paper in his hands.

"This defective law is a good one. Look at us, powerful of limb and lung, sound of digestion. I could eat a door knob and never feel it. Of such stuff as us, this world ought to be made. But these little weak-kneed Johnnies, with weak eyes, weak stomachs, and all that, what right have they to be perpetuating their weaknesses by having unfortunate children? I say they haven't any. Ain't that so, Mr. Kauwenhoven?"

"You bet you!" said Mr. Kauwenhoven emphatically.

"Look at them weak, half-blind, near-sighted, dyspeptic runts of fellows on the faculty of the Morgenthalerburg Institute of Sociology. What right have such cusses as that to perpetuate their weakness in a line of unhappy descendants?"

"They ain't got any!" said Mr. Wencelas Nowacek.

"I move you, Mr. President," said Mr. Kauwenhoven, "dot der gommision recommend for execution der body of defectives known as der faculty of der Morgenthalerburg Institute of Sociology."

"Second the motion," said Mr. Jeremiah Donahue. Whereupon the motion was put and carried unanimously. But before the sentence of execution was ordered to be sent out, the commission betook itself to the task of making out their expense accounts and vouchers for salaries, and, being gentlemen more handy with other things than the pen, in some manner news of their action found a way to reach the faculty of the Morgenthalerburg Institute of Sociology in time to allow that august body to fly the state before the minions of the law could seize their persons. After that, the commission, for reasons known to its members and to his excellency the governor, failed to meet again, and the great public, used to the slumping out of reforms mooted before elections, speedily forgot it.

PERIODICALS.

—"Cecil John Rhodes," by Wm. T. Stead, is the principal article of the May Review of Reviews.

—The March Bulletin of the Department of Labor (Washington) just issued is devoted to a statistical examination into the "course of wholesale prices" from 1890 to 1901.

—The "Psychology and Ethics of Fun," by Walter B. Hill, chancellor of Georgia university, which opens in the April and closes in the May number of the Kindergarten Magazine (Chicago), is an interesting as well as instructive paper.

—The Anglo-Japanese treaty, by Dr. Maxey, of the University of Wisconsin, is the leader in the Arena for May, which contains also a symposium on Japanese Buddhism, a discussion of the popular election of United States senators, and in an article on "the iconoclast as a builder invites spiritual-minded agonistics to get together for constructive work."

—The Railroad Trainmen's Journal (Cleveland) for May, opens with an interesting description of the native Mohammedan rulers of the Sulu islands, by an American corporal late in the volunteer service in the Philippines. In the same number W. H. Stuart, an "evolutionary" socialist, criticises "scientific" socialists, and Jose Gros makes a plea for the enthronement of morality in law, while F. A. Burlleigh exposes the fallacies lurking in the notion that "giving work" is a good thing.

—The Single Tax Review (62 Trinity Place, New York) completes its first volume with the Spring number, which opens with the first installment of an account by Lewis H. Berens, of "the life and writings of Gerard Winstanley, the digger, the Henry George of the Commonwealth period" of English history. Among the other articles is a paper on the progress of the single tax movement, by Hamlin Russell; one on the character of the late James E. Mills, by John Filmer; Hamlin Garland's reminiscence address at a single tax dinner given in New York in his honor, and an address by John E. Turner on the meaning of the problem of taxation. The number is illustrated with half-tones of Richard George's busts of Henry George and Thomas G. Shearman.

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