

MISCELLANY

O, GENERATION OF—?

For The Public.

Soon Christmas chimes will peal again,
And Christendom catch up the song
Of "Peace on earth; good will to men,"
Which burst from the lips of the angel
throng;
But how shall it fit the lips of those
Who count the rest of mankind as foes?

O, shame! that humanity's great love-
feast
Should be kept with the leaven of greed
and hate;

With base indulgence of ravenous beast,
While Lazarus starves beside the gate;
While the "White Man's burden" breaks
the back
Of helpless Yellow, and Brown, and Black.

O, shame! that after all these years
Of Pharisaic prayer and song,
The world is yet full of blood and tears—
The hellish vintage of greed and wrong:
Earth's toiling millions—O, what to them
Is the song that was sung o'er Bethlehem?

Was that glad evangel of One who saves,
That song of peace and good-will to men,
But a cruel mocking of Mammon's slaves,
But a gleam of hope—and despair again?
Did that light shine forth for a little space
Just to make earth darker for Adam's
race?

B. J. RADFORD.

Eureka, Ill.

PRIVILEGE IN CRIME.

"Run, Jimmy! De cop's comin'," one
street urchin shouted to another in an
alley between Clark and La Salle
streets the other afternoon.

"Run, nothin'!" said Jimmy. "I ain't
done nothin' but what other fellers does,
an' I'm goin' to stick."

The two boys had been playing craps
in the alley and the one who had got
alarmed had been on the lookout for
policemen. At the approach of the blue-
coat he fled, but his companion held his
ground.

"I saw you boys shooting craps," the
policeman said to Jimmy. "You had
better come with me."

"What do you want to take me for?"
Jimmy answered. "Is it against the law
to roll dice?"

"It certainly is."

"Well, why don't you pinch a few
dozen guys w'ats playing in the saloon
here?" the boy retorted, pointing to the
back door.

"What's that got to do with my taking
you?"

"It's got a lot. 'Cause if you takes me
I'm going to prefer charges against you
for allowing dice in these saloons. I've
seen playing in a lot of 'em."

The policeman walked away and left
Jimmy in undisputed possession of the
ground and his dice.—Chicago Chronicle.

THE VIRTUES OF "BARBAROUS" PEOPLES.

Apropos of the article entitled "An
Indian Virtue," in The Public of Nov. 7,
I wish to draw attention to an article, or
rather a letter, that appeared in The
Evening Post (New York) about 1892,
and which may have been printed in
The Nation also. The letter was written
from Lexington, Mo., by a George—
(King, my memory is), and was about
the virtue of the women of the Northern
Cheyennes in the fifties, before those In-
dians had come in contact with the
white man. It was to the effect that in
a village of over 2,000 persons of this
tribe, not one woman was unchaste. It
seems that the writer of that letter was
on the plains in those early days and
wintered with that particular tribe.

Barbarous nations appear always to be
examples to more "civilized" nations in
matters of personal honor. Thus I have
always read that the Zulus were on a
par with the Northern Cheyennes as to
chastity so long as they were uncon-
quered by the English. The Turk al-
ways kept faith (treaties) until Cardinal
Julan persuaded Ladislaw, king of
Hungary, to the perfidy of breaking a
twenty-year truce within a few months
after it was concluded, in the hope of
catching the Turk unawares; but they
were not quick enough, and both re-
mained on the field of the most disas-
trous battle, that of St. Martin's Eve,
that the Hungarians ever fought with
the Turk. The rout was so complete
that their bodies could not be carried off
the field.

R. W. BARKLEY.

OUR "RACE PROBLEM" PUZZLES A FRENCHMAN.

An extract from an article by Booker T.
Washington, entitled "Observations and
Comparisons Abroad," published in the In-
dependent of November 19, 1903.

Some very intelligent Frenchmen,
notably one of the editors of the
Figaro, have been traveling lately in
America. The more this class of peo-
ple see of America, the more puzzled
they are over what is called the race
problem, and they ask some very in-
teresting questions. For example, this
editor of the Figaro asked me why it
was that in the District of Columbia
all races could ride on the same seats
in the street cars, but in Alexandria,
only six miles away, they had to occupy
separate seats. He also asked me why
in certain railroad restaurants the Ne-
gro could stand at the counter and eat,
but would be put out if he sat down
to eat. For the life of me I could not
make him understand that to stand up
and eat was not regarded in some sec-

tions as a social act, while to sit down
was so regarded. Then he asked me
why Chinamen or Indians could ride in
a first-class car anywhere in America,
and Negroes could not. He also asked
me why Negroes could as mechanics
build houses in Atlanta, the home of
Robert Toombs, and could not erect
houses in Boston, the home of Garrison.
Then he asked me why white men and
black men drank liquors in the same
barroom, but could not, in many parts
of America, drink the communion wine
together in the same church. The
average Frenchman is mighty interest-
ing. Color prejudice is especially dif-
ficult for him to understand in the face
of the fact that one of their greatest
literary characters, Alexandre Dumas,
whose works can be found in nearly
every private and public library in the
world, was a colored man.

MR. MULLIGAN PAYS HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE.

For The Public.

"How are ye, Donovan? Sure, Oi see
be the poiper that John D. Rockyfelly,
joonyer, is a greaat interpreter av th'
Scriptures. He says it is betther to give
sympathy than money. It's a good mon
that wud choose the hardest job—and
Rockefelly has done it. It wud be no
trouuble fer him to give money; sure,
he has schlathers av it. But to give
sympathy, there's the rub, fer a mon
loike Rockyfelly. He near bankroopted
hisself in that raygard whin he was
performing the arjuous labor av argan-
oizing the Sthandard Ile thrust. Ivery
toime he crushed an indepindint consarn
his greaat heart wud schwell oop loike
to burst, and the bitter tears wud suf-
fuse his laarge sympathetic eyes, and he
wud trow his arrums around hissself in
a lasht, sad, fond imbrace, and cry:
'Alas! Alas! man's inhumanity to man
makes countless thousands mourn!
Wurra! Wurra! would that Oi moight
lavish the raydoondant affictions av me
tinder hearrt upon the bankroopted
stockholders av the bushted instichoo-
tion!' An' nothing wud console this na-
ture's nobleman but delivering an ad-
dress to his Soonday-school class!
Shure, Donovan, there is the pint av dis-
tinction achune a gud mon and a wicked
wan. A gud mon'll always go to Soon-
day school av a Soonda, while a wicked
wan'll go fishin'. Don't tell me, Dono-
van, that so pious a gintlemon as Mis-
ther Rockyfelly isn't intoitled to live
in several palaces; sure, hasn't he been
collectin' raybates from the soulless
railroad corporations this many a year,
in order to rayjuice the price av ile to
the suffering consumer?"