

was done them by the exclusive association of crime with "Catholics," because little by little the public would come to think of that relation as at once natural and unique. . . . Now that is the way the newspaper practice works to the disadvantage of the Negro.

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## RELATED THINGS

### CONTRIBUTIONS AND REPRINT

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### LAZARUS.

From the London Spectator.

"Remember that thou in thy lifetime receivest thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things."

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Still he lingers, where wealth and fashion  
Meet together to dine or play,  
Lingers, a matter of vague compassion,  
Out in the darkness across the way;  
Out beyond the warmth and the glitter,  
And the light where luxury's laughter rings,  
Lazarus waits, where the wind is bitter,  
Receiving his evil things.

Still you find him, when, breathless, burning  
Summer flames upon square and street,  
When the fortunate ones of the earth are turning  
Their thoughts to meadows and meadowsweet;  
For far away from the wide green valley,  
And the bramble patch where the whitethroat  
sings,  
Lazarus sweats in his crowded alley,  
Receiving his evil things.

And all the time from a thousand rostrums  
Wise men preach upon him and his woes,  
Each with his bundle of noisy nostrums  
Torn to tatters 'twixt ayes and noes;  
Sage and Socialist, gush and glamour,  
Yet little relief their wisdom brings,  
For there's nothing for him out of all the clamor,  
Nothing but evil things.

Royal commissions, creeds, convictions,  
Learnedly argue and write and speak,  
But the happy issue of his afflictions,  
Lazarus waits for it week by week.  
Still he seeks it today, tomorrow,  
In purposeless pavement wanderings,  
Or dreams it, a huddled heap of sorrow,  
Receiving his evil things.

And some will tell you of evolution  
With social science thereto; and some  
Look forth to the parable's retribution,  
When the lot is changed in the life to come,  
To the trumpet sound and the great awaking,  
To One with healing upon His wings  
In the house of the many mansions, making  
An end of the evil things.

In the name of Knowledge the race grows healthier,  
In the name of Freedom the world grows great,  
And men are wiser, and men are wealthier,  
But—Lazarus lies at the rich man's gate;

Lies as he lay through human history,  
Through fame of heroes and pomp of kings,  
At the rich man's gate, an abiding mystery,  
Receiving his evil things.

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### A Reply.

For The Public.

In Loving Memory of Leonce Coudert Fuller, Ever  
a Fearless Champion of the "Under Dog" and  
the Oppressed, These Lines are Inscribed by  
His Lifelong Friend, Charles Frederick  
Adams, July 12, 1911.

Others may clamor, each with his "nostrum"  
(Not all agreeing on what to do!):  
Has this last "preacher" to mount his "rostrum,"  
By sneers accomplished the end in view?  
"By fruits" he judged them: what fruits has he?  
"Relief" they brought not, of course he brings?  
Now surely! Lazarus will no more be  
"Receiving his evil things!"

Brilliant discovery! Ignored prescriptions—  
Advice not followed—have failed to heal!  
Sharp-eyed "Spectator"! full rich subscriptions  
Should aid thy work for the common weal:  
But—oh, wise Oracle! pursue thy teaching—  
Let it not end with mere rhythmic "flings":  
Help us to adopt, from out all the "preaching,"  
The cure for the evil things!

If not your "Socialist's" mayhap your "Sage's"—  
The Western Prophet's—programme might work:  
With "Rent" for all, and fair-bargained Wages,  
Desert might prosper, where, now,—the Shirk!  
Show poor robbed Lazarus the true solution:  
"Make Dives cease from his pilferings!"  
That would accomplish the Revolution,  
Giving, to each,—Just things!

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## THE PARABLE OF THE WEED PATCH.

From a Sermon Delivered by the Rev. Everett Dean  
Martin, in the First Unitarian Church  
of Des Moines.

Once, on the southern slope of a hillside where the first warm rays of the returning sun awoke the life of spring, there was an old fashioned garden. Here all the flowers of springtime were at home. Hyacinths were never more fragrant, and the violets and narcissus, lilacs, lilies of the valley, and roses, each in their proper time and place, added their fragrance and their beauty to that garden and seemed to become the lovelier in the sweetness of all the rest.

Then in the long, quiet summer days the marigold and the phlox might be seen; poppies danced in the sunshine, and hollyhocks grew tall by the garden wall. Here many quaint, old fashioned species were remembered and preserved, for an old Gardener might be seen bending tenderly over each one. All day he toiled patiently until the

shadows grew long at the setting of the sun. Never in a hurry, he seemed to incarnate in himself the calm spirit of the garden, where each lived for all and all for each.

One day the old Gardener was absent from the scene of his labors. He never came there any more. Many days went by. At first the flowers that had known him so long did not miss him very much, but after a long time when he did not come, they became restless and tired. The earth in which they grew seemed to become hard and cruel. And it seemed that something of the meaning of their lives had gone.

One day an Evil Spirit, passing by, breathed upon that garden, and said:

"You are losing your opportunities. Each of you is missing his success. Why do you languish here in idleness. The Gardener is dead. It was he that restrained you. Now you may live. You might be the tallest of all in the garden. Don't let others put you in the shade. Life is the survival of the fittest. Every one see how tall you can grow. There is always plenty of room at the top."

Then a miracle happened within those low walls. All grew up as in a night. A new spirit of enterprise had taken possession of every living thing. This was progress. How different from the sleepy old days with the Gardener. Even the grass understood, and grew long and tangled and tough. All the plants sent up their stocks as tall and strong as they could. They sought to spread their leaves over one another's heads. Their branches grappled in a life and death struggle for light.

Sunshine that had once flooded all the place was now at a premium. They crowded so close together that the little spring flowers grew faint and pale and soon withered and died. Even the stronger summer flowers forgot to bloom.

Then the weeds, which were not encumbered with flowers, knew that their day had come. They crowded to the wall all who did not adopt their methods.

And now the struggle became more sordid still. The weeds began a battle among themselves. They had a less delicate sense of honor than the former sentimental occupants of the garden; they resorted to cunning and underground devices to gain advantage. The battle went on to the death. With deeds of darkness they undermined one another's strength, and made one another hideous. Their ugly, deformed stems scraped and sawed one another when the wind blew. The birds and butterflies and bees became frightened and came no more. Instead, spiders made their webs and awaited their prey among the broken ragged stalks.

Only the top leaves were now green, and before the summer was half done they drank up all the

moisture from the ground, and they all died together.

The Spirit had promised the survival of the fittest, but it was only the survival of the rankest. "Who hath ears to hear, let him hear!"

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## PEOPLE'S POWER.

Portions of a Speech Delivered by John Z. White at Passaic, N. J., on the Eve of the Adoption by Passaic of the Commission Form of Government. From the Passaic Daily News of July 24, 1911.

In presenting this matter, I wish to warn you that I make no effort to reach your belief. I would recommend you very carefully not to believe me, or anybody else who talks to you. My effort is not to arouse your faith but to reach your understanding. When you shall observe the nature of Commission government, and if it shall fail to convince you, then you may very properly advise me to add to my remarks the words the merchant did at the close of his advertisement. He said, "Don't go elsewhere and be cheated; come here." If you find that the idea of Commission government does not agree with your judgment, reject it, but do not reject it unless you understand it.

Everywhere over the United States it has been the practice to find out which particular party endorsed any particular idea, and then depend upon which particular party may have furnished its endorsement, to determine where you would place the weight or emphasis of your vote. If you happened to be a Democrat, and the Democratic party said the thing was good, lo and behold, it was holy in your sight. If you happened to be a Republican, and the Republican party said anything was good, lo and behold, that thing became holy in your sight. Now, why should we not have a judgment of our own, individual, regardless of what our neighbors or our party associates may determine? This has gone on so far that a great many citizens have lost their judgment politically. We are getting into the habit of condemning everything and are arriving at the same state of affairs as our good friend the darky when he was ill. Friends said: "Sam, you ought to have a physician, and if you will tell us what kind of a doctor you want, we will get it—allopath, homeopath or osteopath." "Well," he said, "it doesn't make any difference. All *paths* lead to the grave." . . .

Not merely to be perfectly frank, but so you won't think I am trying to conceal anything from you, I wish to advise you that I am a Democrat. And the reason I am a Democrat is that my father was one. And that's about the only good reason for being a Democrat. Now, if any of you gentlemen happen to be Republicans, and seriously contemplate your own consciousness—