

built by Mongolians of the same stock that laid the foundations of the Korean Empire.

—Prolonged cold through a large part of the United States for several days beginning about the 4th, has caused widespread suffering and much unemployment. Below zero weather lasted in Chicago for 72 hours, from the 4th to the 7th.

—Three-cent fares from 5:30 to 7:30 a. m. and from 4:30 to 6:30 p. m., with six tickets for 25 cents and universal transfers the rest of the day, were agreed upon the 4th in Toledo pending negotiations for the extension of street car franchises. [See current volume, page 15.]

—Elections for 100 Senators were held in France on the 7th—96 for new terms and 4 for vacancies. As reported in the dispatches of the 7th, the Left and Republicans gain 8 seats, the Radicals and Socialist-Radicals lose 3, the Socialist-Republicans gain 1, the Opposition groups of reactionaries lose 2, and the Progressists lose 4.

—The City Club of Chicago has opened its new club house, 315 Plymouth court, with a week of exhibits and dinners, beginning on the 8th and ending on the 13th. The 8th was "presidents' night," and the 9th "government night." The 10th, 11th, 12th and 13th will be respectively "education," "nationalities," "civic associations," and "labor" nights.

—Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard, grandson of William Lloyd Garrison, President of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, editor of the New York Evening Post, is speaking in Handel Hall, 27 East Randolph street, Chicago, this week Thursday, at 8 p. m., on "Political and Legal Discrimination Against the Colored People."

—A petition under the Nebraska primary law was filed on the 5th naming William J. Bryan as candidate for the Democratic nomination for President. Mr. Bryan's brother, Charles W. Bryan, states that it was against Mr. Bryan's wishes and without his knowledge and Mr. Bryan has confirmed this protest, adding: "They have no business to put a man in as a candidate unless he wishes to be one."

—The efforts of the Republican government of Portugal to effect separation between church and state brought about on December 28 a decree of exile for two years of the head of the Portuguese church, the Catholic Patriarch of Lisbon, Monsignor Anthony Mendes Bello. As a result the Portuguese bishops on the 4th proclaimed their independence of the government. Clashes between clericals and republicans were incident to the departure of the Patriarch. A further cause of disaffection, as reported on the 8th from Lisbon, suggests some agrarian program on the part of the government. According to the cable dispatch of the Chicago Inter Ocean, "the peasants in the district of Azambuja, on the river Tagus, are greatly excited over the decision of the government, that the land and woods in the vicinity belongs to the state, and that the inhabitants must pay rent or abandon the territory."



Teacher: "Now, little Tommy, give us an example of the double negative."

Little Tommy: "I don't know none."

—New York Globe.

## PRESS OPINIONS

### The Fate of Persia.

The (London) Daily News (Lib.), December 5.—Day by day we see the shadow of Russia advancing unchallenged over Northern Persia. An ancient civilization is being blotted out and a country whose integrity we have solemnly guaranteed and whose independence is of vital importance to our Indian Empire, is passing under the iron heel of Russian despotism. There is a report that the Persians will resist the invading Russian army; but of what avail can such resistance be? It can only add carnage to the tale of doom. . . . Mr. Shuster, as all the world knows, is the last symbol of Persian independence. He was appointed to help the Persian Government to reorganize its finances. He has bravely attempted the task in the face of the open hostility of Russia and he is sacrificed because of his loyalty to Persian interests.



### Roosevelt in the Running.

The Commoner (Bryan), Dec. 22.—We do not say that Mr. Roosevelt's nomination next year is inevitable, but it is probable. Luck is running with him and the advantage of position is on his side, thanks to Taft's mistakes and Roosevelt's adroit disloyalty. . . . Big business is against Taft, but Roosevelt offers a haven and a refuge, with the White House doors wide open. His attack upon the Sherman law in last week's Outlook is Wall street's attack. He offers Big Business the kind of Federal "supervision" that it is begging for, but chiefly he offers the destruction of the Sherman Anti-trust law. It is to the destruction of the Sherman act that Wall street is concentrating all its political power. If Big Business could be sure that his election would mean the repeal or amendment of that statute, all of its money and influence and authority would be instantly arrayed on the side of his candidacy. In any event Wall street would accept him rather than Taft or La Follette. It has bargained with him in the past and knows how to bargain with him in the future. . . . Democrats in Congress and out of Congress cannot ignore this situation. They are no longer dealing with a frank, good-natured, tactless Taft. They are dealing with the most daring, audacious and practical political manipulator of his generation. They must prepare to beat Roosevelt.



Congressman Henry George, Jr., was the speaker of the evening at a big doings in a Canadian city some time ago.

The chairman of the gathering, in his speech of introduction, lauded both Henry George and Lloyd George, and said that the name of George was great throughout the land.

"It now gives me great pleasure," he added, "to present to you the speaker of the evening, Mr. Lloyd George."

The audience, knowing that it wasn't Lloyd George at all, laughed uproariously, and the chairman

looked worried throughout the rest of the evening, trying to think what he'd said.—Fred C. Kelly in *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

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## RELATED THINGS

### CONTRIBUTIONS AND REPRINT

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#### AMERICA, 1912.

For The Public.

O thou that hast so long forgot  
 The nobler war, the peace without decay,  
 And sittest in thy money-mart,  
 Bloated too young, sleeping thy soul way,—  
 Turn to the West thy dream-dulled eyes!  
 Down on thy knees! Thence comes new life to thee,  
 To fire thy hybrid-blooded veins,  
 And make thee worthy of thine ancestry!

MIRIAM ALLEN DE FORD.



## TRUE LITTLE TALES OF MINOR REFORMERS.

### 2. The Patriarch of His Tribe.

For The Public.

Many years ago a young school teacher in California decided to spend his vacation in taking orders for fruit trees. He saddled a great brown colt, and rode into the valleys of the northern Coast Range, having all sorts of good times.

One afternoon he came upon a wonderfully fair and prosperous group of farms which occupied a little crescent-shaped valley. "Everybody is related here," some one told him, "but Old Man Newson who lives at the head of the valley is the pioneer, and usually settles things. Six sons with families ranch it near him."

So the young school teacher, naming Newson in his thoughts as a biblical patriarch and father of the valley, rode up an avenue of live oaks towards the great house of the elder Newson, set on a hill-top in the midst of barns, sheds and corrals. It was growing late; the nearest village was ten miles away; he meant to invoke the never-failing mountaineer hospitality, and besides, he wanted to meet the patriarch.

Men were riding in from the broad pastures with bands of cattle, under the sunset's scarlet banners. One of the younger horsemen galloped up and greeted the school teacher cheerfully, and still with a question in his voice.

But the school teacher asked the first question: "And whose is this fine ranch?"

"B'longs to my grandfather, Jeremiah Newson. He settled here in 1852. Everybody is related. Folks say we look alike, an' act alike."

"Bully," said the school teacher, who was young

and at times slang-spoken. "I sure like that. Now I hope I can stay here tonight, and meet your grandfather."

The young cattle man looked at him in an appraising way. Others rode up, cheerful and yet somewhat aloof. "It's a tribe, sure enough, like half-reformed Doones," thought the delighted school teacher. Slowly the first young man replied, "I hope you can stay, and I hope that grandfather will like you. We have a cabin where strangers sleep, but maybe he'll want you in the house. Come in and meet him."

The massive gates of the inner yards swung open; those walls only needed loop-holes to become a fortress. The old man stood by the house door, massive and stern as one of his own storm-abiding oaks. He greeted the school teacher with the faultless but reserved courtesy of an old time Highland chieftain.

"We welcome strangers," he said, "and we have at least meals and a cabin room for them. But we always ask them a question. Tell me, if you are willing, do you, sir, belong to any secret society? Above all else, are you a Mason? If so, I can be hospitable, but I cannot have a Mason under my roof."

Surprised, the young school teacher laughed outright. "Why, no!" he replied. "I have been much too busy, and have never joined anything except debating clubs and literary societies."

Over the stern and strong old face there swept a look of relief, a flash of welcome and happiness.

"Heaven bless you," he said. "Dismount, young man, and come right in. Boys, take his horse; send word around that we have found a new friend who is free from the biggest evil of the age. Let everyone who can, come in after supper."

Some thirty men, women and children sat down to that meal in the great living room, with its immense fireplace, in which a four-foot oak log blazed, for it was now early winter. They were waited on by tall, handsome daughters and granddaughters of the family.

The old man spoke with simple pride to the school teacher: "All these are of my own household; we have never had a hired servant in house or on farm."

An hour or so later everybody in the valley who was related to the patriarch came in; the great room was full of pleasant-spoken men and women, youths and maidens. It made the school teacher think of the gatherings in the House of the Face, in William Morris's story of "The Roots of the Mountains." Such good cheer, such friendly old-fashioned greetings, even his happy life of many fellowships had seldom known. He was treated as if he were indeed a long-absent, much-loved son of the tribe, returned from many wanderings. It surprised him to find that he was telling the elders about his own father and mother and was talking