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If while you are young you live in the future, you are in danger when you grow old of living in the past. There is a better way. While cherishing the past for its lessons and building for the future with hope, live always in the present.

Missionary boards that are "long" on Chinese loot and "short" on moral sense, will do well hereafter to avoid discussions of moral questions with Mark Twain. He may not measure up to board standards in mud patriotism and church piety, but he leads them a hopeless chase in righteousness and religion. At the same time his logic is merciless and his humor irresistible.

Without intending to do it, that imperialist funny paper, Puck, has hit off imperialistic Christianity with shocking fidelity in an Easter cartoon. It is called "Columbia's Easter Bonnet," and pictures Columbia admiring her reflection in the mirror. For her Easter bonnet, she wears a warship marked "world power," ornamented with ugly guns and throwing back a heavy feather of black smoke inscribed "expansion." As an unconscious caricature this cartoon is superb. Even with intention the artist could hardly have made the satire keener unless he had sketched in an Easter card picturing the Prince of Peace ascending to heaven clothed in a brigadier general's uniform.

There is much Yankee boasting about American shipments of steel to England. But it is not such a trick after all—except upon the American

people. Sir Theodore Doxford, of William Doxford & Sons, Sunderland, England, explains it. At the annual meeting of his concern, held in London on the 26th, he said that the American imposition of heavy import duties on steel, enables British shipbuilders to buy American steel at from five to ten dollars a ton less than the price of the same steel in the United States. In other words, the protective tariff empowers the American steel trust to "invade" the British market with enormous reductions of price and make up for it by charging excessive prices at home. Taking advantage of this, the British build ships cheaper than we can. Yet protectionists weep over the decline of American ship building, and demand a subsidy from the public treasury to revive it!

Prince Krapotkin is to be welcomed into some of the most superior social circles of Chicago. Truly a prophet is not without honor, save in his own country. The corresponding classes of people in Russia make Krapotkin an exile from his native land. His superior hosts of Chicago would cordially cooperate if they lived in St. Petersburg instead of Chicago. And if Krapotkin with his radicalism belonged to Chicago, they would hold him in contempt, not unmixed with fear, as a pestiferous anarchist. Had he lived here in 1886-87, they might have hanged him. But he comes from abroad with the royal title of "prince" clinging to his name, and they lionize him. All princes are alike to them. Far be it from us to condemn them. We only mention the facts. Possibly there may be in this local exhibition of lion hunting, some genuine hospitality for Peter Krapotkin himself—hospitality for the man, and for the spirit of liberty that makes him

the man he is in spite of the prince he was.

"There is no recognized principle, economic or political, which can be appealed to," says the Nation, "as dictating action either favorable or adverse to municipal ownership." That depends upon what is meant by "recognized." The monopolists of streets recognize none, of course. Also, of course, none is recognized by those school men who deny that there is any such thing as economic or political principle, expediency being the only test worthy the consideration of scientific minds. But there is such a principle. It is the simple and common sense principle that everybody, municipalities included, should attend to his own business. But what, it may be asked, is the test of a municipality's own business? That, too, is easily ascertained. When any municipal service requires necessarily a government grant to enable individuals or private corporations to perform it, then that service is municipal business. To make a concrete application of this principle, water through pipes cannot possibly be supplied by private parties without a government grant. This is not because government has first prohibited the thing, as in the case of grocers' or brokers' licenses. It is because in the very nature of the case a sovereign power of government must be exercised. No one can put water pipes even through the public streets without authority from government. Consequently, pursuant to the principle stated, the supply of water through pipes in a locality is municipal business and not private business.

The election by a large majority of Tom L. Johnson, radical democrat, as mayor of the republican city of Cleveland, is the most encourag-

ing sign in the political sky. It is all the more encouraging from the fact that it was opposed as strenuously by Mayor Farley, the political representative in Cleveland of John R. McLean, who is the democratic "boss" in Ohio, as by the republican machine. This was not Johnson's only victory over McLeanism and Hannanism in Ohio. In cooperation with ex-Congressman John J. Lentz, of Columbus, another radical democrat, he unseated McLean's local "boss" in that city, Mr. Kilbourne, by securing the democratic mayoralty nomination for John N. Hinkle on a platform demanding three-cent street car fares and municipal ownership. At the election, Mr. Hinkle defeated the republican machine and its ally the street car ring. This Columbus victory is a sequel to Johnson and Monett's fight of last winter (see page 692) against the street car ring of Columbus, and in its political effects it is believed it will contribute to the nomination of Lentz for governor, over the opposition of the McLean machine. Mayor Jones's reelection as mayor of Toledo is another event pointing in the same general direction. Though Mr. Jones repudiates partisanship and is not a democrat in the party sense, he also is a radical of the democratic type.

Johnson's Cleveland fight was made against great odds. From the dives in the slums to the mansions on the avenue, every parasitical interest opposed him. But he was open and sincere from the start, and the farther the campaign progressed and the more virulent his adversaries became the stronger he grew. Doubtless, also, those newspapers are right that attribute much of Johnson's strength to the fact that he is an intelligent and devoted advocate of the doctrines of Henry George. Followers of Henry George are far more numerous than is commonly supposed, or than their organized strength would indicate. And there is that in George's philosophy which establishes an unconscious free masonry between them.

They know almost at sight whether or not a man who professes to be a single taxer is sincere. This is not because there is anything esoteric about Georgeism. It is because the George philosophy holds together. It holds together economically, politically and morally; and the man who does not see it in its true proportions had better not profess it to single taxers unless he is prepared to be detected as an impostor. Unless he does "see the single tax cat," as they would phrase it, it is worse than useless for him to say he sees it. Tom L. Johnson is universally recognized by them as a man who sees this cat from whiskers to tail-tip; and whatever Mr. Hanna may say he thinks of Johnson's sincerity, they accept him as serious and sincere. It would not be remarkable, therefore, if Johnson's devotion to the doctrines of Henry George had contributed to his Cleveland victory.

It is natural, of course, for the quidnuncs in journalism and politics to make Johnson's victory in Cleveland the starting point for a meteoric political career — mayoralty, governorship, senatorship, presidency. They know, at all events, that this is the layout he has made for himself. Else what can be his motive? Some such motive is inseparable, in the mind of your quidnunc, from all political activity. He would not believe that Johnson is in politics for the purpose primarily of promoting an economic, political and moral principle which is to him a religion (as it is to thousands upon thousands of men and women the world over whose eyes are now turned with satisfaction toward Cleveland), and that the question of his getting office is secondary. Your quidnunc would not believe that, but it is true. Neither would he believe that Johnson's campaign against McLean is not for the sake of a seat in the senate, but for the sake of democratizing the democratic party of Ohio, and that if he should seek a seat in the senate it would be in aid of that campaign and not its object.

Yet that also is true. Your quidnunc would not believe, either, that Johnson is making no effort, and will make none, to displace from leadership in the democratic party of the nation that brilliant young Nebraskan who has done more than any man since Jackson to make the democratic party democratic. But that, likewise, is true. Johnson is not fighting democratic democrats. His alignment with Bryan in 1896 and 1900 was not to hold a place in the party. Neither was it because he was in agreement with Bryan on bimetallism. It was because Bryan was then, as he is still, the national leader of the new democracy.

One more word about Johnson. It is made necessary by an article in the Chicago Record-Herald of the 3d, over the signature of William E. Curtis, a peripatetic and versatile but not veracious staff correspondent of that paper. Mr. Curtis makes two statements regarding Mr. Johnson which are unqualified falsehoods—intentional unless irresponsible. Johnson, says Curtis, "is a free trader, and thinks the customs tariffs are immoral as well as illogical, but nevertheless demands a heavy duty on iron and steel as long as he manufactures." Now it is a matter of public record that Johnson while in congress used his voice, his vote and his influence to the fullest possible extent to abolish the very tariff which Curtis here says he demands. Curtis's other falsehood—not the only other one, but the other one to which we have alluded—is his assertion that Johnson

built a little ideal community down on one of his street car lines on Long Island to carry out Henry George's notions. The population was composed entirely of Mr. George and his friends and disciples. Mr. Johnson footed the bills. The rest of them dreamed and talked and believed that they had a Utopia, but it would have been something else without Mr. Johnson's money.

The possible basis in truth for that flippant falsehood is the fact that in one place on Long Island Johnson and George owned private residences

near each other, and that in another, Greenwood cemetery, they owned adjoining burial plots. It is well known that both George and Johnson were, as Johnson is yet, utterly indifferent if not positively opposed to communistic experiments; and the Record-Herald's correspondent might easily have saved himself his false statement had he been a little more cautious about his facts and a little less loyal to his evident theory that the important consideration about a newspaper article is not that it shall be true, but that it shall be interesting.

The reelection of Harrison in Chicago was a foregone conclusion. It had evidently been arranged months before between the local republican and democratic machines. Pursuant to this arrangement the republican machine defeated John M. Harlan for the republican nomination. Harlan had been pressed upon the convention by an immense popular petition. Had he been nominated nothing would have prevented his election. But that would have amounted to a repudiation by the republican machine of its arrangement with the Burke-Harrison machine. So the republican machine "turned down" Harlan and nominated Judge Hanecy, probably the most unpopular republican of note in Chicago. And after the machine had nominated Hanecy it let him shift for himself, doing no work to win the election. The deadness of the republican campaign in Chicago for Hanecy this spring was equaled only by the deadness of the democratic campaign in Chicago for Bryan last fall. In the fall the democratic machine was indifferent and the republican machine fairly vibrated with campaign activity; in the spring the republican machine stood still and the democratic machine did the vibrating. That is the way these machines work into each other's hands. That is the way Bryan was traded off for Harrison.

In following up its probing questions to Grover Cleveland with a

sharp admonition to David B. Hill, Bryan's Commoner is doing the democratic party a valuable service. As usual with Mr. Bryan, he cuts with a keen edge and to the quick. "The democratic party distinguishes," he says, "between legitimate accumulations and predatory wealth, but whenever predatory wealth is attacked it tries to shield itself behind honest capital." This is apropos of Mr. Hill's slanting reference, after the manner of republican papers and speakers, to the democrats as "unnecessarily" assailing capital. It is clear enough that Mr. Hill has long been trying to line up with the beneficiaries of vested interests. This has been his besetting temptation ever since he observed the Wall street popularity of Cleveland which began with a gubernatorial veto of a short hour bill for railway employes. Mr. Bryan has detected the false note in Hill's sanctity-of-property song. Whenever a public man, democrat or republican, talks conservatively about property rights without distinguishing legitimate accumulations from predatory wealth, it is a safe inference that he either holds a brief for predatory wealth or is bidding for one.

It has been the policy of administration spokesmen to deny that the Americans in the Philippines treat the natives barbarously, and to this end soldiers' letters are systematically discredited. Our attention is drawn in that connection to a soldier's letter which appeared in the Northampton (Mass.) Daily Herald of March 8. It is signed by Charles S. Riley, a brother of the editor of the Herald, and a son of one of the most respected and public spirited men of Northampton. Riley is a sergeant, and writes not complainingly nor critically. Though never a hard-hearted boy at home, his experience in the army appears to have hardened him and he tells of shocking barbarities and cruelties with the most matter of fact unconcern.

We quote part of Sergt. Riley's

letter, that which tells of an application of the "water torture," which our troops have borrowed from our savage native allies, the Macabebes:

Arriving at Igaras at daylight next morning we found everything peaceful, but it shortly developed that we were really "treading on a volcano." The presidente, the priest and another leading man were assembled and put on the rack of inquiry. The presidente evaded some questions and was soon bound and given the "water cure." This was done by throwing him on his back beneath a tank of water, and running a stream into his mouth, a man kneading his stomach meanwhile to prevent his drowning. This ordeal proved a tongue-loosener and the crafty old fellow soon begged mercy and made a full confession. He admitted he was an active captain of the insurgents and that the entire native police force of the town, 25 in number, were sworn insurgents. The police were then rounded up, together with other officials, and confined in the convent. We then made ready to hunt down a band of insurgents supposed to be a few miles back in the mountains. The presidente was asked for more information and had to take a second dose of "water cure" before he would divulge. He finally confessed that as we rode into the town he sent a messenger into the mountains to warn the insurgents. Taking the presidente for a guide, we started for the mountains. It was a hard trip and ineffective, for the ladrones had decamped. Every building and barreo (a kind of stockade for defense) along the trail was burned on the way back to Igaras. Arrived there the officers had a council and decided to burn the town as punishment for its treachery. Before applying the torch every house was searched for arms and valuables, and to see that no helpless persons were left. The conflagration began at eight p. m. and continued for five hours, the burning bamboo sounding like the cracking of regiments of rifles in battle. Only 30 houses of the 500 were left standing, and those were spared because they were near a large house belonging to a Spanish family. After this surprising discovery of the treachery of Igaras we came to the conclusion that the best Khakiak is the dead one, to change the phrase once applied to the American Indian.

It is interesting to notice how important Aguinaldo has become since his capture. So long as he was free, he was without influence; but now that he is a prisoner his influence is coextensive with the Philippine op-