

that "governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed," struck down the Filipino government upon the ground that the Filipinos were inferior by reason of their race and color, and that therefore we had the right to govern them against their will, at that moment the foundation of equal rights in America was destroyed.

The Filipinos were an ancient people who had been governed by Spain, but never enslaved. The University of Manila was older than Harvard College; the Filipinos had been hailed by us as allies, and our troops had fought side by side with theirs. They had a Congress largely of educated men, and a constitution modeled upon our own.

The Negroes in this country were a little more than forty years removed from slavery, and were regarded by their former masters as essentially inferior in every way. The Civil War had secured them freedom, citizenship, and the right of suffrage, but the force which assured them their rights was the traditional pride of the Republican party in the results of the war, and its determination that these results should not be destroyed.

The moment that the party of equal rights at home refused to carry its principles abroad, this force was paralyzed. It was intellectually and morally impossible to claim in one breath that brown men were not fit to govern themselves in their own country, and in the next to insist that black men were fit to govern us at home. When the administration of McKinley destroyed the Philippine Republic it laid the axe at the root of the tree,—the tree of human freedom,—which the Republican party had planted, and brought to vigorous maturity. Since then our progress backward has been rapid. State after State has taken the right of suffrage from its colored citizens, until the Fifteenth Amendment is openly flouted. Senator Tillman in his Chicago speech, when he said "To hell with the law," only gave coarse expression to the feeling with which the Southern States regard that provision of the Constitution, and the Northern States do not lift their voice in protest or defense. The laws which protect men against illegal violence, the provision of the Constitution which forbids cruel or unusual punishments, do not exist for the Negroes in large parts of the South. Leaders of public opinion insist that Negroes are brutes, incapable of elevation or education, and then complain because they are brutal. They deny them justice in their courts, and blame them because they are outlaws.

It is not the Negroes as serfs and laborers that Southerners like Tillman, Smith and Vardaman, object. It is to educated and self-respecting Negroes. It is on Booker Washington that Tillman especially pours out the vials of his vulgar abuse. To our shame be it said that race prejudice in the North increases until some ten millions of American citizens find the avenues of employment closed to them, and that equal opportunity, which is the birthright of every American, openly denied them. They have no "square deal." The Republican party does nothing to defend them. The President who has such scorn for "the weakling and the coward" does not bid his attorney-general assert their rights, nor take steps to enforce the Constitution. In their case we see how imperialism abroad begets imperialism at home,

and also how men in this country who have no votes have no rights. The blow which deprived the Filipinos of their liberty has deprived ten million Americans of theirs. . . .

The worst results of imperialism are here. The most serious problem which we have to meet is the race problem at our own doors. As a people we are denying justice to some ten millions of our fellow citizens. We cannot persist in this course without terrible consequences. We cannot let the race hatred of to-day grow more intense until "the live coal behind the thought, long blown on, flames," unless we would pay as bitterly for this injustice as we did for the crime of slavery. There is to-day in the United States no party, no organized movement to secure for our colored fellow-citizens their rights under the law. We cannot neglect their rights without jeopardizing our own. How long shall we stand idle?

The future of the Philippines seems to me assured. Irresistible forces are at work which will terminate our dominion in the islands, and the end is not distant. The future of the United States is far less certain, bound up as it is with the future of the colored race. Until we are men enough to do them justice the worst consequences of our imperial policy must fall on us, and our crime in Asia will be punished on our own soil. Here is to-day the greatest field for the Anti-Imperialist.

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THE SOUL'S FUNCTION.

Ernest Crosby in "Broad-Cast."

I found my soul lying neglected, and I picked it up and wondered what the strange mechanism was for. I went to school to learn what use to make of my soul. They taught me to think with it, but it strained and creaked and nearly gave way under the ordeal. They showed me how to amuse myself with it, but it speedily got out of order and refused to work. Then they trained me to hate with my soul, but it broke down utterly and nearly fell to pieces. I came back from school disgusted with my soul and my teachers. It was long after (alone, lying on my bed in the night-watches) that it flashed upon me what my soul was for. Why did none of them tell me that my soul was a loving machine?

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THE QUESTION THAT COMES TO EVERY MAN.

Leo Tolstoy in a Letter to Ernest Howard Crosby, as Published in "Essays, Letters, Miscellanies," by Count Lyof N. Tolstoy, Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York.

The real question is not whether it will be good or bad for a certain human society that people should follow the law of love and the consequent law of non-resistance. But it is this: Do you, who to-day live and to-morrow will die, you who are indeed tending deathward every moment, do you wish now, immediately and entirely, to obey the law of Him who sent you into life, and who clearly showed you His will, alike in tradition and in your mind and heart; or do you prefer to resist His will?

And as soon as the question is put thus, only one reply is possible: I wish now, this moment, without delay or hesitation, to the very utmost of my strength, neither waiting for anyone or counting the cost, to do that which alone is clearly demanded by Him who sent me into the world, and on no account, and under no conditions, do I wish to, or can I, act otherwise—for herein lies my only possibility of a rational and unharassed life.

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THE EXPERIMENT.

Ernest Crosby in "Plain Talk in Psalm and Parable."

The book said, "Love others; love them calmly, strongly, profoundly,

And you will find your immortal soul."

I leaned back in my arm-chair, letting my hand fall with the volume in my lap,

And with closed eyes and half a smile on my face I made the experiment and tried to love.

For the first time I really let my life go forth in love, and lo, the mighty current, welling up beneath and around me, lifted me, as it were bodily, out of time and space.

I felt the eternal poise of my indestructible soul in the regions of life everlasting.

Immortality was mine.

The question which had so long baffled the creeds and the philosophers was answered.

* * *

ERNEST HOWARD CROSBY.*

Born Nov. 4, 1856, Died Jan. 3, 1907.

To New Yorkers of one and two generations ago, the pastor of the old Fourth Avenue Presbyterian church was a worshipful figure. This beloved pastor, the Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby—simple Dr. Crosby, or plain Howard Crosby, as he was more widely known—appeared even to his contemporaries as vastly greater than the shepherd of a sectarian flock. His personality while delightful was commanding; his work and ways were an inspiration. He was a firm believer in what he believed, yet charitable to the verge of absolute tolerance toward other beliefs and even toward unbelief. A rigid and devoted churchman, he was also a busy and militant citizen. Though pastor of a wealthy congregation, he knew no distinction of persons. All humanity looked alike to him, whether rich men or poor, high or low, white or black. Even with the bad, it was their badness and not themselves that he hated. On one occasion, at the height of his career as a leading clergyman, he startled the respectable elements of New York society with a signed paper in the North American Review on "The Dangerous Classes," which, according to his characteristically blunt discriminations, were neither the poor nor the criminal, but the rich. To see or hear Dr. Crosby was to respect him, regardless of diversity of opinion. To know him was to love him. He was a man of infinite courage who thought right, spoke right, and did right, as God had given him to see the right.

Dr. Crosby's characteristics are inherited by his famous son, Ernest Howard Crosby. Aside from a

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Published weekly by The Public Publishing Company, First National Bank Building, Chicago, Ill.

Entered at the Chicago, Illinois, Postoffice as second class matter.

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Single copies05
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