

more of "Rooseveltism" and all that the term implies in connection with our national policies.

CHICAGO TRACTION.

Chicago Record-Herald (Ind. Rep. and pro-ord.), Sept. 15.—The mayor has shown that he does not propose to act precipitately, that he wishes the people who are opposed to the ordinance to have abundant opportunity to register a protesting petition. Nor are the friends of the ordinance inclined to insist that just so many names shall be brought in. It is not a question of a certain percentage, but of a big enough showing to prove that the opposition is of serious proportions. This, at least, is the view of the Record-Herald, which has indicated clearly heretofore why without such a showing it would not defer action.

Chicago Daily News (Ind. and pro-ord.), Sept. 14.—It is a mere committee report as it stands. Its main features are admirable and have received general approval from persons who see the folly of a battle for so-called immediate municipal ownership regardless of the vast difficulties in the way. Still, the ordinance requires amendment to secure better city control. Loose grants of "switches" and "connections," as well as other wide-open privileges, will have to be narrowed down before the ordinance can be chilled acceptable. It needs to be changed in various ways to safeguard the people's rights and insure the best possible service.

Chicago Examiner (Dem. and anti-ord.), Sept. 13.—Some of the hired agents of this mammoth steal have pretended to argue in the traction newspapers that it would not be possible to take over the roads now because the attempt would involve years of litigation. It will require exactly as much litigation 13 years from now, or 50 years from now, or any other number of years from now. Whenever the city may undertake to buy the roads the gentlemen that have enjoyed fat dividends from public plunder are certain to resort to the courts to try to save the good thing they have had from us for so long. If litigation is a bar now it is a bar always and municipal ownership is forever impossible. But the argument about litigation is no more made in good faith than this lying ordinance is offered in good faith.

Chicago Tribune (Rep. and pro-ord.), Sept. 14.—The Mayor is in favor of the ordinance. The Council is likely to be in favor of it. If the petition for a referendum vote on it fails to get the requisite number of names the ordinance is likely to become law. Citizens who believe that the ordinance would be good for the city ought to want it to become law as soon as possible. They are under no legal or moral compulsion to sign a petition or to do any other act, which might delay or prevent it from becoming law. The Mayor has said that if the requisite number of names were not secured for the petition he would assume that the people were in favor of it and would advise the Council to proceed to passing it. The way therefore to show the Mayor that you are in favor of the ordinance is to refrain from signing the petition. The negative act of not signing the petition amounts to the positive act of voting for the ordinance.

THIBET.

Chicago Chronicle (Rep.), Sept. 13.—Having concluded a "treaty" with the dalai lama, it is announced that John Bull will now evacuate Lhasa. If you have a few hundred years to spare just sit down and watch the evacuation.

"Do you remember his name?"

"I don't have to. My wife remembers it. All I have to remember about him is that he knows me. My wife remembers all the rest."—Life.

MISCELLANY

THE SONG OF THE RETREATING RUSSIAN ARMIES.

We're marching on to freedom, in the dark before the dawning;

The shells are bursting round us, and the shrapnel shriek on high.

We're marching on to freedom, through the black and bloody morning;

A crimson thread is in the east, and creeps along the sky.

We're hopelessly defeated: let the joyous news be shouted.

Our armies are in full retreat, and soon we shall be free.

Outfought and outmaneuvered, outflanked and raked and routed,

Two hundred thousand beaten men are singing like the sea.

Our forces fill the valleys full: the plain is overflowing;

Our bayonets clothe the trampled earth like fields of sioping corn.

Above the distant mountain tops, the light is slowly growing;

A scarlet cord is in the east, and soon it will be morn.

O grave, where is thy victory? O death, where is thy stinging?

We die that Russia may be free; we lose that she may gain.

There's blood upon the road we take, but still we take it singing.

Our triumph is in our defeat, our glory in our pain.

We're marching on to freedom through the blood-red light of morning;

The cannon roar behind us, and the dead are falling fast.

You can see our patient faces, in the crimson of the dawning;

We've suffered through the weary night, but day has come at last.

For we're beaten—beaten—beaten! Let the joyous news be shouted;

We've lost the tyrant's battle now, and soon we shall be free.

Wronged, robbed, oppressed, tormented, imprisoned, exiled, knouted,

A hundred million Russian Slavs are rising like the sea.

—Bertrand Shadwell, in the Chicago Evening Post.

HUMANITY IN THE RANKS.

From "Notes from the Doukhobor Land," by Joseph Elkinton, published in the Friends' Intelligencer, of August 3, 1902.

The Patriarch [Ivan Mahortov] gave us some of his experiences during the 28 years he served in the Russian navy. From 1840 to 1853 he had no active service. Then the Crimean war opened, and he was stationed on the warship Catherine II., then anchored off Sevastopol. . . .

The united fleets of England, France and Turkey then concentrated their attack on Sevastopol, anchoring at Eupatoria. As the Russians had no mounted artillery, the Russian sailors carried their guns and cannon on shore. . . .

Mahortov said: "At least three times during the siege of the city when the batteries on either side were decimating the ranks of the other, and these were being immediately replaced," he heard repeatedly the appeals from the enemy in these words: "Brethren, Russ (Russians) don't hit—fire aside;" and the Russians responded: "Fire aside, brother." "After this," the old man told us, with tears in his eyes, "there was no more carnage, and would to God that men and angels might never witness such hellish work again!"

He related another instance of that humanity which will ever assert itself while men are men, even when their rulers are compelling them to act as destroyers. The commander of his ship detailed him to visit a small detachment of the ship's crew, who had been stationed on the land to raise some vegetables in the Oushakova ravine. These Russian sailors had been captured by the English, and their comrade took tremendous risks in stealing his way through three picket lines at night, especially as it was "in the very hottest times of the war." "One of my brethren found me secreted in the bush near their station, and threw his arms around my neck. After inquiring for their health I asked whether they had any food for themselves. 'Oh! yes, the English send us coffee, bread and butter in the morning, and the same food they have themselves twice a day besides this.' And then they tell us, 'Don't be afraid; we won't harm you; it is only Victoria and Nicholas who are guilty in this business.'"

ERNEST H. CROSBY ON THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

An interview with Ernest H. Crosby, reported in the New York World of Aug. 30, 1904. Mr. Crosby is so generally known to readers of The Public that an estimate from him of the relative values of the political issues of the present campaign cannot fail to be of interest, regardless of any possible question as to the correctness of his views.

The economic issues are absolutely overshadowed this year by the question of imperialism and militarism. It is impossible to devote serious attention to the great domestic question of the distribution of wealth while the public mind is distracted by the fireworks of foreign conquest and such pretty and expensive toys as a new navy; and it will be permanently impossible to settle this question in any other than an aristocratic and oligarchic way if we per-

mit the final establishment of a system of dependencies across the sea inhabited by races condemned to political inferiority. Caste under the flag abroad means caste sooner or later at home.

Mr. Roosevelt has deliberately made himself the incarnation of the spirit of militarism and imperialism. His idea of national greatness means nothing but physical strength, and for great ideas he would substitute a big navy. Freedom, equality, justice, must all be subordinated to brute force. The change shows itself already on the surface of life in Washington. Uniforms and brass buttons, new-fangled military escorts, war talk and army manners are gradually making headway there as fast as circumstances permit. It is the kaiserism of the German kaiser which seems to have roused the emulation of our President and his Cabinet, and Kaiserism, with all that that word implies—Prussian junkerism, lese majeste, enormous armaments, and all peaceful pursuits subordinated to military enterprise—that is the issue at the coming election.

Judge Parker has spoken plainly on this subject. He believes in neighborly conduct between nations as between individuals. He is opposed to slave dependencies as well as to domestic slavery. We may be sure that he would have protested as President against the annihilation by Great Britain of the only two republics in Africa, and that he would never have been gully of the assassination of the only Asiatic republic—that of the Filipinos—nor of the vivisection of our nearest sister republic in South America. He would lay aside the big stick and teach the native to behave like a gentleman. In a word, he would put an end to Kaiserism, and I sincerely hope that he will have the opportunity.

DEMOCRACY IN SCHOOL RELATIONSHIPS.

From a paper read by Miss Kate Starr Kellogg, Principal of the Lewis-Champlain School in Chicago, before the Chicago Teachers' Club, Apr. 9, 1904, as published in the Chicago Teachers' Federation Bulletin.

Most teachers believe in the principles of democracy as applied to their relationship to those above them. Is it the same toward the children under their care? I am afraid not, and few are the schoolrooms, even in the higher grades, where anything save the will of the teacher, enforced by the mandates of the principals and superintendents, is law.

Verily one does not "gather grapes of thorns, nor figs of thistles," neither can one evolve a democracy from lives

in which every free, spontaneous action, every impulse toward independent thought is stifled in its beginnings.

In the little world of the schoolroom the child as a citizen is realizing himself both as an individual and as a social being.

His individual rights, his individual opinions, within reasonable limits, are to be patiently considered, while his attention is to be steadily directed to the effect his individual action is having upon his immediate room society.

How to reconstruct his world with a living, mutually-benefitting society is the problem that calls for the most thoughtful and loving work of the teacher. I wonder if we realize how formal and unnatural the relations of most pupils and teachers are? A teacher meets her pupils at some festival or picnic and under the impulse of the new and freer conditions, all become for the time social beings humanely related. The following day, at the summons of the bell, as at the magic stroke of midnight in the old fairy tale, the charm and delight of the old acquaintanceship disappears, the straight, loud, formal intercourse is resumed.

"I never go with my pupils upon excursions," I heard a teacher remark not long ago. "I find they always presume upon the unusual liberty and it takes me a week to get them down to work again."

The other afternoon I found a young teacher trying to hold her children under control as she would have reined a restless horse. "Why do you not try some group construction work?" I suggested, "or let them go to the board and illustrate the story they have just read?"

"I don't care to," she answered, in genuine pain, her young face white with the nervous strain. "I'm afraid they would get away from me." "They won't get away from you if you go with them," I replied. Half an hour later I went back to her room and beheld 50 pupils quietly and happily engaged in cutting and pasting a miniature Fort Dearborn. They were passing cardboard and the necessary materials about freely. A group of five or six were putting in place the various parts of the fort as different children brought them. The joy of the room was reflected in the teacher's face, as she said to me with a sigh of relief: "I never would have believed it possible. An hour ago I was ready to give up and go on the unassigned list."

"TELL 'EM WE'RE RISIN', SUH!"

HOWARD AT ATLANTA,

Richard R. Wright was the little boy mentioned in the following poem by John G. Whittier. He was graduated from Atlanta University in 1876, and has since devoted himself to the teaching and uplifting of his people in Georgia. He is now president of the State College of Industry for Colored Youth at Savannah, and is one of the graduate trustees of Atlanta University.

Right in the track where Sherman
Plowed his red furrow,
Out of the narrow cabin,
Up from the cellar's burrow,
Gathered the little black people,
With freedom newly dowered,
Where, beside their Northern teacher,
Stood the soldier Howard.

He listened and heard the children
Of the poor and long-enslaved
Reading the words of Jesus,
Singing the songs of David.
Behold!—the dumb lips speaking,
The blind eyes seeing!
Bones of the Prophet's vision
Warmed into being!

Transformed he saw them passing
Their new life's portal!
Almost seemed the mortal
Put on the immortal.
No more with the beasts of burden,
No more with stone and clod,
But crowned with glory and honor
In the image of God!

There was the human chattel
Its manhood taking;
There, in each dark brown statue,
A soul was waking!
The man of many battles,
With tears his eyelids pressing,
Stretched over those dusky foreheads
His one-armed blessing.

And he said: "Who hears can never
Fear for or doubt you;
What shall I tell the children
Up North about you?"
Then ran round a whisper, a murmur,
Some answer devising;
And a little boy stood up: "Massa,
Tell 'em we're risin'!"

O black boy of Atlanta!
But half was spoken;
The slave's chain and the master's
Alike are broken.
The one curse of the races
Held both in tether:
They are rising—all are rising,
The black and white together!

O brave men and fair women!
Ill comes of hate and scorning;
Shall the dark faces only
Be turned to morning?
Make Time your sole avenger,
All-healing, all-redressing;
Meet Fate halfway, and make it
A joy and a blessing!

RICHARD R. WRIGHT.

This is the story of a little negro boy who went from the cabin of a pickaninny to the chair of a presidency. It is the story of a remark that, coming from his very soul, called out in answer a letter from Holmes and inspired a poem by Whittier and made