

birthday occurs so near Labor day that it is now always appropriately celebrated on that day as a matter of course.

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NEWTON D. BAKER AS SEEN BY BRAND WHITLOCK.

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When the thousands that were gathered for the memorial to Tom L. Johnson that Sunday afternoon under the chestnut trees in Wade Park in Cleveland saw the slight, slender figure in gray standing by the speaker's stand, and recognized Newton D. Baker, they burst into applause and somebody began crying "The next mayor!" And at the words the applause grew louder, and it became, just as the newspapers said, a veritable ovation. Those in Cleveland who are gifted with the spirit of political prophecy say that Newton D. Baker will be the next mayor of that city. Certain it is that he is the leader of the democracy of Cleveland, not only of the Democracy that spells itself with a big "D," but the democracy that spells itself with a little "d," and he is recognized by everyone as the successor of Tom L. Johnson, the logical successor, as the politicians say, and, as those intimately acquainted with the charming circle the great Mayor of Cleveland gathered about him would readily understand, the spiritual successor as well. Lincoln Steffens was right when he called Tom Johnson the best mayor of the best governed city of America, and it is, of course, a difficult task to be the successor of such a man; but Newton Baker is entirely fitted for the work, possibly because in all but principle and ideal he is altogether so different from Tom Johnson. I assume that it must annoy him to be called, as he is so frequently called, "the boy orator" or "the boy solicitor" or "the boy" anything that comes into the mind of the excited adherent in the political meeting; at least it would be annoying to anyone of a temper less kind than Baker's; he knows of course that it is all said in affection, and that people do not differentiate refinement and grace from youth. Baker is just under forty, but he is slender and slight and small in stature, and he might very creditably make up for a juvenile part on the stage, but his face, delicate, spiritual and poetic, shows all the finer qualities of the race and is alive with a superior intelligence. As a lawyer—for four terms the city solicitor of Cleveland—Baker has shown his metal and ability in encounters with the best legal talents the street railway magnates of Cleveland could engage in the eight years' war that resulted finally in Tom Johnson's victory for three-cent fare. Through all the tribunals, up to the Supreme Court of the United States and back again, and over and over, Baker went in the long wrestle of those years, and he won his cases. During all that

time he was Tom Johnson's legal adviser and his political adviser, too, if Tom Johnson ever took political advice from anyone. He did it too without gaining that personal enmity that most men would have made in such a bitter class war, for Baker's philosophy is the high and inspiring philosophy of kindness. I suppose he never said an unkind word about anyone, which sounds extravagant, I know; but then Newton Baker has been extravagant with kindness. And then Baker was the orator of the Cleveland group. Johnson was a tremendously forceful public speaker, but he



couldn't speak long unless somebody contradicted him. And his statements were so simple and positive and direct that it didn't take him long to cover the ground with them. Thus he invited heckling, and he never appeared at better advantage than he did when answering some opponent in the big circus tent in which he held all his political meetings. It was Johnson and Baker and Peter Witt who made the campaign speeches. Baker's oratory is of an order that classifies it in what may be called rather loosely "the new school." That is to say, it lacks the pretense, the sound and fury that have gone with the frock coat and the long hair and the black string tie. It lacks the eternal flapdoodle with which so many senseless periods have been rounded out on the stump in this country by the bawling and blowing politicians of the old

school—a school happily passing away and to receive its *coup de grâce*, it is to be hoped, by the new blue pencil of the Congressional Record so that no more shall there be given “leave to print” those speeches of which the best thing that can be said is that they were never delivered. Newton Baker is graceful, simple, convincing and courteous and at times rises to heights of pure eloquence. And, best of all in the orator’s equipment, he has that indefinable thing which in the despair of accurate expression we call “charm.” As the candidate for city solicitor he usually ran ahead of Johnson on the ticket. And it was a sad, almost tragic triumph, to him when in the last municipal election he was elected and Johnson defeated. Then Tom Johnson died and everyone devoted to the radical cause in Cleveland, and indeed in all Ohio, turned to Newton Baker as Tom Johnson’s successor.

Newton Baker was graduated from Johns Hopkins in 1892. He was educated in the law at Washington and Lee University and admitted to the West Virginia bar in 1894. He practiced in his native town of Martinsburg and then was made private secretary to the late William L. Wilson when that gentleman was Postmaster General in Grover Cleveland’s cabinet. Then he went to Cleveland, and in 1902 was appointed First Assistant Director of Law, and in 1903 was made Director of Law by Mayor Johnson. In the same year—the rurales in the Ohio Legislature having made their annual devastation in the city code—he was elected City Solicitor, and to this office he was re-elected in 1905, 1907, and 1909. And now, in all likelihood, he is to be the mayor of a city that has been trained to expect much of its mayors. He knows what difficulties beset one in that office, but he has the philosophy with which to meet them. One of the greatest of those difficulties, at the outset, will be that those who hail him as the successor of Tom Johnson will expect him to be another Tom Johnson, which is the one thing he could not and would not do. He himself is a strong personality, and his personality must tell in its own way. It is, as I have tried to suggest, a charming personality; for Newton Baker is not only a good lawyer and a good man, an able official and a wise politician, using the word in its highest, best sense, but he is a gentleman of culture, and of artistic tastes, fond of literature, fond of music, with a fine curiosity about all life, and an unselfish wish to make life better and more beautiful for all the people in those cities in which he sees, here in America, the hope of democracy.

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Willie: “Pa!”

Pa: “Yes.”

Willie: “Teacher says we’re here to help others.”

Pa: “Of course we are.”

Willie: “Well, what are the others here for?”—
Chicago News.

BOOKS

FOR A DEMOCRATIC NATIONALISM

The New Politics. By Frank Buffington Vrooman, B. S. (Oxon.), F. R. G. S., Author of Theodore Roosevelt, Dynamic Geographer. Published by Oxford University Press, American Branch, 35 W. 32nd St., New York. Price, \$1.50.

In a book that is replete with fresh and catching phrases, that is scholarly and yet understandable, Frank B. Vrooman, an American with an F. R. G. S. to his name, has made a search and vivisection of our political institutions, not without offering a solution well worth the reading of every citizen of the United States. Though addressed to the Anglo-Saxon world, this book is meant particularly for America.

It reads history backward and forward in search of a first principle underlying our political and economic ideas, and finds a chaos. Blindly, gropingly, we are found to have incorporated into our national institutions certain great principles which we have not recognized as such, making one great blunder after another, assuming that the world of politics is a chance world, a field for the opportunist. Plutocratic individualism has run rampant, and now the reaction is toward democratic socialism. “The New Politics” attempts to find a middle ground between socialism and the doctrine that has prostituted power to tyranny and is registered in our multibillionaires.

Mr. Vrooman’s cry is for a national sovereignty that can deal with all national and inter-State (or extra-State) concerns, without denying to the States their proper jurisdictions. He finds the Interests entrenched in a slough of particularism, or individualism, and barricaded behind States’ rights. He finds the elements of a party of nationalism among Republicans and Democrats alike, North, South, East and West, but lost in a failure to understand the two opposing doctrines that have run through all our political life from the beginning and have caused the chaos that we live in today.

Readers may not agree with the author in his conclusions, but they cannot but be helped by him in having their notions overhauled. The book goes back, away back, to Greece and Rome, and deals with fundamentals and first principles in the philosophy of political science. Its great merit is in that. It has not to do with subsidiary things, the tariff, etc.; and if one does not learn something from it, it at least makes one think.

Perhaps for popular reading the author might have done well to have turned his book around, putting the last first and the first last, but he was too seriously intent on driving home his particular message; and he may be pardoned for his reitera-