

"Nonsense. They don't begin to be as gorgeous as your Woodmen's team, and nobody is going to make such a fuss over that. Please be sensible. Why is it? There are thousands of Germans in this country infinitely more distinguished than he is that we wouldn't look at twice. What did he ever do? Who is he?"

Mrs. Dillingham's fierce democracy is so thoroughly delightful that I couldn't help adding a gentle stimulant. "He is a good fellow, a prince of good fellows," I replied. "He is a capital mixer and a thorough gentleman. All the stories about his conduct on ship board show that. He is democratic, too, they say, as a real gentleman must be, and handsome as a Greek god. When we meet a man like that we can't make too much of him."

"That has nothing to do with it. If he was some little snip of a fellow with no manners and no morals it would be just the same."

"Well, madam, there is no accounting for hysteria."

"It makes me feel shivery," she said, "the people cheering him in the streets and the whole opera house standing when he comes in and all that, things they never think of doing for the president or any of our great men. President McKinley might have deserved it or President Roosevelt."

"Or Bryan."

"Yes, or Bryan, why not, as much as this brother of a grandson of Emperor William—and Bismarck was the real man all the time. I can't tell what I feel, but somehow the whole thing is frightfully depressing. Tell me what I mean."

It is about as puzzling to me. Hysteria doesn't account for it; it is too deliberate to be hysterical. Our recrudescence of militarism and mediaeval ideas of glory does not account for it wholly. Our brotherly love for the German nation and our respect for the nation's representative does not begin to account for it, though that element does enter into it, and we may be glad to make the most of it. And, as Mrs. Dillingham says, personal admiration for Prince Henry's undoubted good qualities has nothing to do with it. If it was Jim or me it would be exactly the same if our first name was prince and we wore the royal regalia.

It looks to be genuine king worship. Now the only thing, under God, that rightly demands our reverence is a man. Next to God himself, manhood and womanhood are divine.

You know someone says to a dog his

master is a god. He will lie at his master's feet, lick his master's hand, the hand that beats him, do his master's service without trying to understand why.

We can understand that. We can understand how the savage must have an idol to worship. The God that speaks through the thunder and rides on the whirlwind, whose hand guides the stars in their courses and controls the sweep of the planets, is too vague and dim for the savage. He has to have an object he can see, even if he makes it himself. When his mind can grasp an abstraction he is ready to burn his graven image and go to church. We can understand that.

Now manhood is the only thing, under God, worth worshipping. But it is only the man who possesses completely his own soul who can apprehend this manhood. Only the man who can stand erect is strong enough to face his fellows, giving them reverence and requiring reverence of them. Your half man is abashed before the symbols of greatness, but greatness itself he does not recognize.

We are like the dog needing a superior intelligence to revere because we have not learned to have faith in ourselves. We are distrustful of our own democracy. We are like the savage that must have a god to be seen and touched, an idol that is labeled, This is a god. We are half-men so we pay deference to the symbol of greatness without inquiring what it contains.

Unless our great man comes to us vouched for by certain trappings we distrust our judgment of him, but if he carries a scepter and titles of a sort we run to pay him homage.

We are not sure of ourselves, we are not sure of greatness in another unless it is attested by venerable renown or prescription. And so when the prince comes, with a label that is plain to everyone, that is a chance to gratify the desire born in us to worship somebody.

We certainly make a good job of it. Prince Henry has had more adulation poured over him this week than he ever got in his life.

All this is reactionary, tory, worshipping an institution without looking to its meaning. It is first class snobbishness and there is no blaming a snob. If he was not defective he would not be a snob.

We will grow out of it in time. We thought once or twice we had grown

out of it. By and by there will be a race of men who will stand erect, and kings or commoners will be all one to them. Manhood will be the highest title to reverence and each man, secure in his own manhood, will recognize the manliness of others and pay no attention to gewgaws and accidents.

For pettiness cannot rise above petty things and it takes greatness to know greatness.—John Stone Pardee, in *The Argus*, of Red Wing, Minn., for March 2.

DEMOCRATIC DEMOCRACY.

Printed from the manuscript of the speech delivered by C. E. S. Wood, of Portland, Ore., at the banquet of the Manhattan club, of New York, held February 22. A report of portions of this speech appeared in the editorial columns of *The Public* of March 1.

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Manhattan Club:

I will console you with the statement that I rise to speak with a time-lock upon my lips, and, like the sun of my own beloved Pacific, I must soon set. In the seven or eight minutes allotted to me I have a message for you from the West—that land of vast deserts which reach to the rim of the sky, and gigantic mountains whose snow peaks pierce even up to the silence of God. The solitude of the desert and of the mountain begets brooding, and from brooding comes truth. In the breezes of the vast desert there is no taint of restraint, but it whispers thoughts of liberty. The civilization of the West is founded on the lawlessness of the mining camp, and I think it a good foundation. In the West a man has the lawful right to drink when and where he pleases, and the saloon and the theater are as open on Sunday as the church and the school. Each one is permitted to decide for himself whether he will attend the church or the theater. We believe that man has an inalienable right to go to hell and be damned, if he pleases.

I have listened with interest to the speech of one who has made classical the words: "I am a Democrat," and have heard him and every other speaker urge harmony in the Democratic party.

As for myself I do not know whether I am a Democrat or not. I was on the stump in 1896 for Mr. McKinley, and in 1900 for Mr. Bryan, and if these opposite factions of the Democratic party are to unite, then I must unite with myself.

But, gentlemen, let me tell you that a party cannot be made within these hospitable walls. Parties are born out of doors. The backbone of a party must be an idea; and unless it has a living idea it cannot live,

and it is useless to attempt to force together men who believe in totally different ideas.

I do not share the impression of Senator Depew that the Republican party to-day is the party of Abraham Lincoln. I think it has become by natural evolution, and, as one may say, in spite of itself, the party of privilege, the party of power, the party of militarism, the party of Imperialism, the party of the American aristocracy of wealth.

I do not rail at this aristocracy. I do not envy their wealth because it is wealth, but I fear that concentration of power which has always accompanied the concentration of wealth and before of which every Republic has gone down—Rome, Florence, Venice. I do not expect this Republic of ours to last forever. The universal law is changed, and we shall be no exception to it; but I would have the change come by evolution, not by revolution; and yet history teaches us that every change in the vested right of property has come by revolution. Can we avoid it? I hope and believe, with the greater intelligence of to-day, that a party which earnestly and honestly becomes the party of the people, and in time, before it is too late, advocates true principles of reform, may avoid the revolution which otherwise is sure to come.

It has been said here to-night that the fundamental principle of the Democratic party is equal opportunity for all, and special privilege to none. I agree with all that has been said against Imperialism and in favor of tariff reform. But let me remind you that the Democratic party went into power on that same platform of Tariff Reform, and with a Democratic President in the chair and Democratic control of both houses, showed itself as much the subservient tool of the vested and protected interests as was the Republican party. Does anyone here to-night know how the Congressional Delegation from Louisiana would vote to-day on the question of free sugar? I do not. But as an issue, and as part of our platform, I join in saying that there should be no protection, no subsidies, no bonuses, no United States Bank, no special privileges whatever; but I do not think that Imperialism and Tariff Reform meet the whole problem to be solved by that party which undertakes to be the party of the common people.

There is a blind instinctive feeling among the hard handed farmers of the West, and I believe the same feeling exists among the masses of the East, that, where all wealth is derived from the soil and the sweat of man's face, something somehow and somewhere is wrong when the millions who sweat get only mere existence, and the few have poured upon them millions upon millions and countless millions.

Everyone seems to recognize that the concentration of such enormous wealth in the hands of very few is a menace to popular liberty, and from it will naturally evolve an oligarchy.

One of the speakers who has preceded me has said, we will regulate this by law.

Gentlemen, I tell you, there never yet was any institution which had naturally grown from existing conditions and had its living root planted in living conditions, which could be regulated by law. Have you regulated the railroads? Have you put an end to rebates? Have you regulated morals, drinking, gambling? I say, if these trusts, as they are called, be evil, they must be regulated by beginning at the root; not by useless laws scratching at the surface.

There seems to be an impression that the abolition of a protective tariff will perform the whole cure. It certainly is an imperative step, but to my mind will not solve the whole question. The Standard Oil Co., for example, is not especially the beneficiary of a protective tariff, and yet it is the pioneer and most powerful of the so-called Trusts. To my mind it has its strength in other special privileges—the privileges of the great transportation corporations; rebates and discrimination in rates; and, finally, in the privilege of the modern private ownership of land. I believe we are living to-day as to land tenure in a sort of feudal system. I am opposed to paper titles which permit a man and his heirs forever to keep vacant tracts of territory as against those who are willing and able to use them.

I do not share the popular impression that the progress of the world has been due to man's struggle for personal liberty. It seems to me that personal liberty has rather come from struggles which revolved about property. Louis did not go to the guillotine because of the lettres de cachet, but because the

French peasantry were struggling for their black and bitter bread with their master's hogs. Charles went to the block because he created monopolies, privileges, and imposed taxation. Our own revolution, though it came from the spirit bred of Western freedom, arose because the sacred right of property was attacked.

Much as I believe in and approve the issues of Tariff Reform and the Imperialism, I think, looking to the far future, seeking for the living idea which is to make the Democratic party truly the party of the common people, we must finally face this question of property rights and economic reform. Revolutions and reforms have never come from the mass of the people themselves. They are the most patient herd on earth, and have always been. Their submission to existing conditions is pathetic. I do not believe that the world is perfect, that our Republic is perfect, or the Democratic party is perfect; and it remains to see whether or not the Democratic party and its leaders can arouse the people in their own defense, and bring about by quiet and natural evolution those changes and reforms which inevitably must come.

In conclusion, let me say, that no one echoes more fervently than I the battle cry of Democracy, "That government is best which governs least; equal opportunity for all; special privilege for none;" but I want to understand, and I want to know what you mean, by privilege; and precisely what you are going to do about it; and this is the question which I think the people will want to know.

A FILIPINO MESSAGE.

A portion of a personal letter from Mr. G. Apacible, of the Central Filipino committee at Hong-Kong, to Mr. Samuel Daziger, of Chicago.

If we were publishing this letter as literature, or as a page of history, we should think it due Mr. Apacible to make the letter into literary English. But we present it here for its sad message and its hope and prophecy, and these we believe it can present best in its own pathetically imperfect English, exactly as written by the Filipino patriot, striving to reach American hearts through the barriers of an alien speech.

Comite Central Filipino,
Hong-kong,
25th January, 1902.

My distinguished friend:

. . . I have the pleasure of sending you some printed matters that we have published. You will see in them,