

under her. Horace J. Gray, a real estate broker, has been commander of post 30, G. A. R., a white post, with hardly another Negro in it. Clement G. Morgan, orator of his class at Harvard, has served five terms in the city council and board of aldermen, and was barely defeated for a seat in the legislature. Rev. J. H. Duckery is the colored member of the board of trustees of the public library. As far back as 1870, a colored man, Patrick Henry Raymond, became chief of the Cambridge fire department, in which there was, at that time, no other man of color. A colored policeman has served for 19 years without ever receiving a reprimand or punishment, and, in all, seven colored men have had seats in the city council. To this must be added that the spirit of good citizenship is more keen in Cambridge than in most American cities.—N. Y. Nation.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE IN ENGLISH POLITICS.

An editorial in the London New Age for August 20.

That women are in justice entitled to the parliamentary franchise is implied in every argument by which that has ever been claimed as a right. Once for all, it is implicit in the principle, "no taxation without representation," by which some Liberals, even, justified the Jameson raid and the forcing of a war on the Transvaal. Yet nothing is commoner than to find even zealous Radicals professing indifference, if not hostility, to woman suffrage. When they give any better reason than the platitudes of the bar-room, as to the risk of domestic strife when women meddle in politics, they are apt to point to the "danger" set up by the supposed conservatism of the majority of women. And there can be no question that it is this fear that has turned many Liberals from the women's cause. Thirty years ago it was almost solely from Liberals that it had any support. To-day it has fully as many friends on the other side. Tories of the stamp of Beaconsfield and Churchill saw the possible gain to their cause from the conservatism of upper class women, and the work of the Primrose league bore out their forecast. Hence, apparently, the Liberal change of front.

It cannot be too emphatically said that this change stands for demoralization on both sides. Conservatives lean to woman suffrage solely on the score of the party gain they expect from it. Liberals oppose it solely or mainly from fear of the same thing, though they frame bad arguments of another kind in their own justification. Per-

haps the very worst of these was that put forward by Mr. Gladstone when he professed that he was anxious to save women from the "pollution" of political life—the life he himself lived for over half a century. All the while he was perfectly ready to employ them in the very species of political work which involves for them most risk of demoralization—that of canvassing, in which they are often tempted to use unfair and even illegal methods. Such inconsistency disposes of itself; the course so defended is visibly indefensible.

To show exactly how this species of deflection will affect the Liberal party in the future is no necessary part of the argument. An obvious danger however, is that if the promotion of woman suffrage is left to Conservatives the most earnest women will be led to join the Conservative cause, regarding Liberalism as synonymous with political injustice; while a Conservative measure will in turn be certain to limit the principle as far as possible to the damage of democracy. But for any thoughtful man it should suffice to reflect that less flagrant inconsistencies than this have obviously recoiled on Liberalism, and that the wider the bearing of a moral anomaly, the greater the certainty of the harm. The rationale of the case may be put in a sentence. Serious politics aims, if at nothing comprehensive, at the betterment of all social life, and thus faces the greatest problem that mankind has to attempt. That the greatest of all practical problems can be solved by bringing to bear on it the remedial and constructive activity of only half of the race, even in its most civilized sections, is as inconceivable a doctrine as could well be framed in politics.

The inference of common sense, on the contrary, is that the cooperation of man and woman is as necessary in the state as in the home, and when Liberals have the courage and consistency to give the vote to women as women—to wives, that is to say, as well as to spinsters and widows—they will find that even at the polls they will have their reward.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON ON TOM L. JOHNSON.

A letter to the Boston Herald.

The Boston Herald of Friday last has an editorial on Tom L. Johnson which is eminently fair and just. Its tone is in creditable contrast with that of certain independent papers which

profess a belief in democratic ideals while making haste to belittle and misjudge the truest democrat in American politics since Thomas Jefferson.

The bitter antagonism of Hanna and McLean, men of the same type in opposite camps, is a credential that should naturally draw to Mayor Johnson the sympathy and confidence of sincere reformers. The instinct of spoliemen is rarely at fault, much more to be trusted than that of editors who take for granted the verity of slanders emanating from hostile partisans and subsidized news channels.

I hold no brief for Tom L. Johnson, but I do hold for him a profound regard and admiration from long association and personal acquaintance. I venture to assert that the current accusations of disreputable methods used to compass Zimmerman's defeat will be found baseless. The victor carries the peculiar reputation of always fighting in the open. Who else in political campaigns offers such advantage to his opponent?

A double contest is waging against the mayor of Cleveland. The rich and corrupt elements of his own party have combined with the powerful Republican machine to crush him and his cause. Even were the combatants on the same plane a chivalrous and sportsmanlike regard for the weaker side would insure considerate judgment. But where the rare quality of unselfish and earnest purpose abides with the beleaguered, it behooves gentlemen to be sure of their ground when joining forces with such discredited assailants.

As a witness of Johnson's victory over Earhart, the recreant Democratic legislator who sought renomination after voting with the monopolists to defeat the reform measures of the past session, I expressed to the mayor my surprise at his temerity in challenging the prominent leaders of his own party. "When I can reach the ear of the people," he replied, "I have small fear of the result. As a rule men do not vote for evil measures knowingly. They err through ignorance, and not design. When the issues are made clear to them they act accordingly. Were this not the case a democracy would be impossible. I never stop to ask what are the probabilities of success when the duty seems clear. Had Earhart been nominated, I should not have been discouraged. It would only have necessitated our going down later and defeating him at the polls. It is far better to have an honest Republican elected than a false Democrat."

Johnson's tactics, however mysterious

to ordinary politicians, are supremely simple. It is an object lesson to other candidates. He welcomes to his meetings all opponents, gladly sharing his time and forum with the ablest of them. In vain has been his attempt to get Mark Hanna to meet him in debate. No bird was ever more wary of the net spread in his sight by the fowler. It would be an instructive combat. And this ideal but discarded method of political education has demonstrated in Ohio that a free and open platform overmatches money and machinery.

I do not question that, in his implacable purpose to drive privilege to the wall, Johnson avails himself of a legitimate political weapon and condition, but that he uses unworthy means it will take stronger testimony to establish than that furnished by discomfited politicians or disappointed Democratic newspapers, whose voices now usurp public attention. Wait until the atmosphere clears and the accused rejoins. Especially let truth-seekers turn their lenses searchingly upon the impending campaign wherein great principles of self-government will find an exposition worthy of the best republican traditions.

THE MAN WITH THE FOOTBALL HEAD.

For The Public.

The man was certainly respectable. There were no indications in his well brushed suit of ready-to-wear apparel of criminal tendencies, and his hat—but on second thought I would not be certain about his hat. His nervous and erratic movements as he sat on the park bench in the shade distracted my attention, so that any positive statement as to the hat cannot be made. There is a strong probability that he had no hat, but that is not essential to the understanding of later occurrences and may be referred to the police department as being more in their line.

He might have been a full back, or a half back, or some other important part of the anatomy of a football club, and the condition of his hair would justify such an inference, if any were necessary.

He sat half on the park seat and half off, and made desperate assaults at intervals upon a newspaper, which he held in one hand; and as I approached him I saw he was deeply absorbed in doing a lot of mathematical things with some long rows of figures he had set down on a large block of paper that rested on his knees.

I have enormous respect for long rows of figures—there is so much that

can be done with them when you know how—and extreme veneration for the people who claim to know how to manipulate them; and at once a feeling of great respect for the man with the football head came into my mind, and a desire to scrape a speaking acquaintance overcame my fear of his nervous gesticulations and peculiar mutterings.

I scraped, and he made no objections. He was so much higher in the mental planes, or mountains, than I that he could add and subtract and multiply eleven thousand millions of dollars easier than I could one.

It may not be out of place here to mention that he had not a dollar in his pocket, and no idea where he would be able to raise enough elastic currency to buy his next meal, but that did not lessen his enjoyment in manipulating millions or prevent him from borrowing 50 cents from me just as I had concluded the process of scraping his acquaintance. But the psychological knowledge I gained was worth 50 cents.

A psychological panic that busts your savings bank and takes your last dollar won't hurt half as hard as a real old-fashioned panic without any psychological attachment.

"Look here," said my football headed friend, pointing to the newspaper, "our farms produce four thousand million dollars. Shaw says so and statistics back him up in it. There's prosperity, and you can't get rid of it. If we want to, we can make it eight thousand millions easily, but what I want to know is, where is my share of this prosperity; where is my particular haystack? Have you any part of it hidden around your clothes? We imported one thousand million dollars last year. Did you see anything of my share of this particular branch of prosperity?"

"Perhaps your share is purely psychological," I ventured to suggest.

"Six million operatives in these factories and workshops," continued he, "annually sign pay rolls aggregating \$3,000,000,000. What I want to find out is whereabouts in that \$3,000,000,000 is that seven-dollar-a-week job that got away from me last month. It is there, for the figures prove it. I need it."

"I don't know anything about it," I observed. "If it was a three dollar, or a four dollar job, or even a five dollar; but a seven dollar one—why didn't you lock it up?"

"Ha, Ha!" he ejaculated, "I never thought of that; and besides, there was no lock belonging to the job. Amid so

much prosperity I never dreamed the job could get away from me. But I think I see where in the dim and distant future I shall recover it. When the annual productive capacity of the American people reaches the \$11,000,000,000 point, and when the bankers are legally authorized to issue some emergency currency circulating notes to move the crops and keep the wind from coming out of the stock jobbers' shares, then about that time something will bust, and among the fragments I will find that seven-dollar job. It's clear. Nobody can help seeing it. But what puzzles me is how to tide over matters until the elastic currency circulating notes begin to circulate, and the psychological atmosphere warrants that my draft upon prosperity shall be honored. My dear sir, have you a fifty-cent piece about you—not necessarily elastic, but somewhat current—that you could invest in the sure thing I have outlined to you?"

I did not immediately yield to his assaults, but when he came at me with the balance of trade of unknown millions, and the necessity of our getting more markets where we could sell everything and buy nothing, and the psychological microbe, I fell.

It is unnecessary to say more.

JACKSON BIGGLES.

DENVER'S CHARTER MUDDLE.

Denver, like Chicago, is cursed with a set of particularly odious public utility corporations. In the Colorado capital the water plant, as well as the transportation and lighting plants, is still in private hands, with very unsatisfactory results. The existing state of affairs in Denver, as in Chicago, has tended to develop a strong radical sentiment. The result was that the progressive element controlled the body that framed the charter that met defeat at the polls last Tuesday, after a sensational campaign, in which fraud and intimidation no doubt played a large part, as charged by the friends of the proposed charter. The similarity in some respects between the situations in the two cities may make Denver's experience instructive for Chicago, where the subject of charter reform is pressing for solution.

Denver, as Chicago is attempting to do, began the work of charter reform by amending the constitution of the state. The constitutional amendment adopted last fall consolidated at once the city of Denver and the county of Arapahoe, and made the existing Denver city officials the officers of the combined city and county. The