

America today, one that is the most important, the most significant, one that has the largest relation to the future of republican institutions. For the city is the hope of democracy, and Tom Johnson is demonstrating that the people and not privilege are to rule in the American city. Very well; he comes to the Democratic national convention. Is his counsel sought, his advice asked? No; his own delegation turns him down, in hate, for national committeeman, and they punish him here, in a Democratic convention, for being a democrat, for being for the people. Had he gone on getting rich, had he served privilege, had he sold the people out, they probably would have wanted to nominate him for President. But he, and other fundamental democrats, lose here—and gloriously win. For they are released from this party to larger service in the nation. What makes all this possible? Who is responsible for the fact that the old guard of privilege can control both parties? Why, you, whoever you are, who cheer every time your party name is bawled, you who never look below the bird on your ballot, you who are with your party before everything else, you are what makes it possible, you are responsible.

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## LINCOLN STEFFENS ON THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

From Denver Correspondence of the Newspaper Enterprise Association.

Don't regret that you are not here. If you will open your imagination, you shall see it all bigger, clearer and much more truly than many of us who are on the ground. When I look out with my eyes open I see this mass of humanity as a lot of men; when I close my eyes, and think it out, I see what you can see: a foregathering in one spot in one city in one State of delegates from every nook and corner of all the cities and all the States in the United States. Isn't that a broader vision? And when I open my eyes again I see presiding upon the platform Theodore A. Bell, the temporary chairman. But, my friends, when I close my eyes, and look as you may look, with all the faculties God gave us to see the unseen withal, I see presiding over these delegates, not one man, but many men; not Mr. Bell, but—Public Opinion. Fear of the people dominates this convention; not love and not respect, but fear; the dread of you and me. There are delegates present who are of us and for us; there are more of such in Denver than there were in Chicago. But in the main, the delegates who sit down there in those little pens, are not delegates at all, but the creatures of the State bosses who rise when their State is called and vote them. And, sulking there, they echo their bosses, complaining, these machine-made dummies, of one-man domination. They say that Bryan bosses them, and so do many of the

correspondents. Bah! Bryan doesn't rule here. The reporters who keep saying that he does, and the caricaturists who repeatedly picture him in control at his telephone, they speak falsely; or they see superficially, with their physical eyes only. They don't see what you can see. They don't see what it means that the bosses of the delegates who follow the leader at Lincoln, curse and hate and plot against him. They don't recognize the difference between a boss ruling by force of organization and corruption, and a leader leading by force of that public opinion which is back of and which depends so pathetically upon Mr. Bryan.

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## THE DEMOCRACY OF WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.

This Tribute and Prophecy from the Pen of C. E. S. Wood, of Portland, Oregon, Was Published in the Oregon Sunday Journal of July 29, 1906, Nearly Two Years Ago.

I have been asked to express my appreciation of Mr. Bryan. I state this in self-defense, because conscious of my inadequacy and lack of leisure, I would not have any one believe I volunteered, or that I do not realize how unsatisfactory this sketch will be. The fact is, one man's view of a public character is no better than another's, unless he has had especial opportunities for studying his subject, and to that I cannot pretend.

To his friends and in Nebraska politics Mr. Bryan was known as a true Democrat 20 years ago, and he was sent to Congress as a representative from Nebraska in 1891. But as a national, indeed as a world character, his career lies between an afternoon in the Democratic convention of 1896 at Chicago, when he was nominated for the Presidency in a burst of enthusiasm waked by his impassioned oratory; and a gray dawn in the Democratic convention at St. Louis in 1904, when for 40 minutes he held those fretful and impatient thousands silent while he made an almost prayerful entreaty to the majority in control not to betray the people.

The keynote to his power, his popularity, his political vitality, his success from every defeat, is that he is for the people—not to blind them, not to inflame them, not to use their passions as his stalking horse—but to help them, to serve them, not himself, to benefit generations unborn even more than the masses of today.

When the "Boy Orator" waked a frenzy, believed to be hysterical, with his, "You shall not press down upon the brow of labor this crown of thorns; you shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold." he was appealing to a feeling eternal in the hearts of men—the feeling for justice, for equality. Underneath the hysteria or intoxication of the crowded hall was that same feeling which pervaded the whole country, that

there was a bitter inequality among men of equal deserts—the same feeling that muttered in France in the last days of Louis XV.—the same feeling that mutters in Russia today—the feeling that the earth is made for the children of men, not for a pampered few, and that when a few glitter in idleness and the many labor and starve, something must be wrong.

It is not easy for the masses to see that what is wrong is legalized special privileges, and so they finally take hold of throats. This very decided truth that the masses were and are drifting into the slavery of a law-protected plutocracy gave life to the convention and campaign of 1896. It was no hysteria; nor as we now see him could it have been hypnotism which produced his nomination. Many who were incredulous then now believe he was the fit man.

In that moment when the convention of 1896 was undoubtedly hysterical with the blind common impulse felt in every crowd, Mr. Bryan showed that sanity and balance and the broad unselfishness we have grown to know as his character, and insisted that the nomination must be calmly made for good reason, because if it couldn't last over night it certainly could not endure a campaign.

A desire to be candid, as well as that my present estimate of Mr. Bryan may not be thought that of a partisan, leads me to say that I joined the Palmer and Buckner revolt against Mr. Bryan. I never underestimated his character or good faith. I differed with my party's view of the true economic remedy. Mr. Bryan and the Democratic party said one of the great evils, one of the great causes of plutocratic baronage on one hand and financial serfdom on the other, was the money monopoly. Undoubtedly that was right. It is right to-day. The remedy proposed was free and equal coinage of silver at 16 to 1. I feel that with legal tender laws in force, with national banking laws in force and the legal abolition of all notes of issue not based on government bonds still in force, the coinage at 16 to 1 would result in enforced discounting or practical repudiation such as we saw on this coast, known as "greenbacking," and in driving out of gold under the force of what is called the "Gresham law." Had the Democratic party abolished all legal tender acts and private monopolies in notes of issue, and allowed free coinage of silver and any other suitable metal at such value as it would be accepted at under a free and unrestricted monetary system, it would, in my opinion, have been right; and I believe Mr. Bryan is more farseeing than his hostile critics when he persists in declaring that the money question is not settled but only temporarily lulled.

What I did not see until it was too late was that even admitting Mr. Bryan's candidacy stood for a financial heresy in particular, it struck at a

decided evil (money monopoly) in a fashion of its own, and in general it stood for the rights of the common man and the impulse toward justice and reform, the general impulse toward justice and far more important than any mere particular could possibly be—just as flesh and blood are truly more precious than gold dollars. Mr. Bryan was defeated, and curiously enough grew stronger in defeat, and contrary to all political precedent, was nominated a second time. This showed not only the vitality of the issues but the good quality and large capacity of the man. It is the self-seeker, the fixer of political fences and combinations for his own benefit, who falls forever when his intricate platform crashes under him. The man who is truly for the people, in whose honesty the people have confidence, and who has brains enough to lead, not follow, cannot fall to permanent disaster. It is as if he were in a boat on a rising tide. He leads it, but it continually supports him, growing steadily stronger. So in the Kansas City convention of 1900, when the trimmers and compromisers, the "blindfold" and "gumshoe" men took fright at the defeat of 1896, and were for suppressing allusions to that platform, especially on the money question, Mr. Bryan telephoned if they did so they could consider some other candidate. In other words, his convictions, his self-respect were not to be bartered for the Presidency. This was called at the time "despotic dictation," but when Judge Parker—himself a most estimable and likeable man—telegraphed to the St. Louis convention in 1904, that he would consider "that he ran on a gold standard platform," this was called "honorable sincerity and frankness"—the difference in the situations being that Mr. Bryan had not been nominated and the convention was free to abandon him after he spoke, but Judge Parker did not speak till after he was nominated and the convention was committed to him and also committed to the position of neutrality on the money question.

So really considering the relative positions of candidate and convention, Mr. Bryan's was honorable frankness and Judge Parker's was dictation, for he himself wrote in a plank the convention had expressly refused.

By Mr. Bryan's attitude toward the convention in 1900 the people, to their surprise, saw a man willing to take the office in order to serve the people, and not hunting it for himself, and not willing to keep his mouth shut and stultify himself to get it. His tremendous strength in that campaign and the tremendous financial efforts to defeat him are well known—the insurance company disclosures are only additional evidence. The people were drunk at this time, too, with glory, world powerism and imperialism—against which he raised his warning and protest. It is said that since his travels abroad he has changed. I do not

understand it so. As I read the reports of his Fourth of July address in London, he simply says that there is indeed a white man's burden. It is the duty of helping the weaker and enlightening the blind; that all men are brothers and no one liveth to himself alone, and he of the white skin and English tongue living among his Oriental brethren has grave responsibilities, responsibilities not to be met by armies, or navies, or commerce, but by teachers and the gentleness of peace. If this be imperialism by force of arms and conquest, in blood and terror and against the consent of the people, then Christ must have preached conversion by the sword.

Mr. Bryan says he has not changed, and I have sufficient confidence in his knowledge of himself to believe him. It would be a poor tribute to his mentality to say he is the same man that he was in 1896. He is ten years older and ten years wiser, but fundamentally he is still the champion for the people against unequal privileges. He believes the sore is in the same spot. In that sense he has not changed.

But others have. Many who saw only a crazy fanatic in the long-whiskered, bucolic gentleman labeled a Populist, now know that though some of his particulars may have been wrong according to our notions, yet in his general aim he was right. He strove for the people against legalized and enfranchised privilege. The name "Populist" is received to-day with a respect in marked contrast to the contemptuous derision of years ago, just as before long the word "socialist" will be respectfully received, in spite of what seems to me in the limited light vouchsafed me, radical objections to the particulars of that creed.

To-day Mr. Bryan's name is received with respect everywhere. Ten years ago he was called a demagogue. Theodore Roosevelt to-day is simply sharing some of Mr. Bryan's popularity. He is trying to enforce in a partial way those principles which Mr. Bryan's personal influence wrote into the Democratic platforms long ago—control of those great arteries of commerce and natural monopolies, the railroads, investigation and control of the trusts. If Mr. Roosevelt would only add to his repertoire a radical revision of the protective tariff and economy in the fearful army and naval expenditures, and then have at his back a helpful and applauding party instead of a party in a rage and gnashing its teeth in outer darkness, he might be compared to Mr. Bryan as an instrument for the people and true reform. But Mr. Bryan is more calm and profound than Mr. Roosevelt, and will have a willing party behind him—the overwhelming majority of the people—for "Roosevelt Republicans" ought to be and will be "Bryan Democrats."

You cannot grow figs on thistles, and it is only a delusion to expect real reform from the Republican party, the mother of trusts and parent of

every special privilege of which the people complain. No one sets a fox to catch and devour her own cubs.

The Republican party gets a great deal of strength to-day because it was the party of Lincoln. Yet anyone who studies ideas—not names—must feel that if Lincoln were alive he would be hand in hand with Bryan. Each is a great commoner, a plain man of the people; each stands for human rights, human equality before the law, and against any form of slavery and legalized tyranny. Each is a missionary in a great cause, not a personal seeker after spoils or fame. Each has an honest sincerity which could if necessary lead him on to martyrdom, as it did lead the great Abolitionist. And each has a shrewd worldly wisdom and political sagacity which can sacredly guard the great principles and yet not despise tact, suavity and minor concessions and combinations. To me one of the most interesting traits common to the two men is the bigness of them, their scorn of conscienceless trafficking, their easy adherence to honor and principle, their lack of personal self-seeking—and yet the alert interest with which they kept their fingers on the popular pulse, partly to defer to it, but principally to guide it—to diagnose from it.

No one who knows Mr. Bryan can doubt his sincerity when he insists that it is the party, the people—not the man—that are to be considered, and no pledges nor nomination now made ought to be considered as hampering the convention when the time comes for actually choosing a candidate. For the party is entitled to the best man it can find on the eve of the campaign.

This view is so sensible it appeals to everyone as a further mark of sincerity, unselfishness and sanity. It is like his calming the frenzied convention in 1896 with the remark that unless his nomination would outlast their excitement it was worthless, and yet in his actual campaign Mr. Bryan, like Mr. Lincoln, will show an astuteness and vivid interest the opposite to indifference.

Personally I do not believe that Mr. Bryan's particular theory of the state ownership and management of railroads is so democratic or so economically sound as is the plan to create competition on their own tracks by a law authorizing the attorney general, of his own motion or on relation of anyone aggrieved, to oust the existing owners from ownership and control, and install other so-called owners or managers. However, I am through with deserting a great movement because I cannot agree with every detail.

It seems to me every man must be either for the people or against them; and as parties now exist if he is for the people he must support the Democratic party, and the undoubted leader of that party is Mr. Bryan—a leader not of political combinations, but by the pure force of courage, honesty and democratic instinct. Tom L. Johnson of

Cleveland is to my mind a splendid Democrat, without an equal in business sagacity. Of great executive ability, he would make a wonderfully fine Democratic President. But if he be living at the time, there is only one possibility—Mr. Bryan himself. His services in two campaigns, his conspicuous part in making Democratic history, but, above all, the knowledge of him which his countrymen have gained as he stood in the bright light, giving them the assuring confidence that he is their man, their warrior, with skill and strength and courage for the warfare, his personality and democratic worth, all make him unquestionably the leader of the people in the next fight for the people by the people.

He would be the first to resent the phrase that the nomination is his due. There is nothing due to any man. The human race is to be considered, not the individual, and the best of us cannot pay our debt to the martyrs who have gone before nor fulfill our obligation to the coming generations. It is only due him in the sense that he is the best man for the public duty.

When the early sun was extinguishing the hard, bright glare of the electric lights in that enormous pavilion in St. Louis in 1904, when the long, hard fight for the plain people was clearly lost and the Hill-Belmont-Parker forces sat serene in their conscious power, Mr. Bryan took the platform and stilled the howling mass of humanity which packed the floor and the galleries and clung like flies to the trusses of the roof, and said: "You may dispute whether I have fought a good fight, you may dispute whether I have finished my course, but you cannot deny that I have kept the faith."

Such a cry went up as would have told all but fools sadden in their folly that Democratic votes would defeat Judge Parker, and that after he was submerged a returning tidal wave would pick up the orator standing there, a democratic Democrat, for the common people always and openly and fearlessly, and would land him in the Presidential chair.

And so it will be.

It will be useless to try to disrupt the party, unless to appeal to the solid South to lead a revolt, for the issues formerly obscure are now clear and the lines have been drawn by Mr. Bryan himself. It is not a question of party names—it is whether you are for the people or against them. Mr. Bryan's whole career bespeaks him the people's champion; that is his real strength, not his particular economic theories.

It is said Mr. Roosevelt will be forced to run against Mr. Bryan as the only Republican democratic enough to oppose him.\*

But he will not run, and if he does Mr. Bryan will defeat him. I have heard suggestions that

\*It will be remembered that this was written two years ago.

the great corporations and property interests would throw their weight for Mr. Bryan as against Mr. Roosevelt. Undoubtedly Mr. Bryan is not so impulsive, so sensational and emotional as Mr. Roosevelt. Mr. Bryan is more calm, more judicial, more truly just. Yet, if the choice had to be made, entrenched privilege would swallow Mr. Roosevelt with all the party chains upon him, rather than give up their whole camp to the conspicuous, clear-headed leader of the popular rebellion. Against Roosevelt's courage they would have to match Bryan's; against his honesty, Bryan's; against his respect for the people's rights, Bryan's long, luminous efforts which have given Roosevelt all the support he has. And in Bryan they would see a quiet determination, a clear conception and unflinching execution more to be dreaded than dramatic outbursts.

Generally a boom sounded early dies prematurely. But this is not a Bryan "boom." It is only the sure and steady rising of the tide. At certain times in human events things are instinctively felt, as cattle feel a coming storm. We sense the future, scarcely knowing how or why; and so it is I feel that if he lives Mr. Bryan will be the next President of the United States.

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## THE PUBLIC OWNERSHIP OF RAILROADS.

For The Public.

### VII.

#### Freight Service and Rates.

##### 2. Sweden.

The freight service on the Swedish State railways is handled on lines uniform with those mentioned for Germany. The average ton-mile rates for both State and private railroads in the country are given in Table XV. This table shows plainly the fact that the private roads do not give nearly as cheap a freight service as the government railroads. It also indicates the constant tendency of freight rates to become lower under public management.

TABLE XV.

Average Freight Rates, Cents per Ton-Mile, Swedish Railways.\*

Year.	State railways.	Private railways.
1870.....	2.49	3.14
1875.....	2.28	3.14
1880.....	2.28	3.18
1885.....	2.25	2.80
1890.....	2.06	2.54
1895.....	1.89	2.24
1896.....	1.65	1.93
1897.....	1.64	1.93
1898.....	1.52	1.93
1899.....	1.49	1.98
1900.....	1.43	1.94
1901.....	1.47	1.94
1902.....	1.47	1.93

\*One metric ton = 2,205 pounds.