

country as a whole; it will be better for them as a race. There were sentimental reasons why they should have supported the republican party almost as a body in the years following the acquisition of their rights. These rights had been bestowed by that party, and their bestowal had been wrongfully and foolishly opposed by the so-called democrats. But, if this sense of gratitude had not prevailed, the race question would have been settled in favor of the negro long ago. Had his race split their vote, both political parties would have sought for the largest slice, and each would have electioneered for it. That matter, however, has gone into the past. The present question for the negro to solve, and he must solve it for himself, is whether he will allow his gratitude to the party of Lincoln to make of his race a political attachment to the party of Hanna. From the outrageous treatment his race receives at the hands of some so-called democrats at the south—mere survivals of a period when the democratic party was pro-slavery and imperialistic—he may naturally feel, if he does not stop to analyze conditions, that the democratic party is still the enemy of his race. But if he does analyze he will observe that the democratic party is rapidly becoming the liberty party of the country, while the republican party is as rapidly losing its claim to that title. Old things are passing away in politics; all things are becoming new. Just as an anti-slavery Boutwell comes over from the republicans to the democrats to get away from the new republican doctrine about the subjugation of "inferior races," so the Robert Toombs type of southern democrat is finding his way into the republican party as the only political home for men who believe in that doctrine. Negroes who fall in with this doctrine of subjugating "inferior races" ought to support Mark Hanna's party. Those who believe in equality regardless of race will find in the new democracy the only party that now makes that principle its ideal.

In these days of Christianizing and civilizing of barbarians at the point of the bayonet and the grim music of machine guns, it is worth one's while, for it may help to precipitate the mud of deviltry that beclouds his religious aspirations, to read a book just published by the Cassell company, called "A White Woman in Central Africa." It is by Helen Cad-dick, an English woman. Day by day and night by night she was alone in the charge and at the mercy of barbarian blacks. Yet their respect and care for this white woman could not have been surpassed, if indeed it would have been equaled, in the midst of our boasted Christian civilization. To appreciate a striking difference between "barbarism" and "civilization," one has only to inquire what would be the experience of a black woman who should attempt such a solitary trip through enlightened America as this white woman made through Central Africa!

If imagination fails to indicate how a lone barbarian woman might fare at the hands of civilized men, let this story suggest. It is told by the wife of E. B. Drew, British commissioner of customs at Tientsin, a lady who recently arrived at San Francisco from China and told the story to an Associated Press reporter. We extract it from the Chicago Record of the 8th. Mrs. Drew said of the Russian soldiery (and are not the Russians our civilized allies):

They pillaged, looted, tortured and murdered right and left. There were many infants and children killed by bayonet thrusts. And many were tossed time and again. There is ample evidence of these unspeakable occurrences. And about Chinese women. They were mistreated and murdered in house after house. It seemed as if nothing could stay the mad frenzy of these Russians. Out from Tientsin are numerous little villages. The Russians swept through the villages, destroying life and property. In these places they also tossed infants and older children in the air from bayonets. The Russians also drove women and children into the river, where they were drowned.

In a recent lecture, Prof. Harry

Pratt Judson, of the University of Chicago, touched upon the disposition of some people to think that they are persecuted pioneers of truth when in fact they are justly discredited cranks a few degrees removed from insanity. Because some epithet like "crank" has been applied to all great reformers, these people jump to the conclusion that if they themselves are called cranks they are presumably great reformers whom society will delight to honor. Prof. Judson describes this logic as so deliciously innocent as to be quite irresistible. In that he is quite right. But he clearly mistakes the attitude of mind which likens the treatment of so-called cranks in our day with the scurvy treatment of pioneers of truth in the past. Few so-called cranks try to prove by reference to the similarity of their treatment to that of the treatment of historic reformers that they also are great reformers. What these references to the bad treatment of dead and gone reformers by the thoughtless herd of their time usually mean is that the thoughtless herd now is the same as the thoughtless herd then. Now as aforetime, when something new is proposed, it is denounced and its proposer is crucified, regardless of whether it is a false or true, but simply because it is new and disturbing. In this view of the matter it is the cranks who are right, and not Prof. Judson. Since historic time began, and it was doubtless so long before, every new truth has come into the world as a babe born in a manger, and after confounding in its youth the professors, has been denounced by them and crucified at the behest of the mob, to arise from the dead, glorified at last. As many falsities have gone through the same experience, except the last — for a falsity once killed is killed forever; it has no resurrection—we cannot reasonably infer that persecution is evidence of the truth of the thing persecuted or of the inspiration of its preachers; but we can infer that the wise mob and the foolish mob in all