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Even the rascals in politics are obliged to admire John F. Shafroth, the Democrat who voluntarily relinquished his seat in Congress as soon as he discovered that his right to it rested upon fraudulent election returns. Both parties in Congress generously applauded his resignation speech.

A general feeling of admiration has gone over the country for this man who rises superior to the "get there" ethics which just now seem to dominate political as well as commercial life. In that kind of public feeling—and there is more of it than the superficial suspect—there is hope for the future.

What of it if the party in power in Congress has, in contested election cases, systematically unseated its adversaries and seated its friends, regardless of the evidence? What of it if this custom has become so common in all legislative bodies and party committees that the decisions of contests have come to be regarded as questions of majorities in the body or committee instead of majorities at elections or primaries? What of it if this idea of "pull" and "get there" prevails from White House ante-rooms to tavern caucuses, through all the intermediate ramifications of corporation directorates, business conferences, society functions, and church gatherings? What of it if our whole social life is saturated with this deadly gospel of ignoble success? What of it if the very election frauds that Shafroth has refused to profit by were fostered by the

respectable business interests of Denver (whence he was returned to Congress), to effect private ends? What of it all? No degree of this corruption can long withstand the moral forces by which Shafroth has been guided. As ten righteous men would have saved Gomorrah from the destruction to which the corruption of the respectable classes had doomed it, so a few Shafroths may yet save this Republic from the destruction which its corrupting ethics of "get there" invite.

Lincoln's birthday was very generally celebrated last week, by Republicans and Democrats alike. No, not quite alike. The Democrats celebrated the man as an incarnation of fundamental democratic principle, while the Republicans celebrated his dead body as a fetish which they have inherited. They applauded his name, but were discreetly silent about both the letter and the spirit of his utterances.

In view of the more recent record of the Republican party, under its plutocratic leadership, one can easily imagine the embarrassment into which the quotation of almost any Lincolnian sentiment would throw almost any Republican gathering. Take this, for instance, from Lincoln's celebrated Cooper Union speech:

Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it.

How would that sound to those Republicans who have given the party over to the socialist doctrine that moral righteousness and justice are mythical, and hold that "destiny determines duty"?

Then again, to our latter-day Republicans who sneer at the axioms of the Declaration of Independence as "glittering generalities," how would this quotation

sound? It is from Lincoln's letter of April 6, 1859, replying to an invitation from the Boston Republicans of that period to celebrate Jefferson's birthday:

It is now no child's play to save the principles of Jefferson from total overthrow in this nation. One would state with great confidence that he could convince any sane child that the simpler propositions of Euclid are true; but nevertheless he would fail utterly with one who should deny the definitions and axioms. The principles of Jefferson are the definitions and axioms of free society. And yet they are denied and evaded, with no small show of success. One despairingly calls them "glittering generalities." Another bluntly calls them "self-evident lies." And others insidiously argue that they apply to "superior races." These expressions, differing in form, are identical in object and effect—the supplanting the principles of free government and restoring those of class, caste and legitimacy. They would delight a convocation of crowned heads plotting against the people. They are the vanguard, the miners and sappers of returning despotism.

It is impossible to think of applause for such sentiments from a modern Republican audience.

Yet those are the sentiments that Republican audiences of the 'fifties and 'sixties, and even of the 'seventies applauded most vigorously. What is the meaning of this radical change? Lincoln himself almost prophetically explained its meaning when he told his followers why the young Republican party of the 'fifties celebrated the memory of Jefferson, while the old Democratic party that Jefferson had founded celebrated only the corpse of Jefferson, as a fetish, carefully suppressing the Jeffersonian axioms. Said Lincoln, in this explanation:

I remember being once amused at seeing two partially intoxicated men engage in a fight with their great-coats on, which fight, after a long and rather harmless contest, ended in each having fought himself out of his own great-coat and into that of the other. If the two leading parties of this day are really

identical with the two in the days of Jefferson and Adams, they have performed the same feat as the two drunken men.

Following that parallel we of to-day may explain the different ways in which the Republican and the Democratic parties now celebrate Lincoln—the former as a fetish and the latter for his Jeffersonian principles. We may paraphrase Lincoln and say: "If the two leading parties of this day are identical with the two in the days of" Lincoln they must have changed overcoats again. The Democratic party (its Bourbons and "reorganizers" excepted) has returned to the axioms of Thomas Jefferson which Lincoln loved; while the Republican party (its deluded members excepted) have returned to the federalism and imperialism and state socialism and class privilege ideals of Alexander Hamilton.

So different is Lincoln's party of to-day from Lincoln himself, that Miss Ida M. Tarbell actually created a sensation by truthfully describing his character to the Chicago Society of New York when it was perfunctorily celebrating his memory at a dinner on the 12th. Being a guest, she was urged to say a few words at the close of the dinner and reluctantly consented. This was her speech as reported in the press dispatches:

I have never made an impromptu speech in my life, but when you speak of Lincoln you speak of a character with which I have spent five years' hard study looking up his life in Kentucky, Missouri, Indiana and at Washington, and in all that time I must say I never knew what boredom was. I think I can say Abraham Lincoln is the only man, living or dead, with whom I could have spent five years and not known boredom. Lincoln was a man who never pretended to be anything he really was not. He never found time to conform to the usages of society; he did not understand or care for its amenities; he never learned to wear his clothes properly; his trousers bagged; his coats did not fit. You may remember the eminent Massachusetts statesman who spent an hour with Lincoln and the only entry he made in his journal after their discussion of great national affairs was that Lincoln wore yarn socks. Lincoln always was

anxious to get things just right. Sometimes, in consequence, he seemed slow to the country, but he always insisted with himself that his acts must conform to moral law. You cannot conceive of Lincoln trifling with his conscience or breaking an international law even for the sake of an international canal. He wanted to be sure always that his decisions should ever stand as just in the annals of the world and the history of human endeavor. There are several instances to prove this. He was told by his supporters he would lose the election by taking a certain stand. He did lose, but he said: "We are right; the people will recognize it by and by," and they did, and four years later he was in the White House. Lincoln had real goodness; not the kind of goodness that preaches only on Sunday, but the kind of goodness that reaches out and embraces all one's fellow men. He was the tenderest man that ever lived. No one suffered more than he did during that awful civil strife. Lincoln was the best man American institutions ever produced. It would be indeed a sad thing if our institutions failed at any future great crisis to produce such as Lincoln.

How manifestly impossible it would have been under the Lincoln regime to maintain such a law as that under which John Turner is imprisoned at Ellis Island, in New York harbor. As has been already explained in these columns (p. 713), Turner is an Englishman who came to this country to perfect an international trade union of retail clerks. He was arrested upon a warrant issued by a cabinet officer. The object of his arrest was to secure his deportation to England. The charge against him is that he "disbelieves in all organized government." For this disbelief he calls himself an anarchist, a word which describes his doctrine merely because "archy" means government and "an" means without—"anarchy," without government. But because Turner therefore calls himself an anarchist, the opportunity is afforded to people who dread free opinion and free speech, to appeal to the ignorant and bigoted with flamboyant descriptions of Turner as a fiendish assassin. He is in fact a disciple of Tolstoy, also an anarchist—that is, one who "disbelieves in all organized government,"—and so far from being an assassin is devoted to a philosophy which re-

quires its devotees to face death peaceably themselves rather than cause death violently to others. Turner's appeal to the lower courts has been fruitless and his case has been carried to the Supreme Court. Meanwhile he is held in a barred cage under the surveillance of guards, night and day, without intermission, and is allowed no confidential intercourse with anybody, not even with his counsel.

The law which thus attempts to shackle free opinion, was enacted under the insane excitement of the panic following McKinley's assassination. As enforced it violates long established American ideas of liberty in many ways. By denying to a prisoner confidential intercourse with his counsel, it overrides one of the simplest of established rights. By authorizing arrest upon the warrant of a cabinet secretary—an administrative officer—it destroys the wholesome and long established American distinction between judicial process and administrative process, and suggests the future possibility in this country of something like the old lettres de cachet of French despotism. By authorizing an arrest at all for "disbelieving in all organized government," it abridges the fundamental American guarantee of freedom of opinion. To this latter objection the answer is made that our government guarantees freedom of opinion only to its own inhabitants, and that it may properly exclude aliens to whose opinions it objects, even though it may not suppress the same opinions at home. Could the subtleties of despotism go farther into the mystical realm of the absurd? In fact, however, this law coerces not only aliens, but citizens also. While it only requires the deportation of aliens for "disbelieving in all organized government," it makes it an indictable crime for citizens to invite such aliens into the country. If, for illustration, William J. Bryan were to return Tolstoy's hospitality to him by inviting that distinguished Russian to visit his home in Nebraska, and