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The meeting of Sunday afternoon which packed the Chicago Auditorium was a just tribute to Henry D. Lloyd's personality. More than that, it was in the nature of a consecration to the municipal ownership work he left unfinished and that his widow and his son are promoting in the spirit in which he began it.

This work is world wide, but one phase of it is at present peculiar to Chicago. For Chicago alone of American cities is now in a struggle with a conscienceless plutocracy for the right to own and operate her municipal street car system. She sees street car corporations claiming her public streets as their private property. She has learned from experience that these corporations give bad service for high fares. She has found they provoke needless strikes. She has begun to realize that they care nothing for the public welfare. She begins to suspect that they are indifferent to law and order; for they seem to care nothing for law except as they may use it as a club to enforce unconscionable contracts in their own favor, nor anything for order except as they can appeal to a wholesome love of order to protect their own property. She rightly feels that they care for nothing but high dividends and profitable stock jobbing.

Recently some Chicagoans enlisted under the leadership of Henry D. Lloyd for the destruction of these monopoly corporations—this twentieth century Frankenstein which the people

have created and which will ruin the people if they do not destroy it. In self-defense they are demanding that the city take the operation of her street car system from these corporations and into her own hands. They know from the experience of other cities that in this way they can get good street car service. They know that in this way they can get lower fares. They know that in this way they can get good service free, if they but meet the expenses out of the increased income which free service would give Chicago landlords. But that's another story, as Kipling says; perhaps it would be truer to say that it's a further story. They know at least one thing more. They know that if we had city ownership and operation, we should have no more street car strikes. Of all this the experience of Glasgow, Liverpool, Huddersfield, and nearly 50 other British cities furnishes eloquent testimony.

It is sometimes said that municipal ownership and operation would be an innovation. But that is a thoughtless notion. The whole question resolves itself at this point into one of private business and public business. Private business should be left to individuals, but public business should be managed by the public. The fact that a business is not in practice done by the public does not prove that it is not a public business. Tax collecting was always a public business, but it was once farmed out to private tax collectors. The administration of justice was always a public business, but it also was once farmed out as a private property right. The supply of water in cities is a public business, but it has taken a century to get 60 or 70 per cent. of it out of private hands. The lighting of cities is a public business, but most of it is still in private hands. The

ownership of highways (and also their operation when traction power is part of the highway), is a public business; but it is in private hands everywhere in the United States. To place these public businesses under public management is not innovation; it is restoration.

Devoted men and women of Chicago are fighting for this restoration. Their leader in the fight was Henry D. Lloyd, whose authorship of "Wealth Against Commonwealth" has made his name a household word. He has passed out of the fight, falling as a soldier at the head of the line. To most of his friends it is distasteful to speak of such things and such men in the language of warfare. They hate the military spirit as perhaps they hate nothing else. And indeed there is in militarism a satanic malignity against which the soul of any good man or woman must revolt. But all conflicts, even the peaceful conflicts of the ballot box, are in some way suggestive of soldiers fighting, and for words we seem to turn instinctively to the vocabulary of war. So we may speak of Lloyd as falling at the head of a charge against the battlements of privilege.

He died as John P. Altgeld died. He died as Henry George died. All these men went down in the heat of battle. Their lives were as truly a sacrifice to their cause as any that soldiers have ever made for their country in battles of blood. To die as they died should dishearten no one. It should inspire and encourage all who sympathize with them. Neither death nor defeat can put an end to a righteous cause. Death! Sooner or later it comes to us all. How can it find us better employed than in struggling

for causes that we hold sacred? It is those that seem to be living that are often the deadest of the dead. A Lloyd is more truly alive to-day than a Rockefeller; an Altgeld than a Hanna; a George than an Astor. And defeat! No cause worth fighting for was ever won at the end without suffering defeats before the end. Every cause with a Yorktown has had its Bunker Hill and Valley Forge. Defeat and disaster are better tests of sincerity than victory. When success seems near, the earnest and devoted are so mixed up with time servers and band wagon jumpers and camp followers, that you cannot distinguish true men from false. It is defeat that tries men's souls. True men never falter because a skirmish line is broken or a leader falls.

On one of the old days of our country's history the smoke of forest fires hung in a heavy cloud over New England. It hid the sun and cut off the sunlight. The darkness of midnight came on at noonday. Whittier describes the phenomenon as "a horror of great darkness, like the night", falling "over the fresh earth and the Heaven at noon". We now know the cause of this dark day. But the people of the time did not know it; they thought the end of the world had come. In that dread hour the legislature of Connecticut was in session. Fear overcame those timid statesmen—overcame all but one. "It's the Lord's great day," they whispered in awe one to another; "let us adjourn." But that one man, old Abraham Davenport, cried out: "No! We will not adjourn." And he reasoned with the frightened statesmen about him. "If this dark day is judgment day," he said, "then be it so. Let God do his work; but let us do ours. Bring in the candles." They brought them in and the legislative work went on. Can any true man be less thoughtful of his simple duty when the shadow of a leader's death hovers over a cause? Can any brave man be less determined when the chill of a defeat disheartens his comrades

of little faith and shrinking courage? Can any of us say less when the people's cause seems enveloped in their own ignorance as in "a horror of great darkness like the night"? Make no mistake. This conflict with plutocracy is not boy's play. The public enemy is no weakling. He never quits when he loses a skirmish. He goes into no pessimistic mourning when a leader falls. He is in no awe of the darkness; it serves him better than light. Shall we be weaker than our adversary? No! Ten thousand times, No! Though battles are lost and leaders fall, let the fight go on. And dense though the darkness of popular ignorance may seem to be, let us have the faith of our convictions. Let us say with Abraham Davenport, that faithful statesman of Connecticut, "Bring in the candles"—turn on the light!"

When Mr. Roosevelt became President, he sturdily refused to be coddled and guarded. Like President Harrison, he assumed that only a lunatic would try to kill him; and that if a lunatic did try, a guard would be no protection. But Mr. Roosevelt has abandoned that common sense idea. When he appeared at a relative's funeral in New York last week he was guarded like a czar. Nevertheless, a lunatic eluded the large force of guards and handed the President a letter. The lunatic might as easily have lodged a bullet in his heart as a letter in his hand. The guard, large as it was, afforded no protection whatever. How much better it would be, then, if President Roosevelt were to revive his original determination, and be the simple citizen instead of a guarded maguate. He would run no greater personal risk, and the good moral effect, both upon himself and the people, would be of incalculable advantage in the development of democratic government.

It is not often, in these rag-time days, that a really great play is put upon the stage. Managers are scolded for this, but the fault is

with the people and not with the managers. Theater managers are speculators in what pays whether it ought to or not, and not in what ought to pay whether it does or not. All the more welcome, therefore, is Stephen Phillips's play of "Ulysses," in which Tyrone Power enacts the leading part. Power is a great actor; and as he is adequately supported, the play loses nothing in the acting. The lines are read with great simplicity and power, and the symbolic spirit of the play shines through the external narrative. To sit through a performance of Ulysses is not only to enjoy good English literature in dramatic form and action; it is also to perceive with clearer vision the great philosophical truths of mythology.

Four young men, mere youths, are now in jail at Chicago and within the very shadow of the gallows. Nothing in the whole realm of the probable can save them from dying the death of felons. They deliberately embarked upon a career of robbery as their vocation, and in the pursuit of this vocation they killed men with as little compunction as a stockyard butcher "sticks" hogs. Several high-handed murders are charged to their account. They admit them all; not boastfully, but philosophically, as a disagreeable necessity of their chosen calling. Since they could not succeed in their business without murder, they murdered. But stoically, and not more than necessary for the purpose in hand.

These young men are not products of the slums. They are of good families in what is loosely described as "the lower middle class." They are not uneducated: such advantages as the common schools offer they have had. Nor are they degenerates. So far at least as appearances go, they are fair types of the ordinary full-blooded, strong-brained young man of the time. Indeed, in mental power, in intellectual perception, in physical courage, in most else that goes to make the suc-