

Constitutional Convention of 1896 prepared a Constitution and ordered it submitted to the voters, but before the election could be held the convention met again, cancelled the election, and "proclaimed" the Constitution it had made as the Constitution of Delaware,—and the people had no vote on it.

In 1900 the Legislature of Virginia submitted to popular vote the question of calling a Constitutional convention. The voters approved it. The legislature called an election for delegates to the convention and nominated it in the bond that "said revised and amended Constitution shall be submitted to the qualified voters of the Commonwealth as a whole or by separate articles or sections" at the general election in 1901. The convention met, wrote a new Constitution and "proclaimed" it without submitting it to the voters. The new Constitution was taken to the Supreme Court of the State on the ground that it had been put in force without being submitted to the voters for approval or rejection, as the law required (see *Taylor vs. Commonwealth*, Va. Supreme Court Reports, vol. 101, page 829), and the Virginia Supreme Court upheld the action of the Constitutional convention.

In the case of *Miller vs. Johnson* (92 Kentucky, page 589), the Kentucky Supreme Court made a similar decision, though the law creating the Constitutional convention had provided that the new Constitution must be submitted to the voters before it could be put into effect.

These infamous precedents, established by three States, are good enough for Big Business in Oregon or anywhere else. If the people of Oregon decide that they need a Constitutional convention, and vote for one, they may know now what to expect—a new Constitution written by corporation attorneys and put into effect by "proclamation" without giving the voters an opportunity to reject it if they wish to do so.

Yes, "IT" is very busy in Oregon this year, and its chief mouthpiece is the *Portland Oregonian*, the only morning paper of any size or circulation in Oregon. It has the Associated Press monopoly here, and faithfully does it serve all other private monopolies.

W. G. EGGLESTON.

## A MOVING PICTURE.

Pittsburg, Pa.

When Theodore Roosevelt spoke here, I sat at his feet—literally, I mean, and not altogether as Paul at the feet of Gamaliel. Through the courtesy of Allen T. Burns, secretary of the Civic Commission, I had a seat in the press gallery, which happened in this case to be in "the pit" and directly in front of the speaker. I could hear every word clearly, could see every gesture distinctly, and above all could observe in minute detail those curious facial contortions which make Mr. Roosevelt's oratory peculiar.

It was intensely interesting.

If I could, I wished to find out what the magic is of this man's clutch upon the popular imagination. And as I sat and looked and listened, those contortions, that square build, the bull neck and bullet

head, those grotesque gestures, those tupperian sentiments in stentorian tones and with the masterful manner of the inerrant, grew more and more luminous as interpreters to me of this singular man's singular popularity.

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A brilliant preface in the daily press, always eager to exploit anything theatrical, and a startling index of contents, appear to be the qualities that make this animate book of platitudes a big seller with a people awaking from a long and stupefying lethargy.

I jotted down his phrases that "brought a hand",—and here are some of the characteristic ones:

The people that hurt Pittsburg are the people who are corrupt.

Don't attack a man unless you are sure he is a bad man, but when you do attack him, don't let up on him.

The greatest injustice that can be imagined, a greater injustice than any of the industrial system, would be in giving equal reward for unequal service.

Every man of us at times needs a helping hand. Stretch out that hand and help the man who has stumbled; but if he lies down, don't carry him.

If you don't go forward, you will slip backward.

Can you imagine William Jennings Bryan or Robert La Follette before an American audience giving voice to such sentiments as if they were novelties? Aren't the same things and better said from a thousand humble pulpits every Sunday? Yet the fact remains that the audiences go away from Roosevelt's meetings with smiles and head wags, saying: "Wasn't that bully!"

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Are they hypnotized, or have they merely grown foolish?

A little of each perhaps. But I am now convinced that Roosevelt's popularity depends not upon what he says nor upon what he does, but upon a way he has of doing what he does and of saying what he says.

When the chairman at the Pittsburg meeting was reading his introductory speech—which by the way was infinitely more meaty than Roosevelt's—he was interrupted by an impatient and unthinking crowd. Roosevelt scowled fiercely, fidgeted in his seat, shook his head, and suddenly jumping to his feet and shaking his finger at the crowd, shouted: "You will not hear from me unless you hear the chairman first!"

Bully? Of course it's bully!

Then he talked. Every word, every syllable, slowly, dis-sin-ct-ly e-nun-she-a-ted, fairly hissed through a splendid set of formidable teeth. He began with a recital of the characteristics of the American people—"en-er-gy, pow-er, force, keen business intelligence, rigid industry, immense versatility of mind, a vigorous, masterful people." Over each word he lingered and gloated. They snapped and sizzled with electricity plus. Then his voice broke into a high treble. It quavered like a child's as he cried: "I wish I could stop!" To run out of adjectives seemed to hurt him.

And no matter what he said, light or heavy, trivial or important, he pounded every word, every phrase

as with a sledge hammer. Between whiles he clapped his hands, puckered his mouth, twitched his cheeks, as if about to say something startling; and throughout, his performance was interspersed with queer grins and grimaces and gargoyle attitudes. I had thought the caricatures of Roosevelt's facial expressions overdrawn, but they haven't approached the actual contortions.

The things he said? Platitudes. Flatitudes. Not once did he lay down a principle and let it stand. Always modifying. "We must have ideals, but we must not forget to be practical." "Let us go after crooks, but be sure they are crooks and don't go too far." "The magazine writer can do much good, but he can also do much harm." "We are in very truth our brother's keeper, but we must not coddle him so he cannot keep himself." Forever "but"-ing—always leaving the door open to slip in or to slip out.

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You may ask if it is possible the American people are taken in by mere mannerisms? Not all. Roosevelt's hold seems to me to be only on that part of the mass which is easily influenced by superficialities, which does not analyze, which admires bold strokes in outline, which moves by instinct rather than reason—that part, too, which is as quick to drop its hero as to take him up.

Roosevelt's hold on thinking men is not strong. I have talked with thousands in the past year, students of affairs, and almost without exception they rate him as a politician, never as a statesman.

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Well, what of it?

Not much, perhaps. The strong undercurrent of democracy may carry Roosevelt farther than he intends going, and there will be no great harm in that. He may indeed appropriate the credit that belongs to genuinely democratic men like Bryan, La Follette, Bristow, Cummins and others; but realization of democracy is more important than personal credit for it. Yet if Roosevelt should regain the Presidential chair, what assurance is there that he, with his democratic plumage only borrowed, might not pawn it to plutocracy? Has he not heretofore given to democracy the enjoyment of his "bully" words, and to plutocracy the profit of his diplomatic deeds?

EMIL SCHMIED.

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### AS A MAN THINKETH, SO IS HE.

Topeka, Kansas.

I sat twiddling my thumbs in a public place. The things which I had to pay filled my mind. For the time being society was barred, the field was purely personal.

A man I know, and who often discusses conditions with me in the hope of rendering me less visionary, came and sat down beside me. It seemed that that morning, a Readywriter had come out with an item in a column for which he frequently writes, called, "On Second Thought." I must read it, and condemn or defend it.

It was about Theodore Roosevelt.

The Readywriter had been called courageous, because he "picked at" T. R. occasionally. The Readywriter said it did not take courage, and that it paid better wages than to laud him. "I admire him; but he is becoming vain, and a bluffer in part. T. R. has always had the country with him. Some day T. R. will go up against a proposition bigger and stronger than he is. If he side-steps, then I will know that I had him sized up right."

Nothing very fierce or deep here: personal matters did not incline to let me fight for the rightness of this Readywriter.

So I turned the page and handed the paper back to my friend, with a thing for him to read in his turn:

"Cries of Pinchot came from every part of the house. He was finally dragged forward, and in a husky voice said: 'There are but few moments in a man's life like this. It is magnificent to hear the principle of conservation of natural resources acclaimed as you have done. I have fought many years for conservation, and Conservation has won. I thank you.'"

When he read this by itself, my friend was silent.

Nothing of its kind beats this. It is a concrete though unconscious expression of the old Arena's motto as I remember it: "A man is the principles that move him; that force him into the arena to battle for them."

To free the earth for the equal use of all, we needs must put man in his proper place. Man is the machine merely; it is the glorious explosive Power before which we must bow down and worship.

Hereafter in far distant years,

If this book, by some chance surviving, fall into the hands of curious readers,

They will smile perplexed, and say:

"How strange that in those barbarous times

It seemed worth while to write these simple, self-evident truths,

And to solemnly set forth such wisdom as now our babes are born with!"

Surely there never was an age when things so elementary were honestly gainsaid.

Oh the mystery of eyes that see not and ears that hear not!

GEORGE HUGHES.

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## NEWS NARRATIVE

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To use the reference figures of this Department for obtaining continuous news narratives:

Observe the reference figures in any article; turn back to the page they indicate and find there the next preceding article, on the same subject; observe the reference figures in that article, and turn back as before, continue until you come to the earliest article on the subject; then retrace your course through the indicated pages, reading each article in chronological order, and you will have a continuous news narrative of the subject from its historical beginnings to date.

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Week ending Tuesday, September 20, 1910.

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### President Taft in Politics.

Close upon the returns from the primaries and elections of last week (pp. 872, 897, 898), President Taft gave publicity to a remarkable letter—remarkable alike for its admission of his use of