

gers the traction, the telephone, the gas, and some other street franchise interests are facing at the April election, it is hardly worth while to hunt farther. This is more especially so, when the fact is notorious that most of the moral agencies engaged in making the uproar are largely financed and otherwise fostered by owners of street franchise securities.

#### Our colonial and our imperial caciques.

The American Attorney General of our Philippine colony beyond the seas, Mr. Wilfey, recently lectured at Manila on the rule of the "cacique." The term "cacique" corresponds to our "boss" and Mr. Wilfey undertook to show that some of the difficulties in the Philippine Islands are connected with the fact that the influence of the local "cacique" interfered with the freedom of the municipal and provincial elections. It would be more instructive and entertaining to students and the Filipino public generally if Mr. Wilfey would tell about caciquism in his native land. Caciquism or graft in American cities is in four forms: (1) Police graft, where the law breakers and criminals pay for police protection; (2) pay-roll graft, where falsified returns are made; (3) contract graft, where a profit is made on public contracts; (4) franchise grafts, which grant, give extensions, regulate and control franchises for public utilities, such as street cars, gas works, electric lighting, private water companies, telephone companies and other public improvements. This is considered highly respectable in America. And while he is about it Mr. Wilfey might inform our colonial subjects of our life insurance grafters and denounce those caciques who rob the thousands of widows who depend on insurance policies. Then there is the Standard Oil cacique, the railway monopoly cacique, the school book trust caciques. It is not so profitable to describe feeble attempts at caciquism among the Filipinos, who are "incapable of self-govern-

ment," as the highly developed perfected article that rules so many elections—municipal, State and national in America."

#### A mysterious fortune.

An interesting dispatch came over the wires from Providence on George Washington's birthday. It told of the wealth of little Nicholas Brown. When three months old this baby boy inherited from his father an estate worth \$4,000,000; and now, as he passes his sixth birthday, that estate has grown in value to \$11,000,000—an increase in little more than half a decade of \$7,000,000. Now, how do you suppose this boy earned all that money in that short time? It couldn't have been in the sweat of his own face. It must have been in the sweat of other people's faces. About how many other people sweated their faces for this youngster may be roughly estimated (speaking statistically by averages) if we consider that the increase in his fortune is equal to the total wages of about 1,000 four-dollar-a-day men. And that leaves entirely out of consideration the cost of their frugal fare and of his expensive keep.

#### MURRAY FLOYD TULEY.\*

Some men are loved for their public virtues and service, and when they die are sincerely and modestly mourned. Among these was Murray Floyd Tuley, a judge whom lawyers delighted to distinguish as "the Chancellor," and a man whom the people of Chicago regarded as their First Fellow Citizen.

No curious crowds lined the streets to watch without affection the passing of his body to its burial; no newspapers filled their columns with brilliant descriptions and fulsome praise of his career as an example of successful self-service; no sycophant hungry for crumbs nor sensationalist eager for nerve vibrations waited feverishly for reports of the distribution of his accumulations of

\*The fine photographic portrait of Judge Tuley, a half-tone copy of which accompanies this issue of The Public as a supplement, was made by Alfred Cox, 215 Wabash avenue, Chicago, to whose courtesy we are indebted for a copy expressly prepared for half-tone reproduction.

wealth. He had little wealth to distribute; like Agassiz, he had always been "too busy to make money." His career had not been one of self-service; like Abou ben Adhem, his dominant love was not for himself but for his fellow men. It was with no idle curiosity that his fellow citizens had learned that his life was at an end (p. 768), but with sorrow for his loss and affection for his memory.

Judge Tuley's distinction was in one respect at least peculiar. Although his public service had been almost wholly local, his influence and fame were broadly national. This may well have been due to the fact that he was a fundamental democrat who believed in his democracy. Democratic principles were part of his life. Whether upon the bench, or at the bar, or in civic conference or speech or leadership, the star of democracy was his constant guide. With him democracy was neither a shibboleth nor a fetish; it was a living moral force.

If he called himself an adherent of the Democratic party, he was not of that class of whom Parson Wilbur observed that they "set most store by forms and symbols in proportion as they are mere shells." Judge Tuley was an adherent of the Democratic party because it preserved a kernel of fundamental democracy; in politics as in the law, it was the kernel, and not the shell, by which he set most store.

Such men are not superabundant in our judicial and civic life. So pronounced an example, therefore, could hardly fail to become conspicuous nationally, even though his field of service were local; and for an account of the origin and career of a man of such unusual fame, no apology is needed.

#### I

Judge Tuley was a Kentuckian of Virginian antecedents, his ancestors both in his father's and his mother's line having been Virginian pioneers of Kentucky when Kentucky was a Virginia district.

In his father's line Judge Tuley was related to Col. John Floyd, who achieved distinction in the Revolutionary War, and in honor of whom as a Kentucky pioneer Floyd county, Ky., was named. A