

HIS OFFENSIVE SUCCESS

Freeman Tilden

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WHEN Jack Johnson, the colored gentleman with the anæsthetic punch, says that the lawyers have most of the \$138,000 he had before he ran foul of the White Slave Law, he said what many unprejudiced folks will believe. There are good

reasons also for believing

that Johnson's principal offense was in knocking stiff the several white males who tried their luck with him in the prize-ring, and in laying up a large sum of money that white folks might have had if this black man had n't been too brisk and capable for them. That was a capital offense. The question of the white girl is secondary.

Johnson seems to have skipped his bail and gone to Russia. If that is n't adding insult to injury, what is? To jump from a free country, where every man is every other man's equal, and to fly to Russia, to be safe from persecution! What do we know about that? Well, as far as the most of us are concerned, the dark brother need n't be in any hurry to come back. His bail money, plus his fragrant absence, is great consolation. Where Johnson is n't, there is a good place to be. And the quicker some of the inferior white sluggers get into trouble with the White Slave Law, or any other law, and hit the Southern Lane for Russia, the more 'tis-of-thee this country will seem.

The circumstances of Johnson's flight, though, ought to make the knowing smile and the God-fearing

groan. The day before he went his bail was reduced, at the request of his lawyers, to one-half the original sum. The day before! That was crude. This was like stealing door-mats. It might have been well enough if it had been a week before. Or five days ago. But a day ago! Oh, Justice! Thank your stars you can't see! And ask to be

stricken dumb also!

Johnson is gone. Forget him. But the lawyers who got his bail reduced, and the judge who reduced it, are still in this country. How about that?

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