

the State itself. It will stand ever beckoning to the young men and women of the Commonwealth to come up and prepare themselves to render the service of highest value to the community. It will train to an ever-increasing extent the leaders in the learned professions—the men and women who in teaching, in law and medicine, in farming and engineering, in business and commerce, will give the tone to the life and activity of the State.

But the State University . . . is in a certain sense the scientific arm of the state government as the Governor and his assistants are the executive, and judges and courts the judicial. Modern government is becoming very complex. Its problems are many and difficult. For the solution of many of them extensive laboratories, well equipped and under the direction of trained investigators, are necessary. All this work should go to the State University. How far this is already carried may be seen in the case of the University of Illinois. Here are located the National and State Agricultural Experiment Stations, the State Engineering Experiment Station (the first of its kind in the United States), the State Geological Survey, the State Laboratory of Natural History, the State Entomologist's Office, and the State Water Survey. This combination of public administrative work, scientific investigation and educational training has the most happy results.

HEROES OF THE COMMON LIFE.

Readers of the daily press know that a terrible storm raged on the Great Lakes on Friday, Oct. 20, and that some 30 vessels were wrecked or foundered. A dispatch from Port Huron, Mich., to the Chicago Chronicle of the 23d, tells how one doomed crew saved the lives of another crew, when they found they could not save themselves.

Nine heroes went down with the schooner Minnedosa Friday night. The angered, raging wind sent mountainous waves to batter to pieces the wooden boat wherein eight men and one woman were imprisoned. The vessel creaked and groaned and timbers snapped. The bulwarks went over. The wind hissed through the rigging and sent it piece by piece into the lake. Great seams were opening and water poured into the schooner's hold.

Ahead tumbled the steel steamer Westmount, stanch and able. Behind pitched the Melrose, a frailer vessel than the Minnedosa and faring worse, it must seem. The Minnedosa was going to the bottom. Every one of the

nine human beings aboard her knew it. Why should they take others with them? Perhaps if cast loose the Melrose could save herself.

Capt. Jack Phillips' voice rose in command over the howling storm. One of the crew held a sharp ax. It fell and a blow set the Melrose free. A few moments later the Minnedosa with its nine heroes, and a cargo of 75,000 bushels of wheat, lurched to the bottom off Harbor Beach, Lake Huron.

When the trailing towline was pulled aboard the steamer Westmount, which had been towing the Melrose and Minnedosa, the tow post of the Minnedosa came with it. The towline had not broken.

Those who went down with the Minnedosa were: Phillips, John, captain, Kingston, Ont.; Phillips, Mrs., the captain's wife; Waller, Arthur, mate, Nova Scotia; McDermott, George, Belleville, Ont.; Allen, James, Nova Scotia; passenger and three sailors, names unknown.

For 30 years Capt. Alexander Milligan, of St. Catherine's, Ont., on the steamer Westmount, and Capt. R. A. Davey, of Kingston, Ont., on the schooner Melrose, have sailed the lakes, but the story they told when their boats were lying at Sarnia to-day was of a battle with wind and water the like of which they had never before experienced.

Capt. Milligan, of the Westmount, stated that the Minnedosa was carrying an unusually heavy load. Her usual cargo was 60,000 bushels, but she had carried 75,000 before and it was thought perfectly safe to have her carry as much this time.

"The Minnedosa went to the bottom without a signal of distress," he said. "We did not know how serious was her condition."

"We never expected to see land again," said Capt. Davey, of the Melrose. "The Melrose is an old boat and in the gale that swept the lakes Friday night she had small chance to get into shelter alone. Suddenly there came a snap and the severed ten-inch hawser that had held the Melrose to the Minnedosa was pulled in. A clean cut marked the work of the ax. The crew of the Minnedosa had realized their doom and sought in the last moment to save the Melrose. The timbers were cracking, death seemed upon us. And then help came, and none too soon, for the Melrose was badly battered."

I go for all sharing the privileges of the government who assist in sharing its burdens, by no means excluding women.—Abraham Lincoln.

"TRUSTEES FOR THE COMMON GOOD."

A speech delivered by C. E. S. Wood at the reception and dinner to Mr. James J. Hill, of the Great Northern, and Mr. Howard Elliott, of the Northern Pacific, and others, at the American Inn, Portland, Ore., October 2, 1905, to celebrate the construction of the Railroad down the North Bank of the Columbia River. Mr. Wood's was the last speech of the evening, and to the lateness of the hour is probably attributable the fact that it was not reported in the daily press. The Public takes pride in its exclusive publication of a speech at once so witty and so wise.

Mr. Hill, Mr. Elliott, Ben Campbell—our little Benjamin—and all you other railroad magnates:

This is your dinner, and if you haven't had enough, just say the word. You are all awfully welcome—just as welcome as pumpkin pie to a school-boy or a rich bachelor uncle to a poor nephew. Portland is glad to see you. I don't believe Portland has had within her gates at her fair and festival board such a bevy of railroad magnates since Henry Villard brought his personally conducted trainload of German barons and English dukes to the driving of the last spike of the O. R. & N. That was the greatest bunch of real railroad magnates ever seen in captivity. I hesitated to apply to you the epithet "railroad magnates," but a newspaper reporter told me the term was often used, and did not necessarily imply any reproach. I know very little about such matters. I never was a railroad magnate myself. The only real railroad magnate I ever knew intimately is Mr. Wheelwright. He owns a railroad reaching from Oshkosh or St. Petersburg through the wolf-haunted forest of Siberia, and across those snowy and wind-swept wastes clear to Port Arthur. It starts right here at the end of the Trail, and no one should miss it. But it hasn't spoiled him a bit. He is just the same genial old Wheelwright—not a bit stuck up. In fact, since he has owned that magnificent property, I think he has been rather depressed. You other railroad magnates ought to see that road. I don't think you have ever seen just such a railroad, and if you would only take the time to go and pay your way, it might help a brother magnate out of trouble. I know that would be unusual, but you might make an exception this once. Wheelwright is a good fellow, and he needs it. It is the best show on the Trail, and well worth the price of admission. I say this at Mr. Wheelwright's request. Or if you wish annual passes over the line, I have no

doubt Mr. Wheelwright will exchange with you. He is very liberal.

While I am on that subject—and speaking for myself—I want to call the attention of you magnates to the pass evil. I haven't had an annual for years. Something ought to be done about it.

There was a time—before I knew Wheelwright—that I used to long to be a railroad magnate myself. It seemed to me the most enviable of all the professions. Nothing to do but just ride around in a special car free, and eat free dinners and listen to free speeches. Plenty of money, no troubles, and nothing whatever to think about. I nearly was one once. They nominated me here for United States senator, but I found out afterwards that was a joke.

But, gentlemen, every man has his troubles. Man is born to trouble, as the sparks fly upwards. There is no man can escape the clutch of the skeleton hand. Trouble is the echo of that wall with which the new-born infant salutes life. It is the narcotic which, at the last, makes rescuing Death not unwelcome. Railroad magnates are not exempt from the common lot. In spite of a growing belief to the contrary, they are almost human. But as I used to view them sporting—no, I don't like to say "sporting." As I used to view them gamboling on—"gambling" is worse. (You have to be mighty particular in these palmy insurance days in your language when you are addressing a bunch of millionaires.) I say, I used to envy them, the butterflies of fortune, as I saw them fluttering in the playful breezes. But I know now that all is not gold which glitters—and even magnates have troubles.

I have a suit pending against the Southern Pacific, and, since talking with Mr. Fenton, hardened as I am, it makes my heart ache to think of those poor magnates. The world little knows their fearful struggles with consuming poverty. I know what it is to be poor, and I would despise myself if I could not feel a human sympathy for even a railroad magnate who was riding the brakebeam of adversity. Since talking with Mr. Fenton I have lain awake nights, wondering if Mr. Harman, Mr. Stubbs and Mr. Krutchnitt know where their next meal is to come from, and I want to say right now, if they will come out here we will be only too glad to give them a dinner.

Mr. Hill, a city which is set on a hill cannot be hid, and Portland is stuck on you. Portland's Psalter

reads: "Blessed is he who hath made two railroads blow where only one blew before." All our merchants praise thee. All our millers praise thee. All our farmers praise thee—though possibly that is habit. All our city works, including the city council, praise thee, and when the whistle of the Portland & Seattle Railroad is heard on the north bank of the Columbia, then the little hills shall skip like rams. Dr. Morrison is responsible for that statement. He says he has authority for it. But I want to tell you that the man who sees little hills skipping like rams needs attention. My own idea about that hill business is that we would be nearer to the cold, hard facts if we said that when that Portland & Seattle locomotive goes shrieking through those expectant hills, the little rams will skip like hell. When that day comes, Mr. Hill, Portland will clear for you one whole end of her Hall of Fame, and will stretch across it a colossal canvas on which you shall be painted striding the continent, holding Seattle tenderly in one hand and Portland in the other, your coat tails fluttering in the breeze of prosperity, your pig tail stiffly curling up behind, and on your face that mysterious but inspiring grin, and underneath we shall write in letters of polished steel: "A Man of Force—Our Sunny Jim."

I am glad that pleased you, Mr. Hill. I thought it would, knowing your love for art.

Mr. Hill, they tell me you are a railroad man. Well, maybe you are. I am not going to deny it. But I wouldn't give your roomful of Corots and Rousseaus, Daubignys, Tryons and Millets for the Great Northern and Portland & Seattle railways put together. What are your railways but steam and iron, which rust doth corrupt and where receivers break through and steal? They are the things perishable. But those bits of painted canvas of yours are of the stars. They, and such as they, will endure when the rails which clamor to the thundering wheels shall have fallen into silence.

It is worthy the curious investigation of some deep philosopher, how love of railroads and of art go together. Here is Mr. Hill and his beautiful Barbazon gallery; Sir William Van Horne, who will sit up all night to paint a forest—and here is Mr. Cotton who will do the same thing to paint a town. Art and railroads go hand in hand. Look at dear old Uncle Russell Sage, the artful dodger.

Where now stands the City of Spo-

kane, I have lain on my back in the sagebrush, watching the hawks circling in the faultless blue, as I waited for the Indians to come into council; and I have seen the Children of the Desert come in twos and threes and twenties and thirties, their horses gay with yellow ochre and vermilion, their own locks and the horses' tails braided with eagle feathers, bonnets of lynx skins and otter upon their heads, and the skins of the cougar, the coyote and the bear hanging from their shoulders; a troop of young Herculeses, their bronze skins glistening in the sunlight; the young men galloping in circles and firing their rifles, and the old Chiefs coming on sedately, as chieftains should. And when the council teepee was built and the humming of the council drum had ceased, then the Chiefs and the head men and the old men spoke first, and after that those who were not of much account. And so, to-night, after the Chiefs have spoken, I who am not of much account in the railroad world, have a few words to say. And as each speaker in the council tent began by laying his hand upon his heart and saying quietly that he must be excused for what he said, because he spoke from his heart, so I say, if I should say things which seem not in tune with the general welcome, you must excuse it, for I am not less glad to welcome you than any here, and what I say is from the heart. What I say I say with the modesty which becomes the last speaker in this council, he who is not of much account; and I well realize that I with no experience, am addressing the great Chiefs of great experience. But while I do not pretend to know the intricacies of rate fixing, yet some elemental truths I think I know. The railroad is the successor to the river and the King's highway, and by economic laws it has driven both the river and the highway into disuse. The railroad is a public servant, not because it is a corporation enfranchised by the state, not because it exercises the right of eminent domain, but because in fact and in crystallized daily life it is the only highway for modern life. It is a trustee for the public, and unless it gives to the public that same equal, fair and indiscriminating service which the river and the highway gave, it is false to its trust, and instead of a public servant it assumes to be a master.

Mr. Hill has deplored the tendency to meddle with railroad rates by legislation. I shake hands with him on that as a fellow Anarchist, and I deplore not only that, but all and every meddling with the free course of commerce by any legislative interference. The laws of trade and of intercourse are natural

laws, as much as the force of gravity; and they find their own best solution when let alone. But, gentlemen, you cannot let alone a specially privileged institution as the railroad is, unless that institution appreciates those duties which are the balance to its privileges. The railroads have themselves to thank for the socialistic drift toward state regulation. The railroads have believed (and though mistakenly, I believe honestly) that they have the same right to do as they pleased with their railroads that a man has to do with his personal property. Every railroad is, within certain limits and in a certain sense, a monopoly, a necessary monopoly in management and a highway monopoly as to certain districts; and they have failed to apprehend that though their money has put down the rails and equipped the road, yet they are not absolute owners of that highway, but occupy the soil and are permitted to manage the road only by the consent of the whole people, for the general benefit as a public highway. Mr. Hill has well said, and has well practiced in the past, the truth that only out of the prosperity of its territory can a railroad prosper; but the prevalent railroad idea has been that of a territory bound in feudal vassalage to the road by bands of iron—a territory to be developed or retarded at the will of the railroad. There never was a falser railroad maxim or one surer to bring retribution than that of "All the traffic will bear." It was the maxim of the feudal baronage of France which in Paris and Versailles sat at the gaming tables—while their peasantry gleaned for their masters' pleasures from the generous fields all the traffic would bear, and they and their children slept upon straw and fed upon acorn bread. These nobles who gleaned their fields so harshly to feed their greed, reaped the whirlwind of the French Revolution; and unless the railroads recognize the broad fundamental truth that they are not masters and makers of Destiny, they will reap the whirlwind of Government ownership. All men recognize the right of a stockholder to his fair and just reward, and were the railroads to well perform their public duty, with a full and high sense of their public trust, there would be no clamor for regulation or change.

I have said I do not know the intricacies of rate making, and I do not; but I do know that it is not so important what the rate is, as that it and all other transportation facilities shall be equal in exact justice to all alike.

There are certain moral laws, as far above the reach of man and as unchanging as the snow peak of Mount

Hood, now roseate in the sunset and now cold beneath the moon—moral laws upon which human society rests; slow of operation, but as inevitable in final result as that the waters of Mount Hood will leap past crag and boulder, under the spreading fingers of the pine trees, between the emerald and sapphire mountains, down to the restless eternity—the ever hungry sea.

Man is a vain-glorious insect. What is he but a mist of the morning? a spark in the night? the momentary flutterer upon the wind? We think because we know a little of scientific truth which has been piled brick by brick through the ages till we stand in a modest portico—because we know a little of electricity and steam—that we are supreme in our knowledge and unconquerable in our power. But it is not electricity or steam or armies which make power. It is the recognition of, and submission to, the great moral truths. Behold Egypt. She was a great nation—rich in the gold of the harvest and the mine, strong in her glittering hosts, and her abundant people were masters of glass and metal working and of many crafts and arts, and they knew the courses of the stars. But where is that nation to-day? The Sphinx looks out upon the sands in inscrutable silence, and the pyramids brood upon a desert solitude. The Greeks were a great people. Have we greater men than Pericles? better minds than Socrates, Plato and Aristotle? grander artists than Phidias and Praxiteles? stronger poets than Homer, Aeschylus and Sophocles? Yet to-day the Parthenon, mutilated by the neglects of the centuries and the bullets of the invader, stands in ruins upon the Acropolis, and the feet of the worshippers have trod back into the abysmal vault of Time. And Rome—are our armies greater than her conquering legions which subdued the world? have we better and greater than Caesar and Marcus Aurelius? Is our oratory more seducing than Cicero's or Cato's? Are our lawyers more profound than the makers of the pandects, whose laws Europe and we ourselves in equity obey to-day? Have we relatively greater engineers than those who 2,000 years ago made the roads which are still in use, and the aqueduct which still brings the waters of the mountains to the Eternal City? But the Coliseum, tragic and deserted, seems in the moonlight the warning finger of Time pointing to the truth: Nothing of man shall long endure. And Nebuchadnezzar—he of the luxurious court, guarded by his panoplied battalions, amid flowers and gardens, the tinkle of the cymbal and the

zither and the whisper of feet on the marble floors in time to the fluting of the fountains—where are the cohorts, glittering in purple and gold? The lizard and silence hold place where once sang the songs of the conquerors of the world. But captive in the courts of Nebuchadnezzar was a tribe from which we have taken our God, our Decalogue and our Christ; and out of the captive race came a young Galilean peasant, who, sitting amid the vines and under the figtrees about the shores of Galilee, laying his hands upon the heads of the little children, gave to the world the immortal truth, that he who lives for himself alone, shall die; but he who liveth for all, though he die, yet shall he live eternal.

Gentlemen, that is as true of railroad building or oil refining as it is of ministering to the poor or visiting the sick. Build your railroads, gentlemen, down that great river which once flowed on in unbroken solitude to the sea—and if you build into your iron and into the heart of this republic the truth that ye are but trustees for the common good—in honor bound to serve the weakest as the strongest; to take no sordid advantage, but in all things and to all men to do as ye would be done by, rendering to each his righteous due—then, though our cities fade and the trees grow over them and your railroad crumbles to nothing and the Columbia once more flows in primeval silence between her sentinel hills, then even though the race of man has perished from the earth, this truth shall still be translated to the stars—for it cannot dim and it cannot die.

GOVERNMENT BY TELEPHONE.

Lieutenant-Governor Lawrence Y. Sherman, speaking to the Young Men's Good Government Club at the Sherman House, said: "The long-distance telephone is a curse and a preventive of good government in Chicago. By it men are voted and controlled by some one whom the people did not elect."

True for you, Larry! You've hit it exactly. That's how we're governed, we cannot deny.

There is a nutshell you put it compactly.

Telephone government. Devil a lie!

Public opinion is quite unavailing;

Law may be dodged, that is easily shown.

Only one method is ever unavailing:

Call up the boss on the long-distance phone.

If you have wealth and no sense of compunction,

If your encroachments your victims would fight,

If you've no law, but you need an injunction,

Call up the judge and he'll fix you all right.

If you want laws making robbery easy,