

THE SENATORSHIP.

SPEECH AT FANEUIL HALL, OCTOBER 26, 1912.

---

Henry Cabot Lodge, senior Senator from Massachusetts, and boss of the Republican state machine, has not yet condescended to tell the people whom he intends to select as the Republican candidate for the high honor of following his advice and footsteps in Washington. We know, all of us, that three prominent Republicans are already seeking Mr. Lodge's approval, and we are all told this week that should the Republicans control the General Court of 1913 the national council of Republican statesmen, of whom Senator Lodge, Senator Penrose, Senator Smoot, and Senator Warren of Wyoming are members, would undoubtedly decide to compromise the contest in Massachusetts by inducing Senator Crane to succeed himself.

That, as I understand it, is the program already decided upon, but from Senator Lodge comes not a word as to the name and quality of the United States Senator whom he would select for Massachusetts should the voters of Massachusetts permit him to make the selection. He has told us of four Democrats whom he would approve as Democratic candidates before a Republican Legislature, and he has warned us first against the sinister influences which would control a Democratic Senator, and later against "fastening on the state for six years any man to whose name our children and our children's children would wish to close their eyes when they read the history of the times."

I will not deny exact knowledge of the candidate whom Senator Lodge has in mind. His scholarship, his breeding, his ancestry, permit him to attack me only by indirection. But his political upbringing in Massa-



chusetts, his political associations in Washington, and the character of his political methods as the Republican boss of the state, induce him to go up and down the *Commonwealth* uttering his warning against sinister influences and painting pictures of a dismal future should one particular name be added to the roll of statesmanship on which is now the name of Henry Cabot Lodge, and on which until lately were the dishonored names of his friends and associates in statesmanship, Lorimer and Foraker.

The Democrats of Massachusetts have been willing to do what Mr. Lodge has never been willing to do. They have been willing to submit the choice of senators to the people, but Senator Lodge would not now be senator if the members of his own party or the people could have passed upon his candidacy two years ago. But it was not the purpose of Senator Lodge, and it is not now his purpose to permit the people to make their own decisions.

Senator Lodge has been confident always that he could control any legislature when necessary, and he has always been fearful that he could never control the people.

Methods which have been pursued in this state for years whenever the people have shown a disposition to revolt are being used now. The interests are making their last stand. Weeks, Draper, and their friends, candidates of wealth, have made large contributions, and already there are the unerring signs of an attempt to buy what cannot be obtained in just debate. The public is being told by the subsidized portion of the Press that the Boston machine is endeavoring to control the General Court. It was argued two years ago that the Boston machine, if Mr. Foss should be elected, would control the Governor. To what extent has the Governor been so controlled in his public service? In what way, by so much as a hair's breadth, has he swerved from the path of duty because of the fact that the Boston machine



supported him for nomination and election? This cry is raised solely to divert attention from the fact that the Republican interests are even now flooding the state with money.

In "Scribner's" for November Mr. Lodge tells us that in his four years at college he never studied anything, never had his mind roused to any exertion or to anything resembling active thought, until in his senior year he stumbled into a course in mediæval history. *He has never emerged from that course in mediæval history.* The robber baron is still his highest ideal and his dearest friend. His work at Washington has been for a very few, and they, let us be thankful, are not to name the United States Senator next year.

The political career of Senator Lodge is instructive. To-day he poses, for purposes of his own, as one whose political pathway lies along a higher level than that of the average man and especially that of any Democrat who may be mentioned. Are there any here who remember his efforts to break into Congress as a member of the House? Are there any here who remember the methods employed in his behalf in Charlestown and in Lynn? If sinister methods were not resorted to by him, and with his approval, then it is because the word sinister is not black enough to do justice to the subject.

But it is not necessary to dwell on what Mr. Lodge did to obtain and retain a seat in the National House. Turn to his first campaign for the United States Senate. That would seem to be a proper subject for brief consideration, in view of his tender and almost pathetic solicitude at this time for the standing of that body which has been recently deeply stirred by the rejection of Senator Lodge's companions in high senatorial circles. May I call the attention of the people of Massachusetts to an editorial utterance by "Harper's Weekly" of New York on January 21, 1893, after he had achieved his heart's desire:

He (Lodge) pressed upon the Legislature a gerrymandering scheme from the shamelessness of which even his followers



recoiled; he laid the wires for the election of members of the Legislature favorable to himself; he brought about the holding of a snap caucus, outdoing our own Hills and Murphys. Had he devoted the ability and time and labor he squandered on this miserable business to the earnest study and treatment of public questions and to the establishment of a solid reputation as a statesman, the senatorship would have come to him as a free offering by a state proud of him instead of his running after it like a man who would steal it if he could not get it honestly.

That is not the charge of a Democratic newspaper intent on making political capital. It is the opinion of an independent Republican weekly which compared Lodge with Hill and Murphy and decided that he had outdone them. What was true then has been true ever since, as every impartial, intelligent citizen knows full well. Possessing ability, education and family prestige, he has preferred to sacrifice the interests of the people of the Commonwealth to interests that were not those of the people; he has sneered at every man, Democrat or Republican, who has dared to insist that he shall try to represent the people, and he has split in two the Republican party of Massachusetts because he carried his autocracy in behalf of private interests into all his methods and purposes as a political leader.

I am willing to compare my record with that of Senator Lodge. I have tried to do something for the people of Boston, and I think that I have done something. I have not been afraid to give my time and energy in order that Boston may be made "bigger and better and busier," and even while I have been doing it Mr. Lodge has used that incomparable sneer. If I should be nominated for and elected to the United States Senate I would do what I could for the people of the Commonwealth and their interests. I believe thoroughly in waterway development. What has Senator Lodge ever done, except sneer, when it has been proposed to bring relief to the cities of Springfield and Holyoke on the Connecticut, to Lawrence, Lowell and Haverhill on the Merrimac and Brockton on the Taunton river, from the exactions of



transportation monopoly? The projects of waterway development are feasible and business-like, the government can amply afford to finance them, and from every standpoint except that of the corporate interests which Senator Lodge consistently represents they are eminently desirable.

I will admit that I lacked the opportunities which Senator Lodge had to prepare myself for public service. I was born in a humble section of the city and with an environment that did not make for culture, though it made for ambition. I did not get a college education. What I have been able to do I have been able to do because of my own energy and my own desire to accomplish something. What Senator Lodge has failed to do he has failed to do in spite of all the advantages of fortune. In contact with the people he becomes an aristocrat; in contact with those who represent unworthy interests he becomes their ally, their friend, yea, even their servant.

Senator Lodge should come into the open in his references to "sinister influences." I am not controlled by sinister influences. I have not as my political representative and adviser such a man as J. Otis Wardwell, who for twenty years represented the corporate bribers on Beacon Hill until he became so notorious that he was driven forth. He has never become so notorious as to forfeit the confidence and esteem of Senator Lodge. In Washington, as in Massachusetts, Wardwell has been at the elbow of Senator Lodge, and during the consideration of tariff schedules, affecting the corporations which control the Lodge machine, Wardwell, representing the trusts and the machine, has made his headquarters in the rooms furnished by the government for Senator Lodge. Can Senator Lodge deny this?

Sinister influences? What influence was so close to Senator Lodge that his own private secretary, indicted and convicted of a serious offence in connection with his activities as a cog in the Lodge machine, forfeited his bail and departed hence? His whereabouts are known



to Lodge and other Republican leaders. Have they made efforts to apprehend him and thus uphold the fair fame of the Commonwealth about which, on occasions, Senator Lodge is so deeply concerned? I refer to such subjects with reluctance. But I refer to genuine and very palpable influences which have been close to Senator Lodge ever since he decided to represent the corporations, and to give occasional oratory to the people instead of continual and patriotic service.

To what future of shame will Massachusetts be condemned if it is again to be delivered into such hands? Elsewhere all over the country the people are coming into their own. In New England they are taking charge of their own concerns. Hale of Maine saw the coming of the storm and took to cover. In New Hampshire the people put Bass at the head of their affairs and are still on the road of progress. Aldrich no longer misrepresents Rhode Island. Depew and Platt no longer misrepresent New York. Foraker is gone; Lorimer is gone; everywhere the senators of the people are ousting the senators of the interests. Penrose and Lodge and Smoot remain. Let the people assert their right to choose their own representatives, to the end that "we may have a just government of laws and not of men."



MICHAEL ANAGNOS.

AT TREMONT TEMPLE, OCTOBER 24, 1906.

---

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I bring the warm sympathy of Boston's people to this meeting this afternoon.

The life of Michael Anagnos, dividing itself into two distinct periods, offers two noble figures to our study and emulation—the Greek patriot and the American teacher.

A Boston gentleman, zealous for the liberation of the Greeks, found him, a youth in his native land, who consecrated his young ardor to the high cause of liberty. Their acquaintance ripened into friendship, and thus by what may seem a happy accident our country gained one more immigrant destined to a career of distinguished usefulness. In this land of opportunity the fervor of his aspiring manhood ran into new channels, and when the time came to select a successor to Doctor Howe, no one seemed more fitting than young Anagnos to direct the great institution which has so long aided and extended the fair credit of our beloved city.

I have said that this may be somewhat accidental, but in the deeper sense there was little that was accidental in our friend's career. It was no accident that Mr. Anagnos, with his generous nature, should give his powers to the cause of his oppressed fellow Greeks; it was no accident that a promising scholar and journalist should attract the attention of the educated American sympathizer; it was no accident that this lover of freedom should be drawn to the home of liberty, which has opened its arms before and since to Lafayette and Kosciusko, to Kossuth and Davitt, to John Burns and Henry George and other liberators from many lands; it was no accident that the hands which had striven to



release fettered limbs should feel themselves well occupied loosening the bandages on sightless eyes. The patriot and the teacher in this man, as in so many others, blended naturally, and I do not know which is his higher title to esteem.

Forty years of life in Boston did not cause Mr. Anagnos to cease to be a Greek. Although his fellow countrymen here were few he identified himself with their interests and stood frankly but not obtrusively before the community as a representative of a minor people. He was not ashamed to be a hyphenated American, if to escape that reproach meant ceasing to remember the country of his origin. It would be strange, indeed, if the pretensions of latter races led him to forget he was a kinsman of Socrates and Alexander, a defender of those matchless nations which over two thousand years ago raised civilization to its acme in the capital of Attica.

In one respect, however, this modern Greek rejected the wisdom of the ancients. The old Spartans exposed their puny infants on Mt. Taygetus. Our modern Sparta has its cradle for the frailest of these castaways, realizing that in the least of their helpless bodies there abides a glowing soul, and justly fearing the wrath of Heaven that should follow the sacrifice of that priceless jewel.

It is in this character that we know Michael Anagnos best — not as a mountain rebel, but as the shepherd of the sightless flock who are his chief mourners to-day. The statesman and the soldier may well envy this private citizen his wreath of tribute — the love of the afflicted among whom he walked, imparting strength, renewing hope, devising practical helps — in a word, maintaining worthily the traditions of that great school for the blind in which modern science and Christian charity all but duplicate the sweetest miracles of the Galilean.