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If it should turn out that the Panama canal syndicate of Wall street cannot secure a good title from the Frenchmen, President Roosevelt might resort to his new doctrine of "international eminent domain."

If the ravings of the Chicago organ of Grover Clevelandism, the Chronicle, which is owned and edited by John R. Walsh, a Chicago banker who aspires to be secretary of the treasury under the next Cleveland administration, as he did aspire under a previous one—if the almost daily ravings of this Cleveland organ against William J. Bryan are at all significant of the Cleveland point of view, it must be that Cleveland's friends look upon Bryan as the most formidable obstacle in their way.

The once celebrated son of President Van Buren, the gay "Prince John," a brilliant lawyer, by the way, happened to be in a New York courtroom upon an occasion when a trial was on, the due course of which the presiding judge persistently interrupted with questions and remarks indicating a bias. Though entirely without interest in the lawsuit, "Prince John" was irritated by the judge's partisanship, and he rebuked it with characteristic impudence. Leaning toward the lawyer for the defendant, the indignant "Prince" suavely asked, in a circumspect yet audible whisper: "Pray tell me, Vanderplatt, who's retained for the plaintiff, besides His Honor?"

The Mormons understand gen-

tile nature. They have quietly notified some of the "business" classes of the United States, that these classes will conserve their own interests by urging their Senators to favor the admission of Senator Smoot, the Mormon polygamist. As the Mormons are large buyers, the effectiveness of this method of campaigning may be guessed. It is like some features of the plan that Mr. Hanna adopted to elect Mr. McKinley. Of what moment is any mere principle, political, moral or religious, in comparison with the prosperity of the "business interests"? Aren't "business interests" always ready to swap an immortal soul for a commercial invoice? Your "business man" is no lackadaisical idealist.

Justice Brewer of the United States Supreme Court, is reported to have said at a Bible Society celebration in Washington last week, that "the greatest glory of this nation lies in the fact that ever and always she has striven to translate into the vernacular of international law the parable of the Good Samaritan and the golden rule." Judge Brewer must have got mixed either as to the Bible parable or his country's recent history, for it wasn't the Good Samaritan that "passed by on the other side," as this nation did when the Boers asked recognition. The distinguished jurist's reference to the golden rule was probably ironical. Were we doing to the Filipinos precisely what we would have a "superior" people do to us, when we bought them for a price, wantonly destroyed their infant republic, laid waste their land, and slaughtered the inhabitants?

James Whitcomb Riley has written a poem on the late Senator Hanna. It appeared in Col-

lier's Weekly for February 27. Listen to the eulogy. As Lincoln, Garfield and McKinley—

... are dear to us, this man is dear,
Being of them purely, e'en with smile and tear.

They, they were of his day and memory
And reverence. Aye, they were kin of him—
Brothers, in truth, in broad humanity
And joy in every human good there is.
Like them he fought for Mankind's victory,

Like them, too, he has gained.
Like them he has strained
To the full stature and maturity
Of simple greatness (greater may not be).
His latest smile, in glory like the Sun,
Has fallen with equal love on everyone.

Henry George used to say that "only two kinds of poetry are fit to publish—the very good and the excessively bad." On that principle of selection Mr. Riley's "Hanna" is fit. If it were prose, Mr. Riley might be kindly warned that admirers of the late Senator Hanna had better "let well enough alone," lest they provoke candid comment on his career. But it is not even prose.

When Senator Gorman tried to make the race question an issue in national politics, by barbarously rallying against the American Negro all the class prejudice and race hatred and selfish love of living in the sweat of other men's faces which the American white man and woman are capable of harboring, he made no mistake in his choice of an issue. Where he blundered was in his method. The issue itself was ripe, and it is growing riper every day. Any skilful demagogue might at any time raise the banner of white supremacy against the Negro, and almost sweep the country from Maine to Florida. This is one of the natural results of the imperialistic influences of recent years, to the potency of which the Negroes themselves have largely contributed by their votes. From the moment when the old slaveholders' political ethics of "manifest destiny" was revived by

McKinley, when the old slaveholders' ethnical philosophy of races with "superior" and races with "inferior" natural rights was adopted by McKinley's party, when the Jeffersonian principle which Lincoln proclaimed anew as "government of the people, for the people, and by the people" was abandoned by that party—from that moment the manhood rights of American Negroes were no longer secure either in South or in North.

It is no longer necessary to turn to the South for evidence of Negro subjugation. We may, indeed, see numbers of this race at the South recklessly convicted by petty magistrates of petty crimes, so that they may be forced to work in chain gangs. We may see them lynched there and burned at the stake. We may hear President Roosevelt bitterly condemned there for no other reason than because he was once the host of a Negro gentleman of high character and accomplishments. But these things can be matched at the North now. Why does ex-President Cleveland deny with so much spirit the story that he also has eaten with a Negro, if he does not feel the force of the hostility of his own race to the Negro race? If it was not a fact that he had eaten with a Negro, his denial would of course have no such significance. But the spirit of his denial, the vigor with which he makes it, the indignation at what he evidently regards as an injurious slander, these are extremely significant. How very significant, also, is the combination in Chicago, of a lot of Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, Catholics and Lutherans to prevent the buying of a church building in their neighborhood by a respectable congregation of Negro Baptists. Nor does the growing anti-Negro sentiment of the North manifest itself alone in such comparatively trivial ways. In Northern Kansas and Colorado, as well as in Southern Texas and Georgia, popularly approved mobs have burned Negroes at the stake; less horrible forms of locally

approved lynchings of Negroes have been reported from more settled Northern States. And from the overwhelmingly Republican county of Clark, in the overwhelmingly Republican State of Ohio, there now comes news of an atrocious attack upon Negroes, simply as Negroes, to which the old secession South furnishes no parallel. When in a Republican stronghold, in the heart of a State as distinctly Northern as Ohio, a mob rises up not merely to lynch a Negro prisoner, but to drive every Negro out of the place, to raze their houses to the ground, and to shoot to kill, regardless of age or sex, but with reference only to color and race—when such a demonstration is possible in such a place, it is not unreasonable to infer that the spirit of race hatred by whites against Negroes all over the country, has become as vigorous as it is satanic.

There was a world of significance in President Roosevelt's exclamation when Congressman Baker explained his interest in the bill for the sale of Indian lands in South Dakota. Mr. Baker had called upon the President to urge executive influence in favor of leasing instead of selling these lands. "What is your interest in the matter?" the President asked. Mr. Baker explained that as a single taxpayer he was interested in saving these lands from falling into the hands of land grabbers. It was then that Mr. Roosevelt exclaimed. "I am glad," said he, "to meet a man who doesn't want to see me about a post office."

It is a sad commentary on public life at Washington, when the President is surprised into an expression of gratified amazement at meeting a Congressman who comes to talk with him about public matters in a public spirit instead of private graft in a grafter's spirit. It would seem from Mr. Baker's experience in Congress that the conception that most Congressmen have of their duty is to worry the President about post offices, fill their wal-

lets with railroad passes, and laugh and sneer at the "fresh" Congressman who rejects passes and brings more important questions than post office patronage to the President's attention upon making official calls at the White House. A wager would be safe, however, even with heavy odds, that the Congressmen who do bother President Roosevelt with patronage applications, come away with more of what they go for, than Mr. Baker is likely to secure from the President for the public interest in connection with the leasing instead of the selling of Indian lands.

We have little hope that a recently started movement in Chicago will be allowed to develop far. Yet it is of great importance with reference to good citizenship and good public service. The movement in question contemplates an inquiry into the use of railroad passes and other passes, by State and Federal officials, including judges. This movement is said to have been inspired by a legal author, Seymour B. Thompson, and the editor of a law periodical, Adolph Moses, and to have the support of several law journals. Good luck to it. May it succeed in putting an end to this specious method of corruption. But we have doubts, for there are eminent judges who carry railroad passes; and where is the man who cares to incur the odium of exposing these honored functionaries when it comes to the sticking point?

Congressman Baker's experience with railroad passes (p. 690) has not been encouraging. When he refused a pass, he might have said nothing about it; but that would have served the purpose of the bribers almost as well as if he had accepted. Quiet refusal is as useful as secret acceptance, so long as only a few refuse. So Mr. Baker told about it—"gave away" the bribe-offering railroad and his bribe-taking colleagues. Thereupon every pass-seeking Congressman sneered at