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Politics Miscellanea



William Edgar Borah
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MAXIMS OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT

No man is happy if he does not work.

Daylight is a powerful discourager of evil.

The shots that count in battle are the shots that hit.

Righteousness hides weakness but a poor joke-fellow.

It is almost as harmful to be a virtuous fool as a knave.

A lie is no more to be stressed in politics than out of politics.

The sinews of virtue lie in man's capacity to care for what is outside himself.

Demagogic denunciation of wealth is never wholesome, and is generally dangerous.

It is almost as necessary that our policy should be stable as that it should be wise.

Far and away the best prize that life offers is the chance to work hard at work worth doing.

People show themselves just as much for liberty whether they submit to slavery or to tyranny.

In the long run the most disagreeable truth is a safer proposition than the most pleasant falsehood.

The well-being of the wageworker is a prime consideration of our entire policy of economic legislation.

Of course the worth of a promise consists solely in the way in which the performance squares with it.

If promises are violated, if slighted word be not kept, then those who have failed in their duty should be held up to reprobation.

The men who demand the impossible or the undesirable serve as the allies of the forces with which they are potentially at war.

The faculty, the art, the habit of read-building makes in a nation those solid, stable qualities which tell for permanent greatness.

If we show ourselves weaklings, we will earn the contempt of ourselves, and—that is of far more consequence—our own contempt.

The adoption of what is reasonable in the demands of reformers is the surest way to prevent the adoption of what is unreasonable.

The Government cannot supply the lack in any man of the qualities which must determine in the last resort the man's success or failure.

Any really great nation must be peculiarly sensitive to two things: State in the National honor at home, and disgrace to the national arms abroad.

You cannot put a stop to or reverse the industrial tendencies of the age, but you can control and regulate them and see that they do no harm.

Whenever a substantial monopoly can be shown to exist we should certainly try our utmost to devise an expedient by which it can be controlled.

We have in our scheme of government no room for the man who does not wish to pay his way through life by what he does for himself and for the community.

As a nation, if we are to be true to our goal, we must steadfastly keep these two positions—no subsidy to no injury by the strong and to inflict no injury on the weak.

The man or the woman who seeks to bring up his or her children with the idea that their happiness is secured by teaching them to avoid difficulties is doing them a cruel wrong.

Weakness untempered by devotion in an ideal usually means only that dangerous cunning which is far more fatal in its ultimate effects to the community than open violence itself.

Legislation to be thoroughly effective for good must proceed upon the principle of allowing to get for each man a fair chance to allow him to show the stuff there is in him.

The Western half of the United States would sustain a greater population than that of our whole country today if the waters that now run to waste were saved and used for irrigation.

Finally we must keep ever in mind that a republic such as ours can exist only by virtue of the orderly liberty which comes through the equal domination of the law over all men alike.

The first great object of the forest reserves is, of course, the first great object of the whole land policy of the United States—the creation of homes, the favoring of the homemaker.

The spirit of lawlessness grows with what it feeds on, and when made with impunity Lynch criminals for one crime, they are certain to begin to lynch real or alleged criminals for other crimes.

Among the beneficiaries of the land law (the mother's plow) must be with those who have done the land and the hardest work, whether as lawyers or as soldiers, whether in public or private life.

The living can best show their respect for the memory of the great dead by the way in which they take to heart and set upon the lessons taught by the lives which made these dead men great.

Oh, how often you see some young fellow who boasts that he is going to "see life," meaning by that that he is going to see that part of life which is a thousandfold better should remain unseen!

I desire to see by this country the dearest man strong and the strong man decent, and until we get that combination in pretty good shape we are not going to be by any means as successful as we should be.

Let us speak earnestly, but fairly, and keep ourselves armed and ready. If we do these things, we can count on the peace that comes to the just man armed, to the just man who neither fears nor inflicts wrong.

The question of the municipal ownership of these franchises (Traction, etc.), cannot be raised with propriety until the governments of all municipalities show greater wisdom and virtue than has been recently shown.

If you are worth your salt and want your children to be worth their salt, teach them that the life that is not a life of work and effort is worthless, a curse to the man or woman leading it, a curse to those around him or her.

The man who courts is not the man who shirks work, but he who goes out into life seeking as a strong man to run a race, giving himself for the effort, bound to win and wrest through from difficulty and danger.

Functionally, the unscrupulous rich man who seeks to exploit and oppress those who are less well off is in effect not opposed by the idealist with the unscrupulous poor man who is prone to plunder and oppress those who are better off.

The great corporations which we have grown to speak of rather loosely as trusts are the creatures of the state, and the state not only has the right to control them, but it is in duty bound to control them wherever the need of such control is shown.

I want to see every man able to hold his own with the strong, and also advanced to oppress the weak. I want to see each young fellow able to do a man's work in the world, and of a type which will not permit idleness to be practised upon him.

We must insist upon the strong, virile virtues, and we must insist no less upon the virtues of self-restraint, self-mastery, regard for the rights of others; we must show our abhorrence of cruelty, brutality, and corruption, in public and in private life alike.

Probably the large majority of the fortunes that now water in this country have been amassed, not by injuring mankind, but as an incident to the conferring of great benefits on the community—whatever the conscious purpose of those amassing them may have been.

There never has been devised, and there never will be devised, any law which will enable a man to succeed save by the exercise of those qualities which have always been the prerequisites of success—the qualities of hard work, of keen intelligence, of unflinching will.

It behooves all men of lofty soul, fit and proud to hold in a mighty nation, to see to it that we keep our position in the world, for our proper place is with the great expanding peoples, with the peoples that dare to be great, that accept with confidence a place of leadership in the world.

APHORISMS OF ROOSEVELT.

It is almost as irritating to be patronized as to be wronged.

Lawless wage-workers work with their heads as well as their hands.

This is not and never shall be a Government either of a plutocracy or of a mob.

The criticism of those who live softly, remote from the struggle, is of little value.

The loyalty that counts is the loyalty which shows itself in deeds rather than in words.

Back of the laws, back of the administration, back of the system of government, lies the man.

In every instance how the after events of history have validated the predictions of the men of little faith!

When tasks are all-important, the most important factor in doing them right is the timing of the events.

It is difficult to make our material condition better by the best laws, but it is easy enough to ruin it by bad laws.

Down at bottom we are the same people all through. That is not merely a unity of opinion. It is a unity of class.

Stability of economic policy must always be the prime economic need of this country. This stability should not be fossilization.

No nation as great as ours can expect to escape the penalty of greatness, for greatness does not come without trouble and labor.

The National Government should demand the highest quality of service from its employes, and in turn it should be a good employer.

There is no worse enemy of the wage-worker than the man who condones such violence in any shape, or who practices class hatred.

The woman who has borne, and who has reared as they should be reared, a family of children, has in the most emphatic manner deserved well of the Republic.

Every man must be guaranteed his liberty and his right to do as he likes with his property or his labor, so long as he does not trespass on the rights of others.

There is no room in our healthy American life for the mere lifeer. For the man or the woman whose object it is throughout life to shirk the duties which life ought to bring.

In the history of mankind many republics have risen, have flourished for a time or greater time, and then have fallen because their citizens lost the power of governing themselves.

There are many different kinds of work to do, but so long as the work is honorable, is necessary, and is well done, the man who does it well is entitled to the respect of his fellows.

Corruption, in the gross sense in which the word is used in ordinary conversation, has been absolutely unknown among our Presidents, and it has been exceedingly rare in our President's Cabinet.

The worth of a civilization is the worth of the man at its center. When the man lacks moral standards, material progress only makes bad worse, and social problems still darker and more complex.

We are bound to recognize the fact, to remember that we should stand for good citizenship in every form, and should neither yield to demagogic influence on the one hand, nor to improper corporate influence on the other.

I ask that we see to it in our country that the line of division in the deeper matters of our citizenship be drawn, never between religion and action, never between creed and creed, never, thence never, between class and class.

There are many qualities which we need alike in private affairs and in public men; but three above all—three for the lack of which no brilliancy and no genius can atone—and those three are courage, honesty and common sense.

While citizens die, the Government and the Nation do not die, and we are bound to deal with the forests to ascertain the firewood necessary to use them now, but to use them in such a way as will also keep them for those who are to come after us.

No action by the state can do more than supplement the initiative of the individual; and ordinarily the action of the state can do no more than to secure to each individual the chance to show under as favorable conditions as possible the stuff that there is in him.

In our country, with its many-sided hurrying, practical life, the place for idealized virtues is far smaller than in the place for that essential manhood which, without losing its fire and lofty aims, has yet held its own in the rough struggle with the forces of the world round about us.

MAXIMS OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT

When the weather is good, for crops it is good for weeds.

Our place as a Nation is and must be with the nations that have left nobly their old ways on the continent.

No other citizen deserves as well of the Republic as the veterans, the survivors of those who saved the Union.

We have passed that stage of National Development when devaluation of other people is felt as a tribute to our own.

Publicity can do no harm to the honest corporation; and we need not be oversteer about asserting the dishonest corporation.

The cause of the weakling or the craven counts for nothing when he clamors for peace, but the cause of the just man armed is potent.

I do not think, so far as I know, that I have ever promised beforehand anything I did not make a strong effort to make good afterward.

That virtue by itself is not enough, or anything like enough. Strength must be added to it, and the determination to use that strength.

We desire the peace which comes as of right to the just man armed; not the peace granted on terms of ignominy to the craven and the weakling.

The very existence of unswerving honesty to wealth should make us all the more careful in seeing that wealth does nothing to impair such honesty.

We can not too strongly insist upon the elementary fact that you cannot build the superstructure of public virtue save on private virtue.

It is no use to preach if you do not act decently yourself. You must feel that the most effective way in which you can preach is by your practice.

We do not wish to discourage enterprise. We do not desire to destroy corporations; we do desire to put them fully at the service of the state and people.

A man of great wealth who does not use that wealth decently is, in a peculiar sense, a menace to the community, and so is the man who does not use his intellect aright.

It should be as much the aim of those who seek for social betterment to rid the business world of crimes of cunning as to rid the entire body politic of crimes of violence.

If demagogues or ignorant enthusiasts who are misled by demagogues could succeed in destroying wealth, they would, of course, simply work the ruin of the entire community.

I expect you to be strong. I would not respect you if you were not. I do not want to see Christianity professed only by weaklings; I want to see it a moving spirit among men of strength.

A man who is good enough to shed his blood for the country is good enough to be given a square deal afterward. More than that, no man is entitled to, and less than that, no man shall have.

I have heard the millionaire say, "I have had to work all my life to make money, let my boy spend it." It would be better for the boy never to have been born than to be brought up on that principle.

The man or woman who, as a bread-winner and home-maker, or as wife and mother, has done all that he or she can do, patiently and uncomplainingly, is to be honored; and it is to be envied by all those who have never had the good fortune to feel the joy and duty of doing such work.

It seems to me that it is a good thing from every standpoint to let the colored man know that if he shows in marked degree the qualities of good citizenship—the qualities which in a white man we feel are entitled to reward—then he will not be cut off from all hope of similar reward.

The basic appeal to the spirit of selfish greed, whether it take the form of plunder of the fortunate or of oppression of the unfortunate—from those and from all kindred vices this Justice must be kept free if it is to remain in the present position in the forefront of the people of mankind.

In the employment and dismissal of men in the Government service I can be more reasonable the fact that a man does or does not belong to a union as being for or against him than I can reasonable the fact that he is a Protestant, or a Catholic, a Jew or a Gentile, as being for or against him.

It is a less and an infamous thing for the man of means to act in a spirit of arrogant and brutal disregard of right toward his fellow who has less means; and it is no less infamous, or less base, to act in a spirit of rancor, envy and hatred against the man of greater means, merely because of his greater means.

The good citizen is the man who, whatever his wealth or his poverty, strives manfully to do his duty to himself, to his family, to his neighbor, to the state; who is incapable of the baseness which manifests itself either in arrogance or in envy, but who, while demanding justice for himself, is no less scrupulous to do justice to others.

We need every honest and affluent citizen—great fitted to become an American citizen, every immigrant who comes here to stay, who brings here a strong body, a stout heart, a good head, and a resolute purpose to do his duty well in every way, and to bring up his children as law-abiding and God-fearing members of the community.

Capitalist and wage-worker alike should honestly endeavor each to look at any matter from the other's standpoint, with a freedom on the one hand from the contemptible arrogance which looks down upon the man of less means, and on the other, from the no less contemptible envy, jealousy and rancor, which looks another because he is taller off.

The slightest acquaintance with our industrial history should teach even the most shortsighted that the times of most suffering for our people as a whole, the times when business is stagnant, and capital suffers from shrinkage and gets no return from its investments, are exactly the times of hardship and want, and gets disaster among the poor.

The law is to be administered neither for the rich man as such, nor for the poor man as such. It is to be administered for every man, rich or poor, if he is an honest and law-abiding citizen, and it is to be invoked against any man, rich or poor, who violates it, without regard to which end of the social scale he may stand at, without regard to whether his offense takes the form of greed and cunning, or the form of physical violence.

Everything that tends to devalue individual initiative is to be avoided, and unless in a given case there is some very evident gain which will flow from state or municipal ownership, it should not be adopted.

The man who by swindling or wrong-doing acquires great wealth for himself at the expense of his fellow, stands as low morally as any predatory mediæval nobleman, and is a more dangerous member of society.

I believe that we are now, at the outset of the twentieth century, faced in face with great world problems; that we cannot help playing the part of a great world power; that all we can decide is whether we will play it well or ill.

There will be fluctuations from time to time in our prosperity, but it will continue to grow just so long as we keep up this high average of individual enthusiasm and permit it to work out its own salvation under proper economic legislation.

KISSED THEIR MOTHERS.

Tributes of Love Paid by Garfield and McKinley.

When Gen. Garfield was inaugurated, a new phase of sentiment appeared in the impressive ceremony—one that those who witnessed it never tired talking about. For the first time the mother of a President sat by the side of her illustrious son when he took the oath before all the people to faithfully execute the duties of the highest office within their gift, and later on with tears of joy in her eyes to the words that "her boy" was speaking to them all. For no man ever gets so big, or becomes so great, while his mother lives, that he

is ever anything more to her than "my boy."

After the President had taken the oath of office, he turned his back upon the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court and the other dignitaries, stooped to the level of his mother's face and kissed her. It was one of the most impressive spectacles ever presented to the American people and to the world, for it embodied in that one simple tribute the triumph of American institutions for which the Revolution was fought. The son of a poor widow, reared in a log cabin and first obtaining work to help his mother in the support of the family, by driving mules on a canal towpath, had risen to be President of the United States.

Sixteen years later the mother of William McKinley had the same pleasure and pride as that given by a kind Providence to "Grandma" Garfield. Strange, too, is it that both these men should die by the hand of a miserable assassin.

"THE THUNDERER" WARNS AMERICA

LONDON TIMES SEES DANGER OF
CLASH BETWEEN CAPITAL
AND LABOR.

MUST TAKE A MIDDLE COURSE

Comments on the Views of President
Roosevelt—Editorial is a
Remarkable One.

LONDON, June 1.—Commenting on the recent utterances of President Roosevelt the Times prints the following remarkable leader:

"President Roosevelt hardly seems aware of the difference between republicans and democrats, but is always acutely conscious of the difference between honest men and good citizens in either party, and those who pursue their private ends without regard to the public weal. When we consider how little the line of political cleavage in America now corresponds to any difference in principle affecting the real issues of social life in the United States, we are disposed to suspect that in disregard of party the president does really express the sentiments of a great though comparatively silent multitude of American voters. We are confirmed in this opinion by the voting which gave the president his enormous majority. There is no doubt but that he polled an immense number of democratic votes, and there is just as much certainty that capitalistic influences in the republican party were used against him. He had a great majority in states where the democratic vote was strong enough to elect democratic state governors, and was used to elect honest and clean handed men. From which it is not an extravagant inference that Mr. Roosevelt appeals to a middle party, a party weary of the empty shibboleths of the existing organizations, and preparing a new line of cleavage in American politics corresponding to the actual problems which the American people have to solve.

Two Clashing Forces.

"We have only to look at what is going on to see that the commonwealth is threatened by two clashing forces, neither of which proceeds upon the line of good government, and neither of which is disposed to submit with a good grace to the law. Capital is organized in a manner of which people in this country have a very imperfect conception, and its real control lies in a dangerously small number of hands. The railways alone wield powers far beyond the range of their own undertakings, which place the people at large very much at their mercy. Huge combinations, such as the Standard Oil company, hold the interests of the mass of the people with the grip of an octopus.

"On the other hand the trades unions, far poorer in resources, but far more powerful in numbers, are pushing their interests with that disregard for the general good of which the capitalists set the example. The law has adequate control in both cases; but while capitalists can thwart the ends of law while using the powers of law, the trades unions have no means of defense except in the crudest and most violent

defiance of the law. In the struggle which is continually growing more desperate the interests of good government and the welfare of the people at large must go to the wall. The organization of the body politic, which has become weak and ineffective owing to the unreality of the issues upon which the ordinary politicians fight, is crossed by the organizations of these two great forces.

"May we not almost discern the germs of civil war in strikes carried on by violence and met by counterviolence of the professional strikebreakers? Mr. James Farley is a remarkable man, and when our American correspondent, with evident propriety, refers to him as a general capable of mobilizing an indefinite proportion of 45,000 men upon his list may we not ask what becomes of the law of the land if quarrels between citizens are to be fought out as if upon the battlefield?

"That, we venture to think, is the question which weighs upon the mind of the president, and which led him at Denver to reiterate his conviction that the great corporations must be more effectively controlled by law, and at Chicago to warn the strikers' deputation that they must keep within the law, to assure the mayor that the whole power of the federal government will be put forth, if need be, to enable him to cope with disorder and violence. Across the mists of party strife, now well nigh meaningless, we believe that the best men of both parties are beginning to see that only in President Roosevelt's policy and aims does there lie any hope of orderly social development. These are the men to whom he appeals, and that with the most urgency because there is another solution in the field—the nationalization of the railways—which is a mere diversion of public thought from the real to the false remedy. We do not attach the highest importance to the precise form of Mr. Roosevelt's suggestion at the moment. It may be true that more good can be done by enforcing wise laws against the railways than by relieving them of a certain responsibility by giving the federal government the power to fix the transit rates. It is the business of owners to control their property, and it is the business of the law to control the owners. But President Roosevelt is educating public opinion to understand that something must be done to vindicate law against violence and to find an orderly solution of problems that otherwise threaten civil war."

T. R. A PERSONAL SKETCH.

Lt. Gen. Abbott in the Outlook.

Mr. Roosevelt is, without any exception, the most outspoken man I have ever known. It would not be true to say that he wears his heart upon his sleeve, for this would give the impression of an emotional man whose acts and utterances are the product of his impulses. But it might be said that he carries his mind upon his sleeve. He is naturally without reserve and absolutely without concealment. He can be silent, though he is not often so; but he cannot veil his meaning in ambiguous phrases, nor appear to be what he is not. My first impression was that his outspokenness would prove fatal to his political ambitions; but a somewhat careful observation has convinced me that between the childlike candor of Mr. Roosevelt and the sphynxlike silence of Mr. McKinley there is no safe middle ground. No one but his most intimate advisers knew what Mr. McKinley thought; every one who is admitted to an hour's conference with Mr. Roosevelt knows what he thinks. The safeguarding of the one lay in his almost impenetrable reserve; the popularity of the other is partly due to the fact that he treats every man as a friend worthy of his confidence. A wish which he thought it right to entertain he did not think it undignified to acknowledge. He has neither the inclination nor the ability to dissimulate. He always is what he seems to be.

With this transparency of nature is coupled an extraordinary quickness of mental action. His mind is more rapid in its ordinary processes than that of any other man I have ever personally known. If the reader of this article has ever seen an expert bookkeeper run his eye down a column of four figures and write the result at the foot with unerring accuracy and without hesitation he may form some idea of what I mean by quickness of mental action. Mr. Roosevelt has so often been called impulsive that I presume those who have never known him will regard with incredulity this expression of my conviction that he is not impulsive. Such, however, is my conviction. It is the celerity of his mental processes, the unhesitating confidence he feels in the result, and the quickness of his action upon his conclusions, which, combined, have given him the reputation of impulsiveness. But in truth he no more acts upon impulse in his political decisions than the bookkeeper acts upon guess when he puts down the sum at the foot of his column. Deliberation and judgment generally go together, but not always; Mr. Roosevelt is not a deliberate man, but he acts habitually on judgment, not on impulse.

He settled very early in his political career that he would be a Republican, and that he would maintain his independence in his party, not by going out of it. This involved a second principle, when he was invited with appealing power, namely, that he would consult with the recognized leaders of his party, simply because they were its recognized leaders, but would

never attempt to induce a man whom they recommended if he had good reasons to doubt the candidate's character and competency. These two principles led him to consult with both Mr. Platt and Mr. Cobden when he was Governor of New York, and with Mr. Burton, of Kansas, and Mr. Quay, of Pennsylvania, when he became President. No scoffing at him as having abjured his principles because he consulted with these party leaders had any effect upon him; and as little was he affected by the threatened opposition of these party leaders when he refused to be guided by their advice because he thought their nominees unworthy of his acceptance. I think this principle of political action is sound; that in a country governed by parties the executive must consult with representatives of his party, whether he would have chosen them to represent the party or not.

With this habit of going to the heart of events is the habit of going to the heart of men. Mr. Roosevelt measures men by their character, and their character by its essentials. That he does not measure men by their clothes, or their wealth, or their family, or even by their culture, is not remarkable; there are a great many Americans who do not. What is remarkable is his disregard of the superficial vices, and his hatred of those that are essential. Roughness of language and demeanor does not repel him; for faults into which a man is hurried by some sudden temptation he has great charity; but meanness, great duplicity and false pretense he abhors with a vigorous abhorrence. And to take an office under pretense of serving the country and use the office for the purpose of robbing the country is in his thought the meanest kind of duplicity. For that he has no tolerance.

Mr. Roosevelt is both an idealist and an opportunist—an idealist in his ends, an opportunist in his methods. He has little respect for the reformer who disregards the facts of life and expects to reform the world by a resolution. But he has less for the man who has no ambition to leave the world better than he finds it.

His indomitable energy and his courage have given him, in certain quarters, the reputation of having a combative temperament and being a lover of war, and have made some men, who have not studied his character, unable to understand how Mr. John Hay could characterize him as a lover and maker of peace. Mr. Roosevelt has the temperament which leads him to enjoy overcoming obstacles. An easy life would be no joy to him. In 1896 he would have been a Crusader; in 1898 a colonist; in 1900 a pioneer. With him, to see danger and difficulty is to covet the privilege of facing the one and endeavoring to overcome the other. He could not easily remain a passive spectator of a righteous war. He believes in the Biblical aphorism, "First purge, then peaceable," and as long as the impurity exists he is eager to make war against it. But he loves not fighting for the fighting's sake. I should say it is equally true that he does not love peace for peace's sake. He is a lover of life. And as long as there is a country to be saved, a humanity to be

helped, a truth to be taught, a life to be enlarged and enriched, and obstacles to be overcome in the world's work, so long he will be seen somewhere in the front, if not as a leader, then as a follower; if not as a master builder, then as a brick carrier, ambitious only, certainly chafed, for an opportunity to do the hardest work, confront the greatest difficulty and be whatever there is the greatest danger.

FRANKENSTEIN.

In a famous passage Macaulay predicted ruin for the United States. It would come, he said, when the swarming myriads of the proletariat should forget their respect for the law under the sting of hunger and seize upon the wealth of the happier classes, which is safe at present only because they forbear to take it; and they forbear only because they can fill their stomachs comfortably full by a moderate amount of honest labor; but let the chance to labor once fall! Let their stomachs once get empty with no prospect of being filled lawfully! Then you will see. So reasoned Lord Macaulay, and he reasoned well; but the common fate of prophecies has befallen his brilliant oracle. Time has not brought it to pass and is not likely to.

Anarchy has come upon us, to be sure, but not from the hunger of the proletariat. It has come from the greed of the better classes to whom Macaulay looked as the bulwarks of the social order. Hostile Europe during our war with Spain symbolized America by a pig. For certain of our better classes the symbol is not unapt, though as a matter of fact their greed has become concrete, or incarnate, to borrow a word from theology, not in the form of a pig. It has taken a shape more elusive than a pig, even a greased one; and the hand of the law glides off from its slippery skin, no matter how eagerly it may grip. But the law has never tried very hard as yet to get hold of this slippery creature, this incarnate greed. He is very big, for one thing, and the law has always been afraid of him. He is very ingeniously put together for another thing, and the law is proud of him; for she made him as Frankenstein did his monster. The law is proud and fatuously fond of her monster; he repays her affection with insult and contempt.

Frankenstein prowling among new-made graves gathered the materials which he pieced together into the shape of a man. To his horror, when the thing was done it was alive. Soulless and unmoral, an elemental demon, it was the concrete embodiment of relentless lust and greed; but in form and physical function the thing was a man. He turned upon his creator, blasted his

happiness and ruined him. American Law, a pitiable Frankenstein, prowling among dead political and economic theories for her materials, and working long and patiently, has elaborated the creature before whom she now trembles paralyzed and helpless. The confederated corporations, the monster which dominates the United States, is the creature of the law, and the law is afraid of him.

The dangers which have beset the "government of the United States have never come from the people, whom Macaulay dreaded. The great Rebellion was the work of an oligarchy; the people refused the tempting bait of dearest money dangled before them by rich mineowners and unstable theorists; it is not the people who are today combining to undermine, to thwart, to befuddle, to defy the law. It is not the people of the State of Washington, for example, who have published their intention to "ignore" certain laws enacted by the last Legislature; it is the railroads. Should the people do such a thing it would vain injunctions; it would hail bullets; and so it ought, for the law must be supreme; but the law endures the insult from the railroads with sweet serenity. No injunctions will be thought of, no bullets will fly. The matter will drag itself away to a muddy oblivion in the vast marsh of legal procedure; and its only outcome will be another lesson to the "people" in the principles and practice of anarchy. Wise laws or foolish, no matter now; they are laws; and the railroads are going to ignore them. They are going to defy the will of the commonwealth. They threatened to do so when the law was passing through the Legislature, and now they are carrying out their threat. They will "ignore" the law made—foolishly made, let us concede—to protect the people. Suppose the people should decide to ignore the laws made to protect the railroads and other property? Is it likely that they will not learn the lesson in course of time? They will learn it, and they will better the example. When the elephant gets drunk, it goes hard with the monkey.

The founders of our Government erected bulwarks against the people. They entrenched the "better classes" in the United States Senate. They thought they had given the election of the President to the learned, the rich, the wise and therefore the good; but history was too strong for their purpose; the people took wholly what the constitution-makers meant only to seem to give them. The fathers forbade by fundamental law the violation of contracts; the Supreme Court, incited by Daniel Webster, decided that a charter to a corporation was a contract; hence such a charter, once obtained, no matter by what fraud, no matter at what expense

of public debauchery, became something sacrosanct. A human criminal the law might execute; criminal corporations became hedged with such divinity by this famous Dartmouth College decision that the law has never since been able to come at them.

It may be wondered whether John Marshall, when he concurred in that decision, so fertile in good and evil to the Nation, foresaw all its consequences. He thought he was erecting one more barrier against the passions of the hungry mob. He was really putting together the backbone of the skeleton of the monster which the law, our infatuated Frankenstein, has since patiently completed—the considered

corporations, whose defiance of his creator is the one great danger that menaces the Nation today.

LINCOLN AND THE SOCIAL PROBLEM

By W. J. GHENT

THAT Abraham Lincoln, frontiersman and country lawyer, came to hold views on the relations of capital and labor far in advance of his time, and, indeed, of so radical a nature as to be remarkable considering his environment, is generally recognized. But radical speakers and writers have frequently made more of his attitude on this problem than the facts warrant. Expressions have been attributed to him which he did not utter, and into his acknowledged expressions have been read meanings which he could not have intended.

For the last ten or twelve years a curious misage of politico-economic utterances attributed to him has been appearing intermittently in the radical press. Radical orators have also taken it up. Recently it has been reproduced as a broadside by a New England minister, and thus a still more intensive sowing has been given to it. As usually printed it is as follows:

LINCOLN'S VOICE TO-DAY

"I see in the near future a crisis approaching that unnerves me, and causes me to tremble for the safety of my country. As a result of the war, corporations have been enthroned, and an era of corruption in high places will follow, and the money power of the country will endeavor to prolong its reign by working upon the prejudices of the people until all the wealth is aggregated in a few hands, and the Republic is destroyed. I feel at this moment more anxiety for the safety of our country than ever before, even in the midst of war. God grant that my forebodings may be groundless.

"Monarchy itself is sometimes hinted at as a refuge from the power of the people. In my present position I could scarcely be justified were I to omit to raise a warning voice against the approach of returning despotism. It is not needed nor fitting here that a general argument should be made in favor of popular institutions; but there is one point, with its connections, not so hackneyed as most others, to which I ask brief attention.

It is assumed that labor is available only in connection with capital; that nobody labors unless somebody else owning capital somehow by the use of it induces him to labor. Labor is prior to and independent of capital. Capital is only the fruit of labor and could not have existed if labor had not first existed. Labor is the superior of capital and deserves much the higher consideration. I bid the laboring people beware of surrendering the power, which they possess, and which, if surrendered, will surely be used to close the door of advancement for such as they, and fix new disabilities and burdens upon them until all of liberty shall be lost.

"In the early days of our race the Almighty said to the first of mankind, 'In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread,' and since then, if we except the light and air of heaven, no good thing has been or can be enjoyed by us without having first cost labor. And inasmuch as most good things have been produced by labor, it follows that all such things belong of right to those whose labor has produced them. But it has so happened, in all ages of the world, that some have labored, and others have, without labor, enjoyed a large portion of the fruits. This is wrong and should not continue. To secure to each laborer the whole product of his labor, as nearly as possible, is a worthy object of any government.

"It seems strange that any man should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing bread from the sweat of other men's faces.

"This country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it."

These paragraphs are printed usually as a connected whole, and are generally credited to one of the messages to Congress. In their most recent publication, however, a slight variation is furnished by crediting them to the "Message to Congress, 1861" (with a message not specified), and to "a letter to a friend, now in possession of a Maine physician."

As a matter of fact, the passage is a hodge-podge of forgery, misquotation, and verbal legerdemain. Some of the sentences are not Lincoln's; some are only in part his, while others, though his, are, by removal from their context and association with other passages, made to give misleading implications.

The first paragraph is almost certainly a forgery. The style is not Lincoln's, nor is so far as any one can now say, are the sentiments. Nowhere among his authenticated utterances is there to be found anything resembling either the form or the substance of this paragraph. No one has ever been able to show the original in Lincoln's hand, and repeated demands for its production have met only vague assertions of its existence in some other and generally remote place.

The second paragraph is a corruption of what actually appears in the first annual message, December 3, 1861, the substance of which had been previously expressed in speeches delivered in Cincinnati and Milwaukee in the fall of 1860. The text is inexpressibly corrupt, words and whole sentences being omitted, and a number of words being interpolated. On the whole, however, the textual errors do not alter the sense. The expressions regarding the relations of labor and capital represent exactly what Lincoln thought, and are a striking instance of his social radicalism. But a wholly misleading effect is given to his references to monarchy and his warning of a "returning despotism," by removing the sentences in which they are contained from their original context, and

"GRAFT" WIDESPREAD IN THE NATION

Scandals in Many States and the End Is Not Yet—Recent Convictions Will Help Check the Evil.

New York Tribune.

The Machen-Bearers prosecutions did a good deal to discourage "grafting" in the Federal service, but the evil of which the postoffice scandals were an ominous symptom, was widespread, and we are not unlikely to encounter from time to time fresh evidences of the persistence in Government circles of the "grafting" spirit. Last week a United States Senator was convicted in Portland, Or., of taking attorney's fees for work done in violation of law—before the Federal departments. Less than a month ago a trusted employe of the Smithsonian Institution was arrested on the charge of embezzling the institution's funds, this embezzlement having continued for a long period undetected. Now an important official in the Department of Agriculture is dismissed for "doctoring" the department's cotton reports and giving advance information to Cotton Exchange brokers and speculators.

A Senator who secretly accepted illicit fees for presiding before the departments might plead that he committed no serious moral wrong in taking compensation which any lawyer but a member of the House or Senate might honorably have accepted. He might contend that he only did work which another lawyer would have done, and that neither the Government nor the public suffered loss or injury through his action. A vulgar wife-taker like Machen might say that his sufferings were petty and did not do serious damage to private or public interests. But the dismissed associate stationer of the Agricultural Department, if the charges against him are fully sustained, can make no plea in mitigation of the moral enormity of his conduct; for he deliberately betrayed a public trust whose importance he fully understood, and sought to profit through market manipulations which involved the property interests—directly and indirectly—of millions of American citizens.

The spirit which prompts such breaches of trust—either in public or in private life—cannot be comprehended with it is the most destructive force against which our present political and social order has to war; and we should make an example of each and every offender who turns a trust to private gain. The Federal Government is gradually discovering and rooting out its "grafters." The process is a slow one, perhaps, yet the results

achieved so far have been eminently wholesome. The war must go on—and will go on—till the public service is purified; and the moral energy this warfare generates may be sufficient to drive the "graftier" eventually not only from public but from private and business life.

The New York World finds graft investigations in many states, as follows:

Arkansas is investigating hoodling in its State Senate.

California has looking coons against city officials in San Francisco.

Illinois has the beef and strike graft investigations.

Indiana is looking into lax banking laws and some scandalous failures of banks involving public men.

Kansas has graft inquiry in progress involving the Legislature and State Treasurer.

Louisiana has a police graft scandal in New Orleans.

Maryland has scandals in county affairs all over the state. Officials are charged with exacting illegal fees.

Minnesota is uncovering a state lands scandal.

Missouri has its racing, gambling and secret club affairs involving political leaders.

Nebraska post-office trafficking cases still hang by.

New Jersey has several graft investigations under way, all of a minor nature.

New York has the insurance graft scandal.

Ohio has police scandals in Toledo and Columbus.

Oregon has its land frauds.

Pennsylvania has its Philadelphia cases. South Carolina is looking into liquor law administration.

Texas is after car-line grafters in its Legislature.

Utah's land frauds are still in an unsettled state.

Tennessee finds undertakers in cities profiting unduly on pauper burials.

Vermont hunted for graft in state institutions, but didn't find any.

Virginia is digging into primary election scandals.

Washington is after land-grabbers.

West Virginia is investigating legislative bribery rumors.

Wisconsin has its Milwaukee mess.

DECORATION DAY.

The nation pauses to call the roll of her dead. On the November day when Lincoln made their funeral oration at Gettysburg she recalled their names with sob. The sobs are stilled. The long lines of headstones on the grassy slope where Lincoln spoke recall to the memory of God alone the soldiers' faces who sleep beneath them.

The Spring has come and the earth has smiled.
— And the dead must be forgot.

The generation which tasted the bitterness of the soldiers' sacrifice in the war for the Union has joined them in eternity. The father who dedicated his son to the nobles of many States; the mother who prayed for him; and the girl who—

waited as he marched away.

Looking at handsome, brave and grand—
Where are they now?

The inquiry of children blindly answers her prayer, and deals with the memory of men without distinction.

Obtyleon has the victory over grief, but not over glory. The name of the common soldier no man will long remember; the story of his deeds no American can forget. And this would be his own choice, for he was noble of nature and would choose his immortality nobly as he chose his death. The names of the dead are at best but a wall of regret; their deeds are eternally vital. "Is any man that ever was fit to live dead?" cried Beecher over Lincoln's grave. In one sense, yes. "The number of the dead long exceedeth all that live," and "who knows whether there be not more remarkable persons forgot than any that stand remembered?"

In a better sense we answer "No" to Beecher's question. A man fit to live never dies. Thus may we sadly reason upon death and immortality, and had we no living men to stand in the ranks of fame beside the dead, such reasoning would be our only comfort. If we have such men we shall but commemorate the dead by seeking them out and giving them our loyalty while it can avail in their battles. That will be better than tears and flowers upon their graves; though tears and flowers are good, too. It is a wise nation that can red a hero before he is dead. Over whose graves of those now living will the next generation deliver its memorial oratory?

Will Mayor Weaver's, of Philadelphia, be one of them? The men who gathered around Jefferson Davis in Richmond were no worse enemies to their country than the anarchistic "Republican" machine which he is

fighting. Mead's victory at Gettysburg was of vital service to the country, but hardly more vital than Weaver's would be if he could annihilate his foe. Lee would have plundered Pennsylvania; the machine has plundered it. Lee would have killed whoever opposed his army, the machine has been guilty of tens of thousands of deaths in Philadelphia alone by poisonous drinking water. Lee would have held the state for the Confederacy; the machine holds it for the devil. Which is worse?

What of La Follette, of Wisconsin? Is he a hero? Years ago the timber thieves and corrupt corporations established an oligarchy in that state. La Follette has overthrown the oligarchy and restored representative government. He has been misunderstood and belied, but that happens to common men; it does not make a hero. He has been tempted in vain with enormous bribes, but honesty is simple duty, it is not heroism. He has been betrayed by his party time and again, which really indicates some high and rare quality in the man; and he has remained steadfast to an exceedingly lofty purpose and finally achieved it. He has subjected the rebel railroads of Wisconsin to the civil law and re-established representative government. The Gracchi did less and people call them heroes.

Is Roosevelt a hero? The great corporations of this Nation are in open or secret rebellion. In hundreds of towns and cities they have seized upon the local government and are levying tribute upon the people more quietly than a foreign army, but not less heavily and effectively; they control numerous state governments just as completely as the Southern Confederacy did, and with vastly more skill; they parcel out the territory of the Union among themselves for tribute or plunder. President Roosevelt has undertaken to subject these corporations to the law of the land. If he succeeds, the future of the Nation looks clear for generations to come; if he fails, who can say with certainty that we are not to have class struggle and civil bloodshed? To say that the "irrepressible conflict" in which Roosevelt is taking the heavier hand more imperils the Nation than the war for slavery did, might sound extravagant; yet there is warrant for the thought and grave men have expressed it; and if it is true, and if he wins for the people against this modern oligarchy of iniquitous wealth, there is a place for Roosevelt in history beside Lincoln.

If it is true, as many think, that these oligarchs are effecting a revolution in our government, silently and almost secretly, it may also be true that the President has comprehended their tendencies and that his rate bill and his other efforts to remedy particular evils are but threads to be woven in a web of salutary strategy as vast as the conspiracy of the plutocrats. If all this were true, some Gibbon of the future, estimating the merits of men and weighing their titles to perpetuity and magnitude of fame, might write the name of Roosevelt on his immortal page just after Washington's. Who shall say how this may be?

GREELEY'S PICTURE FRESHLY PAINTED.

The appearance of a biography of Horace Greeley by William A. Linn, for many years managing editor of the New York Evening Post, has naturally brought the character and career of that remarkable man into fresh review and estimate. In this new life the author, while he sets nothing down in malice, he in nothing extenuates. Greeley is shown to have made great mistakes, but almost always they were returned and regretted. In December, 1860, Greeley took the ground that if the right of the colonists to rebel against Great Britain was justified by "the consent of the governed" clause of the Declaration of Independence, that clause would justify "the secession of 5,000,000 of Southerners from the Federal Union in 1861." Greeley then said that if seven or eight contiguous states should secede from the Union, he would not think it right "to stand up for coercion." In another issue Greeley said that if six or more of the cotton states wanted to secede, "we will do our best to help them get out, not because we want them to go, but because we loathe the idea of compelling them to stay." This was also the view of General Scott, who said, "Wayward sisters, depart in peace." Tombs, the great evangelist of secession in Georgia, used these declarations of Greeley to strengthen his argument in favor of the constitutional right of secession before the Georgia Convention. Lincoln at once wrote Greeley, cautioning him against expressing such views, which worked harm to the Union cause. No more arguments in favor of secession appeared in the Tribune, and in January, 1861, Greeley wrote: "I deny in one state or to a dozen different states the right to dissolve this Union. It can only be legally dissolved as it was formed—by the free consent of all the parties concerned."

Greeley was so bitterly opposed to Lincoln's re-nomination for the Presidency in 1864 that the day before the

the Tribune declared that "the gathering should be postponed; we feel that the expected nomination, if made at this time, exposes the Union party to a dangerous flank movement—possibly a successful one." When the re-nomination of Lincoln was made the Tribune declared that there were at the North a large number of men who were at heart enemies of the Union cause, and that "the re-nomination of Lincoln will inevitably intensify their efforts and rebarb their arrows." After the Democratic party had nominated McClellan on a platform declaring the war a failure and calling for a cessation of hostilities, Greeley sent a letter to the Governors of the loyal states, making the following inquiries: "Is the reelection of Mr. Lincoln a probability? Can your own state be carried for Mr. Lincoln? Do the interests of the Union party require the substitution of another candidate in place of Mr. Lincoln?" The biographer recalls that on the day that Lincoln was shot Greeley had written an editorial which was "a bitter, brutal, sarcastic personal attack on the President," which was suppressed by the managing editor of the Tribune, Sidney Howard Gay. It is true also that in 1858 Greeley preferred Douglas to Lincoln for Senator from Illinois. Greeley scored Lincoln for calling Fremont and Hunter to a halt when they sought prematurely to force emancipation as a war measure; he exhibited his constitutional credulity, his complete inferiority to Lincoln in saving common sense in the Niagara peace conference fiasco. Greeley's ignoring the bail bond of Jeff Davis was perfectly upright in intent, but Lincoln would never have done it, because he would have regarded it as an untimely, incongruous, unnecessary act, that could do no possible good and would subject him to injurious misunderstanding and misrepresentation and impair his influence for good in the councils of his party.

Nevertheless, Greeley, who was a thorn in the side of Lincoln's war administration from Sumter to Appomattox, whose relation to the Civil War was so irrational that William Lloyd Garrison described him as "the worst of counselors, the most unsteady of leaders, the most pliant of compromisers, in times of great public emergency," came at last to have an adequate conception of Lincoln's character and career. In an address on Lincoln which he wrote in 1868 he said: "Looking back through the lifting mists of seven eventful, tragic, trying, glorious years, I clearly discern that the one providential leader, the indispensable hero of the great drama—faithfully reflecting, even in his hesitations and seeming vacillations, the sentiment of the masses—fitted by his very defects and shortcomings for the burden laid upon him, the good to be

wrought out through him, was Abraham Lincoln." But in justice to Greeley it must be said that he was one to whose faults the American people can afford to be a little blind, and to his shining virtues very kind, for he was a sincere follower of his flag, upon which he had written the legend that the supreme object of his life was to better the condition of mankind. He advocated temperance; he stood by the rights of labor; he fought human slavery as both a moral outrage and an economic blunder; his sympathies were with Kossuth in Hungary, with the oppressed and starving Ireland, with Garibaldi and "young Italy," with Republican France, with religious toleration and an unfettered pulpit. The distance between Greeley and Lincoln was great, for while Greeley was a great writer and chiefly a man of brilliant critical genius, Lincoln was not only this, but he was a great statesman and executive. Of executive genius Greeley possessed very little, and he lacked creative pugnacity. Charles A. Dana, who was Greeley's managing editor, was not half so good or high-minded a man as Greeley, but he had too much common sense not to see that in war time no great newspaper could afford to subordinate the Administration, and he remonstrated in vain with Greeley against his peace-at-any-price policy.

Ben Butler and Caleb Cushing, who had both voted for Jeff Davis in the

Charleston Convention, and afterward for Breckinridge in the National election of 1860, were too shrewd men of the world not to see that in a civil war no man could escape obloquy who did not throw up his hat for Lincoln's administration: but Greeley was an entirely a man of critical genius that he thought he could support Lincoln and admonish him at the same time. In other words, Greeley was an egotist—an egotist who with abundant wit had small sense of humor; while Lincoln, with equal wit, had too much humor to become an egotist. Greeley's greatest defect was his lack of self-restraint. The New York Evening Post keenly says of him that "he was fundamentally a child." This is true in the sense that while he had a splendid brain as a great writer and critic, he had the impulsiveness, the lack of self-restraint, the gusty temper of a gifted child. Cheap, cunning men of small intellectual endowment imposed on him easily, and placed him not seldom in humiliating situations that made his judicious friends grieve. His greatest service to his country was his service to the anti-slavery cause up to the election of Lincoln in 1860. After that date Greeley had survived his best usefulness as completely as had Charles Sumner.

The genius of the man was for criticism, not for leadership. His ambition to be sent to the Senate, to be Governor, to be President, proved his incapacity to measure himself. He was not a great man absolutely so much as he was a man of many great qualities, who was fortunate in the opportunities of both time and location. He has been compared to Franklin, but while Greeley was as sincere a philanthropist as Franklin, he was in no sense a philosopher, but was an—utter stranger to Franklin's qualities of serenity, self-control, sagacity, knowledge of mankind, that made Franklin the greatest and most versatile man of affairs in our history. Greeley had a deal of vanity and impatient egotism about him that he sometimes persuaded himself was patriotism. His great work and his best work was done when he helped to nominate and elect Lincoln in 1860.

THE CONGRESSIONAL DIRECTORY.

One peruses the autobiographies in this weird volume with feelings like a little boy's running past a graveyard in the night. He expects a ghost to pop out from under every bush. Sometimes the ghost does pop out to scare the boy, but from the Congressional Directory where get the following facts of so many noted careers under the gaze and daisies of smooth, commonplace statements, no ghost ever peeps. The reader may skim along securely, like Daphne over the flowers. He will see nothing uncanny; he will read nothing to shudder. All is secure, conventional, discreet. It might be a collection of lives of honest men and patriots for all the volume itself shows.

For some reason divers of these autobiographies are extremely brief; so brief that it almost seems the writer was afraid to say anything lest he say too much. If he opened his mouth at all, out would jump the toads and frogs in spite of him, as they did from the bad little guffs in the fairy story. The American people ought to be thankful for this reticence. How it would look if Senator Dietrich, for example, had told all about himself in a book which is referred to more or less in foreign lands! But he does not. He tells when he was born and when he joined the glorious choir of gray-haired senators—but over the rest he draws a veil. Admirable reticence! Senator Burton tells even less than his colleague from Nebraska; and for the best of reasons—there was a great deal more to keep silent about. With so much and such interesting matter to write, Senator Burton contents himself with barely mentioning the date of his election; he does not even add the date of

his conviction, for which one now looks quite as a matter of habit, in a sketch of a Senator's life. "Senator X was born in 1831 (most of them were born in that decade); graduated at Yale in 1852; elected to the Senate in 1891; convicted in the United States District Court in 1895." Thus a typical biography would run, but Senator Burton is a violet. He dreads to lose his virgin bloom in the glare of publicity. He sits in the directory: "Elected to the Senate in 1891"; only that, and nothing more. When the prize is awarded for brevity it will go to him. He does not even tell whether he graduated at Yale or not, but the presumption is he did. Dewey graduated there; Platt and Dryden studied there; why not Burton? Could the odorous million be put to a more sacred use than to equip men of that stamp for their life work? If Yale only had Burton on her board of trustees, what a halo she could achieve by expelling him! Still, Dewey does very well. Will the universities of the future keep a few delayed Senators among their trustees to use in emergencies, as Yale is using Dewey? Should Harvard desire somebody else besides her illustrious son Peabody for a purpose like this, Grover Hill, the noted Senator from Missouri, is recommended. She can adopt him by bestowing an LL. D. When a McDoon begins to sink the aeronaut-eyes overboard a bag of sand. Thus might the alma mater, when her reputation sinks a little, throw out a superfluous Senator, as Yale is now doing.

Mr. Aldrich, of Rhode Island, might have seized the opportunity, when writing his autobiography, to impart a great deal of instruction in the theory and art of vote-buying. Nothing could have been more useful to the young politician; nothing more interesting to a man like Addicks, with whose unsuccessful practice of the art Mr. Aldrich must sympathize. But he is silent where he might be so improving. He does not even try to illuminate the possible influence which a son-in-law of Standard Oil may have on legislation through a Senatorial father. Mr. Aldrich, theoretically representing the insignificant State of Rhode Island, actually representing Standard Oil, in the United States Senate, is said to outweigh in that body the whole trans-Mississippi region. Were he an improvement upon Dietrich, Burton, Clark, Mitchell and the rest in state-manship or character, this would not be very regrettable; but we believe Mr. Aldrich omits the really important facts of his career from the Congressional Directory for the same reason that Burton does. He omits them because he is ashamed to tell them; and for this shame he is to be commended above

men like Alger and Clark, who omit nothing but slaver everything over with falsehood.

Alger boasts of his 187 votes in the Chicago Convention of 1888 as proudly as if he had not bought some negro delegations and failed in an attempt to buy the rest. He says nothing of the 3000 soldiers who died of preventable disease in the Spanish War, to about 250 killed on the battlefield; and of course his silence is wise. To the reader's great regret, Mr. Clark, of Montana, barely mentions the Senatorial investigation in 1899 which he headed off by resigning. Why does he not tell what the investigation was about and vindicate his insurance of anything like purchasing a Legislature? Why does not Senator Furaker disprove the common report that he received \$100,000, more or less, to get a franchise for the Cincinnati Traction Company from the same Legislature that made him Senator; that he is still counsel for that company, and uses his power as Senator to subject Cincinnati to its unbridled greed? Mr. Furaker aspires to be President of the United States. The poet Milton tells of a personage, not unlike Mr. Furaker in character, who aspired to reign in heaven with much the same prospect of success.

Newspapers like the "New York World" discuss whether or not the Senate is degenerating and sends one way or the other according to evidence or prejudice. The question is without interest. The important fact is that the Senate is bad. It may have been worse some time in the past; it may be better some time in the future. But clearly and indisputably it is bad now. What is the hope of the railroads in their controversy with the President, say, a 100% regulation of rates? Through the connivance of the Senate, where they, and not the people, are represented, these corporations hope to continue their lawless, freebooting career. Every trust which looks for profit in lawbreaking or evasion has its representation in the Senate; if he is not a member of the trust, he is in its pay. The tariff cannot be equitably adjusted because the interests which profit by its inequities are strong in the Senate. The perils past, of immeasurable value in promoting the civilization of the country, cannot be established because Senator Platt is retained by the express companies. Senator Klarns is not half so much chairman of the Senate's interstate commerce committee as he is attorney for the interstate railroads. Mr. Hay's arbitration treaties, the greatest achievement of a great statesman, infringed upon the prerogative of the Senate: they were destroyed.

Armed, grasping, insatiable of power; allied with predatory, lawbreaking corporations; constantly encroaching upon the functions of the President; the individual Senators shelter themselves behind their corporate body and defy both public sentiment and the law. But sometimes the shelter fails them. Yale casts her Chauncey as a sop to public opinion. A Hildrick, a Burton, a Mitchell, trips and the law catches him. The Nation moves toward the belief that Legislative election of Senators is a mistake; it results in the degradation of legislators and Senators both; but how to replace it with some better method is one of those problems whose solution must grow out of many experiments and many failures.

IN George F. Hear's scholarly speech in opposition to the proposed amendment to the Federal Constitution providing for the election of United States Senators by direct vote of the people is found this fine passage:

Every generation since the drawing of civilization seems to have been gifted with its own peculiar capacity. The generation of Homer has left nothing behind but a great epic poem, which for thirty centuries remains without a rival. Julian art had its brief and brilliant day of glory, which departed and has never returned. The time of Elizabeth was the time of dramatic poetry which has been since the wonder and the despair of all succeeding ages. The generation which accomplished the American Revolution had a genius for constitutions which no generation, before or since, has been able to reach or approach. The features of the three constitutions framed in that day have been retained with little change in substance, and have been copied since by every new State.

And the Senator might have further illustrated his idea by citing the generations in England and in America that produced Pitt, Burke, and Fox, and Clay, Webster, and Calhoun as attaining to the zenith of parliamentary eloquence, unrivaled in the whole history of mankind.

Parliamentary government is the only means by which liberty has been secured to a people. The democracy of Athens was the meanest government civilized man has yet made, worse even than the despotism of imperial Rome, for it was government by mob. Some of our demagogues want the American people to adopt its worst feature—the initiative and referendum, they call it. That is government by popular passion, popular ignorance, and popular prejudice. Volgar and blatant demagogues play too great a part in our present admirable representative system. If we had this abominable and vicious initiative and referendum every party leader would have to turn scamp or fool, or both; or retire from public life. We would then have government by the worst element. Dean Swift opined that the extreme felicity to which frail human nature could aspire or attain was to be a fool among knaves. This initiative and referendum would give us a government of fools and knaves. The fools would all be happy and the knaves would all be wealthy.

Better stick to our representative system that, hoary with age and venerable for the observance of three generations, has had more than a century of unbroken success, and is vindicated in the power, the wealth, the intelligence, and the manhood and womanhood of the American republic.

It is a rash man who would lay his vandal hand on a system that produced the six transcendent orators I have mentioned. Pitt and Clay were great parliamentary leaders; Burke and Webster were great political thinkers; Fox and Calhoun were great parliamentary debaters, and to these six may be added scores by both the old country and the new, little inferior to them. Indeed, Pitt's father was a greater minister than he, and raised England to a pinnacle of glory that not even Marlborough's victories equaled, and the elder Pitt lorded it in the House of Commons as no other man did before him, or has since, but the son must be acknowledged as the very greatest of all parliamentary leaders, when we consider the speech in which he lived, the treaty presented to him, and the mighty forensic opposition he faced and defeated.

Gladsone was called the Burke of his generation, and it was a very good name for him. While Burke was the profoundest political thinker of his day or any other day, in his country or any other country, he was not a leader. He was content to follow Fox, and later, when the French revolution turned all the people of Europe inside out and upside down, he renounced his leader and disciple and became the follower of his former antagonist, Pitt. If you could have found a people intelligent enough and virtuous enough to be worthy of a government such as might have come from the gigantic mind and noble heart of Edmund Burke would have been ideal. Gladsone was a very great man, but he was not half as great a minister as Peel or even Disraeli. He was a doctrinaire and not fit to confront a great emergency. The Boer war was his legacy to his country, and fifty years of Gladsone in authority would be the death of the British lion. The nation that produced Oscar de Loo, the Black Prince, Prince Hal, Edward IV, Cromwell, Minto, Marlborough, Nelson, and the Charge of the Light Brigade would go into trade and devote its whole attention to selling calico and jack-knives.

THE AMERICAN AUTOCRACY.

In the United States today there are two governments. They are engaged in deadly conflict, and the conflict will not end until one or the other has been destroyed. These two hostile governments are not set up in different territorial areas, as were the Federal and Confederate in the time of the Civil War. They have not each a full and separate complement of officials, as the Northerners and Southerners had. Each of them exercises more or less power in every community in the country and the officials chosen or appointed in the regular manner belong sometimes to one and sometimes to the other. One of these two governments is that established by the Constitution of the United States, the government of the people by themselves and for their own benefit. This is the political ideal of the Revolutionary patriots; it was the ideal which Lincoln kept steadily before him. The other government, which is everywhere fighting the Constitution and the people, is an autocracy. This autocracy consists of some half dozen men who own enormous wealth. Their possessions, taken together, exceed what any corresponding number of men have ever before held in any age or country. They have acquired their wealth in various ways, but always at the expense of the public. Some have profited by the prohibitive tariff which seizes the money of the consumer and turns it over directly to the autocrat. This method is a little more genteel than the way the Shah of Persia robs his subjects, but not much; and it comes to the same thing. Two or three of them have seized upon the petroleum deposits of the country, not all at once, but piecemeal. They got hold of a few wells at first. Then by fraud, murder and the connivance of corrupt courts they drove out other owners, gradually extending their control. Bargains with the railroads for rebates gave them a still more powerful means of crushing competition. The ultimate result was the most powerful and profitable monopoly there has ever been in the world. Coal, iron, copper and timber have all contributed to create memberships in the American autocracy.

The wealth of these half-dozen men is beyond belief and almost beyond calculation. The income from it exceeds the revenues of the constitutional government of the United States, and this income must every year be reinvested. Thus two results follow. One is that all the property in the country is rapidly falling into the hands of the autocrats. It must do so by the simple process of reinvesting their income. The other result is that the income itself increases in geometrical ratio like

the cost of the nails in the horseshoe which the man paid for at the rate of one cent for the first, two for the second, and so on. The control of the autocrats over the wealth of the country spreads under ground and silently, like the roots of the knot grass which has taken possession of a whole field before the farmer begins to dream that it is dangerous. The autocracy controls the railroads of the country. With few exceptions there is no such thing any longer in America as competition between the railroads. They are all owned by the same men. Why should they compete? It controls the coal, the iron, the copper; it is gradually getting possession of the land. And the more it has the more it wants. Insatiably greedy for franchises, the autocracy has corrupted every city government in the country to get them for less than they are worth, and often for nothing. The Pennsylvania Railroad has utterly demoralized the civic life of Pennsylvania and New Jersey, and is the strong power behind the Philadelphia grafters. These half-dozen men who make up the Standard Oil trust and one or two more may be compared with the Grand Ducal ring in Russia. They have probably more real power over the common people in America than the family of the Czar had in Russia before the revolution began. They are the high nobility of graft and their operations are of National extent. Under them and in close sympathy with them there is an inferior order of grafters which works in states and large cities, just as under the Dukes there are Viscounts and Barons; and in the same way this government of grafting wealth can be followed down from the Nation to the state and thence to the small town and the village. It is complete, highly organized and incessantly energetic.

The autocracy obtains political power in two ways. In the first place, it often buys an official who has been elected by its opponents. The bribe the autocracy can pay largely exceeds the salary the people will pay in almost every case, and the result is that, no matter whether the autocracy or the people control the election, the outcome is the same. Their second method of obtaining political power is to carry elections. This they do through bosses. Bosses are spoken of very often as being Republican or Democratic. Such language is misleading. They are neither Republican nor Democratic. Bosses all belong to the party of the autocracy, and to no other. They play at being Republicans and Democrats to fool the people in the interests of their masters, but they are owned soul and body by the American Grand Ducal Autocratic Ring. Through their slaves, the bosses, the Autocracy keep the people busy wrangling over irrelevant matters.

JOHN HAY

BY NORMAN HAPGOOD

TO Mr. Hay death was cold and threatening. For years he watched its dire approach, shrinking from its horror as a delicate woman shrinks. It was not that existence held so many charms, for his task was often irksome; it was that he and life had long been friends, and that the dark unknown was chill. Also it was true that when the outer world jarred his finely balanced nature, he saw beauty with that inner eye which is the bliss of solitude. Trained as a diplomat, skilled as a diplomat, how gladly would he forget Central America or Manchuria, to remember the lines of poetic glory with which his brain was full.

"Every word," says Emerson, "was once a poem." Mr. Hay had that tenderness for language. "He konde songes make and wel endite," and he could still more deeply feel them. The world's appreciation of him was in confidence and admiration. It felt safe in his astute and sure-footed diplomacy. It could not realize the many-colored life which he led alone with beauty. "Poetry," said Wordsworth, "is the first and last of all knowledge; it is immortal as the heart of man." Less in talent than in tenor, Mr. Hay was essentially a poet, and what he said in verse was true:

"Always the fact unreal seems,
And truth I find alone in
dreams."

Too slight as was my acquaintance with John Hay, I have felt ashamed in his presence, because as he looked out across this earth, to the sky beyond, thoughts came to his heart, and words to his lips, in acknowledgment of the world's beauty, that I could in no way meet with any approaching richness of allusion. His friends everywhere, I imagine, had this exhilaration of losing the statesman in the poet. It is in such a memory that they turn to Mr. Hay's own words—now that words and thoughts are all that we have left of him:

"My short and happy day is
done;
The long and lonely night



comes on,
And at my door the pale
horse stands
To carry me to distant lands.
"His whinny shrill, his pawing
hoof,
Sound dreadful as a gather-
ing storm;
And I must leave this shelter-
ing roof
And joys of life so soft and
warm."

He had returned to die;
perhaps not to-day, or to-morrow, but soon; and
he saw no better road than the day's work. He
did not speak grandiloquently, but in his quiet way
he liked standing at his post; nor is it inapt, at
least to my emotion, to recall the death of that early
hero of his own:

"Through the hot, black breath of the
burnin' boat
Jim Blodso's voice was heard,
And they all had trust in his cussedness,
And knowed he would keep his word.
And, sure's you're born, they all got off
Afore the smokestacks fell—
And Blodso's ghost went up alone
In the smoke of the *Prairie Bell*."

Mr. Hay had an inspiringly large and charitable in-
telligence; not that colorless variety in which impar-
tality means equally distributed indifference, but
rather the fairness of a sensitive nature reined and
guided by the truth—the self-controlled fair-dealing
becoming in one whose young powers received their
initial training under the sad and burdened eye of
Lincoln. From that forbearing spirit Mr. Hay learned



THE LAST HO

The funeral procession about the
President; behind them, Peter

some of the philosophic scope and some of that view
of the world's plots and counterplots which have
been accepted everywhere as making him worthy of
many nations' freely given trust. A lifetime's sat-
uration in affairs had made him conversant with the
demeanor of large and little governments, until he was
able to think with accuracy, boldness, and originality,
and to act with patience and shrewd precision, so un-
erringly that in the complicated developments of the
East he led the world's diplomacy. History will be
concerned with him mainly from the day that McKinley
—profoundly instinctive selector of lieutenants—re-
called him from his embassy, to direct the new world-
power's foreign rôle; but history will then go back to
the scholar, the philosopher, and the poet, to realize
why John Hay became the diplomat he was. Under
him, what is now famed as American diplomacy found
its useful and refined maturity. Under him we should-
ered new burdens in far climes with moderation and

judgment so impressive, that when Theodore Roosevelt first became a candidate for the chief magistracy, the inquiry that arose from North to South, from East to West, was substantially a mandate from the people that John Hay retain his post and all his power. Precisely in what relation the cultivated minister continued to work under the popular executive, it is far too soon to speak. The biographer of John Hay will have a pretty task at just this point, and the biographer of President Roosevelt one no less delicate. Things have been done that Mr. Hay would not have done. Sometimes also there has been restraint, where it must have been difficult for Mr. Roosevelt not to use his power. On this equation the next four years would cast more light were they to show the President acting his nature freely out abroad. As, however, he has chosen one of the ablest lawyers in the world as Mr. Hay's successor, any change of policy which may develop will occur without a shock.

Mr. Root, like Mr. Hay, was selected by McKinley. Between these two statesmen the difference in starting-point and principle is extreme. Mr. Root is the shrewd,

determined, and resourceful man of action at its height. All brain and will, his career thus far has not shown him weighted with that aromatic value of the mind which we call soul. Powerful beyond almost any of our living men, he has not yet stood for anything higher than efficiency. Mr. Hay lived until his name had become identified with an ideal. In foreign politics he drew freely on the Golden Rule. He believed in the potency of an admitted moral truth—not, be it conceded freely, in the manner of Don Quixote, but as what, were it rightly called upon, would prove to be the spirit of the age; and he knew how to summon this potent inspiration and make it put traditional technical diplomacy to flight. He knew how to use America's position of advantage to speak most powerfully in the name of humane intercourse and peace. He had no love for that sense of honor and virility which he ridiculed as "physical self-esteem and readiness to fight on the slightest provocation." It was in the domain of harmony and morals that he felt his strength and used it, and the harsh appeal of war was not for him. "Freedom is its own eternal law," he said, and when some

thought the Spaniards were not fit for freedom, Mr. Hay replied that "no people are fit for anything else."

Mr. Hay was never popular. No high elective office could ever have been his. There was a fastidiousness about him, an irony, a selection that made a barrier between the multitude and him. Almost pugnaciously democratic in belief, he was



exclusive in enjoyment and in taste. Reread those enthusiastic pages of "Castilian Days," and you will find in the young man what was characteristic of the old—the energy of conviction, the excited faith in liberty, but with it all the calm smile of culture and the discriminated preferences of taste. His mind was no hotel, open to every applicant for admission. It was a private dwelling, and the exclusions from it were not few. Scholars, artists, and lovers of the beautiful were his friends, and he never lost much sleep about missing the personal affection of the millions, to whom, however, he was always just. "Speak," he says, "with the speech of the world, think with the thoughts of the few." And again:

"Scorning thy faith and purpose to defend,
The exorbitant multitude at last
Will halt the power they did not comprehend."

Men may be lovable either in the aloof or in the hearty type: the difference is in numbers. Mr. Hay, sometimes resented as distant and aristocratic, is missed by friends as honest and devoted as any man could have. From the nation he now has honor and regret; from a few, the suffering that comes when affection and charm are crushed away. I do not well know how to put in words this feeling, that when John Hay died it was more than one good statesman gone: it was the passing into dust of a being singularly full of light and of responsiveness to the manifold attractiveness of this puppet show in which we live. It was the end of something encouraging and rare. And in these first weeks after the new-made grave has closed, that fading from the world of a soul that had been so exquisitely alive occupies the heart, and leaves to time the colder task of placing a valued lifetime's exploits just where in history they belong.



LAND, JULY 5

visited the President and Vice-President members of the Cabinet

THE WORLD MOVES.

In one of his Southern speeches the President told his hearers that if a man known to be corrupt were nominated to office, they must let no consideration of party expediency make them refrain from "veniting him with the sword of the Lord and of Gideon." In language less sacred, the President meant that party loyalty does not require a Republican to vote for a corrupt candidate simply because Republican bosses have nominated him. More than that, he meant that loyalty to the country requires every good citizen to vote against such a candidate, whatever party name he may bear. This utterance of the President's is the worst sort of political heresy, because the regular orthodox bosses' creed is that it is the duty of every man to vote his straight party ticket, no matter what set of rascals made it up and no matter what other rascals have their names on it. There is always some question, the tariff or the election of a Senator, or something else, which, in the opinion of the bosses, is of vastly more importance than the character of the candidates. And hitherto they have made the voters accept their views so that for the sake of the tariff or the right man for United States Senator, and so on, we have continued electing thieves and scoundrels to fill the subordinate offices of the state and Nation until an honest man in politics has come to be somewhat of an exception. Is it conceivable that the President meant what he said and that it is really the duty of the good citizen to vote down the rascals of his own party, even at the risk of throwing success to the other party? Is honest government of more importance than making sure that the next Senator or Governor shall be a Republican, or Democrat, as the case may be?

Mr. Taft thinks it is. In his speech the other day at Akron, O., he said that if his public duties permitted him to be at home in Cincinnati on election day he should vote against the municipal ticket nominated by George H. Cox. Cox is the Republican boss of Cincinnati and Ohio. Mr. Taft is the Republican Secretary of War, and he was speaking at a Republican campaign meeting for Mr. Herrick, the Republican candidate for Governor. The opinion of many Ohio newspapers is that Taft's declaration of independence will encourage independent voting in Ohio and injure the prospects of Mr. Herrick. Perhaps it will; but he has certainly obeyed the precept of President Roosevelt to let "no consideration of party expediency" hinder us from seeking corrupt politicians when we have the chance. Mr. Taft had a beautiful chance and he used it for all it was worth. In all probability he had count-

ed the cost before he made his speech and estimated the effect upon the pending election as a small matter in comparison with the effect in the long run upon the politics of the whole country. It will hasten the time when party leaders of all sorts will recognize that the way to pull a full party vote is to nominate a full ticket of decent names.

Cox has "nothing to say" about Mr. Taft's speech. None of the bosses has anything to say about any of the talk which is going on over their pluckings and sweatings, but it is not so very many years since they had an answer which served in all cases. Any man who stood up for decency in public life would be silenced and put to shame by saying that he was "hotter than thou." It was accepted that politics was vile. It was believed that it could never be less vile, and any man who pretended to think political decency possible was set down without ceremony as a hypocrite. To talk of honesty, fairness or devotion to the public welfare was ludicrous. These things had nothing to do with practical politics, which was merely a struggle between two sets of rogues for the offices. All the people had to do with the matter was to vote as their bosses told them and pay the salaries and embezzlements. In those days no blight upon the name of a young politician was so bad as to be called a "reformer." A great man, talking to the students of a great university, advised them to go into politics as a calling where success awaited the shrewd and able, but under no circumstances to become known as reformers. The bosses and their masters, the corporations, had their heels on the neck of the public and could

dictate the fashion to public opinion; Reformers were odious. The pretense of desiring reform was hypocrisy.

Freedom, change! The coming men of the Nation are all reformers. With no regard whatever for party names, the people are everywhere turning to the candidates who really stand for honesty and ideals. When such a man comes up for office, no matter where, the whole Nation makes common cause with him. Who was not with Folk to his noble fray? And now there is not an honest American heart from Florida to Washington that does not beat with high hope for Jerome. Every day that gallant fighter gets letters from all over the United States with words of encouragement, and what counts for more than words in a campaign against Tammany—with money in them. A Kansas farmer told Jerome to draw on him for \$25 to be paid when his crops were sold. A workingman who had to sweat for his scanty dollars sent one of them to Jerome. The candidate for District Attorney in New York is the

Important Democratic Papers Repudiate His Utterances.

New York Times (Dem.)

Returning to his native land, Mr. Bryan presents himself to his countrymen no longer as a Democrat, but as the founder and leader of a new party, the exponent of a new National policy, and the advocate of new and revolutionary principles. Inasmuch as Mr. Bryan's speech makes it evident that if he shall be a candidate for the Presidency in 1908 the great issue will be between Government ownership and Government regulation, it is interesting to examine his new position from the point of view of political principle and of party tactics.

Mr. Bryan's new doctrine of public ownership for the railroads is distinctly and measurably more dangerous and unsettling than his abandoned issue of M to I. It is recognized that his progress, and incalculable disaster would attend the success of his effort. The people of this country can see far enough ahead to steer clear of a calamity of this magnitude so plainly in their view.

Mr. Bryan's express appeal to members of both parties, it seems to us, leaves Democrats all over the country free to manifest their disapproval of his principles, and to reject public ownership as un-Democratic and him as no longer a Democrat. The Democratic party, with its history, its traditions, and its achievements, cannot surrender to this radical and revolutionist.

The Bombshell Will Shatter.

Brooklyn Eagle (Dem.)

More particularly is Mr. Bryan likely to insist upon the retention of the Hamilton of his political play, Government ownership and operation of railroads. To this he commits himself, deliberately, unambiguously and unalterably, and to this he will commit the party unless in the interval his dimensions diminish to such an extent that he ceases to be, as he was in the days of the Kansas City convention, a political law unto himself, with none to say him nay.

Roosevelt has set a fast pace. He will probably go faster yet. That he will be strenuous to the end of his Presidential term is altogether likely. So, Bryan had to make a choice. He has decided to go faster. And, of his power to carry the party with him, he seems to entertain no doubt. He is mistaken.

The bombshell will shatter. There is not a state in the Union in which it will not take immediate effect. The commonwealths have been going up with unconditional endorsements. They have been making out a mortgage in favor of the peerless leader, a mortgage apparently so irrevocable as to warrant the literal translation of the term—death grip. This sort of thing may continue. As there is or, as there seems to be, a sort of Bryan craze, a Bryan epidemic, as Bryanism is in the air, more mortgages may be manufactured, but there is little risk in venturing predictions to the contrary. Far more likely is it that the reverse will come to pass, that the mortgages already made out will be repudiated.

prices of kickers. He has kicked the party machine all to pieces. He has belted his own party and every other, and made his appeal directly to the voters. In return the voters are standing by him. This does not mean that parties will not henceforth figure in American politics. They will count for as much as ever, but hereafter the men at the head of every party must be leaders, not bosses, and the parties must represent something besides greed and subservency to corporate interests. The vital principles of Democracy are taking new hold upon the American people. We have learned that the stability of our institutions depends upon the personal character of the voters and of the men they choose for public office. The time is coming when we shall not have to admit that no American city is honest enough to own and manage a street railroad. The reproach is true now, but it will not always be true.

Apostle of Discontent.

New York Evening Post (Ind.)

The new Bryan has the chief fault of the old. He is provocative, not to say inflammatory, but wholly vague. He rouses passions without directing them. He puts forth a tremendous scheme without showing any sign of having thought it through, and without indulging a single detail. He is in a great state of excitement about patriotism, but just how he is to put a hook in its snout, one reads his speeches in vain to find out. And as for his plan of Government ownership of all the trunk lines, with the states to own the railroads wholly within their own borders, he paucily projects it before the crowd without giving a hint how the immensely difficult problems of management and financing are to be solved. How the properties are to be bought? How the \$1,000,000,000 of money to be raised—those are "mere details" which do not exist for this grandiose political thinker.

It is a terrible fault in a political leader. Flights of oratory, ardent hopes, glowing aspirations, millennial dreams—these are all very well, but a real statesman will not attempt to dazzle the people with them until he is prepared to proceed with the necessary Constitutional amendment, the required draft of a statute, the project of taxation needed, the inescapable financial balance-sheet. In all this, the new Bryan shows himself as sadly lacking to the old. Hence he still falls far short of our great political philosopher's definition of a statesman.

PATRIOTISM

TO A YOUNG MAN ABOUT TO CAST HIS FIRST VOTE.

By the Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis.

TEXT.—"Quit you like men. Be strong."

On Tuesday next a million young men will go to the polls and cast their first vote for their country's weal or woe. For this great army of youth the day will be a high day, and its memory will make a golden page in their book of life. Unfortunately the polling place may be adjacent to the saloon, crowds of half-drunk men with little groups of "regulators" may stand about, and the atmosphere may seem unwholesome and wholly out of harmony with the dignity of so great an event. For the Athenians of the olden time the act of voting was almost a sacrament. On the day when the freemen were to give their judgment on the future of Athens, its people and its institutions, all work was ended. At 9 o'clock in the morning a procession was formed of citizens, judges, with all heroic leaders and noble persons. They clothed themselves in fresh and spotless garments, the citizens marched toward the Parthenon, while the priests carried burning incense, and the people emitted some breath of patriotism. When they reached the Parthenon, made sacred by the feet of Plato and Pericles, the citizens took a solemn oath to put away all selfish considerations and personal interest and pledged themselves to vote for the highest welfare of their beloved Athens. The sacrament made a barrier like unto a golden leaf 1000 from the book of the gods. The youth voted under the spell and presence of the heroes of Marathon. Their fathers had been patriotic. They had lived and died for their country. The fathers had been disinterested—scholars and heroes. The past had made vows for them. To vote in a venial and commercial spirit, to vote in a light and frivolous mood, to vote without reflection, sobriety and under the lightest sentiments of patriotism would be a sacrilege and a sin. The history of the great epochs for republics, therefore lends added importance and dignity to the act of voting by the multitudes of young men who will on next Tuesday, assume for the first time the rights and duties of citizenship.

Approach the Day With Reverence.

Every thoughtful young American will approach this high day with reverence and with feelings of pride. Indeed, there is that in the history of the republic that instills fully the highest sentiment. Today, England, the world round, are toasting of Trafalgar and the one hundredth anniversary of Nelson's great vic-

tory. What soldiers, too, have been there—men like Wellington and Cromwell! What rulers like Victoria and Edward and Elizabeth! What poets like Shakespeare and Milton. What orators and jurists have been there! How glorious the solemn Abbey at Westminster, with its Pantheon of noble dead! Little wonder that the Englishman says, "I am a part of this great nation." The leaf may be only a leaf, but it helped build the free monument, and the citizen may stand alone, but he is a part of his country, and its institutions. But how much more reason for pride on the part of the American youth, who will on next Tuesday lay his hand on the lever of political influence of his country, both resources, with lake and valley and river, its pasture and meadow, its forest and mine, that are comparable to the natural resources of our country! How brief its history, in contrast to the 1000 years of the older nations. And what achievements on the pages of the book that history books writers. How glorious the names of heroes from the Father Fathers to Washington and Lincoln and Grant, and McKinley. What institutions are there, named the Constitution, the Declaration, and the Emancipation proclamation! What towns and cities have been created! What colleges and galleries, what halls of science and temples of religion! How many happy homes! How is the republic suddenly lifted up for wonder and admiration before the eyes of all the world by reason of our President's victory for peace. Every American youth ought to say this country is my country. The achievements of Washington and Hamilton and Jefferson were my fathers' achievements; the language of Lincoln is my language; the battle fields all stained with blood, and the banners red with victory, are mine. Never will I be the unworthy son of a great past. Never will I vote for money, never will I vote in a frivolous spirit, but only as a citizen of the great republic, who understands the meaning of the words, "I, too, am an American." For this day when the youth casts his first vote must henceforth stand out as one of the most solemn and glorious days in the book of human life.

Patriotism and Disinterested Spirit.

Not less important is it for the youth to vote if necessary against his own selfish interests. That word "detachment" is a great word. Now and then a man must stand aloof, and from afar scrutinize his actions and his own interests. It must be remembered that comparatively few of our people have the right

PHANTOMS.

When in the years to come Prince Louis of Battenberg is asked what interested and pleased him most in his visit to America, he will undoubtedly answer, "Mrs. Astor's dinner." This dinner was served in a room paneled with rosewood, the panels set with massive bronze ovals and around the oval wreaths of Greek and Roman heads wrought in gold. It was lighted by 384 electric lamps softened with shades of pink crystal, and upon the dining tables clusters of pink roses shed their fragrance from vases of solid gold. The dinner service was also gold, and the viands, rare, we may believe, and delicate beyond the imagination of the common mind, were prepared with that consummate art which enormous wealth alone can create and command.

The guests were worthy of the sumptuous feast and its gorgeous setting. The envy of the multitude has endeavored to infuse a connotation of satirical contempt into the phrase "The 499 of New York"; but, like all epithets bestowed by the vulgar upon their superiors, whether in hatred, envy or admiration, the phrase has become a title of honor, almost of nobility. In that caste of eminent merit, the 499, not a man is included whose hands have ever been defiled by useful labor or whose brain has ever been contaminated by one thought of the public good or one movement of sympathy for the lot of common humanity; nor is there a woman numbered in its ranks whose soul is not as hard as diamond and glittering with icy radiance from the myriad facets of vanity. Archangels in the hierarchy of riches, they rank among themselves according to the tale of their millions, and the least of them counts his possessions in terms of the life labor of hundreds of thousands of men and women.

To select the guests for her dinner to Prince Louis, Mrs. Astor allied this gorgeous caste with the sieve of vanity and out of the 499 she found worthy only seventy-nine. These seventy-nine men and women will henceforth form the acme and crown of American society. Among them all there is not one who has ever benefited in the least degree his country or his kind. Not a name appears on the list which is known for achievement in any of those fields where men win high renown. So far as those guests were concerned, Prince Louis might return to Europe ignorant that America had a science, an art or a literature. He might return, and probably has returned, believing that in this country gold and gold alone, confers social distinction, and that we set no value upon those achievements which in other lands are rewarded with honor and eternal fame.

Who made Mrs. Astor the social head of the United States? What qualities of intellect or soul has she that fit her to represent a Democratic Nation in the presence of foreign Princes? She is rich; she has been rich a long time; she has persistently held herself above her fellow-citizens until she has produced the belief that she is above them; and she has studied the manners of European aristocrats until her aperté surpasses the real thing in insolence and selfish contempt for less fortunate mortals. These are her qualifications. The Astor fortune is held to be one of the most stable in the world. It originated in the enterprises of a man of ability, courage and energy; but it has grown great by absorbing the fruits of the ability, courage and energy of an entire city. The money of the original Astor, the fur trader, was invested in the land which New York has since built upon, and the millions of the present Mrs. Astor are the rents and unearned increment in the value of the investment. Her fortune is a product of misdirected and inequitable social forces. She herself and all her seventy-nine are glittering insects in a gleam of sunshine. The gathering clouds they cannot see. To the muttering thunder they are deaf. The storm in its wrath will sweep them away and the better race of the new time will not even dream that they ever existed.

PORTLAND, THURSDAY, AUGUST 10, 1906.

MR. BRYAN.

The Princess Irene, Atlantic liner, bearing Mr. Bryan and his fortunes, arrived at Sandy Hook yesterday. If all goes well, he will land in the city today. Mr. Bryan returns to his native land a man who has stood before Kings. Great nobles have welcomed him to their palaces; great scholars have admitted him to the shrines of their learned researches; great thinkers have exchanged thoughts with him. He has studied the institutions of Europe and drawn from their merits and defects lessons which he will hereafter expound to his countrymen. He has tried and condemned the ancient civilization of China. He has contemplated the immemorial sorrows of India and pondered the silent mystery of the pyramids and the Sphinx. He took ship from San Francisco a deflated man, bankrupt in political reputation, discarded by his party and ignored by his countrymen. He returns to be met with a greeting such as nations reserve for their heroes and saviors. The metropolis of America makes holiday to welcome the great commoner to his native land. A political party to whose traditional policies and whose achievements belongs a share of the glory of

our history contributes its wealth, its genius and its eloquence to decorate the man who has twice led it to defeat, but whose ascendant star it now hails as the emblem of victory and the harbinger of renaissance hope.

Two years have yet to elapse before the next Presidential election. Measured by the ebb and flow of political fortunes, this is a long time. It is long enough for enthusiasm to wane, for ecstasy to cool, for loyalty to yield to interest. Public opinion moves rapidly. Its recessions from old standpoints are like shifting views in a scene. Its advances are like the march of an army of pioneers invading strange lands of promise. Has Mr. Bryan the qualities of intellect which will attract the adventurous hosts of Democracy and hold them to his standard for two long years? Is he a true sun in the political heavens, or a beacon of false hope? Mr. Bryan has just published a book which he wrote while in quarantine at Buzz with forty centuries looking down upon him from the pyramids as they looked not many decades ago upon another transient favorite of fortune. The book is entitled "Letters to a Chinese Official," and it contains, as one may suppose, the best that Mr. Bryan can say for the civilization which he represents and which he aspires to lead. The book, so far as his reputation goes for grasp of social problems and power of thought, had better never been written. It is a summer shower of platitudes. The thought is that of a rotund and complacent Sunday-school superintendent addressing a class of very young children. Not only does Mr. Bryan fail to solve the problems to which he addresses himself, but he does not even know how egregiously he has failed. He revels in exploded formulas. He sails placidly on a sea of unconscious fallacies. His mind is a charnel-house of dead hypotheses. He seems not to appreciate the awful import of the questions which he takes up one by one and complacently dismisses with a thin coating of error, misunderstanding and bad logic.

One instance will suffice. Answering the charge that Western civilization has found the problems of drunkenness, poverty, the social evil, the calamities of vice, hitherto insoluble, Mr. Bryan points with satisfied pride to the homes for the aged, the insane asylums and the hospitals as if there were nothing more to be said. By these institutions the problem of evils solved, he thinks. Reading his unctuous insipidities, one is tempted almost to quote the exasperated writer who said of these excellent palliative charities that "they are snowballs tossed into hell." They are a little, but the brimstone goes on burning all the same.

Mr. Bryan has little apparent power to think to the purpose on social questions. His remedies are far-fetched and impractical. His expedients savor of superficiality. The social strata and stresses which may rend the world asunder in the next decade or two seem to him mere surface troubles which can be remedied by an untried phrase. Nothing illustrates the essential shallowness of Mr. Bryan's reasoning better than what he has to say about the trusts. He proposes to destroy them utterly. Now nobody who has pondered the problem of the trusts at all deeply believes that they either can or ought to be destroyed. They are social inventions of the first importance, ranking in production and distribution with the power of steam in physics. To destroy them would be to rob the world of the finest product of human ingenuity in the realm of economics. The rational politician wishes to contrive a scheme to spread the benefits of the trusts over society, giving each unit an equitable share. Mr. Bryan is like an orchardist who

should dig up his tree of Newtown pines because a bad boy has stolen the fruit. A wiser husbandman would preserve the tree and take measures to see that the fruit went where it belonged.

Bryan's solution of the railroad problem is no better. He proposes to divide up the interstate lines into sections terminating at the state boundaries and submit the complete control of each section of the state which contains it. Ultimately he wishes the state to own it. To facilitate through traffic he would have the Federal Government retain the ownership of a few trunk lines. Of the confusion which this would introduce he seems to have no conception. Half a hundred conflicting systems of railroad management have no terrors for him so long as they would prevent what he calls "centralization." He has no perception that centralization at a state capital differs in no detail of principle from centralization at Washington, while it contains new elements of bigotry, meanness and graft. Of all ironies that of a petty oligarchy is the most detestable, and if Mr. Bryan could carry his theories into practice each state government would become a petty, narrow, unrestrained oligarchy. Fortunately for the Nation, those theories will never go into practice. Mr. Bryan is a broad pill which the quacks in control of the Democratic party wish to administer to the country to quiet its restlessness. They will find that the Nation has got beyond the stage where it puts its faith either in bread pills or in those who sell them.

DISCUSSION OF MR. BRYAN.

Mr. Bryan is an attractive speaker. He is what they call a popular speaker. He may even be called an orator. But he is not a thinker. He is a shallow and superficial man; a ready and voluble talker, who entertains his audience, but never says anything.

It is his manner that pleases. Not his thought; for his thought is barren. Greatest oratory, of course, would include highest thinking as well as best acting; but greatest oratory is the rarest thing in the world. The greatest speeches in English, incomparably the greatest, are those of Burke. But nobody would listen to them. The orator was too dull. But now, after the lapse of more than 100 years, everybody who reads anything reads them. Erskine, himself a great orator, said that nobody would remain in the House of Commons to listen to Burke; but, when his speeches were printed, thinking readers thumbed them to rage in the ecstasy of admiration!

Bryan, an engaging personality, but shallow and superficial, gets great audience. The reason is that those who hear him are relieved of the necessity of thinking. The tone of the orator, his action, his appeal to those who like to hear, who have feeling, but don't want the trouble of thought or criticism, create for him an immense enthusiasm. But it is ephemeral. It must be so. Not even those who give him most enthusiastic applause suppose that his speeches will be read and studied in future times. For they contain nothing that can carry them to future times. Yet Mr. Bryan is an eloquent speaker. But eloquence, for the multitude, doesn't consist in the matter of the speech. It consists in the manner. The eloquence of such speakers as Mr. Bryan is merely theatrical; for Shakespeare, who said everything else, said this also: "Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the multitude more learned than their ears."

Incomparably the greatest orator that America ever produced was Henry Clay. No man had such power over audience as he. No man had so many enthusiastic admirers. His speeches have been printed; we have them in old editions, but they are never reprinted. They contain nothing for reference or for quotation. Clay, with all his power as an orator, said nothing. And, in comparison of oratory, as of thinking, Bryan is immensely inferior to Clay. In such oratory there is far less power than in Virgil's conception of a scene which consisted of "three rays of written rain, three of black cloud, and three of moist south wind." All the pleasing and powerful eloquence of Clay could not carry him into the Presidency. People stopped to think—and then they didn't vote for him.

The versatility of Mr. Bryan shines in his equivocation on the money question, on which he made his disastrous attempt in 1896 and again in 1900. He now intimates that the contention for silver has been superseded by change of conditions resulting from large increase of gold; but that the demand for free coinage of silver then was justified by the scarcity of money. For escape from an untenable position there could be no more shallow subterfuge. What made money scarce? The agitation for silver, which drove gold into foreign countries, or into hiding at home, and destroyed credit, moreover; because every one feared to make contracts in the terms of dollars, when the value of the dollar was likely to be changed. Thus it was that the agitation for silver produced nearly complete paralysis of business from 1892 to 1897. But immediately after the defeat of Bryan in November, 1896, and restoration of confidence in the money standard, gold again came forth, credit was re-established and money again began to grow abundant. Since then there has been great increase of the production of gold, which the growing business of the world has rapidly taken up and made further basis of credit; but there was gold enough a dozen years ago for the purposes then required; and other civilized nations, the world over, had ample supply, no panic and no hard times. That condition our folly, in proposing to shift the money standard, under the leadership of Mr. Bryan, from gold to silver, reserved for ourselves. It was a folly that cost the country, in money and material resources, more than the Civil War.

But the consequences were arrested by the defeat of Mr. Bryan; and there has been unparalleled prosperity since. We suppose there would be no danger of return to the agitation for free coinage of silver, should Mr. Bryan be elected to the Presidency two years hence. But whether the memory of that vagary and its consequences would not prevent the election to the Presidency in 1908 of the man who led it in 1896, and again in 1900, may demand a doubt. Most people will think of it, when asked again to vote for him.

BLASTED HOPES OF PARTY UNION

Read This Article and Judge Whether
Mr. Bryan Can Unite His Party.

If anybody had cherished the belief that Bryan would or could unite the old Democratic party under the new political conditions which have arisen, he will see his mistake in the reception given to the Madison-Square Garden address by the populace and the factional Democratic press. This will show not merely the impossibility of uniting the Democratic radicals and conservatives through Bryan or any one else, but the difficulty of uniting even the various conservative elements on a platform possessing any real living force or pertinency to the great question of privilege and monopoly which vexes the country today.

The one feature of the new Bryan platform which promises explosive effect is the tentative proposal of public ownership of railroads as probably affording the only certain means of bringing the transportation monopoly under effective public control. Opinions may widely differ as to the wisdom of thus bringing in upon the Democracy an issue certain to alienate a large part of the conservative element and cause further division where already there is too much. But it is obvious that a failure to recognize the public ownership principle as a necessary measure against the problem of natural monopoly would have disappointed and made lukewarm, or alienated altogether, thousands of votes which a growing radicalism is embracing. It is only the un-expected which happened when this proposal of public ownership of railroads proved to be the most taking feature of the platform to the great audience in Madison Square Garden. One must have been oblivious to the drift of public sentiment in recent days, as revealed in various ways, to suppose that the masses of the people, deeply aroused over the aggressions of syndicated wealth, can be satisfied entirely with old and merely partial remedies like tariff revision or partialities in the way of mild tax reforms. The conviction is becoming widespread that, additional to or apart from all these, stronger measures are wanted which will strike more closely to the root of private monopoly in public service enterprises, and it is a conviction which will prove abiding at least until an ample experience has demonstrated its unsoundness. It is something which no politician or statesman can afford to ignore, and certainly no one called upon to assume the leadership of a really democratic party.

It is thus to be conceded that to so typical a popular audience of the time as that gathered to hear Bryan his platform would have been noticeably devitalized

with public ownership left out. This indeed is admitted by the New York Times, which says that the "new doctrine was almost forced upon Bryan by necessity." Otherwise considered, the Bryan programme is not startlingly radical or novel. Yet does it otherwise contain no rocks on which a trumped-up union of the party would have broken? The New York World, which represents a faction of conservatism somewhat alive to the dangers of the situation and willing to make concessions to radicalism, would favor the income tax proposal, but rejects as intolerable "Gompertism" pretty much all of the Bryan response to the demands of organized labor. The Times, representing an element of conservatism in the party which is piling up great individual fortunes out of the exploitation of traction and railroad franchises, and which has no use for the tariff, regards the public ownership plank as more dangerous and unsettling than it is, and now casts aside as a "revolutionist" the man it was warming up to a few days ago as the great hope of a united "Democracy." Has even with public ownership left out, would it have been much different with this brand of Democratic conservatism? Would "Gompertism" have been acceptable? Would an income tax, if brought within the range of actual application? Would anti-imperialism?—for it is to be noticed that syndicated privilege and its organs as a rule recognize colonialism and imperialism as legitimate offspring.

There was then no possibility of reuniting the old Democratic party even for a temporary get-there campaign, let alone anything more enduring, as the Parker experience showed; and no one knew it better than Bryan. He was where he had to choose between his old crowd and his own leanings, and a new leadership appealing especially to the conservatives and striving to draw over to the Democratic party those "photocratic" elements whose long domination of the other party is being so greatly disturbed by Mr. Roosevelt, and there could, of course, never be any doubt of what his choice would be.

It is, as was remarked in these columns some days ago, an irrepressible conflict which is represented in these Democratic divisions, and one or the other faction must move out entirely from under the party name and organization. The two cannot keep together except as an appetite for office in disguise which the voters will be quick to recognize and repudiate as a worthless sham. The old Democratic party is practically dead, and it is only a question whether its assets, which are of doubtful value, are to go to those imbued with the really Democratic spirit of Jefferson, or to those who more or less unconsciously embody in new appearances

suited to new conditions the spirit of caste and privilege which came to possess the party after Jefferson's and Jackson's day. The recall of Bryan to the leadership appears to mean the final defeat and exodus of the so-called conservative element and the shaping of the old concern as a progressive radical power.

A POLITICAL BLIND POOL.

Conservative Democratic View of the Bryan Reception.

New York World.

It is difficult to find anything in Mr. Bryan's conduct to account for this spontaneous uprising. He has not changed in ten years, except, as he says, to become more radical. While he is willing to hold the silver issue in abeyance "for the present," he still holds to his old theories of bimetalism. Presumably, he still clings to all the idiosyncrasies of the 1866 campaign, including the threat to "reorganize" the Supreme Court of the United States. In addition, he has advanced the most preposterous theory of Government ownership that was ever promulgated for a democracy—a scheme of state socialism absolutely revolutionary; a scheme that would add at least a million of new office-holders to the grand army of existing party workers; a scheme under which the National Government is to take over all trunk-line railroads, the state governments the other railroads within their borders, the city governments the utilities within their territory, the people then to proceed with the management of the most perplexing public-service hodgepodge that the mind of man ever conjured with.

If the American people considered Mr. Bryan unsafe in 1866 and in 1896, wherein is he safer now? In what respect is he a cooler counselor or a wiser leader than he was then? Yet state convention after state convention enthusiastically indorses him. Illinois, where he refused an indorsement unless he could control the National committeeman, is not less effusive in its resolutions than Texas, and Ohio is not to be outdone by either, while the anti-16-to-1 New York Democrats may be relied on to exhaust rhetoric itself in proclaiming their devotion to the peerless leader.

This is an amazing state of affairs, and yet a state of affairs for which Mr. Bryan cannot be held responsible. He is asking for none of this adulation and for none of these pledges. He is merely taking what his fellow-partisans offer him, and the ambitious politician who could refuse such testimonials of confidence would have to be more than human.

Yet what is the result? Are not the Democrats of the country, by their folly and stupidity, tying their own hands and closing the door of opportunity upon themselves? So far as it lies in their power, they have made Mr. Bryan their candidate for President in 1906 without knowing what issues may be before the country two years hence or what Mr. Bryan's attitude toward those issues will be. Must not every speech he makes from today until election day in 1906 necessarily

be a campaign speech? Must not every word he utters inevitably commit his party? His overzealous followers have given him carte blanche to make the issues, frame the platform and shape the campaign. Indeed, they have given him a blank power of attorney to manage the affairs of the Democratic party for the next two years and commit it to any policy, idea, fad or mistake he pleases, and this in the name of politics. Is not "extraordinary" a mild word with which to describe such a situation?

A 1866 reception to William J. Bryan, the distinguished American orator, journalist and private citizen, is one thing, but a 1906 ovation to William J. Bryan, the next Democratic candidate for President, is quite another. It is the most mysterious "blind pool" ever organized by misguided politicians. It is the most impolitic, foolish abdication of power on the part of a great political organization ever recorded in the history of the United States. Even the partisans of Louis Napoleon waited until they had elected him President before they made him a dictator, but the Democrats of the United States are completely abdicating their self-control and party self-government by making Mr. Bryan their party dictator before they have elected him to anything. "A mad world, my masters."

Idaho Library

The Optimist

"OPTIMISM wins," says the Hon. Chauncey M. Depew. That jaunty and joyous personage should know. He has for upward of half a century girded himself in optimism as a rhinoceros in its hide. It has carried him through years of grimacing and posturing and jest-mongering, as the court fool of the political ring. It has upheld him in his hour of discovery, of forced unmasking, of disgrace. Nothing daunts him. What though he has been discredited, tainted with the stigma of "legitimate graft"? Is he not still a Senator of the United States? How should his belief in the beneficence of the universal scheme be shaken, when he can still look across a belly well-lined to a bank account carefully fattened? "God's in His Heaven; all's right with the world," pipes Pippa Depew, feeling the sunshine of prosperity warm upon his face. Optimism wins indeed! But does Mr. Depew purpose to maintain indefinitely his corner upon the commodity? The people of the State which he misrepresents would like an opportunity of sharing it. Mr. Depew can best afford this by promptly resigning and taking his optimism with him into private life where it will be admired by all and envied by few.

Roosevelt the Radical

PARTY appellations are undergoing some pretty severe changes nowadays. What, for instance, is President Roosevelt, in the light of his message? A Republican? Not as nine-tenths of the party leaders interpret the creed. A Democrat? In many phases, yes; though no sound, traditional Democrat would admit him to the party on the strength of his latest utterance, without a declaration for tariff reform. A Socialist? Hardly. Yet Socialism will find plenty of encouragement in the Presidential document. But a radical, above all, judged by the standards of the old parties, is the Roosevelt of to-day. Income tax, inheritance tax, federal control of corporations, restriction of government by injunction, free criticism of the courts, limitation of the hours of labor, and, finally, enunciation of the principle of government ownership in the new coal lands, the output to be handled through private channels, but at such price as the government shall determine—what warrant is there in these for Theodore Roosevelt's calling himself a Republican? The President devotes a surprising amount of space to denunciation of demagogues and agitators. Is this inspired by a defensive intuition that he will, himself, be denounced, in the innermost strongholds of his party, as a demagogue and agitator, by reason of this very message? He can well afford such denunciation.

OPEN LETTER.

Salt Lake City, Utah, Jan. 22, 1907.

Inter-Mountain Republican:

That the campaign is over and that you still harp as you do this morning that Mat Daugherty of the American party is ashamed of Roosevelt, is absolutely true. I am ashamed as a life long Republican of the damnable compact he and his friends made with the Mormon Church and others in the Republican Party before him. I will give Roosevelt and his friends the credit for their deal being only an additional compact upon the greater crime of the Republican Party known as the Proctor deal for the admission of Utah and Idaho as sovereign states. Will you please answer what it cost out of the tithing fund of the Mormon church for the admission of Utah and Idaho? Will you also please answer what was the mission of Ret Clarkson (as we familiarly called him) in Salt Lake from the 31st of August, 1904 to September 5th 1904? Will you also answer what was the mission of D. E. Thompson of Lincoln, Nebraska and then Minister to Brazil, following the American Party convention that fall? He is now minister to Mexico, being transferred from Brazil. He was from my old State, Nebraska and I worked hard twice to help him be elected to the United States Senate from Nebraska. When you have answered these questions as you should readily, being on the inside. If you cannot, and you are from Missouri, at a more opportune time, I will fully enlighten you. Because I have lain silent so long and have not taken notice of the aspersions of your paper, lay not the flattering unction to your soul that I have been dead, but only sleepeth. Mat Daugherty can take care of himself in any kind of a scrap. And I am not cowed by the greatness of Teddy Roosevelt or his sycophants in Utah. I have known greater men. And how I wish now there was Zach Chandler, a Mat Carpenter, a Jim Blaine, a Roscoe Conklin or a Ben Wade in the United States Senate, the question in Utah would soon be settled.

Respectfully Yours,

MATT DAUGHERTY.

The South owes much to the negro. The negro is not a halibon. Even in slavery days the Constitution referred to the negroes as persons, dividing them into free persons and bonded persons; and I think the spirit which will settle the southern question, which is very different in its language and motive from that of the Senator from South Carolina, is expressed in what I read from another distinguished southern leader, the eloquent Grady, unhappily now gone, considerate, kindly, self-respecting, and lender:

What of the negro? This of him. I want no better friend than the black boy who was raised by my side, and who is now trodding patiently with downcast eyes and shuffling figure through his lowly way of life. I want no sweeter music than the crooning of my old "mammy," now dead and gone to rest, as I heard it when she held me in her loving arms, and bending her old black face above me stole the cares from my brain and led me smiling into sleep. I want no truer soul than that which moved the trusty slave, who for four years while my father fought with the armies that barred his freedom, slept every night at my mother's chamber door, holding her and her children as safe as if her husband stood guard, and ready to lay down his humble life on her threshold. History has no parallel to the faith kept by the negro in the South during the war.

And it was faith indeed well kept, for every negro knew that as the blue lines of the Federal Army, marching under its flag, pressed southward, it carried liberty to them, but even that did not woo them to infidelity.

Often 500 negroes to a single white man, and yet through those dusky throngs the women and children walked in safety and the unprotected homes rested in peace. Unmarshaled, the black battalions moved patiently to the fields in the morning to feed the armies their silences would have starved, and at night gathered anxiously at the big house to "hear the news from quarters," though conscious that his victory made their skulls enduring. Everywhere humble and kindly; the bodyguard of the helpless; the rough companion of the little ones; the obedient friend; the silent sentry in his lonely cabin; the shrewd doctor; and when the dead came home, a mourner at the open grave. A thousand torches would have diminished every southern army, but not one was lighted.

When the master, going to war in which slavery was involved, said to his slave: "I leave my home and loved ones in your charge," the tenderness between man and master stood disclosed. And when the slave held that charge sacred through storm and temptation he gave new meaning to faith and loyalty. I rejoice that when freedom came to him after years of waiting it was all the sweeter, because the black hands from which the shackles fell were stainless of a single crime against the helpless ones confided to his care.

These beautiful words breathe the spirit which I believe inspires the white people of the South in their efforts and purpose to work out the destiny of the Anglo-Saxon and the colored races in that region. May God lead them to a solution of the great problem which will be at once honorable and beneficent. The spirit which moves a few prominent and powerful white leaders to make and encourage constant attacks upon the colored race because of their color; to the constant assertion of their inferiority as a race; to the constant advocacy and defense of lawlessness against them is very, very far from the spirit of Walthall and of Grady and other great southerners whom I have had the honor to know; far away, I hope and believe, from the general spirit and sentiment of the South, which will be infinitely more helpful to a solution which in peace and friendliness will give scope to both races than that exhibited by my friend from South Carolina. I do not know of a more certain way to precipitate a struggle between the two races in such an environment than to be constantly violently declaring it to be imminent and inevitable.

I beg pardon of the Senate, Mr. President. [Applause in the galleries.]

ART'S USE.

ART'S use: what is it but to touch the springs
Of nature? But to hold a torch up for
Humanity in Life's large corridor,
To guide the feet of peasants and of kings!
What is it but to carry union through
Thoughts alien to thoughts kindred, and merge
The lines of color that should not diverge,
And give the sun a window to shine through!
What is it but to make the world have heed
For what its dull eyes else would hardly scan!
To draw in a stark light a shameless deed,
And show the fashion of a kingly man!
To cherish honor, and to smite all shame,
To lend hearts voices, and give thoughts a name!

GILBERT PARKER.

DRINKS OF FAMOUS MEN.

BY SAVOYARD.

Mention has been made of the fact that Gen. Fox takes his whisky straight, and if it is straight whisky he might do worse. It is effeminate, unwholesome, and un-Christian to drink your whisky mixed.

The Crescent warriors sipped their sherbet spiced.

The Julep is a provocative—even the real Julep that they concoct in Virginia and Kentucky—but when they make a "smooth" of it, as they do in New York and Philadelphia, it is an abomination. An honest punch may be sipped by fair women and tender children. Negrog is an odious mess and very deceptive. The saloon that has on hand some exceptionally execrable liquor disguises it in egg-ning and "Tom and Jerry."

If a man must drink—and all of us would be better without it—let him get the "straight goods," and drink it straight. Nearly all the whisky that is sold over the bar is "blended"—that is to say, poisoned. The government licenses this nefarious business, so provocative of sudden and premature death. The drinkers will take a barrel of real Kentucky bourbon, or real Pennsylvania rye, mix it with two barrels of that Florida vine-ness, put a little burnt sugar and parched, dried peaches in it to give it smoothness and flavor, and add to the concoction enough "head oil" to give it countenance, and that is what causes so much "heart failure" and Bright's disease that are so conspicuous in the obituary columns of the daily papers.

George Washington drank the best liquor, and he drank it straight, and the same is true of Andrew Jackson. Jackson, however, preferred his rather young, and would drink it new from the worm. On one occasion it led to me to go to Madison County, Ky., and interview Gen. Charles M. Clay. The old lion met me at the portal and gave me a hospitable reception. He showed me his parlor hall, his pictures, his books, and his weapons. Then he fetched forth liquor. The first was some brandy fifty-four years old. It was indeed and the general only produced it as a curiosity. Then he produced brandy eighteen years old, and the gods of high Olympus never quaffed mightier nectar.

That clears the head of dined later;
That cheers the heart of drinking care;
That strengthens the nerve of labor set,
As a very well,
That even brightens the Deceit
By giving wit.

I took a long drink while the general turned his back, and though it was above proof, it was mellow, grateful, agreeable. Whatever of imagination I had it awakened, all my mental energies it quickened and roused me to hang on the lips of the wonderful old man as he gave me his impressions of Russia.

It was not until the King of Day had nearly run his course in the heavens that I mounted my horse to return to Richmond, and I am nearly ready to say that that brandy was about the best liquor I ever partook of.

There is tradition that James Buchanan kept the best whisky of any of the Presidents. I have read the statement that he had in his cellar at Wheatland enormous quantities of the best rye whisky in the world when he died. It was said, and the story was told with the precision and circumstantiality that gave it the impress of truth, that whisky—that is, good whisky and such whisky as he drank—had no other numbing effect on James Buchanan than a slight exhilaration, and that he would drink a gallon of it a day without perceptible effect on his perception or the slightest disorder of his mind.

There was a story that John Tyler, when President, wanted to find out what the Democratic party was doing in the field of politics, and with that end in view selected two seasoned Virginia topics to interview Buchanan, then a Sen. in Congress, at his drink, and induce him to talk. The party met at the Astor House in New York, and shortly after midnight Tyler's emissaries were both under the table and old Buck, in full possession of all his faculties and President Tyler's political secrets, trotted off to bed.

There is a story of the cellar of another Pennsylvania statesman, Simon Cameron. It is said there were several barrels of "cherry brandy" in there that had the effect to cause any member of the Pennsylvania legislature who drank of it to vote for anything Gen. Cameron told him to vote for. Gen. Sheridan told a story of Henshaw, and one could see that the little general felt that the treatment accorded him by the mighty chancellor was invidious. It was late on the day of Sedan. Henshaw and Sheridan had witnessed the battle and the victory, and both put spurs to flank and dashed for Henshaw's quarters. Herbert Henshaw was there and his father asked for something to drink. There was just one bottle of brandy on the plate, a little more than a fifth of a gallon. This was uncorked and the chancellor put it to his mouth and drank and drank and drank, and when he had finished there was not a drop remaining for his guest. But what did Henshaw ever see that he devoted that he did not monopolize?

When Stephen A. Douglas appeared at Nashville in 1858 he drank two full goblets of fine whisky just before he began his magnificent speech: "Fellow-citizens, sixteen years ago to-day I was in Nashville, then, as now, battling for the success of the national democracy and contending for the correct construction of the national Constitution. Then I advocated the election in the Presidency an illustrious son of Tennessee, and on that same day I received the plaudit and the benediction of the sage of the Hermitage."

Some forty years ago, perhaps less, a learned clergyman of Scotland was chosen the head of one of the leading colleges of the United States. The day of his inauguration was exceedingly warm, and the reverend gentleman walked to the chapel, where a large and select audience awaited his appearance. Wiping the perspiration from his brow, the learned doctor explained: "The weather is very hot, and the whisky"—here a look of disgust on his face as his pronunciation came over his rugged features—"and the whisky, it was very mean." Perhaps the good old man had been given some of that Florida abomination and had called into it as he had been accustomed to lull his native Scotch.

Though this president of a great Presbyterian college would have his "whisky" he made his college the equal in standing of any other in America, and the youth into whom Dr. MacLeach could not implant some character was hopeless.

Temperance is an excellent thing. It is a pity that in our country drink has been assailed with so much fabrication and so much rant. We would better fight it with the better and stronger weapons of reason.

And then there is some fun in a bottle of good whisky—if we would only branch it rationally and not make legs of ourselves—good whisky, mark you.

MEN AND THINGS.

BY SAVOYARD.

A man with just a little sense of humor ought to be able to get a good deal of amusement out of the "reciprocity conferences" they had in Chicago last week. There was an abundance of eloquence, a string of resolutions, and the perfection of a permanent organization, which they called "The American Reciprocal League." Gov. Cummins was there and made a great speech. I would commend to the Governor a remark of Edgar Allan Poe: "In ratiocination, not less than in literature, it is the epigram which is the most immediately and the most universally appreciated. In both it is the lowest order of merit." The epigram is W. J. Bryan's favorite dress of an idea, as it was George Francis Train's, and is Gov. Cummins'.

Editor Roosevelt was there, too, and his mission was to discourage the whole movement. In 1891 I heard Roosevelt for two mortal hours. It was grand. I have heard Trustor Knott, Ben Butterworth, and Thomas H. Reed. I have read the courtship of "My Uncle Toby" and "Widow Washman." I have read the quarrel scene between Salvey Champ and Betty Prigg; but I do believe the funniest production that ever came under my notice was Roosevelt's speech that night urging his honors to vote as early as was practical and as often as was legal for Ben Harrison and Whitelaw Reid. On the stand with him were a congressman or two, two or three bankers, three or four lawyers, five or six merchants, and maybe a doctor or two. The speech was intended to be a serious argument. It was effective enough to convince me that Harrison would not carry Nebraska, and he didn't.

Roosevelt is a standpatter, and here he was in a den of reformers. He was in his glory, for Roosevelt, the politician, is very much like that little lawyer Daniel O'Connell called a "ram-cat"—just as pugnacious, contentious, irascible, and irresponsible. He is a typical standpatter. When two things arise at the same time, he is confident one of them is the cause of the other. But he is arbitrary even in this reasoning, and is blind to the fact that it was the effect of the legislation of the Republican Fifty-first Congress that caused the financial panic of 1893, though he would possibly not deny that if the Fifty-ninth Congress next winter re-enacted the legislation of the Fifty-first Congress we would have a panic by next summer. I don't suppose there is a standpatter in the country who would deny that proposition unless it is Roosevelt.

It seems that our reformers at Chicago are very much impressed with the "Maximum and the minimum," and for the next four or five years we will have the maximum and the minimum expounded in both Houses of Congress, in all the political newspapers, on every stump, and at every bedside.

Unfortunately there will be a difference of opinion about it. For instance, your standpatter will say that the Dingley rates must be the minimum. This new "American Reciprocal Tariff League" will contend that the Dingley rates must be the maximum. And so the whole thing is just where it has been all the time. The maximum and the minimum will only amount to some more verbiage for the standpatters and the reformers to quarrel over.

It is the opinion of the standpatter that when the country is prosperous is no time to reform the tariff. There may be said to be a period of depressed and industrial depression just as there is "fall" with the tariff. In 1893 he says just before the election was no time to deal with the tariff. In 1895 he says just after the election is no time to monkey with it. We carried the election on his promise to give the country some relief from the present tariff policy, and after he says the election was an endorsement of that policy, and he refuses relief.

The "Reciprocal League" can make up its mind to get as near as possible and save its wrath to keep it warm during the whole of the next session of Congress. That Congress will get its orders from the standpatters—the word is re-attachment. That is going to be the only cure for the deficit. There will be no river and harbor bill. There will be no omnibus public building bill. The Howe Sullaway will be ordered to go slow on pensions. Every annual appropriation bill will be loaded down with deficiency—will not a Congressional election be just ahead of them? They will keep the expenditures within the revenues—if it is in the timber, and that is doubtful.

Of course, Congress will debate the maximum and the minimum, and everybody—all shades of Republicans and all shades of Democrats—will be for it. There will be issues of eloquence fired at the question, and it will serve to amuse the country several years, and then drop into banqueting demerolite, as has reciprocity. Ten years ago you could not have found with a search warrant a Republican opposed to reciprocity. Now a Republican Congressman in favor of reciprocity speaks in whispers.

There was some talk at Chicago that is calculated to put somebody to thinking. It was that we have a foreign trade "that is in need of protection." That is curious. It is dangerous. What does it mean? Why, it means that the home market has been coddled long enough, and that the country is big enough, rich enough, viable enough, energetic enough, skillful enough, and brave enough to go out and capture foreign markets.

Those foreign markets are now essentially monopolized by free trade England, and no country that taxes free raw materials or expeditiously "protects" finished products will ever drive England out of those markets.

That proposition is axiomatic. Head it in the beggarly 3 per cent. of manufactured products that is embraced in our exports, and that 3 per cent. would not be 1 per cent. If our protected manufacturers did not hustle them out of the country to get them out of the home market, of which they have the monopoly.

There is much to be said in politics—and that "protected foreign trade" is good—it is excellent, and likely to embarrass Uncle Samson and the lesser standpatters.

Reflected Fame.

From the Chicago Tribune.

"I beg your pardon for starting at you," said the passenger in the skull cap, "but your face is strikingly familiar to me. And yet I can't place you."

"Oh, that's all right," responded the other passenger. "Everybody starts at me. I look just like my twin brother, who was cured of a case of rheumatism and neuritis of fourteen years' standing, as you remember, by taking half a dozen bottles of Dr. Kibbold's celebrated Kneecapout Mixture."

Then, to show that his head was not turned by the distinction, he entered affably into conversation with the man in the skull cap concerning the weather, the peace conference, and the crop outlook.

HIS ADVICE TO THE WORLD

Time is money.

Make haste slowly.

Forewarned, forearmed.

Little strokes fell great oaks.

There are no gains without pains.

He has paid dear for his whistle.

Eat to live, and not live to eat.

A good example is the best sermon.

Three removes are as bad as a fire.

One today is worth two tomorrows.

God helps them that help themselves.

Constant dropping wears away stones.

Married in haste, repent at leisure.

He that goes a-borrowing goes a-sorrowing.

Fools make feasts and wise men eat them.

God heals, and the doctor takes the fees.

Keep thy shop and thy shop will keep thee.

There never was a good war or a bad peace.

It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright.

When the well's dry we know the worth of water.

Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time.

In this world nothing is certain but death and taxes.

Never leave that till tomorrow which you can do today.

If you'd have a seryant that you like, serve yourself.

If you would have your business done, go! If not, send!

Those have a short Lent who owe money to be paid at Easter.

Beware of little expenses; a small leak will sink a great ship.

Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other.

Idleness and pride tax with a heavier hand than kings and parliaments.

Early to bed and early to rise,

Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise.

Vessels large may venture more,

But little boats should keep near shore.

THE WORLD'S OPINION OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

Franklin is the world's best type of good sense.—Professor Fisher.

Antiquity would have raised altars to his mighty genius.—Mirabeau.

He invented the lightning-rod, the hoax and the Republic.—H. de Balzac.

That crafty American is more than a match for all my Ministers.—George III.

Where is the master who could have instructed Franklin? Every great man is unique.—Emerson.

He snatched the thunderbolt from heaven, and the scepter from the hands of the tyrant.—Turgot.

This self-taught American is the most rational of all philosophers. He never loses sight of common sense.—Lord Jeffrey.

Franklin is one of that very small class of men who can be said to have added something of real value to the art of living.—Locky.

Franklin, type of the age, of the movement of Locke and Rousseau; a philosopher, but philosophy with a religious element.—Martin.

He is one whom all Europe holds in high esteem for his knowledge and wisdom, ranking him with our Boyles and Newtons. He is an honor not to the English nation only, but to human nature.—Lord Chatham.

America has sent us many good things: gold, silver, sugar, tobacco and indigo, but you are the first philosopher, and, indeed, the first great man of letters, for whom we are beholden to her.—Hume.

The subject of this inquest conducted an advice factory in the shape of an almanac. His product was unusually good. His specialty was to advise everybody to get busy, keep busy, and save all he could.—G. A. Post.

A singular felicity of induction guided all his researches; by very small means he established very great truths. The style and matter of his publications are almost as worthy of admiration as the doctrines they contain. He has written equally for the uninitiated and the philosophers.—Davy.

It is quite certain that Franklin had a genius for putting things which made him almost independent of schools. In clearness, in precision of statement, in capacity to clear his current writing of all useless words, he was, I think, about the first among Americans to prove himself a master of art in language.—D. G. Mitchell ("Ik Marvel").

BORAH'S ADDRESS.

It was Eloquent, Temperate, Convincing.

Governor Hunt's Administration Extorts \$64,000 More Annually from the People, than the Republicans Did.

GOVERNOR HUNT'S CONCEPTION OF AN HONEST MAN.

The White Pine Deal—\$10,000,000 Lost to the School and Other Funds in This Alone.

Confession 1902

In attendance, in enthusiasm, and in results the meeting that was addressed here last Saturday evening by the Hon. W. E. Borah, a candidate for the United States Senate, stands alone. There never was such another here.

The stage was completely concealed with bunting and garlanded with flags, and two rows of blooming plants in the front completed a very pretty scene.

The meeting was called to order by S. D. Boone, of the State Central Committee, who called for music by the Halley Band.

A choir composed of ladies and gentlemen sang "America," while the audience sang and joined in the chorus.

State timber lands in detail. Briefly stated they are like this: The Republicans refused to sell the timber lands given to the State to support the public schools and other institutions until they could get something near their value. The Hunt administration had sold to two monopolies the only extensive tract of white pine still in existence. This timber is of such value that, when manufactured, it sells for \$21.50 to \$20 per 1000 at the mill. Governor Hunt and his land board sold it for 90 cents per 100, and had thrown in besides all the fir, tamarack, and other timber mixed with the white pine. The favored monopolies boasted that this timber thrown in for good measure would not only pay for all the white pine, but net them enormous sums of money besides—millions of dollars.

In these transactions Governor Hunt sold for \$2,000,000 white pine worth at least \$12,000,000. He thus lost \$10,000,000 of our school and institutional funds, besides other matters of dollars on the account of fir and other timber sold to these monopolies.

Referring to the Penitentiary scandals Mr. Borah made a partial list of State property sent to the ranch of the warden's brother, and he said that it was not surprising that the Governor had hurriedly stopped the investigation. There is no telling what more would have been found out if it had continued.

Commenting upon the fact that \$16,000 sent to the Normal school has disappeared without a single voucher to show what had become of it, and to the "arrangement" by which Governor Hunt gave to the new Bank of Commerce of Boise the use of the insurance deposits of funds in contrasted with the manner exhibited that the kind of man that Governor Hunt, knowing all this, upheld as honest, is not the kind that most people would associate with.

Mr. Borah rebuked the ladies that Governor Hunt and whistled well after the Legislature adjourned in order to prevent the people from going to their respective homes and to their respective property, and he asked them if they would vote to reelect him in order to enable him to again deny them their rights.

comparisons, with neither of the candidates as an excuse.

There was only one speaker. This was Mr. Borah, who held his audience for two hours. His address was not uneventful. It was a typical stump speech, in which the facts, statistics, and conclusions presented kept the audience listening, interested and laughing by turns.

MR. BORAH'S ADDRESS.

After thanking the audience for its attendance, Mr. Borah reprobated the people of Idaho upon the fact that they had this year the opportunity of voting a ticket every name upon which represented a good, clean, capable citizen.

The Hon. Lathalon Price, the nominee for District Judge, is one of the leading lawyers not only of Idaho but of the northwest. He is worthy of a seat in any tribunal.

Captain Lusk, our nominee for the State Senate, has spent his mature years in developing our resources, and he, as well as his associates on the legislative ticket, could be depended to faithfully and ably look after the interests of Blaine county and its people at Boise, regardless of partisanship.

The speaker could say as much for every man on the ticket. The people of Blaine county would vote it from top to bottom without any misgivings.

In referring to the Hunt administration Mr. Borah explained that he did not intend to criticize or renege it as a Democratic administration. Only two Democrats were on the ticket, and what had been done by Governor Hunt and his administration could not be charged to the Democratic party. Even the Democrats did not claim it as a Democratic administration. If after he got through with this part of his address, the Democrats wished to claim Governor Hunt and his administrative acts as Democratic, they would be welcome to do so.

Governor Hunt claimed that under his and the preceding administration the tax levy for State purposes was reduced from \$4 to 45 cents. But during that time the assessable property of the State has increased from \$25,000,000 to \$42,000,000. Besides, in addition to the tax levy, the State received about \$25,000 annually from the tax on the insurance business, and \$20,000 from other new sources. So that the Hunt administration extracted from the taxpayers \$14,000 per annum more than the McCannell administration has ever.