

all arrears were paid up in full, and now they are clearing all the way from \$4 up to \$16 a day for each man. They never make less than the big wage of \$4 a day, and \$16 has been the highest wage taken out. Ten dollars a day is about the average, and they have almost a month right of way ahead of them.

A LESSON FOR WISCONSIN AND OTHER STATES AS WELL.

An editorial in The Milwaukee Daily News of October 13, 1904.

James Bryce, the distinguished British parliamentarian and author of "The American Commonwealth," when asked to set forth some of the lessons the English people have learned in a thousand years' experience that the American people might profit by, unhesitatingly replied that the first thing the American States should do is to preserve the right of free foot passage along the lakes and streams, that access to them may be open to all the people.

This is a lesson that the people of Wisconsin above all should heed. The State is dotted with lakes and rivers and running brooks. As yet the population is not dense enough to emphasize the wrong to the masses of the people involved in denying free access to the streams and lakes. There is little difficulty in obtaining access to the lakes and streams. Private owners do not insist upon the legal right to forbid trespass. But with the pressure of population it is inevitable that the time will come when the public will find itself barred from access, to the lakes and streams of the State. While it is yet time the State legislature should reserve this privilege to the people.

It is a shame that the State did not reserve a strip of land along the borders of the lakes and rivers. In northern Wisconsin the shores of the lakes have been denuded of the pine trees, and nothing remains but charred stumps and brush piles, nature seeking to repair the vandalism with growths of poplars. These lakes are gems wrenched from their settings. It will take years before their natural beauty may be restored. It never can be restored wholly, as the pines do not renew themselves.

At this time it is too much to expect in an American State that the public will take possession of the boundaries of the lakes and rivers and restore their natural beauty and preserve them as a heritage to all the people, but it ought to be possible at least to reserve

footpaths along the lakes and streams. This ought to be possible, even at the present time. It would not interfere with despoiling nature of its beauty in the making of dollars. The lakes and rivers have been stripped of the trees of commercial value that fringed their shores.

The only thing that stands in the way is the desire for exclusiveness that possesses the holders of wealth. This spirit of exclusiveness has not yet taken possession of the owners of the soil, as it has in Europe, but, as Prof. Bryce intimates, like conditions will breed like results. We should profit from the experience of others.

"RELIGION HAS OFTEN FORGOTTEN THAT LIFE IS GOOD."

A portion of a sermon delivered in the Vine Street Congregational church, Cincinnati, O., November 13, 1904, by the pastor, Herbert S. Bigelow.

How often has religion forgotten that life is good! How often has the church preached the gospel of repression and contraction of human interests.

If you will pardon a personal reference, my grandfather and mother, about the time of my birth, withdrew from one church and joined another, because they disapproved of the use of instrumental music in God's house. A jewsharp was the only musical instrument my father was allowed as a boy. Those good people firmly believed that the devil was in the fiddle. The love of music was frowned upon, and talents which might have been developed and added something to the enjoyment of my father's life, were sternly repressed by the parental conscience.

After telling me this story only this summer, my father excused himself, and, going to another room, returned with a violin. I had never seen him with such an instrument. To my amazement, he sat down and played tune after tune. In the winter of his seventy-first year he had learned to play the fiddle. Since passing out from under the parental authority, this was the first opportunity he had had of satisfying that desire which slumbered within him. Who can say how much more life might have been to men had their religious convictions been tempered with reason.

But yesterday I received a letter from one of our young men who has traveled afar from us. Fresh from school he is beginning life as a "roustabout" in one of the mines of the West. He is face to face now with the serious business of the world. Will he succeed? Any man succeeds who keeps his ideals. The young man writes me from the strange, new country that he misses the stimulus

of the old church, and is conscious of the struggle ahead of him, if he avoids the common fate of men in "sacrificing self for selfishness." The phrase is his. "Sacrificing self for selfishness." That tells the story. Failing in order to succeed. Succeeding but to fail. That is a greater misfortune than poverty.

The other day in passing a house I heard unusual sounds. I looked, and on the porch, quite alone, sat an aged man. He was in a chair and his hands rested on a cane. Lost in reverie, he was singing a song, and the cracked and muffled notes had a music of their own.

He had not a tooth in his head, but he had a song in his soul. That song of old age was a tribute to some son or daughter. To the beatitudes I would add! Blessed are they that honor gray hairs, for they shall be comforted.

But more than this, the song of the old man was symbolic of that composure and peace of mind which ought to go with the widening vistas and the ripening years.

To hold in old age the ideals of youth; to keep one's honor through it all; to store up an heritage of generous deeds; to sit at the journey's end and look into the future and sing; to have a life abounding in duties done and crowned at last with hope; to go through the world with a brave heart and to leave it with a song. That is an achievement worthy of any man and possible to all.

CAUSES OF DEMOCRATIC DEFEAT.

A letter published in the Elizabeth (N. J.) Evening Times of Nov. 11.

Your editorial of yesterday, while furnishing good reasons for the overwhelming Democratic defeat of Tuesday last, does not, in my opinion, dwell strongly enough on the fundamental cause of this great Roosevelt landslide.

While Roosevelt's personal popularity had much to do with the tremendous popular vote in his favor, yet it should be plain to any thinking person that the Democratic party would this year have been signally defeated, no matter whom the Republicans might have nominated. The Democratic party dug its own grave last July when it put men of the caliber of Gorman, Belmont, McCarren and Sheehan in the control of the National organization. It dug its own grave in the State of New Jersey when it left in control the men who, since 1894, have continuously led the party to inglorious defeat. While the platform adopted at St. Louis was Democratic, as far as it went, yet Judge Parker was not allowed at any time to stand on it, and was made to straddle

everything so strenuously that his own campaign became a bow-legged one, and, among a large class of people, excited both derision and contempt.

To say that the National campaign was managed with an astonishing blindness to real public sentiment is putting it mildly. Begun by a policy of waiting, of silence, of nervelessness, and inaction, the campaign on the Democratic side wound up in a blaze of panic-stricken activity—an activity which did not convince and which was not commenced until every man had made up his mind which way he was going to vote. Many believe that this activity injured rather than helped the Democratic electoral ticket.

In our own State a most remarkable moonlight hunting trip was indulged in. The much-vaunted activity of the State Committee and the "splendid organization, not equalled since the days of Tilden," was the purest moonshine and possessed a far flimsier substance than the Milky Way. There was more activity every day in the small Union County headquarters than the writer could ever see at the headquarters of the State Committee. Yet there was some activity in the latter place. The irrepressible Naar held forth from day to day and all buttoned their pocketbooks as his notes swelled on the breeze. To the onlooker it was Naar's campaign and not Parker's.

This sound trouncing should at least teach the Democrats a lesson. And this lesson is that the party cannot temporize with its secret enemies and hope for any act of success. The party cannot become the reactionary political organization of the country. The Republican party is already impregnably established in that position and unless the Democratic party can take the reverse stand, there is no logical excuse for its existence. In its generic sense democracy stands for the furtherance of freedom, of equal rights and of justice to all. Therefore unless the party is willing to come out into the open and stand for these things, it will sooner or later die, and it should die. But if it will so stand, then it will live and sooner or later reap a deserving victory.

Let all believers in compromise, restrictive tariffs, unequal legislation and the conserving of monopoly go into the Republican party, where they belong. Let all believers in equal liberty and of freedom come into the Democratic party and cooperate with those who will now take the helm. Then, and then only, will we have a clean-cut fight against the iniquitous and debauching influence of false Republican

doctrines, and in the interest of social justice and true morality.

JOHN MOODY:
Cranford, November 10, 1904.

UNCLE SAM'S LETTERS TO JOHN BULL.

HE BRINGS ANDREW JACKSON INTO THE WHITE HOUSE.

Printed from the Original Manuscript.

Dear John: Next mornin' I went up to the white house agin to the cabinet meetin'. There was clearly no dream about it, for there they were. By the new invention of graftin' a live dead man onto a dead live man, Andrew Jackson was in Roosevelt's place, John A. Rawlins was secretary of war and John P. Altgeld attorney general.

There was a full board, for the secretaries had quit electioneerin' and come in off the road.

"Pshaw!" says one. "No use makin' any more speeches. Parker would be better than this. Hades has arrived." They looked grim and determined.

"The first thing to tackle," said Old Hickory, "is this coal famine."

One of the cabinet turned pale and sprang to his feet.

"Your excellency!" says he.

"Your what?" says Jackson.

"Mr. President, I hope that this administration will do nothin' unconstitutional; that it will not disturb the balance of the respective departments, nor engage in trade, and that it will hew to the old lines."

"That reminds me," said Old Hickory, "of somethin' I was goin' to say. All you boys will be required to sell out all corporation stocks in ten days, and file a certificate to that effect or your resignations."

"But, Mr. President, that is an outrage."

"It will keep us from trampin' on each other's toes," said Jackson; "and besides that, you don't have to serve. The government pays you a good salary, and I want your interest in the business. Anybody not drawin' his salary will raise his right hand."

Altgeld remarked here, with a twinkle of his dark blue eye, that he hadn't drawn his yet, but he allowed to as soon as he could get around to it—said he wasn't fortunate enough to have any stocks.

"It's no reflection on anybody," said Jackson. "We are just settin' an example to the judiciary. And mind this, too: Speculations of all kinds by cabinet members are barred. Now let's get to business. A coal famine when coal is plenty, or a food famine in a condition of plenty, is a state of war and intolerable, so it seems to me. I don't

know what the attorney general thinks."

"You can have my portfolio any time, Mr. President; but so long as I hold it I shall never cease to protest against all action on unconstitutional lines—all anarchy, socialism, free silver—"

"What do you say, Altgeld?"

"Oh, constitutional lines by all means," says Altgeld with a grim smile. "We don't want to follow Republican precedents. Stacks of fine things can be done on constitutional lines. The plutes won't like 'em any better on that account."

"We have the supreme court and the interstate commerce commission," says the irate member.

"What do you say, Sam?"

"Well, Andy," said I, "I'll tell you how it strikes me: Supreme courts and interstate commerce commissions and alpeen glaciers are all right in their way, and they do move; but they're slow, Andy, slow. They work in cycles and eons of time; and I want meat for breakfast and coal to cook it with, and so I've been a-thinkin' how I can get coal to burn, or sell at any price I please, or give a bushel to a poor woman if the notion struck me, without havin' my own coal cut off by Baer; and I guess I've got the right notion. 'The night is the night, if the boys are the boys.' I'll tell you that yarn when I have time. Fact is, I'm gettin' mighty tired of the promises of political parties. I'd like to have a little performance by the men adrawin' my salaries."

Good-by, John. I'll tell you more next letter.

UNCLE SAM.

THE RIGHTS AND DUTIES OF AMERICAN CITIZENS AT THE POLLS.

A portion of a sermon delivered by the Rev. Thomas P. Byrnes, at the People's Church, Kalamazoo, Mich., November 6, 1904, as reported in the Kalamazoo Evening Telegraph.

"And Jesus answering said unto them. Render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's."—Mark xii:17.

In this text Jesus proclaims our duty to government, and our responsibility in sustaining the temporal power. As we approach our national election day, these words come home to us with religious sanction, and remind us of our duties as citizens of the great republic.

For the American citizen to "render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's" means that on next Tuesday he ought to cast an intelligent, conscientious and patriotic vote for the men and the measures that in his judgment will conduce to the public welfare, and the true progress of our nation for the next four years.