

refer to the offer of these labor leaders to open all their books and records to official inspection and inquiry. They do not make this conditional, but significantly enough and fairly, too, they ask: "Will the National Manufacturers' Association, the Erectors' Association and the detective agencies extend the same privilege?"

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When Crimes Are Not Crimes.

Instructive reading indeed have the many editorials of the past week or two been, in which labor organizations were smugly berated and advised about the wickedness of crimes like those of the McNamaras and the moral responsibility therefor of labor unions. We fail, however, to detect any such pious and patriotic moralizing in the same quarters over the burning of three Negroes by white men only two days after the McNamaras were sentenced for dynamiting. The McNamaras say we are in a war, Capital versus Labor; the white murderers say we are in a war, Race versus Race. The McNamaras defend their act as a class measure; the white men defend theirs as a race measure. One was reckless, the other brutal, and both were criminal. But while the newspapers denounce the former, they afford cover to the latter. Why?

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Once it was argued that the burning of Negroes was a Southern crime. This counted for little on the vital point, which is respect for life and obedience to law, for Southern newspapers not only covered, but shockingly defended it, and Northern newspapers were as good as silent. But that argument lost all its possible force when Negro burnings set in at the North. The whole country, not one section, is equally guilty of this worst of all murderous crimes. It was argued, too, that this crime was necessary to stop the raping of white women by black men—a queer argument in the editorials of papers that tolerate no suggestion of palliation for "Labor crimes." But that argument also fades away as Negro burnings are extended into the domain of punishment for other than inter-racial sex offenses.

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The instance mentioned above by way of example was the burning of three Negroes for competing as farmers with white men. One of the victims was a Negro woman, and no charge of rape was made against either of the other two. We quote in full the Memphis dispatch as it appeared on the 7th in the Chicago Inter Ocean:

Two Negroes and one young Negress were burned

to death by a mob of white land tenants who object to the occupancy of land by Negroes, near Savannah, Tenn., yesterday, according to meager reports received here today. The Negroes were traveling to a gin with a load of seed cotton. They were tied to the wagon load of cotton, and the mob, after building a fire beneath the wagon, stood guard until the Negroes were cremated.

Perhaps the report isn't true, but no one has denied or explained it. Perhaps it has evoked indignant comment from some of the sources that are flinging incriminations in the disguise of pious advice at labor unions, but in that case our eye has missed the comment.

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WILLIAM MARION REEDY.

More widely known by name than by feature, William Marion Reedy is a fellow of useful wit and genial humor, a charming and thoughtful man who does his full share toward making the world better when he shall go out of it than it was when he came into it.

Whoever sat under him as Toastmaster at the Chicago dinner of the Singletax Conference last month must have enjoyed his brilliancy, and back of the sparkle must have seen somewhat of the admirable substance of the man. In St. Louis he has long been famous as a brilliant Toastmaster. He is so now in Chicago. It may well be said of him that in the Singletax movement there is only one Toastmaster, and his name is Reedy. But wholly apart from his extraordinary ability to serve pleasingly in that capacity, he has made an enviable record in his daily work. Whether he be still too much alive for a prophet with honor in his own city, he is not without that honor elsewhere, and deservedly so. The reason may appear in a bit of biography.

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It is customary now-a-days to exclude the biographical from personal "appreciations." Nominally, this is because a man is what he *is*, not what he *has been*. But, as we suspect, it is a reaction from the methods of writers who missed the great facts of a human life in their microscopic search for details. Truly, a man is what he is rather than what he has been; but if he hadn't been before, he wouldn't be now. Nobody is worth "appreciating" as an *is-er* unless he is a *has been*. It may make little difference, of course, what kind of a "has-been" his may appear to be under biographical microscopes, as compared with his kind of "is-er" in an editorial or magazine "appreciation." Yet the big facts of every man's past are as necessary to an