

certain the confidential and other reasons for forcing Prof. Ross to resign, has reported that the action of Mrs. Stanford in asking Prof. Ross's dismissal involved no infringement of the right of free speech.

IN CONGRESS.

This report is an abstract of the Congressional Record, and closes with the last issue of that publication at hand upon going to press.

January 21-26, 1901.

Senate.

The 21st was spent in considering the legislative, executive and judicial appropriation bill. It was further considered on the 22d, when also a concurrent resolution providing for counting the electoral vote in joint session on Wednesday, February 13, at one o'clock, was adopted, together with a senate resolution relative to the death of Queen Victoria. On the 23d the legislative, executive and judicial appropriation bill was passed, after which the ship subsidy bill was taken up. The ship subsidy bill gave way on the 24th to the Indian appropriation bill. The miscellaneous business of this day included the adoption of a resolution offered by Pettigrew directing the secretary of war to inform the senate whether A. Mabini, a Filipino statesman resident at Manila, has been deported. Also a report from the committee on the Philippines reporting adversely the Teller resolution authorizing the printing as a document of the Philippine petition which had been read in the senate on the 10th. Senator Towne introduced a joint resolution on the 25th (page 1569), guaranteeing independence to the Philippines; and consideration of the Indian appropriation bill was resumed. The 26th was spent in consideration of the same bill.

House.

Conferees on the army bill were appointed on the 21st, and bills on the criminal law and for the protection of birds, etc., in the District of Columbia were passed. On the 22d, after considering and passing a bill to extend the mining laws to saline lands, and considering the District of Columbia appropriation bill in committee of the whole, the house adopted a resolution relative to the death of Queen Victoria, and adjourned for the day as a mark of respect to her memory. Consideration of the District of Columbia appropriation bill was resumed on the 23d, and the bill was passed, whereupon the naval appropriation bill was taken up in committee of the whole. Its consideration was resumed on the 24th, and further on the 25th. On the latter day the conference report on the army bill was submitted and adopted. Conferees on the legislative, executive and judicial appropriation bill were appointed on the 26th, and after considering the postal codification bill in committee of the whole the day's session closed with memorial speeches on the late Senator John H. Gear, of Iowa.

MISCELLANY

THE PHILIPPINES.

(1898-1901.)

For The Public.

Alas, for high emprise!
For valor vainly spent!
The faith of a nation vowed,
Like broken reed is bent.
No arm of foemen dealt
A worse than foemen's blow—
It was a traitor-hand
That laid our honor low.
Wipe off—wipe off the stain
Upon our shield, to-night—
The blood of those we pledged
To succor in their fight.
Their fight, unequal waged,
'Gainst power enthroned long!

Did we the wronger doom,
But to espouse the wrong?

Oh, God, that we should prove
False to a brother's trust!
And, unassailed, should lay
Our forehead in the dust!
That we, for sordid gain,
Our heritage forego—
The glory of the soul
That only freemen know!

How burn the brands of Cain!
How doth the Judas kiss
Upon the lying lip
Turn to a serpent's hiss!
Of honor and of truth,
Of Liberty, to prate!
And with assassin soul
To dare to challenge Fate!

Is this our high degree?
The foremost heir of Time!
Immortal shall we prove
In baseness and in crime?
Wipe off—wipe off the stain.
(Once burnished was the shield!)
While yet the heavens wait,
Our tardy justice yield.

Rekindle, while we may,
Our sacred altar's fires!
Have we the past forgot?
Unworthy of our sires!
Snatch from the grasp of Greed
The torch that Freedom gave
To light a land redeemed—
It gleams not on a slave!

FRANCES M. MILNE.

A RUSSIAN ON THE NEGRO.

From an interview with the Russian pianist, Ossif Gabrielowitsch, published in the Chicago Chronicle of January 17.

"One thing that I cannot understand," he said, running his hands through his hair, "is the manner in which the American people regard the negro. In my country, we had slavery long before it was introduced into the United States, but with its abolition all feeling of caste vanished and to-day the sons of former serfs are eligible, if they are fitted, to the positions of highest trust in the nation. And we are not regarded as a republic, either.

"Then, again, the colored man is really superior to the white man in one way. He is a born musician. I have found that music is nearly always the expression of the highest intellectuality, and the negro is really one of the first musicians in the world. His ear is true and his songs are beautiful, appealing to the senses as perhaps but few compositions of other races do. His songs are not savage or barbaric, but some of them are really grand in their conception."

AN APPEAL TO FARMERS.

Extracts from an article on "Farmers' Problems," in the January number of the Philadelphia Farm Journal.

It is time that the voice of the peacemaker be raised in the world, considering what is going on in the way of ac-

tual war, and in preparation for future conflicts between nations. . . . Poor, decrepit old Spain, after 300 years of effort to rule a people who wanted to rule themselves, steps down and out, and America steps into her place, takes up the yoke of conquest, and is preparing to place it upon the necks of the little brown people of the Philippine archipelago, who struggled for three centuries against the foreign intruder. . . .

It is hard to realize that the land of Washington has sent 100,000 soldiers into distant Asia, and over half its navy, to subdue a race of little brown men aspiring and fighting for liberty, of whose very existence three years ago we knew nothing. It is past belief! . . .

We believe we voice the sentiments and consciences of the millions of farmers of America, whose sons have borne the brunt of the conflict thus far, whose shoulders will have to bear the burden of future taxation and debt, when we declare that it is time to be magnanimous, to be generous, to be just; it is time to let the little fellow up; it is time to build up rather than to destroy; that we have had enough of heathen war and want Christian peace.

RELIGION IS THE WORKING PRINCIPLE OF LIFE.

The church is no "salvation zoo." Religion is not an "autopsy." Christianity is not a wayside dream. It is a working principle of life. The Sermon on the Mount is the most radical reform speech ever uttered. There is no question which touches deeply the welfare of men, which is not in the last analysis a religious question. This idea is fast gaining ground, and it is well for the world that it is.

But this old notion that religion ought to make a specialty of ghosts and let the devil make a special business of the affairs of this world—this notion has prevailed so long that when the preachers do get out and try to do something for the common weal, they are so amateurish about it, they have so little faith in men, they are so superficial in their grasp of the problems they grapple with, and they bring so many of their theological airs with them and blunder so, that it is little wonder that some should suggest that they were not intended for such things.

But then they are learning, and we ought to be charitable. And it would be easier to be charitable if it did not sometimes seem that they were very long on evils on which their congre-

gations are with them, and very short on much greater evils which their congregations happen to approve of. I do not suppose that preachers are any worse, or any better, than the congregations they preach to. Doubtless they are all unconscious enough that there is anything in sight worse than a prize fight, against which they may direct their guns. Assuming that the idea has never occurred to them, it might be well to state, that to some of us they appear very much in the lights of men who strain at a gnat and swallow a camel.—Rev. H. S. Bigelow, of Cincinnati.

HOW THE FIFTEEN CENTS A DAY PLAN FAILED TO WORK.

Julius Filmor's board is costing the citizens of Cook county 17 cents more each day than the sum he had allotted for the maintenance of his wife, two children and himself. Filmor was the first member of the Ghetto colony to practice the innovation in domestic economics promulgated in the walls of the University of Chicago, and the finale of his experiment is the occupancy of a cell in the county jail.

The prisoner is a mattress maker, and formerly resided at 188 Mather street. Three months ago Filmor announced to his wife that the great minds of his adopted country had evolved the theory that one dollar a week was sufficient money to expend for ordinary household expenses. He informed her that that amount would be tendered her each week, and that in addition to the fare that had been set before him he in the future would expect delicacies and fancy desserts. He would keep the remainder of his salary to entertain his friends and indulge in unlimited pinochle during his leisure hours.

The first week of the experiment proved a flat failure, and sympathetic female neighbors who were watching the experiment with deep foreboding contributed enough viands to quiet the wails of the Filmor progeny. The next week the unfortunate wife, by doing the family washing for other residents, was enabled to fill the family board. Several times the police of the Maxwell street station were called in to allay the arguments aroused by the discussion of the sociological problem that was so warmly advocated by the men friends of Filmor and usually rebutted by brooms or flatirons in the hands of their wives.

It was decided by the women that the experiment must be proved a failure and no more help extended to Mrs.

Filmor. The following week ended the experiment. Although all edibles are retailed at microscopic prices in the Ghetto, the amount of money given the woman was not sufficient. Filmor reproached his wife for her extravagance, and, when she remonstrated, struck her. He was arrested and held under peace bonds. On his release he disappeared, and was not seen until arrested by Detectives Keefe and Hageman.

"I thought he was an anarchist when we arrested him," said Detective Keefe. "I asked him why he didn't support his wife, and he jabbered something and waved a paper at me, and pointed to a column that was smeared with thumb marks. It was some kind of a table fixed up by some university women and showed how a family ought to live on one dollar a week and gain weight every day."—Chicago Tribune.

FOR THOSE WHO ARE LEFT.

In a decent world, nothing which is universal and inevitable can be hideous. Its settings may be cruel; but Death itself is not hard—as probably all know who have often faced the grey Change. Nor have I ever seen one die afraid. The swift pat of a bullet, the sweet drowsiness of mortal cold, the queer, weak content of an unstanched bleeding, the mechanical halt of breath in a peaceful bed—none of that is hard. It is easy to die. It is not even an effort.

To live is work. Inside us, but without our mandate, our ceaseless navvies of heart and lungs toil over their unbroken tread-mill. That two-pound valve—the only muscle which is independent of its landlord's will—lifts more in a lifetime than its 200-pound owner could. And all this strange, involuntary, tremendous engineery travails without rest that we may be things that beyond it all shall, for ourselves, toil and hope, win and lose, love bitter-sweet, and be bereaved even as we love; that we shall have our faiths and our doubtings, our ideals and our disillusiones, our joys and our agonies. If it were as cruel to die as to be left, the world would be a madhouse. But it is no trouble to die.

But we who must now stay this side that impenetrable door our hopes have passed—how shall we do? Shall we beat upon its unechoing panel, and cry aloud? Shall we lie dumb beside it, useless to them that are still unshowered as to him who has passed through? Shall we treat it as a special trap laid by Providence to pinch Us? Is it an affront and robbery? A personal spite of heaven upon our marked head? Shall we be broken, or bitter, or hardened?

Or shall we go on the more like men, for having now all man's burdens, in the ranks that need us? Shall we envy them that are spared our pain, or find new sympathy for the innumerable company that have tasted the cup before us, and the greater hosts that shall taste it after? Shall we "won't play" because the game is against us? Or play the more steadily and the more worthily for very love and honor of the dead?

They who have lived and suffered should be able to understand the springs of human action. I can comprehend how men lie, steal, murder. Even how men, for a child's death, curse God—and accurse all in His image that are bounden to them. They see it that way—and man always justifies himself somehow for whatever he does. But, from another point of view, that all seems impudent and cowardly. If a man cared really more for his child than for himself, should it not occur to him that the only thing he can do now for that promoted soul is to be worthier to have begotten it? To be a wiser man, a juster man, a tenderer man; a little gentler to the weak, a little less timorous of "advantage," a little more unswerving in duty as I see it, a little more self-searching to be sure I see it straight—what else can I do for my little boy? It is good to remember; but the vitality of remembering is to Do for its sake.—Charles F. Lummis, in Land of Sunshine for January.

ROOSEVELT IN COLORADO.

There was peace within the borders of Colorado. From the square corners of the centennial state to the rock-ribbed center thereof nothing out of the ordinary was taking place. The inhabitants, who had recently voted with some unanimity and enthusiasm for free silver, were industriously engaged in mining and prospecting for gold worth 100 cents on the dollar.

The higher mountain peaks, covered with snow 50 feet in depth, severely majestic, towered above the verdant and sleepy valleys. On the continental divide the mercury sank out of sight in the bulbs of glistening thermometers. In the benignant valleys the jocund silver thread climbed nimbly to the top of the tube.

As men went merrily but methodically to and fro they discussed the singular fate of two brothers, encountered on the same day, one of whom had fallen a victim to some sort of tropical distemper in one of the valleys and the other of whom had frozen to death at about the same hour at an elevation of 10,000 feet, a mile or more above the timber line.