

one available means and you know what that is. I am for Bryan. . . .

The important business of the Congress was the adoption of a platform and recommendations. A canvass of the committee of 25 which prepared these showed that at the election four years ago one member had abstained from voting, seven had voted for Palmer, seven for Bryan and ten for McKinley.

Over the platform as presented by the committee there was no debate. Its terse, vigorous and frank statements seemed to receive unqualified approval. The debate was wholly over the question as to whether the Congress should advise the support of Mr. Bryan.

The opposition to such an indorsement of Mr. Bryan came almost entirely from members of the National party, who had been received also as members of this Congress, and who hoped the Congress would indorse a third ticket. The anti-imperialism of these men, who declared that they would not vote for Mr. McKinley, and could not vote for Mr. Bryan, seemed to be of an academic type. As George Gluyas Mercer, of Philadelphia, said, the trouble with the third party people was that they were "trying to take a whack at the universe," while the antis merely had the limited ambition to prevent imperialism.

It developed that the members of the National party distrusted Mr. Bryan's anti-imperialism. They pointed to the words of Senator Hoar which were hanging among the decorations:

They talk about giving good government; that one phrase conveys to a free man and a free people, the most stinging of insults. In that little phrase, as in a seed, is contained the germ of all despotism and of all tyranny.

And they declared Mr. Bryan had proposed to do that very thing, for had he not stated that if he were elected he would convene congress in extraordinary session and recommend an immediate declaration of the nation's purpose "to give independence to the Filipinos?"

The answer given by George Gluyas Mercer to this argument over a phrase, not a principle, was that as we had shot the original Filipino government to pieces, we should have to commit a momentary act of paternalism while repairing the consequences of our crime.

The Congress desired that the third party men should have the fullest encouragement to work against the reelection of Mr. McKinley and bade them Godspeed in their nomination of a National ticket; but the majority

believed in going to the greatest lengths in opposition to Mr. McKinley, and as this requires the casting of full votes, rather than half votes, against him, the congress passed its platform as originally offered.

The proceedings closed with a speech delivered on the evening of August 16 by Charles A. Towne—a speech which few who heard it will ever forget. Mr. Towne's brilliant arraignment of the administration policy in the Philippines was remarkable for its absolute freedom from the exaggeration and overestimate so common in partisan speech as to be discounted in advance by the sophisticated. It was still more remarkable for its vitalization of our ideals of a righteous national life. At the points in his speech where Mr. Towne appealed to these ideals his words dropped one by one into a breathless stillness. Justice, human rights, national integrity, stood forth the paramount political issue, and we knew what a great campaign we had entered upon.

ALICE THACHER POST.

THE KING AND THE ANARCHIST.

Every thoughtful traveler in Europe must be impressed with the superfluity of folks—that is to say, folks with nothing to do. In Italy this plethora seems more pronounced than elsewhere. At every hotel there are four servants where only one is required.

At Genoa there lined up in the hallway to speed my parting a fachino, four porters, three waiters, two chambermaids and a boots, while tapering off into the street were various able-bodied loungers, several old women and a full dozen small brigands. Each and every one in the line expected—aye, more, demanded—legal tender. All had rendered services, or said they had, and to omit any one from the pay roll was to call down curses loud and deep. The amount of tax ran from one lira (20 cents) to five centesimi (one cent), and a small handful of coppers was then required for the mob to struggle for in the street, so escape could be made under cover of the smoke.

At Venice you pay your gondolier a tariff rate per hour, and as he calls off the names of the palaces you pass (when you wish he would not) in a gibberish he thinks is English, you must pay him extra. Besides, if you are so reckless as to land along the way, the "hooker" who holds the boat expects a copper. At all churches old women open the doors and offi-

icious loungers offer information that is not desired, for expected coin.

To refuse to give to the beggars is to invite insult and insolence. Desperation is written on the dark faces that beseech you, and when you remember how, not many moons ago, this superfluous Italian populace exploded in one wild yell and made a dash for the baker-shop windows, you do not wonder.

Naples, Rome, Florence and Milan were placed under martial law, and at Milan alone in the month of May, 1898, 200 people were shot by the soldiers in the streets during my brief stay.

I saw volleys fired into crowds. The living would scurry away like frightened rabbits, into alleys, houses, side streets, cellars. But there on the sidewalks and in the streets lay the fallen and tumbled dead—men, women and children. In less than five minutes' time wagons with soldiers dashed up; the dead and dying were thrown like cordwood into the springless tumbrils, and with a cracking of whips the horses and wagons dashed away. Some of the soldiers remained and with hose and buckets and brooms every vestige of blood was washed away.

The newspapers made no reports—some of them denied that a volley had been fired.

And now the king of Italy has gone by a quick and painless route into the Beyond. He was only a man—not a great man, neither was he a bad man. Only a vain, ignorant, selfish man—with transient moods of wanting to do right—whose feet had been caught in a mesh of wrong, and he hadn't the power to get away. To kill him was absurd, for the wrong for which he stood still exists. It is the institution and policy, not the man. More volleys will be fired into the crowds that cry for bread. The death-carts will dump their victims into coffinless graves.

I shed tears for the homeless, the harassed the oppressed—for the women who hold hungry babes to famished breasts—for the ignorant and brutal who wrench at their bonds, and who by violence hope to achieve freedom.

For the dead king I waste no pity. He himself caused thousands of men to be killed. He lived by the sword and died by the bullet. What else could he expect? He invited his fate. He was only a slave at the last, and death has set him free.

Italy has less than one-half the population of the United States, yet she

has a navy that outmatches ours. She maintains an army of 250,000 men in time of peace, and there is one priest for every 60 persons.

She might maintain the priests, but she cannot possibly advance and carry the army that rides upon her back. Italy is the extreme type of all European countries, except Switzerland, Holland, Norway and Sweden. These last stand for intelligence, sobriety, beauty and worth.

Italy is rotten at the core. The moss is at work pulling down the palaces that Caprino planned; the grass springs from between the paving stones where Michael Angelo trod, and the noble Romans and courtly Florentines, like the crawling lizards, only bask in the sun in winter and move but to keep in the shade in summer.

Conscription kills ambition. Men will not work where the government demands half their wages, as Italy does. Only two careers worth mentioning are open to aspiring youth in Italy—the army and the church. Manual labor is held everywhere in contempt, and this accounts for the seeming superfluity of folks and the brazen beggardon. The rich set the example of idleness. Italy's art is a thing of the past. Italy was.

Governments cannot be done away with instantaneously, but progress will come, as it has in the past, by lessening the number of laws. We want less governing, and the ideal government will arrive when there is no government at all.

So long as governments set the example of killing their enemies, private individuals will occasionally kill theirs. So long as men are clubbed, robbed, imprisoned, disgraced, hanged by the governing class, just so long will the idea of violence and brutality be born in the souls of men.

Governments imprison men and then hound them when they are released. Hate will never die so long as men are taken from useful production on the specious plea of patriotism, and bayonets gleam in God's pure sunshine.

And the worst part about making a soldier of a man is not that a soldier kills brown men or white men, but that the soldier loses his own soul.

In America just now there are strong signs of following the example of modern Italy. To divert the attention of men from useful production to war, waste and wealth through conquest is to invite moral disease and death. The history of nations

dead and gone is one. They grew "strong" and died because they did. Insurance actuaries say that athletes are very bad risks.

Switzerland to-day is the least illiterate as well as the most truly prosperous country in the world. She is, in fact, the only republic, for the people themselves make the laws. Her government is of the people. In Switzerland to work with your hands is honorable—manual training for both boys and girls is a part of the public school system. Her gilded social aristocracy is either English or American.

Switzerland has no navy, for the same reason that Bohemia has not; and while every man is a soldier, yet three weeks' service every year is only a useful play spell. In Switzerland there is no beggardon and little vice. Everywhere life and property are safe. The people are healthy, prosperous and happy. Switzerland minds her own business and the chief tenet of her political creed is: "We will attend to our own affairs." She will only fight if invaded, and fortunately she is not big enough to indulge in jingo swagger.

The flag of Switzerland is the white cross—white on a red background—and this is the symbol of peace and amity the wide world over. The "Geneva Cross"—a red cross on a white background, designed in compliment to Switzerland, is the one flag upon which no guns are trained.

And now at the parting of the ways would it not be wise for America to choose between the example of Switzerland and Italy?

America is a giant; it is well to have a giant's strength, but not well to use it like a giant. This is the richest country the world has ever known—in treasure and in men and women. If we mind our own business and devote our energies to the arts of peace we can solve a problem that has vexed the world from the beginning of time. Shall we make our country blossom like the rose, or shall we follow the example of Italy?—Elbert Hubbard, in *New York World* of Aug. 5.

"Jump from the frying pan into the fire? Change McKinley for Bryan? Never!" cries the superficially-posted Filipino. "To our 9,000,000 of people McKinley opposes 72,000,000. It is horrible—eight of his to one of ours. But it cannot be more than half as horrible as sixteen to one would be!"

G. T. E.

OOM PAUL.

For The Public.

Over and over we read of the fall Of Oom Paul of the pipe, the grand Oom Paul

Who has been so long a beleaguered wall; But we never believe the story— So used are we grown to our censorship, To the half-truth phrase and the lying lip; Each time the words from the memory slip Like our Dewey's aforesaid glory.

Over and over the conquerors say That now they have captured their slippery prey—

At some nek or other brought them to bay; And the only question to settle Is, how to dispose of the paltry pelf, And how above all of Oom Paul himself, Whom they dare not leave to rust on the shelf,

So well have they tested his mettle.

But ere they can light on feasible plan To anchor this most invincible man, He's at them again—is soul of the van, And by no means easy to banish.

For wherever their sturdy chief may trek His people warily follow his beck, And, routed anew at kopje or nek, Will pick up the pieces and vanish.

The Boers were doomed when war had begun;

And so many times have they been undone, So often has some new victory won

By the British, made London merry; Why their host is still on the Boer trail As though each defeat were of no avail, That a Boer is left to tell the tale, The credulous reader may query.

But we have grown wise, as I said before; Most dearly we paid for the home-taught lore,

Since our own war a score of times or more Has been brought to peaceable ending. Yet our island blood is still freely spilt, The brown man's mostly; ours ever the guilt;

Not warfare, but murder up to the hilt, With impulse of freedom unbending.

So when British gourmands are fain to hie To vallant division of Chinese pie, Where laurels for sundry generals lie

Awaiting their turn to be taken; We smile at the new surrender and fall Of Oom Paul of the Pipe, the grand Oom Paul—

Long may he stand an impregnable wall, The old faith in his God unshaken.

D. H. INGHAM.

On his last visit to England Bishop Potter, of New York, was addressed as "your grace" until the phrase became a nightmare. When he arrived home again it happened that the first person to address him as he walked down the gangplank was a longshoreman who knew him. "Hullo, bish, how are you?" said the man, and the bishop fell to thinking which of the two styles he preferred.—*Chicago Chronicle*.

BOOK NOTICES.

In "Lincoln's Words on Living Questions" (Chicago: Trusty Publishing Co., 418 Roanoke Building. Paper, 25 cents; cloth, 75 cents), which is reliably edited by H. S. Taylor and D. M. Fulwiler, the demo-