

3d announced that he would do neither and asserted that he still believed that certain financial interests had more influence than the interests of 40,000 voters, with certain members of the Council.

PRESS OPINIONS

Chicago Chronicle (Rep.), Apr. 5.—The probability is that the municipal ownership issue, favored by both candidates unwise'y, did not cut an important figure in yesterday's election. There are some people in Chicago who look upon municipal ownership as a panacea for all their ills, but by the great majority of sober and intelligent men that idea is regarded as a joke or a dream. . . . Believing Judge Dunne to be unfitted for the place to which he has been elected and that, surrounded by the influences which are known to control him politically, it will be impossible for him to acquit himself with credit. The Chronicle nevertheless hopes for the best, while fearing the worst.

Chicago Record-Herald (Ind. Rep.), Apr. 5.—By a decisive vote Judge Edward F. Dunne has been chosen by the voters of Chicago to be their next mayor. The American way is to bow cheerfully to the will of the majority, and so, albeit with some misgivings, the Record-Herald makes its obeisance. The mayor's chair is not an easy one under any circumstances, and the incoming mayor will find the job especially difficult by reason of his pre-election pledges made to the voters. It will be the aim of the Record-Herald to treat Mayor Dunne with absolute fairness, to aid him in everything that he attempts that looks to the betterment of Chicago, and to criticize him when just criticism seems required.

Chicago Examiner (Dem.), Apr. 5.—All cities of the United States owe a debt of gratitude to the citizens of Chicago. The vote for municipal ownership has established the fact that one great city at least—the greatest of the nation in vigor and independence of thought—has decided to own and to manage its civic monopolies and properties. What Chicago does to-day the other cities, great and small, will do shortly. . . . The question before the people has been: Shall the public necessities of the people be monopolized by a few and exploited for their personal profit, with bribery, universal debauchery of public officials, as a feature of the programme? To this question Chicago has answered "No." Greater than any financial benefit is the moral benefit that the people will derive from this important vote. . . . This election is a menace to every man with a plan for exploiting the people. It is full of hope for the patriot, who believes in his country, knowing that corruption cannot finally overthrow the principles of self-government, for which the fathers of the country sacrificed so much.

Chicago Daily News (Ind.), Apr. 5.—By their verdict at the polls yesterday the people of Chicago have made an impressive protest against the atrocious street railway service from which they have suffered so long. They were offered municipal ownership by both candidates for mayor. One held out to them the hope of "immediate" municipal ownership and this they voted for as expressing their resentment most forcibly. The result of the election was a triumph for the adjective. . . . Judge Dunne's most ardent supporter during the canvass leading up to yesterday's election does not wish him a successful administration more heartily than does the Daily News. An unsparing critic of some of his campaign methods and of his avowed policy of condemnation and purchase of the street railway property, including the franchises, this newspaper would be very glad to find by his official acts that Mayor-

elect Dunne is as wise, as capable and as powerful for good as he has been pictured by his partisans. He now has the opportunity to justify their expectations and to disprove the assertions of his critics.

THE CHICAGO ELECTION.

Chicago Tribune (Rep.), Apr. 5.—Judge Dunne will be the next mayor of Chicago. He has polled 161,686 votes to 137,222 for Mr. Harlan. That gentleman made a gallant fight, and deserves credit for it. But it was not on the cards that he should be elected. There were two reasons why it was not. One was that he was for municipal ownership "day after to-morrow," while Judge Dunne was for municipal ownership "to-morrow." The man with the definite, positive, "immediate" programme won. . . . Now we expect Mayor Dunne to redeem the promises which he has made—to give the city the best administration he is capable of, to call the ablest men in his party about him, and to remember that his fellow citizens are expecting great things of him, not merely in the way of "immediate municipal ownership," but in the way of an efficient administration of all departments of the city government. We wish he would forget municipal ownership part of the time. We hope he will consider it is not a moral question, but a business question. We hope he will think that life is worth living whether we get municipal ownership during the next two years or not.

MISCELLANY

THE SPRINGTIME OF FREEDOM.

For The Public.

Oh the bare brown branches burgeon and the budding leaves are pink,
And we hear the Springtime singing where the withering snowfields shrink.
It has been a cruel winter and its night was long and drear,
But the Easter bells are chiming, and the soft-voic'd Spring is here!

Lo! the Springtime of man's freedom, of man's happiness and hope,
When the portals of His Kingdom to the sons of mortals ope—
All the beauty of the Ideal, all the glory of the True;
In the sunshine of God's freedom they are close at hand for you!

See, the sunshine warms and widens, and the somber days are done;
There were bitter times in winter, but the winter's course is run.
Men have lived and men have suffered; men have suffered and have died,
And their blood has been the purple of the monarch's robe of pride.
Now they rally to the struggle of a wider war than wont,
But God's harbingers of freedom gather with them, at the front.

And the winter of man's slavery, of his suffering and despair,
It is passing, brother, passing, for the Spring is everywhere!
Hear the cadence of its music where the night-wrapp'd Russias frown.
It is harsh-toned there, my brother, but it sings the tyrant down!

How the echoes leap to answer from a thousand cities' streets;
And the Russian cry for "Freedom" every foreign tongue repeats.
In the West the living lightning of God's mightiest truth was born;
Now the skies of all the Orient by its vivid blaze are torn.

And the Age has reached its limits—all the things foretold are come.

Likewise, shall they pass, my brother, though the prophet's lips are dumb,
And the days of peace and plenty in the Summer-land of Joy
Dawn for all the tolling millions that the rulers count alloy.

Dawn for all the tolling millions of the anguished and forlorn;
Of the ruled, and robbed, and wretched by the hundred million born
To be spurred and driven drudges for the owners of the earth,
To be bullet-meat for murder when they have no other worth.

Yea, the bare brown branches burgeon and the rising sun is bright,
And the scattered peaks of promise glitter golden in the light.

It is Springtime in the Heavens, it is Springtime on the Earth!
And the hopes of God and Mankind tremble smiling into birth.

VIRGINIA M. BUTTERFIELD.

DEMOCRACY IN AMERICAN JOURNALISM.

Report of the speech of Louis F. Post before the Democratic Editorial Association of Nebraska, at Lincoln, Neb., March 22, 1905, on "Democratic Ideals in American Journalism."

You have asked me to speak on "Democratic Ideals in American Journalism." Let me begin by making sure that we understand one another when we say "democracy."

I don't believe that democracy is the same thing as bad manners. I don't think a man is a democrat because he takes my breath away by thumping me on the back—unless I've got something sticking in my wind pipe and he is trying to thump it out. I don't think any man is a democrat because he enthusiastically crushes my fingers when he shakes my hand. I don't think he is a democrat because he takes off his coat when good manners require him to keep it on. I don't think him a democrat because he sociably puffs tobacco smoke in people's faces. I don't think him a democrat because he spits puddles of tobacco juice on car floors for other people to wade through. I don't think a rich man a democrat because he makes himself half-fellow-well-met now and then with poor people whom he wouldn't invite to his house. But don't misunderstand me. Men who do those things may be democrats all the same. I am not passing judgment on them. My point is that the doing of those things doesn't make them democrats.

Then there's the question about democracy and the swallow-tail coat. Some folks won't wear that kind of coat because they think it isn't democratic. And they rather think that

folks who do wear it are not democrats. Now, I don't care whether a man wears a swallow-tail coat or not. But I insist that a man may be a perfectly good democrat, even if he does wear one, and he may not be a democrat at all, though he refuses to wear one. But this much may be said, that if men are to wear "glad clothes" at all, then the "glad clothes" of the swallow-tail coat order are as democratic as possible. In a room full of men all dressed in this kind of "glad clothes," you can't tell rich men from poor men. They all look alike. The only noticeable distinctions are distinctions of conversation and reputation. There is no distinction of clothes, and what could be more democratic than that?

But I have only referred to the swallow-tail coat as a symbol of conventionality. What I want to emphasize is the more general point that no man is a democrat merely because he defies conventionalities. No man is a democrat because he is queer. What democracy requires of a man is that he shall respect the rights of others.

Once I was in a Southern city at the time of a snowfall—the first in over 30 years—it was such a novelty that every native white man on the streets seemed to be snowballing every other man, black and white. I had occasion to go out doors, and after I had been pelted by every group of white men I met, I began to feel that the lonesome Negro I passed, the only man I met that didn't snowball strangers, was the only democrat in the city. At any rate he respected the right of others not to be snowballed. And I have wondered ever since why that was so. Was it because he had democratic instincts? Or was he like the old German's dead wife. "Was she reconciled to die?" asked a sympathetic neighbor. "Mein Gott," replied the astonished German, "she hated her." I have wondered whether that Negro respected the rights of others because he had to, or because he wanted to—for a man's motives make a difference on the question of his democracy.

A man's democracy doesn't depend upon color or race or caste or station or wealth or dress. It depends upon his respect for the rights of others. Without this he may be anything else you please, but not a democrat. The very foundation stone of democracy is respect for the rights of man.

To be a member of the Democratic party, that does not make a man a democrat. The Democratic party has a whole job-lot of members who don't believe that there is any such thing as the

rights of man. It has a whole job-lot of members who would like to use it to trample upon the rights of man. I know many Republicans who are better democrats than some members of the Democratic party. There are plenty of Populists who are better democrats than lots of men who have got themselves stamped with the Democratic trade mark. The question is not whether we are loyal to the Democratic party. It is whether we are true to the democratic principle.

But don't imagine that democrats ought to bolt the Democratic party whenever the party veers from the straight democratic course. For Democratic newspapers and Democratic leaders to jump out of the Democratic party when it comes temporarily under the influence of plutocratic leaders and plutocratic newspapers, why that is folly if they really want democratic principle to win. To jump out of the Democratic party in those circumstances, is to leave the masses of the party to the mercy of its plutocratic manipulators.

The Democratic party embraces millions of voters who are democrats at heart, even if they can be fooled now and then by plutocrats in Democratic uniform and under the Democratic flag. What these voters want, and what they have proved they want, is democratic leadership inside the Democratic party and not outside of it. Democratic leaders who break away from the Democratic party and try to form third parties may serve a good purpose. Their work may be educational. They may make good political school-teachers. But they cease to be good political leaders.

Make no mistake about it, third parties do not grow from little to big in this country. The reason is plain enough. It is because the election machinery of this country does not give small parties a chance to grow gradually. If we had proportional representation, small parties might grow gradually into big ones. So if we had second elections when a candidate doesn't get a majority, as they have on the continent of Europe. But under the election system that we do have, the little party is at a disadvantage. It cannot poll its own vote. It barely polls a small percentage of its own vote.

Most men don't like to throw away their votes, as they call it. You may tell them that voting for a little party of principle isn't throwing away their votes, and many of them may listen to you once or twice. But when they find that others don't listen, they give up in despair. And so your little party, even when it has made a pretty fair start, be-

gins to dwindle. It grows backwards instead of forwards.

I know that some people tell us the Republican party began little and gradually grew big. But if you read political history you will find they are mistaken. The Republican party sprang immediately into second place. And that is the natural tendency.

Under our election methods the people divide naturally into two political parties, and not into many; and a new party must take first or second place at once, or it will never take either. If it represents a strong public sentiment, the voters may have a whirl or two at it, and if it goes immediately to first or second place they will stand by it. But if one or two whirls don't give it first or second place, they will fall back into the old parties in such numbers that the new party will have no voting strength left. You can't manufacture a political party. Parties are like great poets, they are born and not made. And they are born full-grown. As Minerva sprang full-grown, full-armed from the head of Jove, so new political parties spring full-grown, full-armed from the hearts of the people. You might just as well fish for shad in a tin dipper as to fish for a new party in a convention of delegates who are not delegated.

Out of the Whig and the Tory parties of the colonial period came two factions. The strong government faction crystallized into the Federalist party. This was led by Hamilton, the anti-democrat, and was opposed by Jefferson and his democratic followers. The Jeffersonian opposition quickly developed into a distinct party. It was democratic, but they didn't like to call it so. The word "democrat" was in much the same bad odor then that the word "anarchist" is now. So the Jeffersonians called their party Republican. Both names meant government of the people by the people and for the people. Both meant equal rights and opposition to special privilege. But the Jeffersonians didn't shrink from the name Republican as they did from the name Democrat. So it came about that the first democratic party of the United States was known as the Republican party. Under that name Jefferson led democracy to victory, and in a few years the old Federalist party disintegrated.

Then the Republican party of Jefferson's day became the band wagon party, and the aristocrats and the plutocrats and all the other enemies of democracy began to climb into that old Republican band wagon, and when peo-

ple talked about Republicans they had to name the brand. So they began to call the real republicans Democratic Republicans, just as we now call the real democrats, democratic Democrats.

Andrew Jackson became the great democratic leader then. But Jackson didn't go out of the old party and organize a new one with good principles and only a few voters. He stayed inside the old Republican party, where there were plenty of voters, and helped restore its principles to it. He led his party out of the political woods, but not into a political desert. Instead of going out of the party himself he drove the adversaries of democracy out of it, and they organized a faction which they called the National Republicans. Later on, this faction disappeared as the Whig party sprang full-fledged into being. And as the political warfare went on between the Whigs and the Democratic Republicans, the word Republican passed out of use, and Jackson's party came to be known by the name it still bears—the Democratic party. So we had the Whigs and the Democrats.

Under those two parties many battles were fought over the principles of democracy. There was the great bank question—whether an enormous monopolistic bank should govern the people or the people should govern themselves. The Democratic party won that fight. Then there was the tariff question, the fight between the plutocratic policy of protection and the democratic policy of free trade. The Democrats won that fight, too. If the tariff had remained where the Democratic party put it we should have none of the colossal trusts we have to-day. For the trusts thrive principally upon tariff protection and railway discrimination—both of which are the opposite of free trade. The same democratic policy that abolished interference with free trade by tariffs would have prevented interference with free trade by railroads. On economic questions the Democratic party, with its Jeffersonian and Jacksonian principles, was forging ahead toward the mark of its high calling.

But the forces that operate against democracy are not weak forces. They are strong and resourceful and subtle. "Let us not disguise it," writes Henry George, one of the greatest of American democrats; "over and over again has the standard of Truth and Justice been raised in this world; over and over again has it been trampled down—oftentimes in blood. If they are weak forces that are opposed to Truth,

how should error so long prevail? If Justice has but to raise her head to have Injustice flee before her, how should the wail of the oppressed so long go up?" How true this is has been more than once demonstrated in American politics.

While the Democratic party of the '40's and '50's was forging ahead toward ideal democracy in economic problems, the vicious forces that always persist in baffling democracy turned it over, bound and gagged, to the great slavery oligarchy of aristocrats and plutocrats.

For the second time, therefore, in the history of our country the democratic spirit was struck down in the household of its friends. But it was struck down only to rise again, more robust than ever. Even in its apparent weakness, prostrate and apparently dying under the slave driver's whip, democracy inspired men of both parties to be up and doing, and through all the political fog and mist there burst one day the great blazing sun of a new democratic party.

It could not call itself democratic, for that name was already a political trade mark. Yet it was democratic and it needed a democratic name. So it went back to the days of Thomas Jefferson for a name; to Thomas Jefferson, whose democratic principles it adopted and whom it recognized as its patron saint. It called itself the Republican party, as Jefferson's party had, and for the same reason—because it purposed carrying the Jeffersonian banner of fundamental democracy.

This Republican party did not grow gradually into bigness and come gradually into power. It was born big and it jumped into power. The Abolitionist party had collapsed. The Liberty party had been swallowed up in the Free Soil party, and the Free Soil party had disappeared. Then the Republican party jumped full-grown into the arena. It leaped at once ahead of the Whig party into second place, and four years later climbed into first place.

But this party no longer turns to Jefferson for inspiration, as its founders did. It no longer quotes Abraham Lincoln with enthusiasm. There is no surer way of making a strict Republican mad to-day than by quoting to him the democratic sentiments of Abraham Lincoln. He won't fall upon your neck and weep in joy over your repentance. He will answer you precisely as the old defenders of slavery answered Lincoln—with the same old jibes, the same old jeers, the same old

fallacies. The Republican party has been captured by plutocracy, just as the Democratic party of the '50's was captured by the slave oligarchy. So the money changers have been restored to the temple of our Republic. So the robber barons of plutocracy have recovered their protected privileges.

Theirs is not democracy of the Jefferson and Lincoln brand.

Democracy means equality of right, equality of opportunity. It means just what Jefferson said a hundred years ago—"equal rights for all and special privileges for none." And the problem for democratic newspapers is how to work toward that ideal.

Shall the Democratic party be abandoned and a new democratic party be formed as in Lincoln's day? Or shall it be clung to and its democracy revived as in Jackson's day? That is an issue which cannot be settled by party leaders and newspaper editors. It can be settled only by the people themselves. And let me tell you that when the people do call for a new party, there will be no mistaking the call. You won't have to wonder whether it is really a call or only a whisper. When the people call, they don't call in whispers, they call with reverberating shouts. There is no call yet for a third party, but there is a call from the democratic people to democratic newspapers to revive democracy in the Democratic party. It is the loudest kind of call. Didn't you hear it last November?

There have been great difficulties in the way of radically democratic journalism. The Democratic editor who has tried to make his paper truly democratic has been getting lots of experience and not much else. He has found that the machinery of his party is often influenced by special interests and that he must submit to these or be secretly pounded to death. His notes haven't been in favor at the bank. Advertisers have discovered that his paper wasn't a good medium. Every plutocratic influence in the community has realized that he was running a democratic paper, and they have proceeded with wonderful unanimity regardless of party to make him see that no paper can live without the support of plutocratic influences. So some Democratic papers have been like a notoriously bad politician, regarding whom some one asked: "Has he no principles?" and the reply was, "Oh, yes; he's got principles, but he keeps them under control."

Now I don't intend to be severe upon those papers. When a newspaper must

either keep its principles under control or quit, when it must suppress its principles or be suppressed, the editor faces a serious problem. It may be that editors ought to be as wise as the plutocratic serpent while they try to be as good as the democratic dove. May be it isn't best to go always and invariably in a straight line. Macaulay tells us that a man may go in a straight line in the desert, but not on the crowded street of a great city. It sounds very nice to insist upon keeping to the middle of the road. But it doesn't work very well when you meet a fellow coming the other way who won't turn out for you and is bigger than you are. Sometimes we may learn a lesson from the habits of animals. It is said that the only animal that keeps to the middle of the road is the mad dog. That isn't quite true. Once I saw a safe and sane dog try to keep the middle of the road. This dog was following his master under that mysterious system that dogs have of going about ten miles to their master's one. The master came to a railroad track and crossed over. Before the dog caught up a freight train had begun to move across the road and separated the dog from his master. Now, if the dog had gone under the train diagonally in the direction in which the train was going, he could have got to his master safely enough, for the train was moving slowly. But the dog insisted upon crossing the track along the middle of the road. He wouldn't give an inch. Neither would the freight train. What was the result? Why, that dog, with all his excellent ideas about keeping to the middle of the road, that dog suddenly died.

Probably most democratic newspapers cannot keep to the middle of the road of democracy without meeting the fate of that dog. Probably they have to make headway as the dog might have made it, by taking a diagonal course now and then. I am not recommending this. If I were I might not be a good follower of my own advice. For I like to stick fairly close to the middle of the road myself. But I think that what I have said is only a fair thing to say. I haven't much blame even for the faltering of a Democratic paper when it is a question of life or death. It doesn't lie in my heart to demand that anybody make a martyr of himself. But what I don't like is to have a paper that does falter put on a great front of virtue. I feel in those cases a little like the man who sat on a wharf and contentedly whittled a stick while another was drowning be-

fore his eyes. "Help! help," shouted the drowning man. "I can't swim! Oh, I can't swim!" "Neither can I," said the other; "but I ain't bragging about it." If you have to go diagonally at any time, my friends, don't brag about it.

With all seriousness let us remember that there are times with a newspaper as with a ship, when it may be necessary to beat against head winds; that there are times with a newspaper as with a pedestrian on a crowded sidewalk, when it is necessary to accommodate its movements to the jostling crowd. I would judge newspapers, therefore, by their general course, by the general direction in which they seem to be going, and the general headway they seem to be making.

But, my friends, I believe that the dangers and difficulties which have confronted middle-of-the-road democracy are passing away. Democratic journalism is coming to its own again. The people have begun to distrust Democratic newspapers which play fast and loose with democratic principles. They are beginning to place confidence in the Democratic newspapers that are steady and true to the principles of equal human rights and no special privileges. Some Democratic newspapers may still make money without being faithful to democratic principles. Many may still have to be unfaithful in order to live at all. But no Democratic paper can any longer be unfaithful to democratic principles and yet command the respect and confidence of the people. And I am optimistic enough to believe that the time is near at hand—I think it has already come—when Democratic papers that are faithful to democratic principle will not only be the most trusted, but will also be the most prosperous.

Even advertisers are learning that they gain nothing and may lose much by tempting Democratic editors to be disloyal to democracy. Even bank presidents are beginning to learn that it doesn't pay to debauch the press of the country. They are beginning to see that sound money in editorial columns isn't of as much importance to their business as sound collateral in their vaults.

I would rather have my readers than my advertisers approve my editorial utterances. I would rather have the confidence of my readers in my editorial sincerity than the confidence of my banker in my editorial insincerity. I would rather have it so as a matter of editorial conscience, and I would rather have it so as a matter of business. For if I have my reader's confidence in my editorial utterances, I may gain my advertiser's confidence in the value to him of my cir-

culatation and my banker's in the value to him of my collateral. But if my readers lose confidence in my paper, it is only a question of time when my advertisers and my banker will lose confidence in it, too.

Perhaps I have confined myself too closely to the relations of democracy to Democratic journalism. My subject is the relation of democracy to American journalism. But I reckon I cover the field when I urge Democratic newspapers to be genuinely and courageously true to democratic principle. What could I possibly add for the benefit of Republican newspapers? Nothing; it seems to me, except to advise them to remember the origin and meaning of their party name.

Go down below the surface of party manipulation and party treachery, of bossism and personal ambition and corporate greed—go down below the surface of partisan contests to the heart of our politics, and the conflict between the Democratic and the Republican party is one for supremacy in democracy. Which shall be the most truly democratic? Which shall be most faithfully devoted to the principle of human rights? Those are the questions that are really the undertow in American politics.

The indictment that democratic-Democrats bring against the Republican party is this, that it is not democratic, that it has drifted away from its original anchorage in the principles of human rights. The indictment that democratic Republicans bring against the Democratic party is the same, that it is not democratic, that it has drifted away from its original anchorage in human rights. Both indictments are true bills. There may be modifying circumstances on both sides. But the most charitable verdict a true democrat or a true republican could possibly render in either case would be this: Not guilty, with a recommendation to mercy, and an admonition not to do it again.

Now if these indictments are true bills, what can I advise Republican newspapers to do except what, in substance, I advise Democratic newspapers to do? All I can say to Republican newspapers is this: "Stick to your party and make it democratic in the good old Jefferson and Lincoln sense. Drive out your monopolists. Drive out your trusts. Put your corrupt bosses out of business. Stop writing your editorials in bank parlors and plutocratic clubs. Stop selling your advertisers anything but advertising space. Take your editorial conscience out of the money market. And then pound the Democratic party without mercy for everything in it and about it which isn't democratic.

The fight between Republican newspapers and Democratic newspapers ought to be for the promotion of democracy. Each side should pound the other side for not being democratic enough. That would be an ideal situation in American politics.

And now you may ask: What about democracy and the independent press. Well, a lecture on the independent press would have to be like that famous lecture on snakes in Ireland. There is no independent press.

The third party papers are not independent. They are partisan to the last degree. I am not blaming them for this. I am only stating a fact. For pure, unadulterated, unyielding devotion to party organization, as if a party were a principle, and no matter how small the party—in fact, the smaller the party the greater the partisanship—for the very original Jacobs of a partisan, commend me to your third party editor or organizer. Mind you, I am not saying it isn't right. It may be right enough, but it is partisan journalism and not independent journalism.

Then there are the pretentiously independent newspapers, those which boast of their non-partisanship. Well, they may be non-partisan. I guess that much is true; but they are not independent. They merely transfer their dependence from political parties to financial combines. Watch the non-partisan paper, and you will find that it always dances to the music of some monopoly orchestra. It may be independent so far as parties are concerned. It may be independent between elections. It may be independent at elections which the great monopolists care nothing about. At such times it may often be truly democratic. That is because its editors and other writers are democratic in their hearts. They are either democratic Republicans, or democratic Democrats, or may be they are democratic independents. But when an election is on at which some great monopoly interest is at stake, then the monopoly orchestra begins to play and the independent newspapers begin to dance. They remind you of the dancing turkeys on the hot-iron floor at the show. In the case of the turkeys a showman makes it hot for them, and they dance as he wants them to; in the case of independent newspapers a monopolist makes it hot for them, and they dance as he wants them to.

No, there are no independent newspapers in this country. All our newspapers are partisan. When they are not partisans for monopoly, nor partisans for a political machine, they are par-

tisans for a cause. And this is what the American newspaper ought to be. Let us not be scared at being partisans. Partisanship isn't unpatriotic. The important consideration is not that we are partisans, but how do we come to be partisans.

There are two kinds of partisans. One kind take sides according to the opinions they form. That is legitimate. The other kind form opinions according to the sides they take, and that isn't legitimate. When a man is a Democrat or a Republican merely because his father was, he is a partisan in the bad sense, in the unpatriotic sense. A man should take sides under the inspiration of his brain cells, not of his birthmarks.

All this is as true of editors as of any one else. They ought to be partisans. They ought to make their papers partisan papers. Partisanship for their cause should rise above all other considerations.

And what a great cause the newspapers of the country have to work for. What a great cause is the cause of genuine democracy—the cause of human rights. This cause is at the heart of all wise politics. It is the outgrowth of all true religions. Macaulay was right in saying that whenever and wherever the spirit of Christianity has surmounted its distorted forms, it has inspired love of freedom. Democracy is a universal principle. I can't agree with that atheistic philosophy which teaches that democracy is only an expedient, good in some places and at some times, but not in other places or at other times. That kind of philosophy seems to me like the theory of the quack doctor who had two patients, a shoemaker and a carpenter, both sick of the same disease. One ate cabbage and got well; the other ate cabbage and died. So the doctor wrote this memorandum in his commonplace book under the letter C: "Cabbage—cures carpenters and kills shoemakers."

Democracy is part of the moral law. It is the essence of the moral law. And the moral law is as universal as the laws of electricity, and no more mysterious.

Democracy is likewise the great human doctrine of Christianity. What is the difference between the democratic principle of equality of human rights and the Nazarene's command to love one another and to do unto others as we would have them do to us. There is no difference.

A great responsibility, then, has the journalism of this country to bear. It has the religious responsibility of holding our laws and policies within the bounds of the golden rule.

It has the moral responsibility of maintaining national fidelity to the moral law, which is no respecter of nations nor of persons. It has the political responsibility of maintaining fidelity to the Declaration of Independence, that people's charter of our national liberties, on which the Republic is erected and by which both the Democratic and the Republican parties were originally inspired.

Most of all does this responsibility rest upon the newspapers that acknowledge allegiance to the Democratic party. For not only was the Democratic party originally inspired by the principles of elemental democracy, as was the Republican party also, but it bears the democratic name.

More than that, though of vastly less importance, upon the Democratic newspapers of the country rests the responsibility for the perpetuation of the Democratic party. He who will, has only to look about him to-day to see the rising tide of genuine democracy. It is rolling over the seas of common feeling and common thought, like the great heaving billows of the ocean. Whether this rising tide will carry the Democratic party upon its surface or submerge it in its depths, depends upon the Democratic journalism of the Republic. Our Democratic newspapers have it in their power either to sink or to save the Democratic party. If they encourage plutocracy, they will sink the party, and sink themselves. If they insist upon making the Democratic party democratic, they will honor themselves, they will restore its inheritance to their party, they will glorify their country, they will advance the cause of human rights the whole world over.

THE TRUE TALE OF THE FIGHT AT BOTHERUM.

THE LAY OF A LOST MINSTREL.
For The Public.

Did you ever hear tell of the row that they had,
At Botherum-by-the-Lake,
On the day when the hustling John Harkland fought,
With the roadmaster's job at stake?

From the annals of Botherum-by-the-Lake
It seems that there once had been
A great factional war over mending a road,
Which stirred up her ancient men.

As these annals did tell, a great victory came
To those who had fought to mend;
So the road was repaired at the common cost
Of all who had cash to spend.

Oh, a fine bit of work was this mended road,
And proud were the folks, all told.