

old parties into new parties, and all that is needed to complete the realignment is national leaders to bring them together.

And the same thing is happening here in the same way and from the same cause. When the President undertook to pass a rate regulation bill he opened up that old crack which runs across the front of both the old parties. That bill is called an attack on the railroads. It isn't. It may not be a wise bill, but it isn't unfair. Purporting to empower the interstate commerce commission to regulate railroad rates, it will do nothing of the sort.

The best friends of the Hepburn bill, as it passed the House, do not pretend that it will solve the railroad rate problem; the most that they claim for it is that it is "a step forward," and the advocates of the effective regulation of rates want to amend the bill to make it do its work.

So while the bill may be weak, it is not harsh. But it is a challenge to the power of the railroads in the national government and they prepared to oppose its passage.

Public opinion put the bill through the House, and the railroads hoped to avoid an open fight by "fooling" the President into accepting amendments. Everybody thought that they would succeed in this, but they didn't. The President saw the game. When Senator Aldrich expressed his concern lest the bill is unconstitutional, the President is said to have answered: "Then why do you object to it?"

When Senator Knox offered an amendment to perfect the bill and Attorney General Moody reported that the Knox amendment did a little more than that, the President lost some of his faith in one of his most trusted advisers and Mr. Knox lost his temper. The fight was on. Further attempts were made toward a "reconciliation," and the President listened to them. But if he won't lead, others will.

It certainly looks as if the fight would go on to the end, the fight the country is waging in so many parts of the country. The apparent issue here is an accident; railroad rate regulation may not be central or essential; but neither is three-cent fare central or essential. The particular issue does not matter, however; anything will do that brings the people (by "people" I mean all men, not alone the "down-trodden") in just conflict (not with the "rich") with the interests which corruptly rule this country.

"What do they represent?" That is the question we have always to ask, and when the fight was thrown out of the White House into the interstate commerce committee of the Senate, the answers came fast. Elkins, Aldrich, Kean, Foraker, Crane, Republicans, were for an amendment to appeal rate making to the courts for delay, and two Democrats, McLaurin and Foster, leaned that way. No old party line there. Dolliver and Clapp and Cullom, Republicans, and Tillman, Carmack and Newlands, Democrats, were opposed to any emasculation. No old party line there.

But there were new party lines, and Senator Aldrich indicated them. When it appeared that the bill must be reported out with a whole skin, he said that this (the Republican President's) bill was a Democratic bill. And it is; it is in "our" interest. Wherefore Aldrich said: "Let a Democrat lead it through the Senate," and he named Senator Tillman, and the Republicans voted the leadership to this Democrat.

This incident was regarded as highly picturesque because Tillman is no friend of the President. But it may turn out to be more than picturesque. Tillman is a Democrat, but Theodore Roosevelt is a democrat. The President isn't an intellectual democrat, else he could not have advocated a ship subsidy bill. But instinctively "that man" is for that government which Lincoln said should not perish from the earth.

Kings used to suppose society would lapse into chaos without their noble support. We know now that the king had the same relation to society that the thermometer has to the temperature.—Goodhue Co. News. of Red Wing, Minn.

The Argumentative Man:—But, my dear fellow, I tell you it's impossible for the moon to be inhabited. When it is full it is all right, but when it wanes down to a little crescent, where the deuce would all the people go to?—Woman's Journal.

There is not an opponent of woman suffrage who is not obliged to deny the doctrine of the Declaration of Independence.—George F. Hoar.

## BOOKS

DARROW'S FARMINGTON.  
Farmington. By Clarence S. Darrow.  
Second edition. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. Price,

\$1.50 postpaid. Sold by the Public Publishing Co., Chicago.

You have perhaps seen mention made in *The Public* (vol. vii., p. 430) of Mr. Darrow's *Farmington*. You have no doubt read it and admired it. I, too, have read it, and admired it intermittently. While liking the scheme of the book and enjoying the reminiscent and suggestive tone, I find it yet open to criticism when judged by literary standards, and liable to arouse differing opinions in its readings.

In the first place, it seems to me that the introduction is almost a superfluity. It is too long, too wordy, too explanatory. There is a harping on one string like "the reiterant katydid." I read *Farmington* aloud, and as I read, a seven-year-old girl sat beside me. For all Mr. Darrow's volubility in this introduction, he is clear, and so it is probable that the child understood much of what was read. When those ten pages of apologetics were finished, she looked up and queried: "That book was written by a woman, wasn't it?"

The fault of apologizing is the greatest one. One is reminded of the excellent housewife, who, having set a plain, substantial meal before you, worries you with self-reproachings as to the simplicity of the food and the absence of pie and cake. Perhaps our author does not apologize so much for the quality of his mental pabulum as he attempts to justify having offered it at all. You may say he is telling John Smith's story, but the guise is very thin—it is Darrow, after all. If a book is worth writing, it needs no excuse. If the book is a poor one, the critical will not read it, and no amount of self-depreciation will render it more enticing. *Farmington* is worth the telling, and this introduction weakens it. Were the author a novice, doubtful of recognition, he would remind one of old Uncle Remus: "It's mighty funny 'bout tales. Te'l 'um ez you may, an' whence you may, some'll say tain't no tale, an' den ag'in some'll say dat it's a fine tale. Dey ain't no tellin'. Dat's de reason I don't like ter tell no tale ter grown folks, 'specially ef dey er white folks. Dey'll take it an' put it by de side er some yuther tale what dey get in der min' an' dey'll take on dat slonchidickler grin what allers say: 'Go 'way, nigger man! You dunner what a tale is!' An' I don't. I'll say dat much fer ter keep some un else fum sayin' it."

So, trying to forget the tedium of the "grace," one comes finally to the feast. Who that remembers his childhood with pleasure can do aught but follow this small boy in his simple sports and tasks, with a heart full of sympathy? Whatever may be the benefits of town life to the adult, that child is deprived of his birthright



**AN AUTHORITATIVE READING OF HIS PALM.**

*Madam Supreme Court*--Your life-line, sir, extends to ninety-nine years; but your car lines do not run concurrently with your life line; they are broken and practically obliterated. I would advise you to lead a quiet and humble life from this time onward.

who has not spent at least part of his childhood in the country and has not attended district school.

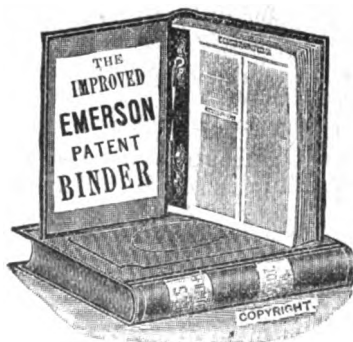
The delineation of the character of the parents is most excellent, but pathetic by its very truthfulness. Our country is full of their counterparts, and is still pervaded by that Puritanic spirit of self-repression that works such sorrow in the hungering human heart.

But to return to the district school. I think Mr. Darrow underestimates the value of the school and leans too strongly to the learning-made-easy methods of to-day. One may pick flaws in the old systems, but who cannot find equally great ones in the newer methods of the city schools. If

the old were narrow, the modern are superficial by reason of their breadth. I very much question if the multiplicity of subjects compensates for the lack of thorough grasp; and by this I mean to imply that the work of the country school is, as a rule, thorough. Children are too young, and, naturally, too lacking in earnestness to learn save under strenuous urging. They must be taught many things whose ultimate value does not appeal to their miniature minds.

There is a weakness, also, in his argument--humorously expressed, it is true, but an argument none the less--

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that because we have not employed our knowledge it is useless knowledge; that because he has never been to Augusta, it was wasted time to sit and sing the old "Maine, Augusta, on the Kennebec River." Who can tell what information is to be of value? and who will admit that knowledge per se is absolutely valueless?

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insipidities fed to the child nowadays. If they at times soared into the heights of intelligibility, is that not better than stooping too low? If we did not at once mend our errant ways after reading some tale fairly oozing with a moral, is that proof positive that we did not unconsciously imbibe some good therefrom? Would Mr. Darrow teach, like Mark Twain, that to be good is to be lonesome, to be honest doesn't pay financially, and that we are happiest when we do as we please? Perhaps he is but indulging in cheerful exaggeration, which is all right if we won't believe him too implicitly.

The latter half of the book is less open to criticism, and one reads chapter after chapter with sympathy and understanding, as the floodgates of memory swing wide. But the general, all-pervading tone is one of sadness and iconoclasm. There is an insistence that childhood is a joyous time, a care-free—almost cruelly happy time. He says so, but you do not feel it. There is a feeling that he considers that he and children in general were misunderstood, were too much restrained, were compelled to study when it is their nature to play—that every one's hand was against the child. This may serve to warn over-severe parents to lessen the number of "don'ts" and loosen the reins of discipline, but in this day of intolerable children, to whom discipline is an unknown word, there is surely a need for kindly, consistent, perpetual guidance and control. It is due the child, and in his after-life he will recognize its value, although while still a child he may rebel against it as he rebels against learning the multiplication table. The "elective system" in life, as in college, may be adopted too early.

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MARY HEATH LEE.

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