

name of Joseph W. Folk, the fearless district attorney of St. Louis, is mentioned in connection with the Democratic nomination for the presidency, does both Mr. Folk and the party great credit. . . . No one at all conversant with the career and achievements of the late Samuel J. Tilden can fail to discern a most striking parallel between the work done by Tilden in the destruction of the Tweed ring and the work accomplished, to date by Mr. Folk in purging the municipal government of St. Louis of its thieves and rascals.

Goodhue County (Minn.) News (Dem.), May 21.—Bryan is dead. Dead and buried in 1846. Dead and buried in 1848. Dead and buried in 1860. Every time he opened his mouth or took up pen since the famous Chicago convention, Bryan's every utterance has leaped more earth on his tomb. We know that so because we get it from the Republican papers. And yet this man who has been dejected eight years is the target of more shafts from the opposition press than any other man. Bryan, the dead and down, the excoriated and eviscerated, the obliterated and annihilated, is to-day one of the most potent forces in America.

Solon (Ia.) Economy (Dem.), May 19.—We would just a little rather see such a man as Joseph W. Folk, of St. Louis, put at the head of the Democratic ticket, and a genuine platform of true principles for him to stand upon. But if money must be the deciding factor, let it be Hearst and his money backing rather than Parker and his plutocratic backers. We have one political party so completely under the dominion of the plutocracy that it cannot sustain its President, if he takes a decided stand against the money power; and to put the other party in the same position seems to be the wish of that class of Republican politicians who keep throwing bouquets to Grover Cleveland and his candidate.

Chicago Tribune (Rep.), May 24.—Mayor Tom Johnson says: "I am not attempting to forecast the action of the coming national convention, but fearless Joseph Folk should be kept in mind." Samuel J. Tilden was not nominated in 1876 because he was a great lawyer, but because he had fought rings and corruption in his State. Mr. Folk has been in the same business in Missouri. If the Democrats want a candidate who has done things they have one ready to their hand. Mr. Folk may not be so able a lawyer as Judge Parker, but what has the Judge done except to keep his mouth shut? . . . The Democratic party might do much worse than to choose for its leader the ardent young Missourian whose honesty has been so effective.

CLEVELAND VERSUS ALTGELD.

The Commoner (Dem.), May 21.—Mr. Cleveland waited until Governor Altgeld was a long time dead before breaking into print with a defense of his actions during the Chicago strike. But Governor Altgeld's speech on that topic still lives to refute the "explanations" of the man who used the United States army to do the bidding of corporation managers.

MILITARY CRIME IN COLORADO.

Chicago Tribune (Rep.), May 24.—The Gen. Bell who has just resigned his position as adjutant general of Colorado on the ground that the National Guard is being used as the tool of the large Colorado corporations is the same Gen. Bell who told Ray Stannard Baker that he had taken the field "to do up this anarchistic organization, the Western Federation of Miners." It is clear, therefore, that Gen. Bell's resignation does not spring from preconceived radical sentiments. Evidently he began with believing that the true function of the National Guard was not merely the maintenance of order, but also the destruction of the organization to which the disorderly people belonged. He adhered to the same school of economic philosophy as Gen. Chase, who said: "The militia will remain in Cradle Creek until every vestige of unionism is wiped out." To-day the man who pointed for the annihilation of the Western Federation of Miners is giving up his campaign against it because he thinks that the National Guard has been turned into the physical force department of organized wealth. What were the circumstances that could bring such a man to such a conclusion?

ANARCHISM.

Goldwin Smith, in Toronto Sun, May 18.—Anarchism, taken literally, means nothing

violent or criminal. It expresses the belief that human nature left to itself is good, and that the world would do better and be happier without compulsory laws or government. It was the dream of Shelley. It, or something like it, was the dream for a time of Coleridge, Wordsworth and Southey. It is the dream of the truly lamb-like Kropotkin. To treat a mere visionary as a criminal is absurd. We might as well imprison a man for believing in the near advent of the millennium, which would certainly put an end to government and police. If an anarchist commits murder, hang or electrocute him. If he incites to violence, imprison him. Of the three Presidents who have been assassinated, McKinley alone was the victim of anarchism. Lincoln was the victim of Southern vengeance; Garfield of private malevolence. The McKinley tragedy seems to have hurried the Americans into panic legislation, inconsistent with their allegiance to liberty of opinion.

MISCELLANY

CARGOES.

Quinquireme of Nineveh from distant Ophir,

Rowing home to haven in sunny Palestine,
With a cargo of ivory,
And apes and peacocks,
Sandalwood, cedarwood, and sweet white wine.

Stately Spanish galleon coming from the Isthmus,

Dipping through the Tropics by the palm-green shores,

With a cargo of diamonds,
Emeralds, amethysts,
Topazes, and cinnamon, and gold moidores.

Dirty British coaster with a salt-caked smoke stack,

Butting through the Channel in the mad March days,

With a cargo of Tyne coal,
Road-rails, pig-lead,
Firewood, ironware, and cheap tin trays.

—John Masfield.

OUR NEW ALIEN AND SEDITION LAWS.

There is but one brave thing to do. Let all views be heard, by whomever voiced, from wherever drawn.

It is the only brave way, it is the only safe way. The right of free speech is guaranteed to American citizens in the Constitution. Let us not lessen or circumscribe it by silly laws shutting out men like Turner. If his doctrine is false, still let him proclaim it freely. Self-governing people who are going to be seduced by the first prophet of false doctrines that visits our shores are not worth saving. If they are so easily led astray they have already lost the power of self-government. We don't believe that of the American people, and we won't believe it.

Let there be a howling agitator on every street corner. A sound government will be by that the more established.

O, ye of little faith! France tried to check agitation—and brought on the

reign of terror. Germany tried to suppress socialism—and the socialists are winning Germany. The Federal party passed alien and sedition laws—and that was the end of the Federal party.

No state can be overturned that does not deserve to fall. No government can be destroyed that is not rotten. To suppress criticism is to admit it.

Is the man preaching wisdom? Let us hear him. Is he a mere blather-skite? Let him blatt.

Wise or foolish, when we shut the doors on him we shut the doors on ourselves. We have sinned against our faith in the right of free speech.—Goodhue County (Minn.) News.

A WOMAN ANY RACE MIGHT BE PROUD OF.

From an article by Booker T. Washington, published in the Ethical Record for May, 1904.

Some years ago I had occasion at Tuskegee to call a young girl into my office and tell her our teachers had decided that by reason of some weakness in her studies she could not graduate with her class. She rose to the emergency and accepted her own failure as an incentive to make the most of what she had. In a very noble spirit she said: "It is all right, I do not complain. I have some education, Mr. Washington," she said to me, "and I will go where it may be useful. I am going to find people who are so far down that perhaps in some way I can give them a little of what I have learned."

That girl, Anna J. Davis, left Tuskegee, and we lost sight of her for awhile. She went into the black belt of Alabama, and picked out the most hopeless, degraded community in which to do her work. She found the people living from hand to mouth, and they had never been in school but three months. She found the men poverty-stricken and illiterate, and unable to use to advantage what little they had. They mortgaged their crops every year to pay the rents of their hovels. She found the wreck of a log cabin which on infrequent occasions was used as a schoolhouse. That girl took this school as a nucleus. First, she installed herself in this tumble-down log schoolhouse and won the interest and sympathy of the children; but she did not stop here; she went into the homes of these people and met the parents and induced them to come there to a meeting. The girl would sit down, and, in a plain, common-sense manner, teach them enough arithmetic to know the value of their

scant earnings, and to appreciate the folly of their mortgages and improvidence. She taught them a better method of agriculture (for we teach a girl agriculture at Tuskegee); she taught them what to buy and what not to buy, and she went from cabin to cabin to teach by example a better way of living. After she had remained in that community for some months, a few of these people began to build better houses, others began to get out of debt, ceased to mortgage their crops; and the very first year she worked in that community she taught them to build a better schoolhouse, which the next year was added to, and has continued from year to year; and in three or four years there was a frame schoolhouse on the site of the old log wreck, and all the children were going to school eight months a year, instead of practically not at all.

I wish you might have been with me when I last visited that community a year ago, have gone with me into their cottages containing two or three rooms, into their school, their church, and seen the complete revolution wrought in the entire life of the community.

I asked her one morning if she could tell me more in detail how the changes had been made. "I will tell you how I did it," the girl said. Then she showed me an account book, recording that John Jones had contributed 50 cents, another had given a chicken, another a dozen eggs—these things to be sold for the school. The blacks had scraped and saved to put up that frame schoolhouse before bettering their own homes. And then the girl pulled open the door and showed me two bales of cotton, and said: "We have a little cotton plantation of our own. I have closed my school two hours each day," she added, "and together we have cultivated the grounds around the school. That will give you some idea of how these changes have taken place."

And I am glad that we have been wise enough at Tuskegee to do since what we should have done before, present that young woman with her diploma.

AN ARGUMENT AND A PLEA FOR THE RIGHTS OF THE EXPLOITED PEOPLES OF THE EARTH.

Portions of an article written by Sixto Lopez and Thomas T. Patterson for the Springfield Republican, and published in the Weekly Republican of May 6, 1904.

The "blessings of civilization," in their application to what are termed

"nature peoples," form a concise, and, in almost every case, a similar history. The "blessings"—in inverted commas, which should not be confused with the real blessings or benefits attendant upon those within the centers of civilization—are the lees of a purer distillation; they are found only in foreign countries, and are bestowed upon those who have no means of comparing the spurious with the real. Their history begins with the discoverer, continues with the missionary and the trader, and ends in the extinction or the subjugation of the nature peoples and the forcible seizure of their territory. A curious blend of religion and rum, of beads and beatitudes, of grace and greed—the decalogue written with the heart's blood of dark men; a picture of mercy seared upon quivering flesh; a proclamation of love that reaches the heart through an opening made with the sword—these are the "blessings of civilization." A curious blend and a tragic inconsistency; they tell of the glories of heaven—and lay hands upon the treasures of earth; they teach the beauty of chastity—and spread unmentionable diseases; they preach the wisdom of temperance—and open saloons at the corner of every street; they proclaim to the "children of nature" that peace is a jewel from heaven—while Krupp and Maxim ride at anchor in the bay! And when the circle of their destruction is complete, the missionary—still unconscious of the wrong he has unwittingly done—seeks for a new sphere of activity; the trader smiles at the planter and speculates upon future increases of profit; while the politician at home, in a burst of post-prandial eloquence, extols the beneficence and profitableness of "manifest destiny!"

Deny it? No one denies it, but those who have commercial or political interests to serve endeavor to place the responsibility upon some irresponsible agency: "It is fate"—"it is destiny"—"it is Providence!" As if every ill, which we try to overcome or eradicate, were not equally attributable to these agencies. But, then, the self-interested apologist is always ready to humbly submit to Providence—when it pays!

The decay and subjugation of the Hawaiian race have been attributed to several causes; but the explanation which is generally accepted, and which serves to still the conscience of all good men who feel an undefined responsibility for the wrong that has been done, is that it is the inevitable result of an inferior race coming in

contact and in racial competition with a superior—an outcome of the law of the survival of the fittest; and that there is therefore no cure, and only a philosophical regret for such a condition in the supposed natural order of things.

This popular misapprehension and misapplication of Darwin's admirable theory is only another evidence of the truth that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. No one will deny that there is a difference between the Anglo-Saxon and the Hawaiian. The one belongs to an advanced, the other to a primitive race. Each has its place in nature, and the two are no more comparable than a musician is comparable with a mechanic. Now please observe, the contest of the survival of the fittest is not between two different races or species, any more than between musician and mechanic; it occurs between individuals of the same species, or between musician and musician. It is because of this that the highest and the lowest forms of life co-exist at the present time, with innumerable intermediate gradations. For the same reason the Indian prince co-exists with the pariah; the competition is not between the two, but between prince and prince, pariah and pariah.

Nevertheless, Darwin's theory is applicable to the Hawaiian situation, but not in the form of a contest between a superior and an inferior race, and not in a manner that will ease the Anglo-Saxon's conscience or prove creditable to his pretensions. Thus, the contest of the survival of the fittest is not only for food and area, but in the avoidance of enemies and beasts of prey. And here we reach the real solution of the Hawaiian problem. It is the beast of prey that has caused the downfall of the Hawaiian. It was not due to the contest of an inferior with a superior race, but to the contact of a primitive race with the poisonous dregs of an advanced race. It was the whaler and the early trader, steeped in rum and lust, that brought disease and devastation to the Hawaiians; and it was the trader and the planter, possessing some of the intellect of the advanced race, but lacking its moral qualities, that continued the work and consummated the final overthrow of this once vigorous people. A superior race indeed! If the Hawaiians had come in contact with such their history would have been very different. A superior race would have healed, not spread disease; it would have protected, not rebuffed its newly-found fellow man; it would have confirmed him in his territorial possessions and given him of its religion, its wisdom, its mor-