

RELATED THINGS CONTRIBUTIONS AND REPRINT

MEDITATION AFTER THE PASSING OF ERNEST CROSBY.

For The Public.

How many stalwart saviors of the race—
Dear friends of mine—have taken sudden way
Into the Cave of Silence, and there stay,
Since first Love's selflessness I learned to trace!
Their fiery darts they hurled at earth's disgrace,—
Then sank to Darkness from the desperate fray;
While hordes—great God!—still bask on Hills of Day
And turn on Wrong an unimpassioned face!
Oh, who shall dare to tread the earth for naught,
His pulse still red, when even from dead dust
Of Great Ones soars an influence of Might!
Oh, meagre men are we who yet have caught
No soul's contagion from their reverent "Must!"
No self-renouncement for Man's larger right!

JAMES H. WEST.

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A LETTER FROM TOLSTOY ON CROSBY'S DEATH.

A Letter Received March 1, by Bernard Prieth, of Newark, N. J., from Count Leo Tolstoy.

Dear Sir:—I delayed my answer to your letter because of illness. I knew the sad news of Ernest Crosby's death before, but nevertheless I thank you for your letter.

Though a sad one, it is a satisfaction to see a true appreciation of the rare qualities and high character of one's best friends.

What you say of him, that he never said an evil word of anyone, is one of the greatest commendations that can be said of any man. I hope that Ernest Crosby did not estimate me more than I loved and estimated him.

Yours truly,

LEO TOLSTOY.

Yasnaya Polyana, Feb. 12th, 1907.

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ERNEST HOWARD CROSBY.

Extracts from an Address by Professor Walter Rauschenbusch.

A month ago one of the bravest and gentlest, one of the most knightly and Christian men in America, finished his life in the full strength of manhood. Ernest Howard Crosby years ago laid aside the prospects of a brilliant political career, and devoted his wealth and great ability to the gospel of national justice and international peace, a true tribune of the people, a true preacher of the kingdom of God. But our newspapers, which claim to furnish what the people want to know, allowed him to be buried in such indifference and silence that many of his friends were ignorant of his death for weeks. If he had stolen and bribed his way into the Senate, and there had sat as the representative of a great railway, they would have given columns to his merits. It is by such facts that we can gauge whether our

nation has a Christian estimate of human values, or if its inner light has become darkness because its heart is with its money. A nation's Christianity must be measured by the quantity and boldness of the idealism swaying its people, by the hot love of justice, by the courage of protest against vested wrongs, by the readiness to imperil profit or professional advancement for the sake of the right. . . .

Christianity means love. Love means community of interests and solidarity of life. The family has always been used as the symbol of Christian relations. . . . Hence we speak of God as our father and men as our brothers. . . . The family is organized on the basis of service and not of exploitation. The baby is not compelled to work the longest hours and to take the smallest wage because it is weak and unable to organize a babies' trades union. The father does not seize the larger part of the turkey and call it "profit." . . . It is not Christian to pay least to the man who has the hungriest family.

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THE FILIPINOS DO NOT WANT THE "WILD TRIBES" EXHIBITED.

From the Manila "Renacimiento" of Jan. 3, 1907.

Mr. W. A. Sutherland, the Superintendent of the Filipinos now receiving their education in the United States, has arrived. Mr. Sutherland has come especially and expressly to arrange for a Philippine exhibit at Jamestown, Va. The idea is certainly very good, as such an exhibit might give the United States a chance to see our industries, our products and our capabilities, but we are most decidedly opposed to Mr. Sutherland's again taking over a group of the Igorrotes. We shall always protest against a recurrence of that exhibition. We cannot understand his insane mania for it. What object have the promoters in view for this exhibition, which began by being local in its proposed scope, later became a national affair, and finally an international event? It certainly is not merely to assemble everything good and bad from the country of every exhibitor, but to exhibit that which is best in a nation and marks its highest degree of progress. Thus from a comparison of the best results reached by different nations and different races new incentives may be gained for the further progress of each and all. This surely is the fundamental idea underlying any exhibition. No nation and no race now considered civilized would think of sending to such exhibitions examples of backwardness, ignorance or savagery which might exist within its borders. Such exhibits would certainly be retrogressive in their effect, and not likely to contribute to social progress. Why, then, this intention and desire to exhibit the Igorrotes at such a critical period when it is so desirable that the United States and the world in general may form a correct opinion of the Philippine nation? We protest against the sending of Igorrotes again because they do not represent any of the manifestations of real progress and advance of our people.

Mr. Sutherland may promise that they shall be well treated and kept apart from the Tagals and Visayans. This is not the question. The question involved is the unfavorable impression which their representation will create in any event among the

visitors to the fair. Mr. Sutherland, who seems to be a sensible man, must be perfectly aware that a bad exhibit is likely to leave a deeper impression than one of an opposite character. Moreover, in making this division the impression would be created that we were still living divided into tribes, which is untrue. An aggravating circumstance is that the place where the fair is to be held is one hostile to the colored race—Virginia, which, like all Southern States, is imbued with prejudice against it. This will, of course, create particularly unfavorable impressions of the name "Filipino." Mr. Sutherland is perfectly aware of the difference between the Igorotes and civilized Filipinos, but it is not so with the rank and file of his countrymen, who, seeing nothing but specimens of the wild tribes coming from the Philippines, might readily confound them with the Filipinos in general, as has in fact already proved to have been the case. As Mr. Sutherland represents himself as having a high opinion of our country, and he receives a large salary from it as superintendent of the Filipino students, he should give up his declared intention to exhibit Igorotes again, realizing that the country which Mr. Sutherland professes to love is intensely opposed to this or any similar kind of exhibition. We believe that in these words we are speaking for the people, and we protest to the government that a stop should be put to the exportation of Igorotes.

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THE FOLLY OF BELIEVING IN LUCK

"You think, then," said the gentleman who stood on the marble steps leading up to his \$700,000 palace, "that your present condition is due merely to the fact that you have been unlucky?"

"Yes," replied the humble one who leaned upon the handle of the lawn mower, "I have made up my mind that I must have been born under an unlucky star. I've worked hard all my life. A dozen times after saving carefully and getting ahead a little I've tried to become a leading citizen, but something has always happened to spoil my plans. Once I started in the milk business and had just begun to see my way clear ahead when somebody brought into the neighborhood a cow with a contagious disease. Mine all caught it before I had time to discover the presence of danger, and I lost everything I had.

"I opened up a grocery in a manufacturing district next, and then a panic came on and they closed all the shops and the people moved away, so that I lost all I had saved again. Then I went to work and hoarded up every cent I could until I had \$500 in a bank that was supposed to be as sound as the government itself. The cashier looted it one day, and I was penniless again. Then I thought I would buy real estate. After saving again I bought a lot that everybody supposed would rapidly increase in value. The day after I made the last payment on it the city decided to locate a dog pound on the adjoining lot, and I couldn't even get anybody to take the land as a gift."

"And you think all this has been mere bad luck, eh?" said the rich gentleman, with a smile of mingled pity and contempt. "My good fellow, there is no such thing as bad luck in this world. We succeed or fail according to our abilities. Your lack

Publishers' Column

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FOR RE-ELECTION MAYOR EDWARD F. DUNNE

The fair and able review of the two years of faithful public service by Mayor Dunne, which appeared in THE PUBLIC of Jan. 19, '07, has been received by the public with much satisfaction, and there have been many demands for extra copies of THE PUBLIC of that date. We ask all who would like to distribute copies of this review in Chicago to communicate with us promptly.

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