

## ERNEST CROSBY ON HEARST.

A Letter to the New York Times, Published in the Times of October 28, 1906.

Many of the reasons given by Mr. Hearst's opponents for his rejection remind me of an old familiar story. When some scandalmongers informed President Lincoln that Gen. Grant was drinking too much whisky he asked them to find out the brand for him, so that he might supply it to the other Generals. It is undoubtedly true that if Grant had been all that Hearst is said to be ten times over, neither Lincoln nor any other Northerner would for that reason have gone over to the Southern side, however beautiful the domestic life of Gen. Lee had been shown to be in comparison.

The fact is now, as it was then, that there is an issue which overshadows the leaders on either side. There is a world-wide movement in operation today taking various forms in different places, but having everywhere one fundamental characteristic—namely, that it starts from the assumption that the economic game of life is not being played "fair," and that it is necessary to assure equal opportunities for all in that game. Its object is the abolition of special privilege and tribute-exacting monopoly. It does not question the right of merit to its full reward, but it condemns the speculative and aleatory concomitants of the private usurpation of all kinds of unearned increment, based on monopoly, which have turned the business world into a glorified Monte Carlo, inflating the rewards of success infinitely beyond deserts and placing a premium upon fraud, chicanery, and greed.

Does this issue enter into the present campaign in New York State, and on which side is Mr. Hughes, and on which is his adversary? I think there can be only one answer to these queries. The question of corporate monopoly is presented to the voter in New York this year much more clearly than it has ever been presented before, and Mr. Hearst is the assailant, and Mr. Hughes, from the very necessity of the case, the defender. There are no holders of special privileges in the United States who are not on the side of Mr. Hughes, and Mr. Hughes has not uttered a word in this campaign which can cause them uneasiness. On the other hand, they are all frightened out of their wits at the mere mention of Mr. Hearst's name, and, be it noticed, he has threatened them with nothing but the enforcement of the law.

They have good reason to fear their own laws. Every time the probe has been inserted (in the insurance companies, in the railways, in Standard Oil, in the Beef Trust) the rottenness of the business system has been uncovered, judged even by its own low standards of decency. I confess I should like to see Mr. Hearst get "at" them. I should like to see him safely ensconced in their Richmond, and I have no more doubt than they have of his sincerity. Their enmity is the best proof that he is not insincere. And on this point I have a little private information.

A gentleman who has been closely associated with Mr. Hearst and is not supporting him in this campaign—a man of unquestioned integrity—has assured me that there can be no doubt whatever of the sincerity of the candidate of the Independence League in his democratic professions. Ten years ago, he

added, Mr. Hearst told an intimate friend that he intended to start a cheap paper in New York and to secure the largest circulation possible for it, in order that he might spread these democratic views of his. This programme he has carried out with marvelous perseverance and success, and he was elected Mayor of New York last year on a mere personal ticket—a stupendous performance.

Mr. Hearst's "whisky" may be a most deplorable thing, but it does not seem to be inconsistent with phenomenal ability, and I cannot help feeling for it some of the leniency which Lincoln accorded to the favorite beverage of Gen. Grant. Hearst's faults, too, have been grossly exaggerated. The Journal is not half so bad a paper as it is painted, and in some respects its tone is higher than that of most other dailies. Mr. Hearst's corporations bear no resemblance to those which are a danger to the Commonwealth, for they are not based on special privilege and lay tribute upon no public necessity.

Then, as Mr. Hearst's faults have been magnified, those of Mr. Hughes have been altogether overlooked. He is a corporation lawyer who attacked a particular corporation because he was retained to do so. If he had been retained on the other side he would have defended it with equal enthusiasm. As soon as the investigation led into the coffers of the Republican party he was called off, and this nomination looks very much like his reward. That he differs in any essential respect from Mr. Higgins, Mr. Odell, and Mr. Black, et id omne genus, there is not the slightest reason for supposing, and there is not a word in his speeches which shows that he has any insight whatever into the real problems which confront the world. Mr. Ivins meant business last year, but of course he has been set aside, for he would have been a thorn in the side of monopoly. It is possible that if Mr. Hughes edited a newspaper it would be less yellow than Mr. Hearst's, but we are not to vote for editors. We are to vote for a policy for the State of New York, and I shall take special pleasure in casting my ballot for the candidate of the Independence League.

ERNEST H. CROSBY.

October 24, 1906.

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## WHO MADE HEARST POSSIBLE?

A Letter Written by the Rev. R. Heber Newton, D.D., Under Date of October 20, to the New York Times.

As Published in the Times of October 23, 1906.

Mr. Gilder's letter in yesterday's Times concerning Mr. Hearst forms very pathetic reading. His distress is one which hosts of our citizens are sharing. All that he says seems to me, for one, undoubtedly true. And it is said with dignity and self-restraint—which is more than can be affirmed of much of the present denunciation of Mr. Hearst. Despite the hysteria into which grave journals are now falling—as they have fallen more than once in times past when the pillars of society have seemed to shake, from the days of that famous campaign of the great-hearted and pure-souled reformer Henry George—despite this hysteria, the bulk of the charges against Mr. Hearst which these papers make are also too sadly true.

All that Collier's Weekly, in its four articles on

"Hearstism," affirms is equally correct—in this case calmly and judicially affirmed. Mr. Brisbane and his fellow-Aarons and Hurs who are upholding the hands of our modern Moses—not alas! in his prayers—notwithstanding the public opinion concerning their chief, are pretty nearly accurate, it is to be feared.

And yet—

Is there not a little unconscious unreality in this overrighteous objugation of Hearst? Is he the only sinner in our Jerusalem? Have our model journals and our respectable citizens been alert to condemn in the bud the evils which they now denounce in the flower? The World is now arrayed virtuously against the proprietor of *The American*—its too smart pupil. The Herald holds its skirts daintly away from any contaminating touch from this abhorrent journalist—The Herald which for a generation has publicly conducted the vilest advertising business in its column of "Personals," a business which no other journal has seriously attacked, which the Society for the Suppression of Vice has never disturbed, which the Society for the Prevention of Crime has apparently never discovered, which all prosecuting attorneys, Mr. Jerome included, have allowed to carry on its "trade in the souls of men" undisturbed, and which it was left for the proprietor of *The American* alone to hale to the courts and thus stop, at least for the time. Is Mr. Hearst the first to organize a personally conducted tour to the White House? Are there not a goodly number of distinguished and reputable public men booming themselves now systematically for the Presidency? Have not occupants of Cabinet positions, of the White House itself, used their positions to capture the coveted prize of the politician? Is the use of money novel in such campaigns? Was not the nomination and election of the amiable Mr. McKinley notoriously secured by the "business methods" of Mark Hanna? Has not the old-time ideal of the office seeking the man been long outgrown by our progressive people?

How seriously have our family papers, our honorable public men, and our good citizens set themselves to ban such abhorrent degradation in journalism and politics? Why, then, this spasm of injured innocence over a man who simply goes one better on so many of our successful journals and politicians? Let us give even the devil his due. As our Puritan forebears would have phrased it, perhaps Mr. Hearst has been "raised up" to give us an object lesson in the issues of the tendencies that have been working in our midst. Are we not ourselves responsible for "Hearstism"?

And yet—again.

There could be no danger such as is now threatening us, there would be no shaking in their boots on the part of safe and sane citizens were it only a case of a blatant demagogue stirring up discontent among the ignorant. It is an insult to the American people to suppose them capable of being led by such a demagogue, had he done nothing for them, did he represent only imaginary grievances, ranting merely in "loose talk about social wrongs," as Mr. Hughes has unfortunately characterized his speeches—thereby making votes for Hearst.

He has made good for the wage-workers, as they at least believe. He has gotten things done for them. He has scored victories over the trusts, in some instances unaided. Granted that his motives

were purely selfish—what does that count, they say? What other paper has done so much for labor? What other public man has achieved such practical results? This is the way the wage-workers reason.

Others than wage-workers are reasoning in what seems to the world politic this unreasoning way.

There has been no more severe arraignment of Mr. Hearst, or none withal more judicious in tone, than that which *The Times* copied a few days ago from *The Public* of Chicago. And yet *The Public*, in closing that editorial, advised its radical friends to vote for Mr. Hearst in words which deserve the sober consideration of all conservative citizens; words which, since *The Times* apparently forgot to quote them, I ask the privilege of citing, in part at least.

We are in the midst of a great popular revolt against the power and the depredations of privilege. We must choose between reaction and progress. It would be nicer, of course, if progressive issues were clear cut and the candidates of progressive movements hewed to the line of principle. But things human never shape themselves nor allow themselves to be shaped so neatly. Popular uprisings are always in a good deal of a muddle. In no party and under no leadership at such times can all progressive voters find statements of principles to which they can wholly assent, or leaders whom they can heartily follow. The best they can do is to support the party, however dubious its declarations, and the candidates, however objectionable they and their methods may be, that go approximately in the direction of progress instead of the other way.

And what is the test of this when the fury of the struggle is on? There may be many tests, but there is one which never fails. It may be inferred from the answer to the question, On which side are the intelligent adversaries of progress gathering? If we turn our backs upon the direction in which they go, we shall probably be turning our faces in the direction in which we ought to go.

By that test the course of the progressive voter in New York is plain. Though many genuine progressives oppose Hearst's election, no reactionaries favor it. Though the progressives be not all for him, the reactionaries are all against him. Unless, therefore, the progressive voters of New York are determined to vote against the progressive movement until angels come down to lead it, they belong at this election in the ranks of the followers of Hearst.

This may be all a grave mistake—but it is the mistake of a most high-minded citizen, the peer of Mr. Gilder in lofty public spirit and unselfish service to his country. And it is a mistake which I must suspect is going to be made by a host of citizens who are not "laborers."

I do not attempt to add a word to the expostulation which Mr. Gilder so strongly makes against such action. I simply want to point the moral of it all, at a time when the daily deepening scare of society may reinforce that moral.

The gravity of the social situation—the reality and seriousness of the "menace of privilege"—cannot be questioned. It is alike moral and philanthropic—if one may put asunder those whom God hath joined together. It is on the one hand the corruption which is eating out the fibre of our business world, as disclosed in the awful revelations of the past year; and, on the other hand, the deep distress, the sickening misery which lies below our fair upper crust of society, the inevitable deposit of a competitive

civilization—as that infinitely pathetic book of Mr. Robert Hunter, "Poverty," should alone suffice to show to the happy myriads who having eyes to see, see not. What Mark Hanna is reported to have said of Mr. Rockefeller is true of our people as a whole—"money-mad." We are now reaping the fruits of this money-madness in the indignant revolt which is growing so fast and so strong against things as they are.

This is the mounting wave on the crest of which Hearst has thrown himself, skillfully; whose deep ground swell is now bearing him on so portentously. It was this deep sea striving which a year ago rolled up that stupendous vote, so nearly landing him in the Mayoralty. And this, although he fought both parties with an extemporized organization, and with every paper in the city save his own against him. It is this which is now surging him on so perilously near the Governorship of the Empire State.

Will our safe and sane citizens ponder this state of affairs seriously with a pondering which shall bring forth fruits meet for repentance?

Arguments about Mr. Hearst's character are largely lost on a public feeling such as is now roused. When a man is angry, and wants to hit out hard, he does not stop to ask whether the club he finds at hand is made of teak wood, inlaid with ivory, or only a gnarled and knotted bit of common hickory. When a man is angry and wants to make himself heard he will be apt to use any trumpet he can lay his hands on, whether made of gold or of the brassiest brass.

Had our safe and sane citizens been awake to the seriousness of the situation they would not have left their misguided fellow-citizens to such a Hobson's choice as they now have. Mr. Hughes is, without doubt, a fine representative of the moral protest against our saturnalia of graft; and because of this he deserves election. But he in no wise represents the philanthropic protest against the social wrongs of our predatory wealth. In so far as I for one know his career he seems blind to the deep damnation of our triumphant democracy. The Republican Party in our State has no leader who is alive to the economic issue. It has blocked the way of the insurance reform which Mr. Hughes so gallantly led just as far as it dared. Its bosses accept him to save them from a Waterloo.

The party at large is equally unworthy of the crisis. The Outlook lately characterized it as "the party of construction." Rather should it have said "the party of obstruction." All that Congress has done for reform of late has been forced upon it by the strong will of one man. And that man its leaders have done all they could to bind hand and foot, cursing him heartily the while, until they needed re-election—when they fall back on "Roosevelt the issue" to save them from that hell of the politician, defeat.

The present danger of "Hearstism" is in an era of good times. What will be that danger—with Hearst or with some other kindred demagogue—in the bad times that will surely come again? "If these things be done in the green tree, what will be done in the dry?"

Will our safe and sane citizens be scared enough

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\* \* \*

**AT THE CLUB.**

**For The Public.**

'Tis years ago, but I can still recall  
The small, low-ceilinged room where oft had met  
A score or so good fellows, one and all  
Imbued with vim and vigor, and all set,  
Not on the trifling vanities of youth,  
Time-wasting pleasures which the thoughtless dub  
Their highest aim; ah, no, they sought for Truth—  
Down at the Club.

When mighty issues swayed the minds of those  
Chief in the councils of our land, and whence,  
From hall and chamber, tempest-like, arose  
The soul-inspiring bursts of eloquence  
Which moulded thought and wond'rous love displayed—  
Nightly, amid the loud and fierce hub-bub,  
These legislative scenes were there portrayed—  
Down at the Club.

That there was shown, 'twere idle to assert,  
The cultured tone which Art alone imparts,  
But minds there were, keen, vigorous and alert,  
And words impassioned, straight from honest hearts  
Upheld the Right, disdained the tyrant's thrall,  
And fused with hope Toll's weak and wav'ring grub;  
Pure honest purpose filled the hearts of all—  
Down at the Club.

The years are fled, the gallant souls dispersed,  
To face the varied calls of busy life,  
But, certain this—while man with want be cursed  
Their place is foremost in the ceaseless strife;  
To lift the weak, to fight the cruel strong,  
All undeterred by Fortune's hardest rub;  
Their's still the spirit which fought social wrong—  
Down at the Club.

J. T. Mc.

\* \* \*

Mamma: "Johnny, I do wish you would make less noise in the early morning. You always wake me up and I prefer to wake up naturally."

Johnny: "Well, isn't it natural for folks to wake up when they hear a noise?"—Chicago Daily News.

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Just an illustration of the power of letters upon public men. We were passing a reform measure about seventeen years ago in Washington. I approached Senator Joe Blackburn of Kentucky, and spoke of the matter. "O, yes," he exclaimed, "my State is all stirred up; I have had twenty letters from Kentucky about it." He thought the whole State of Kentucky was in a state of eruption and excitement because twenty people had written him for something else than offices and appropriations.  
—Wilbur F. Crafts.

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Here is an effective piece of dramatic criticism, said to have been printed in a rural paper in Indiana. A raw company on the "kerosene circuit" played "Hamlet," and the next day the editor wrote: "Mr. Soandso and his company played 'Hamlet' in the town hall last night. It was a great social event and all the elite of our fair village attended. There has

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