



POLITICS. ART.

EDITORIAL SECTION



Dewey and the Presidency. = By James Creelman.



DURING back on my talk about the Presidency with Admiral Dewey at Manila, I can remember no more striking illustration of his strong good sense than the reasons he gave for his determination not to be a candidate for President.

"I am too old to learn a new business," he said. "Forty years of service in the navy may develop a good enough Admiral, but I am convinced that I have not studied political questions and political methods enough to make a satisfactory President of the United States. The nation has given me an office I am competent to fill, and I am not looking for another job. If I were out of work I might be tempted to look at these things differently, but as it is I can regard the whole question impartially, and I believe that the country should select Presidents who are trained and experienced in the science of civil government, rather than to take a man from the army or navy."

There you have an expert opinion on militarism.

And the more one thinks of the Admiral's position the more one sees the simple wisdom of it. The Admiral has said deliberately that if he were compelled to choose between a nomination offered by the Republicans and a nomination offered by the Democrats he would find it hard to make his mind up. That is precisely the condition of mind for an Admiral, but a President without a party could accomplish nothing.

Admiral Dewey discerns the vital fact. If he remains at his post he will be the hero of the whole people, regardless of party strife—the one great national figure on the American continent, honored, admired and applauded in life and in death. But if he should yield to political temptation and enter the Presidential pale, from that moment his life would be spoiled by partisan attacks, his peace, his heroism, his almost unparalleled prestige, would vanish in an hour, and he might find himself at the end of a disastrous four years' residence in the White House an embittered old man, without an occupation.

"I have a temper that would never do in the White House," said the Admiral. "Why, if these officers around me were not simply angels straight out of heaven they wouldn't stand me for a minute."

That, too, is true. In spite of his usual mood, which

is like Summer sunshine, he can flash like fire and scarily without provocation or warning. He glows with good nature and gracious modesty. He has the manners of an Old World diplomat, and the delicate, kind intuitions of a woman. Yet, suddenly and apparently without cause, he will straightway fly into a rage and rend the unhappy man who treads that neighborhood. But how many men in the world are there like the Admiral, who can poise in the air over their own heads like hawks, as it were, and with keen, cold eyes spy out their own imperfections? Most men know and confess their little faults, but how many men are there who recognize and frankly avow their serious and disqualifying weaknesses?

Never, until I met Admiral Dewey, did I know of a man outside of a priest's coat who could so cheerfully trample upon his own renown. I have always thought that the Admiral, knowing the proneness of human nature to temptation, and realising that when the hour for his glorification in the flesh arrived he might grow weak under political pressure, was anxious to avert temptation by convincing himself above all others that he was in every way unfit for the Presidency.

Still, what the Admiral says is undeniable. To put

a man without political training, a man whose fame is based upon military exploits, in the greatest seat of civil power in the world, would be an act of militarism pure and simple. The Admiral has enough intelligence and self-control to perceive the nature of the Dewey Presidential movement, and he has the moral courage and patriotism to resist it. Senator Proctor has said that Vermont will present the Admiral's name to the next Republican National Convention, but the Admiral will find some way to prevent it.

To Admiral Dewey the naval and military organizations of the United States are the brute force which sustains the laws and policies created and formulated by the civil power. For a naval officer he has an extraordinary veneration for the civil branch of the Government. It stands out through all his conversation. The one contrary fact in his history was the cutting of the cable to Manila to prevent the civil power at Washington from hampering his movements by orders. But when Manila was at last occupied by our forces, and the present reign of militarism began, the Admiral saw clearly the blundering and disaster that would result should the military government be left to deal with the vast network of new and tangled problems presented by our presence in the Philippines as a

sovereign power, and so he telegraphed in plain terms to President McKinley asking him to send a commission of civilians "skilled in statesmanship and diplomacy."

This was an act of devotion to the civil power. It marks and emphasizes one of Admiral Dewey's greatest traits. It proves him to be a safe man to be entrusted with military power. But it is not so with General Otis, who is thoroughly convinced that civilians are mostly fools, and that militarism is the only condition under which the investigating, crusading habit of civil life can be suppressed and government can be comfortably imposed. Dewey and Otis are as far apart in ability and in their conception of the civil power as the East is from the West. Whenever I want to get a good, strong contrast for Dewey I always think of Otis—one all heart and brain and decision, serving the civil power lovingly and loyally; the other all fustiness and jealousy, weak, shambling, hesitating, confusing, a hater of civilians and a scowler of all the civil power. The one lives in the open sunlight; public life simply enriches his glory. The other avoids the light and denies to his country the right to know the truth about the war in the Philippines.

The sum of it all is that Admiral Dewey's refusal to allow his name to be considered for the Presidency is a tribute to the civil power. JAMES CREELMAN.

"Concerning the Jews." An Answer to Mark Twain.



THIS seems rather a good week to review Mark Twain's article on the Jews in the current Harper's Monthly.

The Dreyfus verdict has been discussed more or less intelligently by every civilized being able to read. Doubtless many have discovered for the first time the existence of that Jewish question to which Mark Twain devotes his interesting and amusing observations.

The last paragraph in the article is the best. It is an interesting question, admirably formulated. Here it is:

To conclude.—If the statistics are right, the Jews constitute but one per cent of the human race. It suggests a nebulous dim puff of star dust lost in the blaze of the Milky Way. Properly the Jew ought hardly to be heard of; but he is heard of, has always been heard of. He is as prominent on the planet as any other people, and his commercial importance is extravagantly out of proportion to the smallness of his bulk. His contributions to the world's list of great names in literature, science, art, music, finance, medicine, and abstract learning are also away out of proportion to the weakness of his numbers. He has made a marvellous fight in this world in all the ages; and has done it with his hands tied behind him. He could be vain of himself, and be excused for it. The Egyptian, the Babylonian, and the Persian rose, filled the planet with sound and splendor, then faded to dream-stuff and passed away; the Greek and the Roman followed, and made a vast noise, and then they, too, were gone; other peoples have sprung up and held their torch high for a time, but it burned out, and they sit in twilight now, or have vanished. The Jew saw them all, beat them all, and is now what he always was, exhibiting no decadence, no infirmities of age, no weakening of his parts, no slowing of his energies, no dulling of his alert and aggressive mind. All things are mortal but the Jew; all other forces pass, but he remains. What is the secret of his immortality?

Some weeks ago it was suggested in this newspaper that Jewish achievement was due to compulsory brain development—the fact that Jews had been treated by mankind generally as our early monkey ancestors were treated by the carnivorous tribes, and compelled in spite of themselves to develop that brain power which has made them successful in spite of ceaseless and combined hostility. This explanation of the Jew's immortality, however, is not entirely satisfactory.

The orthodox Jew declares that he receives direct impart from God Almighty special qualifications and special

powers. He is, says he, the Creator's chosen one, predestined to surpass and outlive all others.

The Gentle remarks that while Jews have been able, they have not by any means developed the ables, men on the earth. In fact, not THE greatest man in any single line of endeavor has been a Jew, says the Gentle. If their brains were so very good they would have developed at least one brain of superlative power.

It happens that the Jewish race did develop such a brain, assuming Moses to have been a Jew, and we beg to call to the attention of Mark Twain the importance of Moses as a solution of his problem.

The wisdom of Moses, the greatest of Jews, answers at least partially the question, "What is the secret of the Jew's immortality?" Moses shines as the greatest common-sense doctor the earth has known.

It cannot perhaps be truthfully said that he knew more than others concerning wise living and the rules which, thanks to him, have kept the Jews free from disease and possible extinction. But Moses possessed the greatest of qualities. He knew how to make his knowledge useful. He could compel ignorant tribes to obey the rules laid down for them. He made his health laws a part of his national religion.

He ordered the Jew to wash himself and eat carefully, and the Jew, accepting the orders as divine, faithfully obeyed them.

Vital statistics of the Jews show that their death rate is everywhere lower than that of the people among whom they live.

A few weeks ago Sir W. H. Preece, president of the Sanitary Institute in London, declared that the greatest sanitary engineer the world had ever known was Moses. He was a great doctor and a sublimated Colonel Waring.

In the past three thousand four hundred years, while the Jews have been living in accordance with Moses's laws, the rest of the human race has lived in helter-skelter, disorganized, unhealthy, more or less crazy fashion.

In the middle ages the Jew was temperate while the Christian noble who borrowed or stole his money was eating and drinking himself to death.

Thanks to Moses, the Jews have escaped hereditary disease taints handed down from one generation of Christians to another.

The doctrines of Moses, which constitute the most important part of the Jewish religion, are simple rules for wise living. They are taught as part of religion to

the Jewish children and obeyed religiously by the Jews through life.

Moses orders his people in the name of Jehovah to look out for six things: First, pure air; second, pure water; third, pure food; fourth, pure soil; fifth, pure dwellings; sixth, pure bodies.

Thousands of years ago Moses compelled the Jews to carry their refuse and garbage from their tents to a clear space outside of the camp and burn it. This insured pure air. In New York City to-day two millions of enlightened Christians don't know enough to take Moses's suggestion.

We dump our sewage into the river or ocean. Later on we bathe in it. It floats around to pollute the atmosphere.

In regulating the food supply of the Israelites, Moses proved his knowledge of their requirements as an Eastern nation, and his acquaintance with dietetic common sense in general.

We have all read jokes of greater or less value on Moses's objection to ham and other hog products.

Moses probably did not really despise the swine for splitting his hoof without at the same time chewing his cud. He was too broad-minded for that, and he must have remembered that man without chewing his cud splits his hoof in four places.

He objected to the swine because he carried around with him more disease and more indigestion than any other animal on earth. Because, like the dog, whose body does not sweat, the swine lacks facilities for ridding himself of impurities, and is therefore unfit for food.

The red-faced Christian gentleman, stuffed with sausages, laughs at the Jew because he does not eat swine. The Chinaman laughs at the Christian because he does not eat rats. The Jew laughs wisely at both.

If Mark Twain will study carefully, Moses's record as a doctor, as the original Colonel Waring, he will find a partial answer to the question which concludes his article.

Like a great many other writers, Mark Twain confesses unconsciously to the strange, almost universal, Gentle dislike of Jews. He begins, as so many Gentle writers do, by denying that he has any prejudice. A man who begins with earnest denial of any particular prejudice permits us to believe that that prejudice is in him, however sorry he may be to possess it.

While the article has much that is good to say of the Jews, it expresses throughout a sort of subcon-

scious conviction that there is something queer about Jews, that they are different from others and possibly not all that they ought to be.

Mark Twain discovers that the Jew is honest in business, or is at least as honest as the Gentle, which is not saying much. He further discovers that he is very kind to people of his own race and that his poor are well taken care of.

But Mark Twain repeats an accusation against the Jews often heard and as offensive as it is undesired. "The Jew is charged with an unpatriotic disinclination to stand by the flag as a soldier—like the Christian Quaker."

Dragging in the Christian Quaker will not soften the wrath of Jews at this statement.

The idea that Jews are not personally and physically courageous is false. Of this Mark Twain could easily convince himself.

Mendoza was a great Jewish fighter. Tommy Ryan, the pugilist who trained Jeffries and whose real name is not Tommy Ryan, is another great Jewish fighter, perhaps the most extraordinary at his weight of all fighters in the country. In the way of physical fighting, the Jew is usually willing to do his share if you give him a good reason for it.

Mr. Nathan Straus, of this city, had an ancestor whose line of conduct might have enlightened Mark Twain. This ancestor was very poor, and it chanced one day that he was sitting on the edge of the highway in Germany, tired and ill. A Gentle of large proportions came along driving a cart, and to cheer the monotony of his life cracked his whip at the man sitting by the roadside.

"Go away," said Mr. Straus's ancestor, "I am sick. Don't bother me." But the carter could not give up his harmless amusement. As a result Mr. Straus's ancestor gave him such a mauling that his next residence was the hospital.

This carter and Mr. Twain ought to have met. While they were taking him away the carter said: "If that is the way a sick Jew acts, I don't want anything to do with a well one."

Mark Twain accepts apparently as true the statement "Jews have no party; they are non-partisans." He asks, "Who gives any race the right to sit still in a free country and let somebody else look after its safety? The oppressed Jew is entitled to all pity in the former times under brutal autocracies, for he was weak and friendless and had no way to help his case.

But he has ways now and he has had them for a century, but I do not think he has tried to make serious use of them."

A most erroneous impression, Mr. Mark Twain. Ask Mr. Croker, ask Mr. Guggenheimer, ask Mr. Perry Belmont or Mr. Oliver Belmont or anybody else who knows anything about politics in New York City. You will find that none is more active in politics than the Jew, that none has shown such recent and remarkable growth in political influence.

In the year just ended, being the year '05, one Jew elected to the British Parliament, defeated after an exciting struggle his chief competitor, who was another Jew. In proportion to their numbers the Jews are at least as active in politics as they are in the theater business.

It is greatly to the Jew's credit that he does not in politics combine with his fellows to control elections for any reason save public utility. One of the Straus brothers is a Democrat, another is a Republican.

The Jew votes as an American. There is in politics no bigotry, no racial or religious nonsense about him. Is there any reason why a Jew should register as a Jew? Is Mark Twain registered as Scotch or Irish, according to his descent? If a Jew is registered at his polling place as an American voter at the proper time, that covers the ground.

Of the Jew Mark Twain says further: "By his make and his ways he is substantially a foreigner wherever he may be, and even the angels dislike a foreigner."

Is that statement based on correct observation? Is Sarah Bernhardt a foreigner in France? Was Gambetta a foreigner in Paris when he stood ready to risk his life in a balloon for the French race or when afterward he led the attack of French democracy against persistent privilege?

Is Professor Gotthell a foreigner at Columbia College?

Is Oliver Hazard Perry Belmont a foreigner as he drives Rockingham in the lead in the Newport parade? Is August Belmont a foreigner when he presides at the Jockey Club meetings?

Were the Jews among Roosevelt's Rough Riders foreigner?

It is not the Jew's peculiarity to be foreign. Peculiar in him rather is the ability even when born abroad to eliminate in short order his foreign traits and to take on the racial peculiarities of the country which adopts him. Born here, he is as American as a country barber's pick.

ARTHUR BRISBANE.

Is There a Future Life? = By Edwin Markham.



WHAT follows death—life or annihilation? This is a question—a difficult and anxious question—which we ever weary of. I have seen much of late in the Sunday Journal upon this theme, but there has been little or no discussion of the evidences of a future life. I have concluded to say a brief word upon these evidences.

To begin with, it is certain that whatever immortality there is for man rests on a ground too deep for the customary investigations of science. Still there come to us many hints and indications of an undiscovered country—much drift and flotsam from an unknown shore.

In the beginning, it will be well to brush aside two or three common, but incompetent, arguments—the one based upon our instinctive longing for immortality, and the one based upon the wide diffusion of the belief. We long for many things that we can never possess; and we have found that faith in a future life is not present among all races.

The analogies of nature, also, are imperfect, seeing that we have only conjecture and the word of St. Paul to assure us that the soul possesses a body in the world beyond the grave. Nevertheless these analogies have comforted many a mourning heart in the hour when Death stood at the door with his hand upon the latch

It is easy for us to see significant sequels in the snake that casts off its old skin to glide forth upon a new life-round—in the beetle that struggles from its foul tomb at the first touches of the Summer glory—in the fabled phoenix that rises from the aromatic fire of its burning nest, renewed in its youth for a thousand years—in the silk worm that weaves its cocoon and lies down in its narrow grave, to rise at last a wondrous moth, with iridescent wings—in the ever-recurring spectacle of the earth-spirit, casting off the chains of Winter, to break forth in resurrection, robed in the vivid beauty of the Spring—in the ever-crowding fancies of the heart that can believe "no star goes down but it climbs another sky."

These analogies have a certain weight, but there is another analogy much more weighty than any of these. I refer to the one based upon the fact that nothing in the natural world is ever destroyed. All things are in perpetual change, but their essences do not cease to be. Nothing can be annihilated. This is a world of persistent energies—no atom is destroyed, no force extinguished. The stick of wood disappears in the fire to reappear in other forms—in ashes and gases. No particle of the wood is lost or destroyed. Pass a piece of coal through all the laboratories on the earth or in the waters under the earth, and still it will remain unchanged in essence to the end of ages.

Now, it may well be asked whether we have any right to suppose that the mind is a solitary exception to this law. Why should we say that the essence in man perishes in the face and eyes of the fact that the essence in a lump of coal endures? If the coal

essence persists, it is hard to see how the soul can be broken down. Where is the wild hand that will hurl it out into night and nothingness?

Furthermore, it is hard to think that a great soul like Socrates should not survive the power of the grave. He confronted the world and demanded its ultimate secret. Was he not greater than the world powers which he searched and questioned?

Perhaps all such appeals to our hopes and instincts are not scientific. If so, they still have their use; they at least furnish an a priori reason for examining the belief.

And now I come to the chief point in the controversy over the problem. It is the question as to the origin of the mind—as to whether consciousness rises out of certain changes in the substance of the brain. If the brain is the source of thought, then thought will end when the brain perishes; and immortality is a dream.

About the middle of the present century it was discovered that to every thought or feeling there corresponds some change or movement in the brain tissue. Forthwith certain scientists announced that in the fine substance of the brain they had tracked life to her last retreat, her ultimate stronghold. We were told that the body was absolutely necessary to the manifestation of life.

So the materialist contends (and this is his chief contention) that the mind cannot work without the body as an organ—that there can be no thought without a brain. This is doubtless true on this plane of existence, but it does not follow that life could not go forward elsewhere under other conditions. Nor does it

preclude that mysterious "spiritual body" spoken of by St. Paul.

Because the chick can exist at a certain stage only in its narrow environment in the shell, it does not follow that later on it will not be able to live in the new environment of barley and barnyard.

Let me repeat that the chief obstacle to faith in another life is the doctrine that thought is a function of the brain; wherefore it is contended that life must perish when its organ undergoes decay. To show the intimate union of mind and body we are reminded that a blow on the head will destroy consciousness—that certain drugs will color the stream of our ideas.

Now, if thought is the function or office of the brain—if thought springs out of the whirl of molecules—then, of course, there is no immortality for man; for the soul will surely perish with the dissolution of its organ.

But this conclusion goes upon the assumption that when we say, "Thought is a function of the brain" we are thinking of the matter just as when we say "Steam is a function of the tea kettle," meaning that the brain produces thought in some such way as the tea kettle produces steam.

But Professor William James, in his recent little book on "Human Immortality," shows that in nature there are several kinds of function discoverable, and that the function of the brain is not to produce thought, but to transmit it. He says:

"In the case of a colored glass, a prism, or a refracting lens, we have transmissive function. The energy of light, no matter how produced, is by the glass sifted and limited in color, and by the lens or

prism determined to a certain path and shape. Similarly the keys of an organ have only a transmissive function. They open successively the various pipes and let the wind in the air chest escape in various ways. The voices of the various pipes are constituted by the columns of air trembling as they emerge. But the air is not engendered in the organ. The organ proper, as distinguished from its air chest, is only an apparatus for letting portions of it loose upon the world in these peculiarly limited shapes."

I cannot follow the argument further in this place, but it will be apparent that this view sets aside the objection to immortality that once was thought well-nigh impassable. For if the brain is merely a sort of prism to transmit the soul-beam from the World of Light, then that soul-beam will shine on after the prism is destroyed—the spirit will survive the body.

It will be found on examination that this transmission theory not only paves the way for the survival of the soul, but it will be found to be as simple as the production theory, and more in harmony with all the facts.

Of course, neither theory can explain how consciousness is produced in the brain; that is yet an enigma as deep as the world's centre—the despair of conjecture.

A survey of the whole field discovers no fact of science that disproves the survival of the soul at death. It is at the same time true that the testimony of science to immortality is a stammering testimony. Still most of her words point to a future life as a strong probability.

EDWIN MARKHAM.