

Yet hoping still, we bid you now farewell.

*Roos.*—My friends, farewell. (*Exit the Envoys.*) (*Enter Pauncefote.*)

Oh, honored am I now!

How glad I am to see you here, my lord.

But tell me why your brow so deep is lined,

Has Worry with her keen engraving tool

Been working there?

*Pauncefote*—Your excellency, no.

But as I crossed your threshold I did meet

Three men of peasant mien who spoke a tongue

That touched my trusting spirit with distrust.

*Roos.*—My lord, your intuition played you false;

So let your trust reign undisturbed again.

The men you met were envoys of the Boers

Whom I had greeted unofficially.

I listened with politeness to their words,

But that was all.

*Pauncefote*—Oh, greatly I rejoice

That you are ever loyal to my cause.

Your faithfulness Great Britain does repay

For her maternal service in your war

With the Iberians—when her hand forced back

The eager German, French, Norwegian, Pole,

The Turk, the Russian, and the Japanese,

The Chinaman—aye, all the nations that

Were thirsting for your Country's blood and death.

I thank you, Mr. President, and now

That I am so relieved I shall depart

With gratitude.

*Roos.*—But wait to hear, my lord,

The joke that humorous Choate sent to Hay,

About the Coronation. In the folds

Of documents pertaining to the state,

Our great ambassador did put a sheet,

On which he had inscribed, he would be forced

To meet the Coronation's strict edict

To put on trousers ending at the knees,

And, "Hay," he wrote, "I shall be gratified

If you will lend me for that regal time, Your 'little breeches.'"

*Pauncefote*—I see not the joke; Will you explain it, Mr. President?

*Roos.*—With pleasure great, my lord, but pardon me

If I appoint some early future time.

For, now, before me stretches but an hour

In which I shall be free to trace for you

The intricacies that do make the jest.

*Pauncefote*—I shall with joy look forward to that time.

Good day.

*Roos.*—My lord, the best of days to you.

(*Exit Pauncefote.*)

(*Exit Roosevelt.*)

G. T. E.

A DEMOCRATIC-DEMOCRAT FOR SENATOR FROM OREGON.

The Democratic convention of Oregon having nominated for United States senator, C. E. S. Wood, of Portland, a leader at the Oregon bar, Mr. Wood wrote the subjoined letter of acceptance. The state election will take place June 3, 1902.

Samuel White, Esq., Chairman, and Richard W. Montague, Esq., Secretary, Democratic State Central Committee, of Oregon: I have just received your notification that I have been nominated by the state convention to the candidacy for United States senator. The nomination to any position of trust, which comes to a man unsought, is an honor, and I feel grateful to my Democratic fellow-citizens for this expression of confidence in me.

The chances of success seem to me of very secondary importance compared to the fight to be made and the principles to be discussed. I know there is a feeling among political experts that defeat ought never to be admitted beforehand, because certain votes follow the winning side and are captured by the enthusiasm of success; but for such votes I do not care and I think it never truly hurts any cause to admit the truth. Let me frankly confess here and now that to me there seems not the ghost of a chance of my ever reaching the United States Senate from Oregon. But it is better to be right on the page of history than victorious to-day. The party or the man who makes mere success the prime object will dodge and quibble, blow hot and cold; abandon the eternal truths for the expediency of the moment. I hope and believe that Democrats everywhere will prove their willingness to adopt a great fundamental principle and patiently go down with it to defeat a thousand times—to die with it, if need be, confident that some day it will rise triumphant, though the voices of its first advocates are hushed forever. Lincoln's party did not begin by winning,

nor did it change to suit the temper of the times. Has any man who sought to move the world upward a little begun with victory?

It seems to me, therefore, that whether I can succeed or not is of very little consequence. What is of consequence is to preach with might and main what we conceive to be the truth, so that hereafter the people will vote more upon understanding and beliefs and less upon the mere accident of a temporarily full dinner pail. My first inclination was to decline this responsibility. I have been absent from home and office since last November, and many personal and family reasons urged that I decline; but on reflection it seemed to me again, as it has in the past, that a man does his truest duty towards his family who, in his own day and generation, shirks no fight or burden, but sacrifices himself for unborn generations, as others in times past have sacrificed themselves for the liberty and progress we now enjoy. I feel also there is much due to the wishes of a party, and that I can speak more freely the full party doctrine, as I conceive it to be, if I am myself a candidate. Therefore, I accept this nomination and shall do what I can. But, as I have said publicly many times, I have no political aspirations for myself; there is no office whatever which I desire.

Before closing this letter, perhaps I ought to state, after the fashion of candidates, briefly my conception of the political situation to-day. (I have not seen the platform adopted.)

One of the historical axioms is that power (political and military) lodges where property does. The great holders of property are the holders of great power. The wealthy class of Rome held the power of Rome; the feudal lords of the middle ages held the power of the middle ages. At the time of the Revolution, this country lay vast and virgin. There was comparatively little difference among the people. Untold millions of wealth have been developed out of this great domain, but the wealth has steadily concentrated in the hands of the few. This is not to be considered a cause of envy or hatred of the rich, for differences will always exist; but the differences here are so great as to indicate a wrong economic base. Certainly no one will contend that our wealthiest men are exclusively our smartest men; or their brains are as much greater as their wealth is greater. The Republican party, by a sort of evolution, has become the guardian (or the instrument, if you please) of this con-

centrated wealth and power and of this false economic basis. A permanent change can only come by evolution or revolution. Revolution will mean the sudden and more or less blind uprising of envy and suffering; evolution means the gradual education of the people. I take it to be the mission of the party opposed to the Republican party to earnestly and persistently enforce this education without passion and low appeals until the reforms are brought about, and the world moves. Change of some sort there will be, whether we like it or not. Certainly no one expects us to remain precisely as we are to-day, and the question now is shall there be more concentration of wealth and power or less, more government or less.

I believe in more freedom and less government, and plant myself on Thomas Jefferson's enunciation of the whole truth: "That government is best which governs least. Equal opportunity to all; special privilege to none." It seems to me this nation has been growing almost wholly along Hamiltonian lines: special privilege, a fostering governmental care of private interests, and distrust of the mass of the people. And it seems to me the condition we are in is due to robbery of the people by laws passed in the interest of a special and privileged few, and not permitting the people a sufficiently direct voice in their own government. The Jeffersonian idea of government is an organization to keep peace and order. The more government is forced back into that position, the more prosperous will the mass of the people be in my opinion; for, certainly, the more you cut the claws of government, the less it can scratch the people while purring to them. I do not know a law which has invaded the domain of free individual effort which has not resulted in some jobbery and robbery. Let us resolve all questions to-day by an honest application of these maxims—"Freedom" and "Special privileges to none."

I have always denied that this is truly a government by the people, for the people. For example, it is conceded that the people, east and west, north and south, want to elect their own senators by popular vote. An amendment to the United States constitution, after years of battling, is brought to the Senate. Senator Depew introduces an amendment to the resolution which passes with only one dissenting Republican vote. The Depew amendment is intended to kill the constitutional amendment desired by the peo-

ple. In my opinion, the people would be fools to accept such a dangerous innovation in the constitution. Senator Depew's amendment provides that whenever an election of any member of either House is being held, Congress shall prescribe the regulations, and Federal authority shall oversee, conduct and control it. In short, it Mexicanizes this Republic. Federal troops would police the polls and Federal courts pass on all judicial questions arising. It also requires that the qualifications of such electors be uniform throughout the states. Do you think Senator Depew and his Republican friends here represented the people, or did they represent the strong centralized wealth which put them where they are; often by corrupt purchase of their seats, always by packing the legislature beforehand? What real interest do you think the people of Oregon had for four long years, whether Senator Mitchell or Senator Corbett was returned to the Senate? Was there not one other Republican in Oregon fit for the place?

Apply our test of freedom to this question, and we answer it: Let the political power get back to the mass of the people where it belongs. So, too, with the initiative and referendum. Hamilton in his day said the people were not to be trusted. That idea clings to the Republican party to-day—either in the way Hamilton meant it, that the people were not capable; or in another sense, that the people would strike at the privileges the few are fattening on and which they have grown to believe themselves entitled to. My belief is if this Republic cannot live as the government of the people by the people themselves, let it die. Certainly, as we look back upon the long record of land grants, subsidies, protective tariffs, franchises and private grafts, we can be sure the people cannot do worse for themselves than their representatives, national, state and municipal have done for them. But the recent election in Chicago shows that the people, when given a voice in their own affairs, are glad to use it and use it intelligently—far more intelligently than any council had ever done for them. There is an instinct which teaches even a squirrel to protect its nest and winter hoard. Cannot man be as wise? Hamilton said, in effect: "Out of the people's pockets let us foster our infant industries." Jefferson said it is a vicious principle—government should not meddle with industries. Which was right? A century has passed; we have grown to greatness; the toilers

still sweat to produce wealth from the soil; the infant industries are giant trusts—and is there one which has ever let go the teat? Or is willing now to let it go? Not one. They sit in the seats of Congress and laugh at the people. Even the Republican President when he pleads for our promise to Cuba is laughed in the face and told it might as well be understood first as last that there will be no change in the tariff. Mr. Schwab, president of the steel trust, told Mr. Lawrence, member of the English House of Commons, that the trust could deliver steel billets in England at \$16.50 per ton. He asked his American Customers \$26.00 a ton. Guess the profit! American copper was bought in England last year and reconveyed to this country at a profit over the home price. In Mexico, South America, Russia, China, everywhere but among ourselves, American made reapers, tools, rails, nails, cotton-goods and coffins, everything used, from the cradle to the grave, can be bought cheaper by foreigners than by the citizens of this country which makes them. The artificial price forced on us by the tariff wall is unnatural, exorbitant, and fears no competition. And yet I remember Mr. Tongue in the last campaign was cheered to the echo by young men of Oregon when he said the tariff was only making foreigners pay our taxes. If so, why not let them pay all our taxes? But alas! the buyer has always paid the cost of an article, and the customs duty on such articles as may be imported is part of the cost. It is the policy of the large profitters by protection to let as many as possible suck at the sugar, and the sucker is pleased with the sweetness and becomes a partisan for protection, forgetting he is paying his little profit many times over on such things.

I think the people of Oregon would be well pleased if I were in the Senate to have me do what I could to break down this tariff robbery on the things they buy; but I think many would object to wool and sugar going on the free list. And yet, if I were senator, I would most certainly advocate no protection of any kind to anything. If protection is wrong, it is all wrong. I believe if one man is entitled to buy his machinery free of subsidies, another is entitled to buy his clothes and sugar free of subsidies. I believe the good of one is best found in the good of all, and that a principle is true for all or not true at all. I am for free trade; by that I mean just what the words mean—trade set free. I believe in free speech; free press; free work; free

play, and free trade. I believe in freedom.

In 1820 the merchants of London revolted against the protective system and presented their famous petition to "buy where we like, and sell where we like." In this petition they said: "But foreign commerce is conducive to the wealth and prosperity of a country by enabling it to import the commodities for the production of which the soil, climate, capital and industry of other countries are best calculated, and to export in payment those articles for which its own situation is better adapted." "That freedom from restraint is calculated to give the utmost extension to foreign trade, and the best direction to the capital and industry of the country." After these principles were adopted, British trade leaped from a level line to a steadily climbing upward one.

It is said the trusts have an expanding commerce, Why not? They sell abroad at the expense of the buyer at home. But the expansion is not for the merchants and citizens of this country, nor for the trade in general. It is all for the trusts. I am told by experts that the real balance of trade, so far as the people are concerned, is against us.

I am writing too hastily to condense, and this letter is already too long. My views are pretty well known to you and my fellow citizens. When in doubt as to my position, anyone can safely resolve his doubts by considering that I believe the earth was made for the inhabitants thereof. I believe in freedom wherever possible, and in all things. I oppose governmental interference in private enterprise, and I oppose all special privileges. Again let me urge that we take no special thought about the success of to-day, but strike out some deep principles which we believe in as we do in life itself, and hang to them until they win. If they be truth, they will win in time, and if they be not truth they ought not to win.

I would not regard our party's defeat in the next national election as an unmixed sorrow, for we will soon be on the eve of another "hard times" epoch which will surely be laid at the doors of the then existing administration. It will be largely the result of Republican inflations and subsidies, and tariff and speculation, and it would be hard for the Democratic party, now that it is so much needed, to be wiped out by the effects of the very evils it seeks to remedy.

Again thanking, through you, those fellow citizens who have shown their

confidence in me, I am, yours very truly,

C. E. S. WOOD.  
New York, Apr. 21, 1902.

IN OUR HUMAN HIVE.

This much at least is certain; our "little black specks" would not reveal the vast moral direction, the wonderful unity that are so apparent in the hive.

"Whither do they tend, and what is it they do?" he would ask, after years and centuries of patient watching. "What is the aim of their life or its pivot? Do they obey some God? I can see nothing that governs their actions. The little things that one day they appear to collect and build up, the next day they destroy and scatter. They come and they go, they meet and disperse, but one knows not what it is that they seek. In numberless cases the spectacle they present is altogether inexplicable.

There are some, for instance, who as it were, seem scarcely to stir from their place. They are to be distinguished by their glossier coat, and often, too, by their more considerable bulk. They occupy buildings ten or twenty times larger than ordinary dwellings, and richer and more ingeniously fashioned. Every day they spend many hours at their meals, which, sometimes, indeed are prolonged far into the night. They appear to be held in extraordinary honor by those who approach them; men come from the neighboring houses, bringing provisions, and even from the depths of the country, laden with presents. One can only assume that these persons must be indispensable to the race, to which they render essential service, although our means of investigation have not yet enabled us to discover what the precise nature of this service may be.

There are others, again, who are incessantly engaged in the most wearisome labor, whether it be in great sheds full of wheels, that forever turn round and round, or close by the shipping, or in obscure hovels, or on small plots of earth that from sunrise to sunset they are constantly delving and digging. We are led to believe that this labor must be an offense, and punishable. For the persons guilty of it are housed in filthy, ruinous and squalid cabins. They are clothed in some colorless hidé. So great does their ardor appear for this noxious, or at any rate useless activity, that they scarcely allow themselves time to eat or to sleep. In numbers they are to the others as a thousand to one. It is remarkable that the species should have been able to survive to this day under

conditions so unfavorable to its development. It should be mentioned, however, that apart from this characteristic devotion to their wearisome toil, they appear inoffensive and docile; and satisfied with the leavings of those who evidently are the guardians, if not the saviors of the race.—From "The Life of the Bee," by Maurice Maeterlinck.

PARODIES YOU OUGHT TO KNOW.

JINGOISM.

With undiminished respect for the memory of Sir Walter Scott.

For The Public.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead  
Who never to himself hath said:  
"Let's grab some nation's native land!"  
Who hath not massacred and burned,  
Wasted and ruined, ere he turned  
From robbery on some foreign strand?  
If such there breathe, go, mark him well!  
He makes no water tortures swell;  
High though his talents, wide his fame,  
Patriot his soul as wish can claim—  
Yea, be he Honor's second self,  
His worth and intellect we'll shelf,  
And make a hero of some clown,  
Who bawls: "Let peacemakers go down  
To the vile dust from whence they sprung,  
All drawn, all quartered, and all hung!"\*

BERTRAND SHADWELL.

\* Or words to that effect. He said "hung." I know it ought to be "hanged." I am not responsible.

"I suppose that the Filipinos are very deceitful," remarked the imperialist, as he saluted the flag.

"Oh, they are," exclaimed Lieut. Returne; "they deceive without shame. Why, I have actually seen Filipino mothers swear up and down that their grown up children were not ten years old."

G. T. E.

Ever stop to think that someone has to go around and pick up and straighten out after the easy-going, good-natured people?—Atchison Globe.

It is time for Spain to reciprocate and interfere with our Philippine business "in the interests of humanity."—Helena Independent.

BOOK NOTICES.

WATSON'S NAPOLEON.

Of course everyone who has had the good fortune to read the Story of France will read this third volume. In real understanding of Napoleon—whether as a politician, as a statesman, as a commander, or especially as a man and, in spite of his imperialism, as a humanitarian—this life seems to me to surpass all the histories of Napoleon that have ever been written.

To understand a man as great as Napoleon it takes time and it takes sympathy. The life must be written by one who can enter into the arcanum of his hero's ideals and purposes. Mr. Watson, himself a "lib-