

absolutely representative organization ever brought together; not of people merely, but of professions and classes. The United States House of Representatives is largely composed of lawyers and professional politicians; the House of Commons of "gentlemen"; the Chambre of journalists and men of letters.

Not so the Douma. An analysis of the professions of the members shows that twenty-three are lawyers, fifteen professors, six teachers, fifteen doctors, nine authors, seventy-five "Zemstvo specialists" (that is to say, men who have devoted themselves to the work of local governing bodies, men of means generally), twelve rich land-owners, ten marshals of nobility, two engineers, nine "functionaries" (men appointed by favor to sinecures in connection with public affairs), seven common school teachers, four Greek priests, three Roman Catholic priests, three Mohammedan mollahs, one Jewish rabbi, one Romanist bishop, fifteen workmen, four merchants, two manufacturers, two students and one hundred and sixty-six peasants. The atmosphere of the ensemble is, at first glance, intellectual, but the peasants and workmen together form a powerful block to any step proposed by the intellectuals that does not meet with their approval. They, too, are the real radicals, the Extreme Left of the Douma. The intellectuals mostly belong to the Constitutional Democratic Party. The program of this party is rather a good one on the face of it, but most of the members are cautious, squeamish about spilling more blood, and inclined to be humble and mild in their language. They crave the Emperor's grace, for example, for the political amnesty, while the peasants and the workmen say: "We ask nothing. We demand not grace and pardon, but justice." It is generally held by both parties that political prisoners are all guiltless of crime. The "Rights" form so small a group that they are entirely without influence.

The opening sessions of this remarkable body were characterized by orderliness, clearness, and real eloquence. There was much of amateurish enthusiasm, but this is not to be wondered at. The first business session was on Saturday, May 12. The President, who had been elected on Thursday, and had immediately adjourned the House that he might announce his election to the emperor on Friday, called the Douma to order at eleven o'clock. The reading of the congratulatory telegrams consumed more than half an hour, when the House proceeded to the election of vice-president, secretaries and other officers. A quarter past seven in the evening a brief adjournment was suggested for supper. But the peasants rose en masse and said no. The routine business of elections was meaningless to them. They had been sent to Petersburg by their village folk and neighbors to gain land and freedom. They were willing to sit patiently through any amount of procedure which the intellectuals told them was necessary, but eat they would not until they had done some business. The peasants carried the vote and the House sat for ten hours without a recess.

Another interesting scene was witnessed when the question came up: Should the Douma attend the reception given in its honor by the city of St.

Petersburg? The workmen replied: "If the city of St. Petersburg has money to spend in banqueting us, let them give it to the unemployed of the city, of whom there are so many." The intellectuals said: "We can attend no banquets or festivities while so many of our former colleagues are in prison or in exile. Until the amnesty is declared we will not make merry." And so the Douma continued sitting on the night of the banquet and reception.

In the lobby that night I met a white-haired peasant in high boots wandering about among the brilliantly attired officers, diplomatic corps, and distinguished visitors, favored by cards of admission to this first session. Supposing him to be a deputy, I asked him what was his constituency. He told me that he was not a deputy to the Douma, but had come from a government in the interior, as an "overseer," sent by his village to watch the delegates and see that they did what they had promised they would do. Later I learned that there were about ten such "overseers" who had been sent to Petersburg on a like mission. . . .

"L'Etat—c'est moi."

The Douma—it is the Russian state. If the Emperor bows to the dictum all may yet be peace in Russia. Otherwise—terrible bloodshed is inevitable.

Whether this Douma last a month or a year one thing it has clearly demonstrated. The Russian people—even peasants and workmen and professional men, thrown higgledy-piggledy together—have the instinct for self-government. The details of adjustment, of getting into harness, may be accompanied by many hitches, but in the end a government of the people for the people and by the people is assured in Russia. A strong military opposition may delay the advent of this democracy, but no power on earth can eventually cope with an overpowering idea. Revolution is an idea. Democracy is an idea. The people of Russia as a whole believe in that idea. Thousands have died for it. Thousands more are ready to die for it to-morrow if need be. The Douma in this one week of its existence has demonstrated that—and the ultimate practicability of all that that idea carries with it, in the hands of the Russian people. Therefore it may be accepted—the day of democracy has dawned in Russia.

\* \* \*

## IT MAY HAVE BEEN TRUE, BUT—?

For The Public.

Ever since the day that Juggles persuaded me to hang up my stocking on the Fourth of July, and outraged my youthful confidence by putting a corn cob in it, I have had doubts as to the veracity of all mankind. The more adjectives and the stronger the hysterics in the tale, the greater becomes my doubt, so that the lumber attic of my brain is crowded with a lot of things that I do not believe.

I have even come to doubt the truth of the proposition that a protective tariff makes wages high, although it has been enforced upon my mind with all the adjectives in the dictionary and with train loads of hysterics.

# Publishers' Column

## The Public

It is not desirable to say anything about the tariff at present, as it will be absolute cruelty to shake the faith of the people who do believe in it. It would be like depriving a child of its favorite toy, and in my present mood I cannot bear to see so much agony.

Mention of these things is made in order that the reader may be on his guard as to the assertions set down in the following tale, which was given to me in strict confidence by Boggs with a solemn affirmation that it is founded on facts and therefore absolutely true.

Facts are stubborn things, and in my experience they are often manifestly false and made for the occasion, so I avail myself of the right to doubt. I am easily induced to believe a lie if it is not labeled, but when a fact is thrown at me I want to know what campaign committee got it up before I take it to my bosom and cherish it.

Boggs says that his sisters' cousin knew a man that lived in a little town, not a hundred miles from Chicago in the State of Illinois, on a snug little farm of about one hundred and sixty acres.

The reader will observe the careful accuracy of this statement. There is no positive assertion that the farm contained one hundred and sixty acres, it might be more and it might be less, and it might be more or less than one hundred miles from Chicago, and nothing is said about the size of the town that could contain a farm of one hundred and sixty acres and still leave room for the rest of the inhabitants.

The candor appears to be a little too prominent and calculated to deceive, so the reader is cautioned to extra vigilance in perusing the rest of the Boggs tale.

The man that lived on the farm was a Quaker, and firmly believed in non-resistance. When his neighbor's bull threw him over the fence, he showed no anger, but sent a written apology to the neighbor, hoping the bull was not hurt and offering free pasturage for him for the rest of the summer. He would not allow any kind of a weapon on his premises, and on one occasion went to jail in a futile endeavor to avoid the payment of a war tax.

The Quaker had a neighbor whose farm adjoined upon the north side, and this neighbor was almost as peaceful as the Quaker, although he kept in the house an ancient shot gun, to the great alarm and little harm of the ducks in the spring and fall. Boggs's sisters' cousin knew both these peaceable farmers, and he it was that planted the seed of evil in the Quaker mind by commenting on his utterly defenseless condition.

"Now, here's Biles," he said, "with a double barreled shot gun and two hundred buckshot cartridges to fit the bore. What would you do if Biles should make an attack on you?"

"I shouldn't do a thing," replied the Quaker. "I'd turn over the place to him and move out. But there is not the remotest probability that Biles will attack me. He attends to his business and I attend to mine, and that keeps both of us busy."

"But Biles has a shot gun and some time he might come over here when he ain't busy and shoot you and your family. In that case you would not have time to turn over the place. You wouldn't

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even have time to run. He might even shoot your dog, and you haven't a solitary thing to defend yourself with."

"God forbid that I should rely on carnal weapons," said the Quaker, turning sadly away.

But the seed was sown if Boggs is to be believed, and the next day the Quaker went to town and bought a shot gun and a revolver. Before he had fully mastered the use of these weapons rumors came that his neighbor's boy had traded his hunting dog for a rifle. Then he began to realize his utterly defenseless condition. What could he do with a shot gun against a rifle? He left his plow standing in the field and went to town and bought two of the latest pattern of long range repeating rifles. Then he felt safe for a short time. Then in testing his rifles he killed a calf and two hogs in his neighbor's pasture, and rumors came thick and fast that his neighbor's boys had formed a military company with guns and brass mounted uniforms and everything else that goes with the art of war, including two field pieces. And then his utterly defenseless condition overwhelmed him. He mortgaged his farm and bought two Gatling guns and a disappearing breech-loading gun, which he mounted in an abandoned cellar on his farm. The disappearing gun went off before he was ready and tore down his neighbor's smoke house, and then the Town Supervisor made an affidavit that the Quaker was insane and was dissipating all his property, and he was arrested and tried before the County Court.

The report of this trial is said by Boggs to be the most remarkable thing in all the legal annals of the state.

The Quaker proved by dozens of his neighbors that he was in an utterly defenseless condition at the beginning, while his neighbor was armed. He only sought to put himself in a safe condition; and he proved by all the military authorities in the world, and by the speeches and arguments of all the great statesmen of the earth, including President Roosevelt, that the only way that we can have peace is to fight for it; and that the only way to fight is to get the biggest guns and the biggest war ships and the biggest armies of any in the world; and that he was only doing in a small way what all the great nations of the earth are constantly doing.

The prosecutor reminded him that there was no danger of any attack from his neighbors; and he replied that as far as he could see that no nation that behaved itself was in any danger of attack either, and that if the example of the nations was only a little better, individual crimes might not be so frequent. His defense was so strong and so extremely logical that the jury pronounced him insane on the first ballot, and it is said that he is now in the asylum among the incurables.

While again cautioning the reader as to the improbability of this tale, it may not be out of order to remark that a man cannot in the present state of public opinion be truly patriotic without wrapping the flag around him and going out to kill somebody; that to doubt our ability to whip the whole world is constructive treason, and that big appropriations for big battleships and other sanguinary

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purposes are vastly more popular than small appropriations for peaceful purposes that tend toward the abolition of fighting. Be it as it may, no reasonable being can understand why the jury found the Quaker insane.

JACKSON BIGGLES.

\* \* \*

**THE BIRTH-THROES OF DEMOCRACY**

We are living in a revolution. Those of us who believe that revolution to be in a direction that is good may speak of it as a renaissance. We believe it to be a renaissance; a new birth of energy and thought; a new birth ushered in, in large part, by libraries and schools. The people are learning to decide and to rule. The libraries, the schools, and the press are doing this, and it is one of those movements which, once started, can no more be stopped by speeches than an avalanche or the French Revolution could be so stopped. The difference is that knowledge and thought are the safest things we have, and that therefore our changes, our revolutions, may be peaceful.

"Popular forms of government," says Froude, "are possible only when individual men can govern their own lives on moral principles, and when duty is of more importance than pleasure, and justice than material expediency." Hence the great note that ordinary, private ethics play in the more significant political discussions of our day.

Democracy, said Carlyle, is not a Morrison's pill. It is not something that we can swallow in a moment and be cured of every illness while we sleep. It is a living ideal and a rule of conduct, and public life to-day is feeling the throes of its new birth: of the attempt to bring into the world industrial as well as political equality. There will be discouragements, there will be ebb and flow of temper in the public, but in the end life will be better for the unprivileged many than it would be without the new gospel of knowledge and democracy, a gospel, when it is understood, not of discouragement but of light.—Collier's Weekly.

\* \* \*

**OUR NEW NAVY.**

What shall we do with all the ships  
That we are building new?  
Satan will find some mischief still  
For idle ships to do.

—Ariel.

\* \* \*

"Ruggles, you've improved the looks of that house of yours wonderfully in the last few months. It's one of the most attractive properties on the street now."

"Yes; that's the trouble. It has attracted the attention of the assessor and three or four burglars since I fixed it up."

—Chicago Tribune.

\* \* \*

A doctor prescribed rest and change for a small girl, saying that her system was quite upset. After he had gone, the little girl said, "I knew I was upset,

**Announcements**

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Brooklyn, N. Y.—The Rev. Quincy Ewing, of Birmingham, Ala., will preach at the Church of the Holy Trinity on all the Sunday mornings of July.

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