

flattery of the republican party and jibes at populists and democrats that it might with ease be recognized as any one of Hanna's own. But what one of Hanna's own. But what is especially interesting is a leading editorial on the servant question, in which the Advertiser proposes a system of licenses for household servants. No one under such a system, says this eminently orthodox Han-naite—

could at first get authority to cook without bringing a recommendation from his last or present employer; and after that his license would be his credentials if countersigned by the employer who had hired him on its showing. The licenses would certify to moral character. One good result would be to keep servants in one place; another to keep them respectful and respectable; and another to assure efficiency.

That astute republican editor might with truth have added that another "good result" would be the establishment in Hawaii of a system of slavery in evasion of the American constitution. He does show that this license system would operate in degree to shift taxation from privileged classes to the licensed laboring class, by concluding that—

at the same time the price of a certificate would add something to the public revenues.

All this is in perfect harmony with the plutocratic tendencies of the Hannaized republican party, and differs from what that party aims at in the states only in its greater candor.

#### ROOSEVELT'S PORTRAIT OF ROOSEVELT.

Every man can best draw his own picture, provided he does it in unconscious or sub-conscious moments when not obeying a photographer's injunction to "sit still and look pleasant." So Theodore Roosevelt, who ought surely to know Roosevelt more intimately than anyone else does, can, when simply letting his thought-life express itself, draw a reasonably faithful sketch of himself. And he seems to have done so.

The ideals which Roosevelt reveres are revealed to us in his own comparison of intemperate and reckless

cowboys with peaceful agricultural laborers and urban mechanics, much to the disadvantage of the latter. In the Century Magazine for February, 1898, appeared an article from Roosevelt's pen entitled "Rough Life in the Far West." This article was republished in a volume entitled "Ranch Life and the Hunting Trail," issued by the Century company, of New York, in 1898. And in both the magazine article and the published volume Roosevelt says of the cowboys:

Peril and hardship, and years of long toil, broken by weeks of brutal dissipation, draw haggard lines across their eager faces, but never dim their reckless eyes nor break their bearing of defiant self-confidence. They do not walk well, partly because their chaperajos, or leather overalls, hamper them on the ground, but their appearance is striking for all that, and picturesque, too, with their jingling spurs, the big revolvers stuck in their belts, and bright silk handkerchiefs knotted loosely round their flannel shirts. When drunk on the villainous whisky of the frontier towns, they cut mad antics, riding their horses into the saloons, firing their pistols right and left, from boisterous light-heartedness rather than from any viciousness, and indulging too often in deadly shooting affrays, brought on either by the accidental contact of the moment or on account of some long-standing grudge, or perhaps because of bad blood between two ranches or localities; but except while on such sprees they are quiet, rather self-contained men, perfectly frank and simple, and on their own ground treat a stranger with the most whole-souled hospitality, doing all in their power for him and scorning to take any reward in return. Although prompt to resent an injury, they are not at all apt to be rude to outsiders, treating them with what can almost be called grave courtesy. They are much better fellows and pleasanter companions than the small farmers or agricultural laborers; nor are the mechanics and workmen of a great city to be mentioned in the same breath.

It is well to know what or whom one most admires; with what types of character and conduct his sympathies are in deepest and readiest accord. When one reveals his admirations, he draws the curtain from his own self-portraiture. When Roosevelt frankly and without guile tells us that, in his opinion, the cowboys, whose course of life he describes, are "much better fellows and pleasanter

companions than the small farmers and agricultural laborers," and that "the mechanics and workmen of a great city are not to be mentioned in the same breath" with them, we get a pretty clear outline of his own character. One will surely never excel the type of character which he most admires. One can never outreach his own ideals. The sky of one's admiration can never quite be reached by the stick of his own achievement.

That which, in his own past life, he boasts of, or is manifestly proud of, is also very revelatory of one's inner self. Looking along this well-established line, let us allow Theodore Roosevelt to draw some further curves, or angles as the case may be, of his own character portrait. In his volume entitled "The Rough Riders," on page 139, Col. Roosevelt says:

First Sergt. Clarence Gould killed a Spanish soldier just as the Spaniard was aiming at one of my rough riders. At about the same time I also shot one. I was with Henry Bardshar, running up at the double, and two Spaniards leaped from the trenches and fired at us, not ten yards away. As they turned to run I closed in and fired twice, missing the first and killing the second.

Inasmuch as the two Spaniards had turned to run, the one who was killed must necessarily have been shot in the back.

The man who can either boastfully or coolly and without the slightest apology or shamefacedness record his own feat of having shot a man in the back, draws an outline of his own "heroism" to which no brush could add intensity or color.

Let one more feature, a remarkably revelatory one, be added to the portrait of Theodore Roosevelt. This feature is not sketched wholly by himself. It calls upon far abler artists.

Roosevelt is well known to extol war. He declares peace to be demoralizing. He denounces what he is pleased to call "the lethargy of peace." He bids us believe that war is ennobling and exalting to a nation, that "civilization gits forward on a powder cart" much faster than on the wings of the dove of peace. He holds up Germany, cursed with militarism until millions of her best citizens have left their fatherland

for this new world, as an example for America, and declares that Germany's course in regard to foreign affairs "offers an excellent lesson to us here." He would have us believe that "the strenuous life" can be developed and manifested far better upon the battlefield than in the workshops of our land or upon its farms or within the four walls of domestic privacy. To the dove bearing the olive branch of peace, he prefers the vulture feeding upon human carcasses on the field of battle. At the altar of the god Mars he worships far more than at the cradle of the Prince of Peace.

But what do the world's greatest word-painters and character-artists think of the doctrine that peace is demoralizing and war ennobling? What sort of portrait do they draw of one who glorifies war and defames peace? Let some of them fill in the picture.

The immortal Channing was one of the noblest Americans that ever lived. It was well said of him by one who knew him well that "he had the love of wisdom and the wisdom of love." Channing said: "Away, then, with the argument that war is needed as a nursery of heroism. The school of the peaceful Redeemer is infinitely more adapted to teach the nobler, as well as the milder, virtues which adorn humanity."

That eminent American statesman, Charles Sumner, rightly says: "War crushes with bloody heel all beneficence, all happiness, all justice, all that is Godlike in man—suspending every commandment of the decalogue, setting at naught every principle of the Gospel, and silencing all law, human as well as divine, except only that impious code of its own, the laws of war. \* \* \* War is utterly and irreconcilably inconsistent with true greatness. Thus far, man has worshiped in military glory a phantom idol compared with which the colossal images of ancient Babylon or modern Hindustan are but toys, and we, in this favored land of freedom, in this blessed day of light, are among the idolaters."

Says that able English historian, Thomas Henry Buckley; "In perfectly barbarous countries there are no intellectual acquisitions; and the

mind being a blank and dreary waste, the only resource is external activity, the only merit personal courage. No account is made of any man, unless he has killed an enemy; and the more he has killed the greater the reputation he enjoys. This is the purely savage state; and it is the state in which military glory is most esteemed and military men most respected. From this frightful debasement, even up to the summit of civilization, there is a long series of consecutive steps; gradations, at each of which something is taken from the dominion of force and something is given to the authority of thought."

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow is perhaps not the greatest of American poets, but he is in all probability the best beloved, the one in closest touch with the common people. What lines does he draw in this picture? He says:

Were half the power that fills the world  
with terror,  
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps  
and courts,  
Given to redeem the human mind from  
error,  
There were no need of arsenals or forts.  
The warrior's name would be a name ab-  
horred!  
And every nation that should lift again  
its hand against a brother, on its forehead  
Would wear forevermore the curse of  
Cain!

Plato, the greatest of Grecian thinkers and writers, adds his clear-cut lines to this portrayal. Enumerating the different kinds of blasphemy, he says: "The third kind of blasphemy is that of men attempting to propitiate the gods towards criminal conduct, as slaughters and outrages upon justice, by prayers, thanksgivings and sacrifices—thus making those pure beings the accomplices of their crimes by sharing with them a small portion of the spoil, as the wolves do with the dogs."

Let the last touches be given to this picture by the first of Greek poets, Homer, who, in the ninth book of the Iliad, says, in the most intense lines:

Cursed is the man, and void of law and  
right,  
Unworthy property, unworthy light,  
Unfit for public rule or private care—  
That wretch, that monster, who delights  
in war.

Americans, how do you like the portrait of Theodore Roosevelt, col-

ored by Channing, Sumner, Buckle, Longfellow, Plato and Homer, but drawn by himself?

Minneapolis.

S. W. SAMPLE.

NEWS

There is at this writing a probability of a settlement of the coal miners' strike in the anthracite region.

The delegate convention of the strikers, announced in these columns last week, met at Scranton on the 12th with 857 delegates present, each representing 100 strikers. It was declared by President Mitchell, of the United Mine Workers of America, to be without exception the greatest meeting of labor delegates ever held in America. Mr. Mitchell called the convention to order. He complimented the delegates for the good order that had been preserved during the strike, saying that violations of law had been few in number, and that in connection with these, more overt acts had been committed by those whose duty it was to enforce the law than by strikers. Following this line of thought, he admonished the convention that "labor organizations have no greater enemies than the thoughtless strikers who violate the law or permit themselves to be provoked into the commission of crime." He added that "it frequently occurs in time of strikes that employers provoke strikers into violations of the law, with the hope and the expectation that public sentiment will be arrayed against the strike, and the military arm of the state can be secured to curb the men and defeat the objects for which the strike was instituted." His final remarks upon this subject were:

Whatever may be your decision here to-day, whether you end or continue the strike, it is my earnest hope that every man may regard it as his duty not only to obey but to assist in enforcing the law.

As to the purposes of the convention, he said:

For the first time in many years the operators have recognized your demands for better conditions of employment, and have offered an advance of ten per cent. in your wages. I am well aware that this advance is not satisfactory to you. You have felt, and with justice, that a definite period of time should be named during which this advance should remain in force. Your experience where wages are based on a sliding scale has been so unsatisfac-