

were hard and rough with work; he couldn't make a speech to save his life. Indeed, he was only a farm laborer earning \$25 a month. But he sat there, day in and day out, listening intently, making up his mind as to the simple rights and wrongs of the question, and then voting right. Sometimes his "No"—his voice was always loud enough when he voted—was the only negative on his side of the house. Once—by the word of the "leader" who offered the money—he could have had \$10,000 for his vote. But he shook his head, and when the bill came up he voted an honest vote. In a sense he was an outcast; he could not herd with the "good fellows" who were banded together for plunder; he took no part in the horse-play of those around him; some even accused him of stupidity, but no one ever said that he was dishonest. Before the session was over old John Huffman, of Bluffs, stupid, perhaps, uncouth, unlearned, came to be a marked man, a monument of decency and dignity of character, winning the respect of the corrupt men around him, even coming to prominence in the Chicago newspaper dispatches for the very miracle of his honesty. And when the session was over he went back to work again on the farm, having done his duty.

One Chicago newspaper said of him:

He saw Senators and Representatives voting for boodle measures. He saw men of wealth and social position accepting bribes. He saw the Governor of the State—but that is another story. But John Huffman, of Bluffs, in Scott county, could not be coaxed by fair words or persuaded by foul money to violate his duty to the people. He voted on all measures and he voted right. When the noisy crew of thieves, flown with insolence and wine, left Springfield to spend in barroom or brothel the wages of their infamy, John Huffman, of Bluffs—God bless him!—returned to Scott county to earn his daily bread by the valor of his hands.

—Ray Stannard Baker, in McClure's Magazine for December, 1903.

TOM L. JOHNSON ON THE PRESIDENTIAL SITUATION.

An interview reported in the Cleveland Plain Dealer of Mar. 21.

The rather chaotic condition which confronts the Democracy in the selection of a presidential nominee has not claimed the serious consideration of Mayor Tom L. Johnson, according to his own statements. Mr. Johnson returned yesterday from a several days' visit in the East, where it was presumed that he was making a few political observations on his own account.

At his home yesterday afternoon May-

or Johnson 'ceased puffing at a formidable looking and peculiarly redolent pipe long enough to deny that politics cut any figure in his Eastern tour. "It was business, purely business," said he. "I have not kept in touch with the situation and don't really know what is being done in a presidential way."

"Mr. Hearst's boom seems to be taking on rather serious proportions," was suggested.

"That so? I hadn't noticed that he was gaining any especial ground."

"Seems to be gobbling up all of the delegates hereabouts and in other states."

"Well," mused the mayor, as he puffed at his pipe reflectively, "there are almost 1,000 votes in a national convention and it is a pretty hard job for a man to corner the market. Besides," he added significantly, "I have observed that it doesn't matter much what the talk is before the convention, the delegates usually select the man the occasion demands. Look at the first nomination of Mr. Bryan. There was nothing prearranged about that, was there?"

"Judge Gray seems to be pretty popular in the East, does he not?"

"The judge is a splendid fellow, and has a great many supporters for the nomination. And, by the way," Mr. Johnson recalled, "I had the pleasure of meeting him a few days ago in Philadelphia. I got off one train just as he was about to get on another. He had a few minutes, however, and we had a very pleasant talk. No politics, though; just a plain social chat."

"Well, there's Mr. Cleveland. You and he are very good friends, are you not?"

"We are quite friendly, indeed."

"But do not share the same views?" This inquiringly.

"No, we do not," Mr. Johnson said with some emphasis.

"Naturally, then, Mr. Cleveland would not be your choice for the nominee."

"Naturally he would not."

"What about a boom of your own? It has been stated that Mr. Salen has been trying to line up the Ohio delegates for you."

Mr. Johnson smiled. "Has Charley actually been accused of that?" he asked.

"There is nothing in it," he said. "If the election last fall did nothing else it has saved me from being mentioned in connection with higher political honors this fall. And I am glad of it. So long as I am mayor of the city of Cleveland I have my work to do and I propose to do it. There is plenty of it ahead of me just now, and I am free to discharge it without the handicap of politics."

"Did you discuss national politics on your Eastern trip?"

"You are evidently not familiar with my methods. I make it a rule never to discuss politics away from home or to discuss business affairs at home. Reporters tackled me at several points, but I explained my rule."

"Whom do you consider the logical Democratic presidential candidate?"

The mayor tapped the ashes from his pipe in a manner that indicated that the interview was at an end. "It is hardly a fair question, and I must decline to answer," he said.

THE WISDOM OF DOING RIGHT.

An extract from a speech delivered by Wm. Jennings Bryan at Jacksonville, Fla., Feb. 16, as reported in The Commoner of Mar. 11.

I am glad that there is a democracy that is as broad as the nation—a democracy that can be proclaimed in any part of this country; and a democracy that is not as broad as the nation is not a democracy that can hope to draw to itself the patriotism and intelligence of the American people. As I understand democracy, it means the rule of the people—a democracy that is founded upon the doctrine of human brotherhood—a democracy that exists for but one purpose, and that the defense of human rights. That kind of democracy can be proclaimed wherever man lives, and is willing to respect the rights of his fellow-man.

I am not only a private citizen, but I can prove by every gold paper in the United States that I have excellent prospects of remaining a private citizen all the rest of my life. And now because, as a citizen, I attempt to speak the sentiments that are in my heart, they say that I am trying to dictate. They seem to be very much afraid of dictation. Those who have stood on the outside of the party and tried to dictate to it for eight years are afraid that some one on the inside of the party may attempt to make suggestions to the party now. The anxiety that they feel lest the party be dictated to reminds me of something I read a short time ago. A man was all crippled up; he was limping and had his arm in a sling and patches on his face. Some one asked, "What is the matter?" and he replied, "I was coming downstairs and my wife told me to be careful, but I won't allow any woman to dictate to me." He would not be careful just because his wife cautioned him to be careful, and some of these people feel about as much exercised. I ask them to be honest—but they would rather suffer than follow such advice. Now, my friends, I am not try-

ing to dictate; I am not in a position to dictate. What authority have I, or what power, to coerce anybody? If I was the head of a railroad corporation I might have the power to coerce or to withdraw employment from those who would not vote as I desired; if I was a manufacturer and employed a large number of men I might do what many manufacturers did in 1896, namely, give the employes a choice between voting a given ticket and idleness. But what power have I? I have none, and I have no desire to dictate. I have no power to grant favors to you; if anybody does what I advise, he must do it, not from hope of reward from me, but from hope of reward from his own conscience. I have no power, I repeat, to confer favors on you; I have no power to give you office. If I had that power there would be many men with me who are now talking about harmony and the reorganization of the Democratic party.

What is it that they are afraid of? I will tell you. If a group of men are assembled in a room contemplating larceny, and a little child comes in among them and says, "Thou shalt not steal," he will put them all to rout. They will not be afraid of the child, but they will be afraid of the doctrine that he proclaims. And so, it is not because I have power to coerce, or to command, or to dictate, but because the doctrine of honesty is a doctrine that the reorganizers have never yet dared to meet and which they will not meet in this campaign. I want to preach the doctrine of honesty and I want to preach it, first, because it is right, and because people ought to do right without stopping to count the consequences; and, second, because I believe that in doing right we lay the best foundation for complete and permanent success. So, whether you reason from the standpoint of expediency or from the standpoint of principle, you will be brought to an honest course in this campaign. You have heard some say that I am disturbing the harmony of the party. I have had men within the last few days tell me that instead of criticising things that I believe to be wrong, instead of pointing out dangers that I believe to exist, I ought to "pour oil on the troubled waters"—I have examined the oil that they want me to use and find that it is Standard Oil. I am not willing to use that kind of oil; I am not willing to harmonize on that basis.

I desire to present to you what I believe to be a moral issue, and to appeal to you to fight this battle upon the moral issues involved. I want to appeal to you to make the Democratic party the champion of morality in politics. I want you to help put the Democratic party in a po-

sition where it will arouse the conscience of the American people—the conscience which is the most potent power in the world when it is once awakened.

AN OHIO MAN'S ESTIMATE OF HANNA THE MAN.

The Public's remarks anent Riley's effusion regarding Hanna's death (p. 779) are exceedingly apropos. Such is the shriveled fruit of genius when it prostitutes itself for profit. For, despite this doggerel, which all friends of the poet must regret, Riley is a genius; and genius, perforce, must live. But this unfortunate eulogistic expression in Hudibrastic verse should be regretted by the friends of the dead senator, not less than by those of the author. Emphasizing those things which Hanna was not, is calculated to direct an unpleasant attention to what he really was.

And, instead of your merely suggesting the potentialities of post-mortem criticism, were it not well to have utilized the occasion for candid statement? There can be no intrinsic impropriety in expressing a just estimate of the dead. Death does not defy one who in life was but common clay. And in the case of a public man of such prominence, his character and career are public property, subject to analysis and for use as an object lesson in those things to emulate or to avoid. The epitaph is, more often than otherwise, a monumental lie. Mortuary mendacity should receive no more respect than is accorded to any other kind. And, in view of the volume of platitudinous praise, superlative sentiment and ardent absurdity that has been uttered concerning Hanna since his demise, there should be some honest pronouncement for the sake of wholesome judgment and to give a truer perspective to the popular mind.

Imprimis, to be entirely just, there was much to admire in Hanna's make-up, if there was little to commend in his achievements. There always is something admirable in the strong man who can compel success from adverse conditions and wrest victory from the desperate clutch of a near defeat. Hanna was a man of tremendous personal force, a man of courage, a man of independence and initiative. In a public capacity hard as granite, quite as heartless and altogether as unyielding, he was nevertheless in his private life a person of kindly nature and generous impulses. He was devoted to his family and faithful to his friends.

Perhaps the most distinguishing trait of Hanna's character was loyalty. He was unswervingly loyal to any cause he might espouse; he was loyal to his friends; he was loyal to his own personal

interests. But there is reason to believe he would sacrifice something of his personal interests to serve a friend. This, as is the case with most rare things, is truly admirable.

Senator Hanna's unusual ability is something that must be universally admitted. He possessed great powers of organization and a remarkable administrative genius. He may not have been exactly a leader of men, but he certainly succeeded in controlling them. He was upright in business, as rectitude is reckoned in the commercial world of to-day. As much cannot be said for his political methods.

But Hanna was nothing of a statesman, as the elegiac eulogists would have us believe. He was a practical politician and a successful one. A successful politician may be briefly defined as one who has succeeded in solving the problem of how to buy the largest number of votes for the smallest amount of money. Hanna was also the type of the business man in politics. And the business man considers close buying commendable always.

It is to be doubted that Hanna had a mentality sufficiently exalted to grasp the higher principles of actual statesmanship. He was not a man of fine fiber. His was that excessive coarseness which so often is the complement of exceeding strength. Allied to capitalistic interests, he was thoroughly class-conscious. To his mind, with its narrow economic understanding and limited altruistic attributes, bounded wholly by a commercial comprehension, imperialistic expansion seemed proper and wise and the apotheosis of progress.

As a reformer, too, Hanna is worthy of remark. His transformation from labor crusher to labor sympathizer was so sudden, so complete and so incongruous as to constitute a phenomenon. But the object of the change was so obvious that it never deceived any discerning person.

As an employer Hanna was the uncompromising foe of labor organization. He destroyed the Seamen's union on the lakes, for that purpose hiring a known murderer to direct a gang of thugs that infested the docks to intimidate and assault and, on occasions, to assassinate. His oppression of the Spring Valley miners is a matter of industrial history, while the hard struggle and bitter defeat of the Boilermakers' and Iron Shipbuilders' union in the strike at the Globe shipyards in Cleveland is but a consistent chapter from the same stern story.

After Hanna was permitted to take his contested seat in the Senate and became the acknowledged high priest of the party of plutocracy, he ostensibly originated and veritably stood sponsor for a pe-