

prophesied that the late convention would end the political career of Mr. Bryan. If that hope and prophecy had been realized it would have been a greater disaster to the nation than to Mr. Bryan; for when the public opinion and the politics of any nation can no longer tolerate men of his character and ability those forces are neither pure enough nor potent enough to safeguard the nation's interests or life.

We believe that the closing sentence of the foregoing quotation will prove to be prophetic. It does not seem possible that the American people will very much longer endure the systems and practices that are so alarmingly effective in centralizing wealth in a few hands. It takes the mass of the people a long time to see or comprehend the silent, insidious centralization of a nation's wealth in the hands of a plutocratic class. In fact, history does not record that it ever was seen until it was first felt, and then something happened at once. It has taken longer to feel it in this country than it would have taken in any other, because of its amazing natural resources. But it will be felt here sometime, and possibly soon, and when the feeling comes such men as Mr. Bryan and his kind will be needed, will be "called," and will be trusted because they have "kept the faith."

This article, be it remembered, is not written by a partisan, but by one who tries his best to be a patriot; it is not written of Mr. Bryan as a Democrat but as a man; the writer does not refer to dangerous systems and tendencies as an alarmist but as a student who thinks he sees clearly the things of which he writes, and his strongest desire is that his countrymen will earnestly strive to see whether he does see clearly or not. And finally, this is written because admiration for courage, ability, integrity, and loyalty to conviction, though the heavens fall, makes silence impossible.

**AN OPEN LETTER TO THE HON.
JOSEPH H. CHOATE, AMBASSADOR
OF THE UNITED STATES TO
THE COURT OF ST. JAMES.**

A letter to Reynolds's Newspaper (London) for June 26, 1904.

Sir,—The rules of good sense, good manners, and good taste alike prescribe that a foreign resident in a country shall refrain from public expressions of his personal views on the domestic affairs of that country. The obligation incumbent on those who have no representative character, is of immeasurably greater force in the case of one entrusted by his fellow

citizens with the duty of representing them in a foreign country.

You have trampled under foot the rules of good sense, good manners, and good taste, and, still worse, you have allowed yourself to throw to the winds all the restraints imposed upon you by the high office you hold. On a recent occasion you prostrated yourself before Lord Roberts. You told your hearers that his fame had filled three continents. "Let us," you said, speaking in the name of the United States, "let us have a little share of the glory. I do most cordially invite him, both in my official and in my personal capacity, to cross the ocean. I can assure him that he will have a reception such as no other Englishman has had in the United States, or in any other country."

Sir, I will not stay to ask whether you were authorized thus to speak in the name of the country of which you are the accredited representative. That is a matter which rests between you and those whom you represent. I am concerned only with the fact that these words were spoken in England by a foreign ambassador.

You cannot but be aware that the mere mention of Lord Roberts' name brings a blush to the cheek of thousands of the best men and the best women of this country. What is this fame which has filled three continents—this glory, of which you desire a share? It is the fame of the devastator, the glory of the man who deliberately set himself to destroy all the works of peace in a vast territory. Not as a painful necessity of warfare, but of fixed purpose, Lord Roberts destroyed thousands of farmsteads, burnt school-houses, cut down fruit trees, trampled crops into the earth, broke down irrigation dams, destroyed sheep, cattle, the very implements of husbandry. Two of your fellow countrymen, Messrs. Putnam and Van Der Weyde, have energetically protested against the imputation that a precedent for this destruction could be found in the deeds wrought in your Civil War.

But this is not all. Unable to conquer the men who, like your brave forefathers in the War of Independence, were fighting for their freedom, Lord Roberts made war on their women and children. Six years ago—only six years from now—President McKinley addressed to Congress a celebrated message. He denounced the methods adopted by General Weyler in his war on the Cubans. "Reconcentration, adopted avowedly as a war

measure to cut off the resources of the insurgents, worked its predestined result. It was extermination. The only peace it could beget was that of the wilderness and the grave." With what sincerity, or want of sincerity, you can judge better than I, he declared that the adoption of these methods left to the United States no choice but to intervene in the sacred names of Humanity and Civilization. "The war in Cuba," he declared, "must stop." Lord Roberts bettered the instruction of General Weyler; the graves of more than 15,000 children testify to his success.

I will not dwell on Lord Roberts' earlier career. I have not to tell here of his deeds in Afghanistan, where he carried fire and slaughter into unresisting villages. It is not those exploits that have caused you to prostrate yourself and your country before him. He killed two Republics, ruined a vast land, and instituted his foul "camps," in which these thousands of children were done to death. It is those deeds which have carried his fame through three continents; it is for those deeds that you invite him to cross the Atlantic to receive the homage of America.

Sir, with grief I say it, you need not to have left your country to find fitting subjects of your eulogies. You have at home soldiers whose fame has filled the world—the practicers of the "water-cure," the General who gave orders to "shoot everything over ten;" in a word, the butchers of the Filipinos. Go back to your country, and there worship at the shrine of Militarism—a Militarism which has revived the methods and the infamies of the sixteenth century. In your own country preach the gospel of fire, sword, slaughter, famine, desolation, the murder of innocents. The area of the United States is wide enough; be content with it. There you will be within your rights. Here we do not need your aid.

AN ENGLISHMAN.

GOLDEN RULE JONES'S OWN DAY.

Not since Lincoln was buried has any American community paid greater tribute to its dead than Toledo lavished upon the loving life and public service of its Golden-Rule Mayor. Nothing had ever been too much for him to undertake for his city. Its citizens withheld nothing from him that their hearts could yield. None was higher in his esteem or in command of his life than his fellow townsmen. No one had ever been so much to all of them.

That "dear love of comrades," which the mayor went about to exemplify and enjoin in the words of "Old Walt," whom he loved to quote, was never more real or more fully and freely lived out and loved in. The day of his funeral was "Samuel Jones's own day," as his nearest of kin said, while adding only the one wish "that his old Welsh mother might have seen it."

His spirit had been abroad before, strangely permeating and uniting his fellow men, but never as upon that day. Never had so many different minds and kinds of folk been so at one with him and with each other as around the still heart of this big brother to every one of them. It was the people's own day, too. The whole people made it their own. The city government did what befitted it and the occasion, without detracting by any display from the simplicity and solemnity of the supremely impressive facts. But men, women and children did the homage to the memory of their own man and mayor. Business men closed every branch of business, some of them printing black-bordered notices in the newspapers telling why they did so. Stores, factories, little shops, humble homes and finest residences alike were draped in mourning. Phrases from the mayor's talks, snatches of the songs he wrote and sung, couplets from the favorite poets he was wont to quote and pictures of his familiar face were seen everywhere.

Some of these were taken from the walls of the mayor's office in the city hall, which are lined with photographs and lettering presenting men and mottoes heralding the new time and its better day, of which they had caught the vision. From Robert Louis Stevenson are the words to which its occupant keyed his life:

To be honest, to be kind, to earn a little and spend a little less, to make upon the whole a family happier for his presence, to renounce when that shall be necessary and not to be embittered, to keep a few friends, but these without capitulation, above all on the one condition to keep friends with himself—here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy.

From Leo Tolstoy this far cry, so near to Samuel Jones's heart:

Men think there are circumstances when one may deal with human beings without love, and there are no such circumstances. One may deal with things without love, one may cut down trees, make bricks, hammer iron without love, but you cannot deal with men without love.

Within the Memorial hall, which had so often reechoed his ringing voice,

the people took their last look at the face they loved. They had outlined in flowers the aisle through which they were to pass by their dead. And were flowers ever more the symbol of hearts grown together? For they were sent there by all the city departments, by "Syrian-American citizens," Polish, German, Hungarians and other nationalities; by the University club and the Bartenders' union; by the United Catholic Societies and the Spiritualist association; by the horseshoers, cloakmakers and many other labor unions; by the Western Oil Men's association, accompanied by 62 names of his business associates and competitors; by his own employes, who gave a great floral golden rule with the words: "We knew him."

Between 5:30 a. m. and 9 p. m. for two days, 50 people a minute passed up that aisle, until fully 55,000 men, women and children of every description silently, reverently and affectionately parted from their friend.

Then his fellow-workmen took up his body to carry it home. Such a procession as followed it has seldom been led by the living or the dead. There were not only the labor unions, but the mothers, wives and children of the men; policemen, firemen, mail carriers and officials of the Toledo, Cleveland and other city governments; 600 newsboys and their band, playing "Nearer, My God, to Thee;" musical, benevolent and fraternal societies, and unorganized groups of citizens, women and children followed in their train. No military company nor any implement of war or strife was seen. To the music of the Golden Rule shop band they marched in strange silence through silent throngs.

On the spacious lawns of the home and adjoining residences fully 15,000 people gathered for the out-of-door funeral service. The casket lay upon the threshold of the home, upon whose lintel were the words, "A Wide House to Shelter a Friend," and over whose open hearth, "The Truth Against the World." Surrounding it upon the porch were speakers and singers, city officials and friends from abroad, while close about the balustrade the shopmates of the resting workman grouped themselves with their women and children.

From his own marked-up Bible the panegyric to love was read. From his wayworn and underscored copy of Whitman favorite lines were recited. Words of just, discriminating, appreciative friendship were spoken by a clergyman, a lawyer and a shopmate. Accompanied by the little piano, which had done hard duty in four political cam-

paigns, songs were sung in his native Welsh, in words of his own heart and voice, and by the fellow workmen in his own shop whom he had trained to sing "Freedom's Day."

At the end of the long march to the distant cemetery thousands more were in waiting by the open grave. When friends were leaving it and it was being filled, a German singing society spontaneously broke out in a farewell song, and a broken voice in the tongue of the fatherland was heard saying good-by.—Graham Taylor, in the Chicago Daily News.

THE BISHOP'S BAR.

For The Public.

Press dispatches state that Bishop Henry C. Potter, in connection with earnest colleagues, has provided at New York city a resort (without lodging-rooms, but called the "Subway Tavern") at which, in a back room, intoxicating liquors of carefully selected purity are philanthropically served to men, while women and others may partake of lighter refreshments in front. The dispatches state that the establishment was dedicated with services closed by the Doxology.

To sacred impulses our whiskies stir!
No wili unclean may take from them a spur.

The alcohol is of superior brand—
No curse attends its ministrations bland.
To maddening thoughts and deeds no guilty leaven,
Its fumes shall nurse to God, and sweetly whisper "Heaven!"

Let sweetheart, wife and children—all there are—

Assemble gladly near the holy bar,
To hear with gusto through the curtains thin

The gurgling brandy and the sough of gin;

And there—to garnish out the gracious trade—

Invoke the gentler joys of pop and lemonade!

With thoughts of those outside, in generous soul,

Let lover, husband, father, wretch his bowl!

"Betrothed! soon, at our longed-for fire-side,

What I enjoy shan't be to you denied.
Sweet wife! when from these walls we hearthward roam

I'll take a worthier drop for you to sip at home.

"My darling boy! Heaven knows my honest pride

That you, full soon, shall quaff here by my side!"

To words like these the kindly haunt inspires,

And in each heart shall kindle gracious fires.

They glow, they burn, they blaze; they flame a ray

Of that slow-dawning light of His approaching day!

"This place has now changed hands"—instructed see,

By blazons pledging worthier ministry.
No brimstone odors here you plainly smell,