

Inspection (p. 8993). Speech of Senator Patterson on street railways in the District of Columbia (p. 9207). Speech of Representative Cockran on pure food bill and the Constitution (p. 9297).

RELATED THINGS CONTRIBUTIONS AND REPRINT

THE EQUAL RIGHTS OF MEN.

For The Public.

All men are not born equal,
They are born with an equal right
To things by no man created—
The bounties of Nature's might:

A right to the earth and to labor,
A right to the sea and sod,
Given not by will or law of man,
But by the will and law of God.

A true man asks no favor,
No favor of God or man;
He demands but simple justice,
Which is God's eternal plan.

And whatever I am or shall be,
The right or wrong's my own;
I'll not answer for another
Before the Maker's throne.

I'll answer for my own soul,
For the things which I have done,
For the good and for the evil,
In the race that I have run.

And if I have wronged a brother
By juggled law or might,
I'll answer for the evil done,
For the trespass of others' right.

And what an answer it will be,
And what a price to pay
For turning the bounties of Nature
From their God-directed way;

For filching from man and brother
That which is his of right,
The fruit of his honest labor,
By juggled law or might.

R. E. CHADWICK.

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TAKING THE GLITTER OUT OF WAR

War is fast losing its glitter. Khaki displaces blue or scarlet. Flags are unknown in battle. The French army has just banished the drum, and now there is talk of abolishing the saber. Meanwhile war songs grow rarer and rarer. Most modern wars are too short to generate songs. All this grieves and scandalizes the painters, the poets and the playwrights, but causes the peace people to rejoice with huge joy. Channing, were he still alive, would have their exultation, for he used to declare that the love of warfare sprang partly, even largely, from the impression made upon small boys by gorgeous uniforms, gay banners, flashing sabers, the throb of the drum and the contagious fervor of war songs. Romance cast its glamour over that dirtiest of jobs, the job of killing. It hadn't the right to. As Charles Dudley Warner put it, we who despised killing in plain clothes honored killing in fancy dress.—Boston Transcript.

MIRRORS MAKE FOR DEMOCRACY.

A simplified Englishman has been jeering the immense mirrors and gorgeous marble staircases in hotels and beeseeching his countrymen to revert to the humble inn. They can well afford to. They're an aristocratic nation and their inns are charming. The trouble will come when the simplified one tries to spread his gospel in America, for we're a democratic nation and our inns are horrid. Whenever it occurs to an American to "put on dog" he is sure to disport himself in the gilded hotel, which is incontestably the doggiest product of our civilization. Then what happens? A mere clerk snubs him, a base-born waiter disregards his orders, and when he has paid his bill and escaped he is largely relieved of that pelf which creates artificial distinctions in society. He went in an aristocrat. He comes out the most ardent of democrats, not only ready to confess that all men are born free and equal but quite thrilled by the consciousness that he isn't a worm. Let us therefore preserve our effulgent hostilities just as they are.—Boston Transcript.

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OUR DUTIES TO AMERICA.

An Extract from an Address Delivered by Mr. Erik Oberg
Before Former Graduates of the Technical College of
Boras, Sweden, Congregated on May 29th at a
Banquet at the Home of the American Society
of Swedish Engineers, 231 Union St.,
Brooklyn, N. Y., in Celebration of the
Half-Century Anniversary of the
Foundation of Their
College.

Dear as are to me the memories of the past, and of the native shores which we have left behind us, still I may no longer dwell on these thoughts. For now the future lies before us, and our duties towards the country to which we have come. And although, in the same way as my childhood's home on the banks of Lagan is dearer to me than any other home in the land of the midnight sun, so is also my native country dear to my memory above all, because it is my home. But higher and greater than the conception of narrow patriotism is the conception of humanity, and the noblest of all patriotism is the patriotism that says: "The world is my native country, my fellowmen are my countrymen."

The cause for our coming here, to this new land of ours, was perhaps in the first place because we perceived that we had here a greater field for activity and industrial development. But let us realize that we are men first, and technical men in the second place; let it be clear to us that important as may be the development of our abilities in the work assigned to us, greater and more important is the development of our character. If we realize this, then we will know that although our duties as integral parts of the industrial machine must not be lost sight of, still our first and greatest duty is to become good citizens. And in order to fill our duties to America in this respect, let us bring with us from over the sea the old Scandi-

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