

HOW WHITNEY WAS DENIED "A SQUARE DEAL"

Men who hate injustice have the right to sympathize—and to express their sympathy—with Henry M. Whitney, president of the Boston Chamber of Commerce and late democratic candidate for lieutenant governor of Massachusetts, because of the several public lectures which have been read to that gentleman by Theodore Roosevelt.

The prestige of the president of the United States is so great that whenever he makes a statement to the discredit of a man the person thus condemned suffers lasting injury. And while it is true that many men, if not the majority of men, who have carefully read the correspondence between the president and Mr. Whitney have concluded that Mr. Roosevelt is in the wrong, few of these care to make their opinion public, while the great mass of men who have gone no farther into the facts than to learn that Mr. Whitney has been twice publicly reprimanded by the president, have perhaps formed a poor opinion of the subject of Mr. Roosevelt's rebukes.

It is true, and all know it, that a man occupying the exalted position of president of the United States has no right to employ the prestige of his position to inflict injury upon a helpless fellow being. It is true, and all know it, that when a man occupying that position makes a practice of putting, without justification, the brand of infamy upon men who have incurred his displeasure, it is the duty of other men to see that truth and justice prevail.

It will be remembered that in a public statement Mr. Roosevelt charged that Mr. Whitney, during his contest for the office of lieutenant-governor of Massachusetts misquoted Mr. Roosevelt with respect to his position on the question of "the fullest possible freedom of trade with Canada." Mr. Roosevelt added in that statement that Mr. Whitney had "deliberately" misrepresented. In a manly statement Mr. Whitney replied that he had not been guilty of wilful misrepresentation, nor had he intentionally violated the president's confidence. He understood the president to say just what he had quoted him as saying, and he understood, also,

that there was no secrecy concerning the president's views as he understood them. Two other gentlemen who accompanied Mr. Whitney to the White House stated that their recollection agreed with that of Mr. Whitney.

Later Mr. Whitney wrote to Mr. Roosevelt a letter in which he said:

You have done me a great injustice in publicly asserting that I have wilfully misrepresented your attitude on the question of reciprocity with Canada, and that this was done in cowardly fashion by saying what I did under conditions that your high office prevented you from denying. You have charged me with an offense of which I am not guilty. You have condemned me unheard. I appeal to your sense of fairness for a personal hearing.

My public utterances touching your attitude on this question are very few and very brief. I will bring them with me if you grant me this request. I will have the passages marked and it will not take you two minutes to read them.

In that same letter, which was a personal one to the president, Mr. Whitney said that he regretted "more than anything else in connection with this matter, that the righteous cause of reciprocity with neighboring countries, of so much value to our people and to the whole human race, is not to have the indorsement of your (Mr. Roosevelt's) great name and the benefit of your (Mr. Roosevelt's) potent aid." Mr. Roosevelt replied to Mr. Whitney in a letter which he authorized the latter to make public. In that letter Mr. Roosevelt declines to grant the desired interview because of his "previous experience" with Mr. Whitney, and he accuses Mr. Whitney of further "wilfully misrepresenting" his views when he expressed regret that Mr. Roosevelt is not devoted to reciprocity. There is, as may be pointed out right here, an inconsistency in the president's fault-finding with the Massachusetts gentleman. In the first public lecture Mr. Roosevelt condemned Mr. Whitney because he had represented him as being prac-

tically in favor of reciprocity, while in the second lecture he rebukes him for intimating that he is not in favor of reciprocity. Mr. Roosevelt concluded his letter in these words:

It matters little whether this was due to a deliberate purpose of deception or to a lack in both your companions and yourself of a nice sense of propriety and of the power of exact thinking and of correct apprehension and repetition of what was said. In either event I feel that it would serve no useful purpose again to see you or further to correspond with you.

It will occur to a great many people that in his letter to the president, Mr. Whitney made a manly appeal—one which should have been heeded, particularly when it was offered to one who counts among the most famous of his sayings: "So far as in my power lies I shall see to it that every man has a square deal, no less and no more."

"He that acts unjustly is the worst rebel to himself; and though now ambition's trumpet and the drum of power may drown the sound, yet conscience will one day speak loudly to him."

We have been told that "the greater a man is in power above others, the more he ought to excel them in virtue." There are men with whom the very recollection of their superior strength and power restrains them from striking a blow at a weaker man, even though the blow may be deserved. There are men who have not in the public view been exalted above their fellows whose conscience would prohibit them from turning a deaf ear to the appeal: "You have done me a great injustice. You have charged me with an offense of which I am not guilty. You have condemned me unheard. I appeal to your sense of fairness for a personal hearing."

Where is the man grown so powerful through official place that he dare ignore a plea for justice from one who feels that he has been trampled upon? Men who publicly brand others as "lacking a nice sense of propriety" should be very certain that they are above criticism in that quarter.

THOSE GREAT IN WAR ARE GREAT IN LOVE

We sometimes find courtesy, courage and real strength lacking where we would have the right to expect it, and we often find these traits where we would least suspect their existence.

"Shepherd, I take thy word,
And trust thy honest offer'd courtesy,
Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds
With smoky rafters, than in tap'stry halls,
And courts of princes."

Someone has said that "as the sword of the best tempered metal is most flexible, so really large men are most pliant and courteous in their behavior to their inferiors." An aged negro met a fine old Kentuckian on the streets of a southern city, and with a low bow doffed his hat. The courtly old gentleman acknowledged the salutation by lifting his own headgear. A younger man who was with him asked: "Why did you lift your hat to that nigger?" The gentleman replied: "My son, I would not permit even a nigger to outdo me in courtesy."

"Power is so characteristically calm that calmness in itself has the aspect of power, and forbearance implies strength. The orator who is known to have at his command all the weapons of invective, is most formidable when most courteous." Have we not often noticed the difference between the display of bogus strength made by the public speaker who in joint debate resorts to invective, and the real power shown by his opponent who hews to the line in presenting the question under discussion, ignores the cheap byplay of diatribe, and strikes with every sentence sledge hammer blows in clinching his point? Have we not often noticed the difference between the fictitious power displayed by the blustering braggart and the genuine strength manifested by the soft spoken man?

No truer words were ever written than when it was said: "The bravest are the tenderest, the loving are the daring." Several years ago there lived in a southern town a man who had served as a captain in the confederate army. While this man had made a good record as a soldier and was known among his comrades as a brave man, he had for many years after the

close of the war lived such a simple and peaceful life that a newcomer, who was delighted in being known as "a fighting man" conceived the very erroneous notion that the captain was a coward. On one occasion the captain's position on a public question did not happen to suit the newcomer, and so anxious was he for a quarrel that he falsely interpreted some of the remarks made by the captain as a personal affront to himself. With much ado he sent word to the captain that he would kill him on sight, expecting, doubtless, that the captain would immediately leave the town.

This captain was particularly devoted to his home, and was not often seen on the street corners, but all the town knew of the warning that had been sent to him, and all the town observed that on the morning following the day when the warning was delivered, the captain was standing on a street corner, looking very much like one who was "waiting for something to turn up." For several days the captain spent most of his time on the conspicuous street corners of the town, but it was noticeable that the "fighting man" was not as much in evidence as was his wont. He had caught sight of the captain's stalwart form and he had read something in the lines of the captain's furrowed face that prompted him to seek the counsel of friends. To one of these friends the "fighting man" appealed, suggesting that he take the lead in effecting a compromise. This friend, who was a bit disgusted, asked the "fighting man" why he did not go in search of the captain, and carry out his threat? The "fighting man" replied: "I don't like the looks of that old duffer a bit! They tell me, also, that he's a fatalist. What chance would I have with a man of that kind? I'd be afraid that his bullets might hit me at any minute, and he'd know that my bullets wouldn't hit him unless his time had come." Through the intercession of this friend peace was established. He had no trouble with the captain, because being a man of real courage he had no desire to fight.

We can't always tell just where we will find real courage, nor can we always determine

by a man's conduct whether he is brave or cowardly. George D. Meiklejohn, for several years lieutenant governor of Nebraska, and under the McKinley administration first assistant secretary of war, had occasion many years ago to visit a Wisconsin town. There he called at the office of a man against whom he had commenced a law suit. The man attacked Mr. Meiklejohn and in the language of one of the daily papers "Meiklejohn ran like a whitehead." Whether he ran just that way or not, it is very certain that Mr. Meiklejohn sought safety in flight and some people concluded that this showed that he was a coward. But Nebraskans who had had occasion to see Meiklejohn's nerve tested were not surprised when they learned of a little incident that took place, perhaps twelve months later, on a Washington City street. A man had stabbed a companion to death, and flourishing his bloody knife above his head warned the bystanders not to interfere with him. Mr. Meiklejohn, the man who in Wisconsin "ran like a whitehead," happened to be passing. Pushing his way through the great crowd he walked up to the murderer, demanding his surrender, and, with the very plain determination in his demeanor, compelling compliance with his demand.

One of the tenderest of men—and one of the bravest—was the surgeon of the Seventh Illinois infantry regiment. All the men of that regiment knew of this surgeon's tenderness; until the episode to which reference is about to be made occurred, all of the men of that regiment did not know of his great courage. Henry W. Hoagland, former chief of police in the city of Lincoln, Nebraska, served as major in the Seventh Illinois, and Major Hoagland tells the interesting story. On one occasion a pompous division surgeon was inspecting the temporary hospital erected for the benefit of the Seventh Illinois boys. The division surgeon had with him a company of friends, and the entire party seemed well impressed with its importance. The regimental surgeon escorted the party through the hospital, describing each case as they came to it. When they reached the cot of one man who had been severely wounded in the hip the