

A Republican Paper on the Twilight Zone

The following editorial is taken from the Philadelphia North American (rep.):

THE TWILIGHTERS

Just before the close of the conference of governors at Washington a phrase was coined which was needed in our language and will live. It lay in the words of William Jennings Bryan: "There is no twilight zone between the nation and the state in which exploiting interests can take refuge from both."

"The twilight zone!" There the finger was placed squarely upon the point of the whole problem of centralization and state rights. There was instant comprehension and approval by the entire assemblage, and President Roosevelt, leading the applause, followed Mr. Bryan's address with this explanation of the ground where partisanship ceases and where he stands beside Mr. Bryan and all good citizens:

"Just a word on what has been called the 'twilight land' between the powers of the federal and state governments. My primary aim in the legislation that I have advocated for the regulation of the great corporations has been to provide some effective popular sovereign for each corporation.

"I do not wish to keep this 'twilight land' one of large and vague boundaries by judicial decision that in a given case the state can not act, and then a few years later by other decisions that in practically similar cases the nation can not act either.

"I am trying to find out where one or the other can act, for there shall always be some sovereign power that on behalf of the people can hold every big corporation, every big individual, to an accountability, so that its or his acts shall be beneficial to the people as a whole."

"The twilight zone" has an even broader application, however. The twilighters are not all incorporated.

That zone does not really exist, though the fiction of it does. The poet was wrong who sang of "a plane 'twixt vice and virtue." In commerce, as in the conduct of our daily lives, there is right and there is wrong. There is no dusky belt of blending. Yet imaginary as that twilight is, many lives are passed wholly within its shadows.

We do not speak of scoundrels, of deliberate law-breakers, of conscious wrongdoers. Such are not the twilighters.

The twilighters are the men known to every one in every community—men who are not absolutely dishonest, yet between whose characters and real rectitude there has always been a gap. Usually they are among the most respected citizens. Always they are the most self-respecting of men.

They think they are honest. They resent bitterly any hint that there is something wrong with their moral sense or their civic or commercial creed. Censure of them is to them proof positive that the critic is either an anarchist, a demagogue or an assassin of character.

To classify the twilighters let us start with an instance that requires no argument. President Baer, of the Reading railway, seeks the aid of the interstate commerce commission—a fed-

eral power—in his Jersey Central controversy. Yet he scouts the idea of federal power interfering with ownership and operation of mines by railroads.

His inconsistency is absurd. But to him it is not apparent. In all sincerity his belief has been always that he was doing right. The only explanation of a Baer is that he is a typical twilighter.

Look even closer at home! Look at the respected business man whose personal conduct and private morality are impeccable, yet who undertakes to split his individuality. Himself he stands in the sunlight. But he puts a fictitious self in this imagined twilight zone and lets that other self which he calls trustee or corporation official do acts which his real self would condemn utterly.

That false dusk is the sole shelter for the mind that deludes itself into seeing right in the compounding of felony and the compromise with crime for a money bribe to stockholders.

Such a man is no rascal. He is no knowing wrongdoer. He would break a chair over the head of a man who would offer to him a bargain for what he deems his honor. Yet such men inject poison into the main arteries of our civilization. Because their vision is dimmed. Because they live in that false twilight.

The mine operator and the factory owner who are lavish in gifts to charities and all the while are unmindful of the safety of the lives and limbs of the workers to whom they pay a weekly wage are twilighters.

In a liability law impressing upon them the sacred trusteeship that is theirs for the safeguarding of those who make their wealth they see only a socialistic encroachment upon the rights of capital. That is not because they are bad men at heart. It is because they are twilighters.

The man who bows his head in Christ's sanctuary on Sunday and, by the hearing of the deathless words that tell of the Saviour's love for children, is moved to write an impressive check for foreign missions, while his bank account is swelled on every dividend day by the sweat of stunted child-workers, does not know that he is a small, sordid Herod. He is a twilighter.

The embalmer of beef and the man who adulterates food of any sort are likely to be liberal, self-respecting, clean-living citizens. They do not know that they are not only assassins, but cowards. Because they do murder without risk of the gallows. They are twilighters.

The employer who is a shirk and tries to cast on the community the charge of the workmen, crippled or killed and the sustenance of their families by fighting the employers' liability law is simply a twilighter.

The manufacturer who pens workers in bad air and insanitary surroundings and the sweatshop owner who gives to girls the choice between bodily death at the machines or soul-death in the streets are not conscious criminals. They pay their debts and their taxes and are good husbands and fathers. They are curses in our

communities solely because they are twilighters.

The lawyer who wins great fees by teaching a trust how to evade and nullify the law of the land does not know that he degrades a splendid profession. He solaces himself with the sophistry that his intellect is a chattel to be bought for a money price by any client, and not a God-given weapon for justice, to which he owes sworn duty. He does harm beyond all measurement because he is a twilighter.

And the minister of God who stands in the pulpit splitting theological hairs and drawing tears and contributions by telling of Asiatic horrors, while never venturing to attack an immediate and present sin because it would tread upon the toes of some rich parishioner—perhaps we are in error in calling him twilighter instead of traitor to both God and man. But we give to him the benefit of the doubt.

Bryan and Roosevelt were right—as far as they went. But they were wrong in saying that the twilight zone does not exist. It should not exist. It must not exist. It will not exist after the people win the fight now waging against usurped privilege and vested wrong.

But it does exist, and will, until the darkness is scattered by the light of righteous decisions from our highest courts based on legislation framed by pure patriotism and inspired by administrations such as Roosevelt's.

In that twilight now hide the bank director who feels no responsibility for disaster due to his neglect of duty; the railroad manager who sees on his hands no stain of blood of men and women killed by reason of his company's negligence or parsimony; the Philadelphia banker who wends money to New York for Wall Street's gambling in time of stringency, driving his home people to bankruptcy or distress by such use of their own money to satisfy his trustee soul by making extra profits for his stockholders. Twilighters, one and all!

The users of the twilight zone are not all twilighters. By choice, the Harrimans and Rockefellers and Morgans and all the Wall Street gamblers dwell therein. All the corporations that one day denounce federalism and the next, with equal vehemence, assail aggression by state legislatures hunt that dusk.

But these are intruders fouling a nest already foul. They are not true twilighters. They see in that zone safety—a "no man's land"—a sanctuary for such outlaws as they know themselves to be.

The twilighters are of a different breed. They are in that delusive gloaming only because they do not know the light. They are blinking and complaining a little now, because in the past few years there has been a new dawning. And into that darkened zone there are flashing stronger, brighter every day the rays of the aroused national morality.

It is not comfortable for the twilighters. But the light will shine on! And before the end of this our day every miasmatic mist will fade and the clear light of right, blazing into every dark spot, will mark the ending of the twilight zone.—Philadelphia North American.

DEPEW HIGHLY HONORED

Following is from the Chicago Record-Herald: United States Senator Chauncey M. Depew was a silent attendant of the meeting of the New York state delegation in the morning. That is he was silent, as though he expected that his recent semi-retirement made it necessary for him to look on while others did the work. When the officers of the delegation were selected he was named as honorary vice president. His pleasure was instantly manifest, and he turned to Timothy L. Woodruff and expressed his appreciation of the honor. Several of the New York delegation who noticed the incident remarked: "The senator will be well back into politics again before his term expires."

CHILLY

This story was told by the Chicago Record-Herald, republican:

Congressman P. P. Campbell delivered a little speech nominating Mr. Taft for the presidency last night at a banquet of the Illinois Society of the Sons of the Revolution. The feast was in the gold room of the Annex and was one

of the attractions of the hundreds of sightseers who thronged the lobby and corridors.

"He is fit to run a government which has been established for over one hundred years," exclaimed the congressman in boosting Mr. Taft. The Sons did not respond. Not one applauded. The man from Kansas was surprised.

"I guess all the allies are here," he commented, after a moment. The Sons awoke—and applauded. All the guests joined in except Senator W. O. Brandley, of Kentucky. He said he wasn't a Son, anyway, although his great-grandfather made swords for the soldiers of Washington. It was the Kentucky senator who threatened to go right back home just after he was barred as a delegate to the national convention by the Taft managers.

HARRIMAN'S ATTORNEY FOR TAFT

The following is taken from the Chicago Record-Herald, republican, issue of Tuesday, June 16:

William Nelson Cromwell of New York, attorney for the Harriman interests, arrived in

Chicago last night and announced that he had come to see the stampede for Taft.

"It is all over," said Mr. Cromwell. "I find that the Roosevelt stampede was all talk. I find no such sentiment. It will be a stampede, yes, but it will be a stampede for Taft."

Mr. Cromwell is a close personal friend of Secretary Taft, and has come here direct from Washington, where he met the coming nominee. The New York counselor declined to discuss the platform. Asked about the vice presidency, he expressed the opinion that the Dolliver-Iowa imbroglio would not permit the selection of an Iowa man for the second place on the ticket.

"Who do you think will be the nominee if it is not an Iowa man?" Mr. Cromwell was asked.

"It seems to be shaping toward Fairbanks," he replied.

It develops that the defaulting Pittsburg banker invested heavily in worthless mining stock. Unfortunately he couldn't keep up the lick until the passage of the Aldrich-Vreeland bill permitted him to put up the stock as a basis for some emergency currency.