

The Nation.

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The Week.

It is positively unfeeling in President Taft to glory over the way in which the hot weather is using up Senators. You can hear something very like a chuckle in his reference to the fact that "the heat is a necessary element in working out our Constitutional government." After his own Philippine experience of tropic temperatures, he seems to think that he will be fresh after all the Senators have withered. As if to make a mock of their sufferings in the Senate chamber, superheated as it is by nature and oratory, the President goes out to play golf, on the theory which all enthusiastic golfers hold, that the higher the thermometer the lower will be his score. It may be, however, that Mr. Taft is not reckoning accurately upon the capacity of Senators to endure heat without light. Tariff bills have been debated before this throughout the sweltering days of a Washington summer. The date of enactment of the McKinley bill, October 1, 1890, as of the Wilson bill, August 13, 1894, is rather ominous. Of course, those measures were passed in the long session of Congress, and it might seem that a better argument, as well as a brighter augury, could be drawn from the Dingley bill. It, too, was the work of an extra session, called soon after McKinley's inauguration in 1897; but the tariff of that year was not passed and signed till July 24. President Taft will be lucky if he gets a bill to sign—or veto—by that day.

Mr. Bryan has often abjured the Presidency more explicitly than he did Monday, when he promised to begin political war upon the liquor interests; but never with such demonstrable evidence of good faith. He knows that the Democrats would sooner stand for excluding foreigners than pick a candidate in any wise committed to the prohibition of beer and whiskey. To his support in 1912, Messrs. Connors and Murphy could not muster a corporal's guard, even if they would. We take it as plain, therefore, that Mr. Bryan, if his words are not misreported, has reluctantly decided to seek his political

fortune in a narrower field; and where that field is, one may easily guess. Nebraska likes the Great Commoner, the initiative and the referendum, and also prohibition. Nebraska will soon be casting about for a Senator. Given this situation and Mr. Bryan's voice, the outcome may be foretold even by so wretched a prophet as Mr. Bryan himself.

Saturday's primary election in Philadelphia brought out the largest vote ever cast in a primary in that city. The machine candidate for District Attorney, Samuel P. Rotan, won his renomination by the narrow margin of 5,004 over D. C. Gibboney, the reform candidate. Gibboney ran on three tickets, and won the nomination of the Democratic and William Penn parties. His total popular vote exceeded Rotan's by 25,100, a circumstance that can hardly be described as other than a severe jolt to the machine. Indeed, there are signs that it nominated Rotan only by desperate stratagems and the usual vote-stuffing in certain districts; and the William Penn party announces that it will contest the election and open the ballot-boxes. This popular uprising against the machine does not mean that Philadelphia is at last turning against its corrupt rulers as such, but, in the main, indicates the disgust of the public "with the stock-jobbing politicians who ran the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company for narrow personal ends, regardless of passengers, trolley-men, and the city, or even the sound business interests of the company itself"—as the Philadelphia Press describes it. And there can be no doubt that the Republican machine saved itself only by its surrender to the strikers on Thursday of last week. Had the election come then, or even on Friday, the machine would have gone down to defeat. The public regarded the demands of the strikers as just; they opposed the police, not as police, but as unwilling tools of the bosses, and they quickly saw the politics behind the obstinate and weak policy of the company.

The removal of the sheriff of Mobile County by the Alabama Supreme Court is a great triumph of justice, all the more welcome because it is one of a

number of signs that the South is at last waking up to the real meaning of the lynching evil. "If the law is right, mob law is wrong, and must be stopped if there is to be maintained the institution of government in a free country"—so Justice Simpson is reported to have said in pronouncing the court's decision. The Mobile sheriff was shown to have been well warned the day before of the coming lynching; yet he made no preparations to resist a mob, and went to his home early. With the Supreme Court about to punish the delinquent Chattanooga sheriff and with a Texas county proceeding against its sheriff, obviously the time has come for that class of officers to take notice. Jailors, too, like the one who made ineffective resistance to a mob that lynched a negro in Frankfort, Kentucky, last week, should also take note and should be supplied with the admirable story of Sheriff Van Pelt of Pensacola, in the current *Sunday-School Times*. That officer went so far as to try to save a negro criminal last July by firing on his neighbors. He killed two and wounded three personal friends before being overpowered. Yet the public recognized that he was correct in his action by reelecting him sheriff in November by 1,200 votes.

The proposed national committee on the advancement of the negro, advocated by the Conference which has just met in this city, suggests interesting possibilities. There can be no doubt that a great deal more light is needed on this problem than has hitherto been obtained. In New York, the Bureau of Municipal Research has much more than justified itself; but if the facts are needed in a city, how much more must they be of use with regard to a race? There is the lynching evil; the facts in every case ought to be given to the public—not the sensational charges of irresponsible country newspaper correspondents, nor the first hysterical outbursts of victims, real or feigned. The country ought to know the exact truth as to negro criminality; there are plenty of Southerners, like the Rev. Quincy Ewing, who maintain that it has a wrong impression. Still another suggested field for the national board is that of furnishing legal aid to colored people and of bring-

ing to justice those who commit crimes against them.

Last week the Wisconsin Legislature finally granted autonomy to Milwaukee. The provisions for the initiative under the new law give malcontents every chance to oust the "ins." Should 5 per cent. of all voters sign a petition calling for a vote on some issue, the Common Council may order a referendum; if 15 per cent. sign, the Council must. There is no denying that this might mean demagoguery. Thus, a majority ring of Aldermen and about 4,000 henchmen could put off until the next regular city election—the prescribed date of the referendum—any legislation which ought to be decided upon at once. The henchmen would send in their 5 per cent. petition, the Aldermen would bow to "popular will," and a foolish or corrupt practice would take a new lease of life. Nevertheless, those who have scented radicalism here do not attempt to show that this risk exceeds the usual one, under old-fashioned, boss-made charters. The system at least puts the honest citizen on equal terms with the professional politician. Whatever the latter can do, the former can; and so endurance of bad government becomes a greater offence than ever.

Possibly the liquor war has entered upon a new phase by the act of the United States Brewers' Association binding its members to sell no beer to dealers whom any brewer has placed under a ban. But we shall sound no dirge for the Anti-Saloon League until more is known about the ban, and the placing of it. Doubtless, a systematic and general weeding out of undesirable patrons is one of the moves needed to rehabilitate malt liquors, and all who traffic in them. Certainly, the gravest evils of alcohol, direct and indirect, are those of cheap spirituous beverages, "red eye," "black Joe," and less euphonious variants of fusel oil. Those brewers see clearly who have advocated separate licenses for the two classes of beverages, and also the issuing of but one sort of license to each saloon. Even with this arrangement, however, the beer saloon will not vindicate itself so long as the blacklisting of disreputable bars is left to individual brewers, as the Association seemingly leaves it. Free competition will operate in the future as in the

past; each brewer, fighting hard for profits, will turn a lenient eye upon his own bartenders and customers. But once let a national or a State committee sit as moral judge, with power to restrict the sales of all Association members, and the "model saloon" would become a reality, if it ever can at all.

In its timely exploitation of Count Zeppelin's latest achievement, our War Department again displays the press agent's knack of turning current events to profit. But its fleet of dirigibles from Maine to Florida soars a little too high, overshooting wisdom. Doubtless, the Department is asking a reluctant Congress for twice as much as it dreams of getting; but such shrewdness is misplaced in the present case, inasmuch as Congress is wholly destitute of enthusiasm on the subject of aerial navigation, and is nosing so deeply in the tariff trough, moreover, that it cannot even turn one eye heavenward. And it would, in any case, frown upon this huge, costly scheme of coast defence. Astounding though the progress of aeronautics has been, the science is still in its infancy. The art of landing has yet to be learned. Air currents have not been charted. The most efficient size, shape, and degree of rigidity are unsettled points. To build a squadron of dirigibles before our experts have worked out and thoroughly tested a pattern that improves upon the best of to-day, would benefit neither the aeronaut nor the country.

The address of Judge Mulqueen of this city to William Darragh should be posted above the speedometer of every automobile. No chauffeur is quite safe without it. The law under which Darragh is sentenced is neither new nor obscure. A chauffeur's intent, like every other man's, can be known only through his voluntary acts; and, thus inferred, Darragh's wild drive up Morningside Avenue was manslaughter, to say the least. The seven years this reckless young man must spend in prison will, we think, impress other speed-maniacs even less than the court's warning that a rich or dissolute man, convicted under like circumstances, will probably be held guilty of murder. The prospect is by no means fanciful. Indeed, public and courts alike have almost reached the point of regarding the "joy ride" as *prima-facie* evidence that the riders are

dissolute enemies of society. They do not aim at any wayfarer in particular, but no more does the cowboy who "shoots up" a town.

Mohammed never could have had so much trouble with his apostates and false prophets as does Mrs. Eddy. Simple and monotonous would be Mohammed's answer to a Mahdi who called the reporters to his suite in the hotel and announced that the founder of Islam was either dead or in his dotage. A swish of the scimitar would close the debate. But Mrs. Della M. Gilbert, the new prophetess of Christian Science in this city, cannot be dispatched so neatly. She avers that Mrs. Eddy is dead, or mindless. How can Mrs. Eddy prove herself neither? If her mind is gone, she exists no more, for "mind only is real." Let her swear, in the tongue of angels, that she has a mind; let her don a violet silk gown, drive past a committee of reporters, and wave a glove at them; she may persuade infidels who believe in matter and the senses, but how can all this win back readers of the *Sentinel*? If they think her off the earth, off she goes, unless her party can think her on it more strongly.

We should regret it very much if the report should be confirmed that Canada is to build a navy of her own. Even if it is only a coast-guard fleet, it is sure to be taken up by some of our navy-maniacs as reason for heavier American armaments, and there would begin at once that friction and suspicion which are such inevitable accompaniments of the appearance of new war-vessels. The latest example of this is Italy; recent dispatches reported a "perfect naval panic" in government circles and a determination to build ships at any cost to maintain control of the Adriatic. Why? Because Austria has suddenly gone in for Dreadnoughts. For years the two nations have been peaceful enough neighbors, so far as naval questions are concerned. But the instant Austria builds Dreadnoughts—purely for defence, of course, and without thought of aggression—Italy must hasten to impoverish herself by outdoing the Hapsburg building programme. Our relations with Canada, the absence of forts and warships on our northern frontier, have been an object lesson in peace and common-sense for the whole world.

Anything which changed those relations and caused doubt and distrust would be a world-misfortune.

Lord Rosebery, addressing the Imperial Press Congress in London last Saturday, spoke with solemn emphasis of his fear of war. Real causes for hostilities were absent, but preparation for hostilities was being pushed with fevered and frantic haste. To the perspicuous mind, this absorption in getting ready for war makes the outlook most ominous. Not for Lord Rosebery is the cheap fallacy that the wild rush into great armaments is along the path of peace. All the talk may be for peace, but if all the action is for war, the chances are tremendously in favor of war. The "just man armed" may all too easily become the self-confident bully aching to try his weapons. And when the murderous work begins, the aggressor will look to the big navy, as Macbeth to his dagger: Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going,

And such an instrument I was to use.

All this was perfectly clear to Lord Rosebery. He declared plainly that fierce competition in guns and ships leads directly to war. Where it would end, short of a general lapse into barbarism, he could not say. One faint hope he saw if the workingmen of the world should find themselves so staggering under the burdens of militarism that they would say: "We will have no more of this madness and this foolery, which is grinding us to powder." Yet Lord Rosebery, with the customary and seemingly frenzied inconsistency of most public men who discuss this question, was ready to add that England would never draw back; she would "build Dreadnoughts as long as we have a shilling to spend or a man to put into them"; and if that were not enough, as he was afraid it might not be, she would call upon her colonies to save her. Not a word about any possible alternative. If the workingmen do not prevent outbreak of war, European statesmen can do nothing. Such is Lord Rosebery's counsel of despair!

"While he has preserved his quality as a thoroughly patriotic German, he has also been, under all circumstances, one of the truest friends that the United States has ever had in Europe; indeed, I should say the foremost friend since

Bright, Goldwin Smith, De Gasparin, Laboulaye, and their compeers stood by the Union during our Civil War"—thus wrote Andrew D. White two years ago of Dr. Theodor Barth, whose unexpected death was announced last Thursday. No one was in a better position to value his services to this country than Mr. White, our Ambassador to the court of Berlin during the trying years of the Spanish-American war and of the Philippine insurrection. Throughout that period Dr. Barth was one of two German editors who stood up for the United States. Not that he believed in either the war with Spain or the conquest of the Philippines; he was too sincere a democrat, too loyal to our best American traditions, to approve those undertakings. But, as Mr. White has phrased it, Dr. Barth "could look beneath the surface of American affairs and understand the mass of good existing beneath the scum of evil." And because he was a believer in true democracy, he never for a moment lost faith in republican institutions or ceased to advocate the doctrines of Liberalism in his own land. He was indeed, not of Germany alone, but of the world. Those who have drunk such deep draughts of democracy as he, are no longer to be restrained in their sympathies or their influence by national boundaries. It is impossible to think of John Bright, of Richard Cobden, or of Gladstone as Englishmen alone, any more than we can claim Lincoln as exclusively our own. Such tribunes of the common people are common property wherever the word liberty is heard.

The annual meeting between the Czar and the Kaiser is an event of the near future. The usual professions concerning the historic friendship between the house of Hohenzollern and the house of Romanoff will be forthcoming. Meanwhile, the Russian military authorities are showing their concern over the reorganization of the Empire's defensive plans against Germany. Ever since the disposal of the Balkan question by the Kaiser's alleged threat of an invasion of Poland, Russia has become acutely conscious of the weakness of her western frontier. Gen. Kuropatkin, in his memoirs of the Russo-Japanese war, has laid particular stress upon Russia's need of concentrating her attention on that frontier. He has pointed out that with Russian Poland jutting out like a wedge

between German Posen and Austrian Galicia, Poland might be a source of strength or weakness, according as the Russian army was powerful enough to use it as a starting-point of invasion or was compelled to hold it against a double attack from the north and south. To Kuropatkin's eye, the difficulties of the situation outweighed its advantages. When it came to mobilization, Germany, with seventeen lines of railway and twenty tracks running to the Russian frontier, could throw a million men into Poland in a short time. Against Germany's seventeen lines of railway, Russia has only five. Austria has eight lines, with ten tracks, against Russia's four. In case of war, therefore, the Czar's troops would be almost inevitably on the defensive.

For the third time, Alfred Deakin has become Premier of the Commonwealth of Australia. The Labor Ministry under Andrew Fisher has been defeated by a coalition of the Deakin Protectionists and the Liberals, in accordance with the swing of Australian politics during the last six years. Protectionists, Liberals, and Laborites are all too weak to rule by themselves, and in consequence Australia has been in a state sometimes described as a "triangular anarchy." But though Australian Cabinets have lacked stability, anarchy is an unfair term. Far from being hopelessly at variance, the three parties are sometimes desperately exercised to discover sufficient issues to fight over. Protectionism of some kind or other is accepted by all parties; there is no wide difference of opinion on the question of a White Australia; and there is virtual unanimity on the duty of the Commonwealth to contribute to the defence of the Empire. In what form such aid should be rendered, opinions differ. The Fisher Cabinet advocated the assumption by Australia of the defence of her own coasts, but this policy, approved by the best element, would seem to have been swamped in the recent outbreak of Dreadnought mania. On this issue, and on the question of a progressive federal land tax, the Fisher Ministry would seem to have been defeated. "Every man and every institution interested in land valued at more than £5,000," says one dispatch, "is intent on putting the Fisher Ministry out before the next general elections."

METHOD IN SENATORIAL MADNESS

It would be a very simple-minded Muse that would respond if called upon to sing the wrath of a tariff-making Senate. There appear to have been, it is true, some sublime exhibitions of celestial rage. Senatorial courtesy has taken on the odd form of "You're a liar!" and the exquisitely polite and witty retort has often been heard: "Yah! You're one yourself." There have been terrible "encounters" with the safe weapon of the tongue, and fearful "collisions" at the convenient distance of the width of the Senate chamber; but the attentive observer cannot help feeling that there is something very theatric about all this. He sees that Aldrich and his obedient followers, at all events, in the very torrent, tempest, and, as we may say, whirlwind of their passion, are able to make it "smooth" in a sense of that word unknown to Shakespeare.

What we mean is that behind the scene of all this petulance and flurry, Senator Aldrich, Senator Hale, and their aides and confederates are quietly perfecting in secret the bargains by which they hope to make the last tariff state of the American people worse than the first. Significant evidence of this came out the other day. Senator Brown of Nebraska asked when the Finance Committee was going to report its proposed duty on wood pulp and printing paper. Aldrich replied that the amendment was not quite ready. He could assure the Senate, however, that this schedule would be reported soon, and would contain duties somewhat higher than those of the Payne bill, but lower than those of the existing law. Now, why has this schedule been held back all these weeks? Why are the duties on coal and coke—products which the House voted to put on the free list—still held "subject to modification by the Senate"? Obviously, in order that the tariff-traders and log-rollers may have material with which to do their nefarious work. They have kept some of their cards under the table, to be produced when it is necessary in order to win the game. While the oratory and the anger have been displayed in the public sessions of the Senate, the real work of distributing tariff favors and ratifying tariff bargains has been done behind closed doors, in committee rooms, or hotels or clubs. That is the method in all this Senatorial madness.

Nowhere is there any pretence that the Senatorial cabal gives a moment's thought to either the interests or the desires of the whole people. The tariff is the private business of Senators. They will attend to that. They talk vaguely, it is true, about consulting the wishes of their constituents, but they mean only that handful of manufacturers or chiefs of corporations who are rich enough to spend weeks in Washington lobbying, who have financed party campaigns and Senatorial elections in the past, and stand ready to do it again if they are allowed to write the clauses of the tariff which mean money in their pockets. A good typical case is that of the New Jersey Senators. They are ever to be found among Aldrich's fine brute majority, voting for all the high and higher duties. Yet Messrs. Kean and Briggs know perfectly well that New Jersey is a low-tariff State. It gave its electoral vote to Cleveland three times, largely on that issue. The sentiment even of the Republicans of New Jersey is unquestionably in favor of President Taft's recommendation of a revision downwards. Yet the two Senators continue to misrepresent their party and affront their State by always counting with Aldrich's high-tariff cattle.

They furnish only one illustration of the way in which a powerful "hog combine" in the Senate has been scheming and plotting, and buying and selling votes, in order to defeat the House, thwart the President, and cheat the country. As the success of these Senators becomes more evident, their effrontery increases. The mask which they discreetly wore for a time, they are now throwing away. At first, they gave out that they were entirely with Mr. Taft. Then when they were found destroying the free list and going for outrageously high duties, they explained that they knew this was not what the President wanted, but that they would see that the conference between the two houses made a tariff to suit him. But now they are saying that, so far as they know, Mr. Taft is well pleased with their out-Dingledy bill, and that there is no reason why he should not sign it. Evidently, somebody is deceiving or deceived. As the hero asks in Beaumarchais's play: "Qui trompe-t-on ici?" There are signs in the Washington dispatches that the President is awakening to the double game which certain Senators have been

playing with him. Their protestation that, though they were working tooth and nail to make a very bad bill, they really intended to make it a very good one before they finished, was all along suspicious, and now plainly appears as a mere trick. To meet it, Mr. Taft's friends in Washington are saying that he will soon make his position known publicly—by speech or letter. The time is rapidly coming when he must do so if he would not see the extra session worse than wasted, his hopes dashed, and his promises flouted.

INTERNATIONAL BAD MANNERS.

We do not know which Germany will regard as more insulting—the attacks upon her by our high-tariff Senators, or their later eulogies of her. Either, we should say, would be pretty hard to put up with. That particular display of bad manners has no great importance in itself. Foreigners have, by this time, come pretty well to understand the playful ways of our Congressmen. And as they are more and more taking up with high tariffs themselves, they see better what a provocation of anger, malice, and all uncharitableness the system of protection is. Trade wars may be the bitterest of all; and in the matter of offensive epithet applied to foreign commercial rivals, neither the German nor the English pot can call the American kettle black. From laying a prohibitory tax on foreigners' goods to charging him with trickery and deceit, is but a natural and easy step.

The evil, however, does not stop with tariffs and taxes. In all the relations between countries, there persists a vast and wholly unreasonable amount of suspicion, dislike, and latent antagonism. The Prime Minister of England recently confessed that this kind of international exasperation appears to be growing. "We live," said Mr. Asquith, "in a scare-mongering age." And the scares, of course, are all concerning the wicked designs of unscrupulous foreigners. Frank Dr. Johnson said that all foreigners seemed to him to be fools. And knaves, we add to-day. They are all the while scheming to trick and cozen us; while we, of course, are merely seeking by lawful and honorable means to take our rightful place in the world—simply to "sit in the sun," as the Germans phrase it.

Two statesmen have recently borne striking testimony to the extent and