

navian virtues, and let us melt them together with the virtues of the Anglo-Saxon race.

Let us, then, in the first place bring with us the old Scandinavian honesty. In a time when unscrupulous men of business, as well as men in public office, have by their actions as well as by their words tried to establish the principle that success in life is material success only—in such a time we can bring no better gift with us from our native shores than our old-fashioned Scandinavian honesty. Let glittering gold not deceive us, nor promises of honor or fame delude us to barter our honesty. Let us prove by our life that we believe the truth of our old proverb: "Honesty lasts longest."

Let us also bring with us our forefathers' love of liberty, that love of liberty which has given to our small nation the distinction amongst European nations of being the only one which has never, since time immemorial, been conquered by a foreign foe. And it was the same love of liberty that prevented a feudal system from ever being established on our shores, and that rebelled against tyranny on every page of our history. Let this our love of liberty go with us across the ocean to the land of our future. Here also once liberty reigned supreme. But unless the fact is realized, that the ideal of liberty is gradually lost sight of—unless this fact is realized and acted upon, the conditions which during the past century disturbed the peace of Europe, will be duplicated here. We cannot stand inactive. We must choose. Shall we affiliate with the powers that be? Shall we barter our love of liberty for gold? Then there is no doubt about where our place is. But should we not rather, true to the ideals of our ancestors, and true to the ideals of the founders of this republic, which we now call ours—should we not rather affiliate with those who fight the battle for justice and righteousness? Let our love of liberty rebel against oppression and tyranny in any form. Let no false ideas permit us to lose sight of the final truth that our duties towards America are to help to secure the establishment of a better and nobler republic.

Then let us bring with us the old Scandinavian courage. Let no power, no matter what it be, influence us to yield an inch from our convictions. Let us be true to the ideals of the Scandinavian race, with whom courage always was one of the greatest of virtues. Here, if anywhere, our courage is required. For in thousands of little instances in life we are required to decide as to whether we will sacrifice our honesty and our love of liberty for the gifts of the world; and sometimes the refusal is a matter of great consequence. But let us always remember that truth and justice will be victorious in the end, and that he who fights courageously will then be the hero, no matter what he may have to endure during the battle. Therefore let us be known to our fellow men by our old Scandinavian courage.

Lastly, let us bring with us the hopefulness of our native shores to the shores of the land to which we link our future. Let us, as well in individual life as in public life, be inspired by the unconquerable feeling that whatever is right and just will finally reign supreme.

If we have thus fulfilled our duties to America as true citizens, bringing with us from our native shores whatever they have to offer, then we may insist upon the recognition of our rights. But not till then.

Then we who have left our native land to link our future fate with the destiny of America—then we may insist on being considered Americans equally with those who were born under the stars and stripes; for we are Americans, not by a mere incident; we are Americans by free choice. We are proud of being Americans; let us so fulfill our duties toward America that she will be proud of us.

ERIK OBERG.

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BUT WHEN WAS A DUMB MAN SENT TO THE WHITE HOUSE?

For The Public.

Everybody talks but Roosevelt;
He never says a word.
He's so meekly modest
That it seems absurd.
Congress talks and blusters,
Feeling very glum;
Everybody talks but Roosevelt—
But he's dumb!

W. W. CATLIN.

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THE DOUMA.

From "Birth of a Parliament," by Kellogg Durland, Collier's Special Representative at the Douma. Written Under Date of May 17, and Published in Collier's for June 16, 1906.

The Douma is the most democratic body of men ever gathered together to legislate on the affairs of an empire. This, at least, must go down in history. Whether it survives the present stress and strain is another question.

The first business session of the Douma began with the reading of many congratulatory telegrams—from the Diet of Finland, the Municipality of Prague, the Prince of Montenegro, the largest cities of the Empire. Toward the last were several from political exiles and prisoners. The spontaneous applause which broke from practically the entire Douma when these telegrams were read was louder and more sustained than for all of the others put together. The President was obliged to read them a second, then a third time, and then at the suggestion of some one on the floor, another round of applause was given standing. I counted only eight men who remained in their seats. Amnesty was made the first demand of the Douma. Not a partial amnesty, but a full and complete amnesty, to all political prisoners, including terrorists. This means the release of many thousand prisoners.

Telegrams, letters, petitions daily come from all parts of the country to the deputies urging this and other demands. "If we fail to get the things we have come for we dare not return to our homes," said one deputy. If the Douma fails, or is suppressed, it will not be the Douma that is put down, but the country. For in a degree difficult to appreciate the Douma is the country. It is the most

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.

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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.