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LOUIS F. POST, Editor.

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Our contention that Gen. Funston acted as a spy when he captured Aguinaldo, is confirmed by Senator Burton, who defended him on the 14th on the floor of the United States Senate. While insisting that what Funston did had been done in the line of honorable warfare, Senator Burton admitted that Funston and his force had, to quote the press dispatch, "acted somewhat in the capacity of spies." It was for acting successfully in this capacity that Funston got his promotion to the rank of brigadier general. He should have been paid in money, and not with promotion. Spies and hangmen are customarily paid in money.

A British army agent was reported by the Associated Press on the 13th as engaged actively in Montana in "purchasing horses for the use of the English cavalry against the Boers in South Africa." Another press dispatch of the same date, coming from New Orleans, read as follows:

The British transport *Hellenes*, en route to South Africa with mules and horses for the British army there, broke the record to-day in loading, taking her entire cargo aboard, including 1,016 mules and horses, in one hour and 45 minutes, and sailing for Cape Town.

This is what Mr. Hay calls "commerce;" and President Roosevelt refuses to interfere with it. The United States had a different policy when it prevented such "commercial" operations on American soil in the interest of the Cuban insurgents. Cubans were imprisoned for fitting out such expeditions. But, then, there is an imperialistic difference between military outfittings to es-

tablish a new republic and military outfittings to crush an old one. The difference is in Mr. Hay's eye.

"Diabolical designs of deserters and disorganizers," is the alliteratively apt description which the *Columbus Press* makes of the combination of Northern plutocrats and Southern whigs who are busily engaged in trying to turn the Democratic party into a Republican party by brevet. The *Press*, in noting that they propose to rebuke Bryan by abandoning the money issue as dead, and appealing to the country on the tariff question and Philippine affairs, pertinently asks:

If the silver issue is dead, isn't the tariff issue dead? Hasn't Mr. Bryan been as sound on the tariff question, in 1896 and 1900 and at all other times before and since, as any of the disorganizers? Hasn't Mr. Bryan been more ably and more honorably opposed to the present Philippine policy than any of the disorganizers? Will not the disorganizers ignore the tariff question and the Philippine question at the same time they attempt to ignore the silver question by repudiating Mr. Bryan?

That they really intend to ignore the essence of the tariff question is evident. This is given away in a recent pronunciamento of one of their diligent band—Clark Howell,—a fine type of the Southern whig hungry for political flesh pots. Mr. Howell writes:

Free trade is neither practicable nor desirable, but tariff revision upon just terms is both practicable and desirable.

This is a reminder of the time when men like Howell sang, "Tariff reform is not free trade." But that time has gone by. Not tariff reform, not tariff revision, but tariff only for revenue, is the nearest halting place on that question this side of free trade absolute, to which democratic Democrats will again agree.

An observant colored citizen of Texas once warned a visitor to the state that when he spoke of Democrats he ought to "name the brand," because there are so many different kinds. He was right. There are Democrats for revenue, Democrats for honors, Democrats for power, Democrats for office, Democrats for many other kinds of "hog trough" where good feeding abounds. Then there are Democrats from principle—democratic Democrats, who believe in the fundamental principle of human rights. But the democratic Democrats also are of many varieties. One variety is the pure and simple species, which not only believes in the principles of democracy but believes also in applying them universally and without modification. When that species of democratic Democrat says all men have equal natural rights, he believes it to be true; and he means all men—not only himself, nor himself and his wife and his son John and John's wife, nor his neighborhood or state or nation, nor men of his own color as to hair or eye or skin, nor of his own culture or manners or ideals, nor his own race, but every race and nation and person. Over against this variety of democratic Democrat is the "democrat, but—" with an interminable collection of sub-varieties. Only a few varieties can be specified, space being limited. There is the "democrat, but—" don't apply democracy to the Filipinos; the "democrat, but—" don't apply it to the Boers; the "democrat, but—" don't advocate free trade; the "democrat, but—" don't include the "nigger"; the "democrat, but—" don't mention the "heathen Chinese"; the "democrat, but—" women are "not in it," being only tender vines; the "democrat, but—" the dollar is just a little better than most men; the "democrat, but—" our own country, or state, or

town or social club, right or wrong; etcetera, etcetera; etc., etc., etc., &c., &c., &c., and so on. We have tried to imagine what kind of democratic paper *The Public* might be were it to aim to please fully every "democrat, but—," who is its enthusiastic admirer "in all respects but—" in its policy with reference to his own particular excentricity in the application of democratic principle. The result is somewhat staggering. We find that it would either consist of a series of blank pages, or be an imperialistic, anti-Filipino, pro-British, "nigger"-hating, Chinese-excluding, woman-dawdling, mammon-worshipping, organ of Hannaistic Republicanism. It wouldn't do.

Because some of the outer forms which have clothed more or less vague perceptions of democracy are being ruthlessly destroyed—now in South Africa, now in the Negro regions of the United States, now in the Philippines, and in general by the universal tendency to wealth concentration—there is a class of superficial writers who assert the decay of democracy. This is like the men who a generation ago asserted the collapse of religion because faith in literal interpretations of whale-and-Jonah stories was being successfully assailed. But true religion is to-day all the better for that iconoclastic experience; and so will true democracy be in the near future for the period of temptation through which it is passing now.

One of the assumptions of those who are now rejoicingly reciting the "dust to dust" and "ashes to ashes" committal service over what they regard as the dead body of democracy, an assumption which exposes the superficiality of their thought, is the notion that democracy consists in government by majorities; in the idea of "the greatest good for the greatest number," as it used to be expressed, or in that of "the mechanical basis of numbers," as it is put in this more "scientific" era. In fact that is not and never was democracy. Democracy consists in the right of every ma-

ture and sane individual to govern himself, so long as he does not injure his fellows. Inasmuch as some affairs are of common concern, some method of arriving at the common desire is necessary, and the mechanical basis of numbers is doubtless best. It is certainly far better than the monarchical basis of experts. But with reference to individual affairs, as distinguished from those which are common or non-distributable, government by majorities is as undemocratic as any other kind. And in so far as government by majority has been unsatisfactory, the failure can be traced not to democracy but to obtrusions by majorities upon private affairs. Recognition of this fact is one of the benefits which democracy may be reasonably expected to get out of the new ordeal which its enemies fatuously imagine to be its death agony. In the light of these considerations the attitude of the *Chicago Tribune* is interesting and instructive. That paper, admirably representing the Republican party, which has for a decade or more been shedding the democratic principles for which Abraham Lincoln stood, joins happily in the funeral chorus over democracy.

Several months ago we told (pp. 386-87) of a criminal prosecution against Helen Wilmans, of Florida, for carrying on a fraudulent business—"mental science." We told also of the stoppage of her mails by arbitrary orders from a bureau of the postal department. And now the Federal court rules in her case that no legal crime had been charged against her, because there was no evidence that her occupation had been devised with fraudulent intent. So this woman, legally guiltless of fraud, has been not only stigmatized as a common defrauder, but her mail has been confiscated and she has been deprived of the right to receive any letters addressed to her under her own name; they have been returned to the writers, stamped "fraudulent." And all this without trial, but upon the mere

arbitrary say-so of a bureau officer. How much longer ought Congress to allow that kind of bureaucratic power over the distribution of letters to exist?

Senator Bucklin and his supporters have passed triumphantly through an exasperating legislative fight to prevent the repeal of a proposed constitutional amendment before it could be submitted to the people. Their enemies were the speculative real estate ring of Denver and some of the larger cities. This was natural, for the amendment, if adopted, as it is now almost certain to be, would allow counties to shift tax burdens from enterprise in making improvements to the obstruction of mere land grabbing. One passage from one of the opposition speeches in the lower house shows how painfully scared the ring is at the danger to it of a popular vote. This acute orator begged, in the name of the people, that the people be not permitted to decide the question for themselves. He said:

I believe the people want the bill repealed, and are not in favor of letting the matter go to a vote next fall.

Queer people.

JOHN PETER ALTGELD.

I.

A bleak landscape stretching away from his open grave, fierce March winds bearing down the bitter cold of a northern blizzard as they howled through the leafless trees, tumbling waves beating on the near-by shore of the angry lake, and a lowering but not altogether sunless sky overhanging the scene—this was the emblematic tribute which external Nature paid to the memory of John P. Altgeld, while his friends returned his mortal part to the absorbing elements of the earth from which it came.

It was a grand and fitting tribute.

No other could so well have symbolized the man. The bleakness was the bleakness of March and not of December, of life renewing and not of life at an end; and the signs and sounds of stress and storm, in the midst of which the dead body lay—composed,