

post office appropriation bill was taken up (p. 2,800), and in the course of discussion speeches were made by Mr. Brantley (p. 2,804) and Mr. Meyer (p. 2,879) on the Cuban tariff question, and by Mr. Burleson (p. 2,816) and Mr. Hitt (p. 2,816) on the resolution (p. 2,816) asking the secretary of state to explain his refusal to apply for British passports for Rev. and Mrs. Hiram W. Thomas to visit the South African reconcentrado camps. The permanent census bill was the principal subject of discussion during the consideration of the post office appropriation bill on the 13th (p. 2,852); and on the 13th the same bill was still under consideration, being finally passed on the 14th, on which day, during the discussion of a Hawaiian local bill, Mr. Burleson and Mr. Hill further debated the question of applying for British permits (p. 2,980) for the Rev. and Mrs. Thomas to visit reconcentrado camps in South Africa for the purpose of distributing American relief funds. The 16th was devoted to the consideration of private bills.

The following speeches are printed on the following pages: The rural free delivery service, by Representatives Brundage (p. 2,689), Tirrell (p. 2,901), Henry C. Smith (p. 2,702), Latimer (p. 2,784), Cowherd (p. 2,784), Kitchlin (p. 2,827), Thompson (p. 2,829), Johnson (p. 2,904), and Burnett (p. 2,879); on the oleomargarine bill by Representatives Cleary (p. 2,871) and Dahle (p. 2,935).

A bill was introduced in the House (p. 2,823) requiring all corporations engaged in interstate commerce to file returns with the Secretary of the Treasury disclosing their true financial condition and imposing a tax accordingly.

The text of the Penrose amendment for electing senators by popular vote is printed at page 2,945; and Bacon's amendment to the ship subsidy bill requiring congressional approval of subsidy contracts appears at page 3037.

MISCELLANY

IMPERIALISM.

For The Public.

In 1900 the dispatches reported a bearded Boer and his son of 18, dead side by side, their hands clasped.

A rugged Boer; dust in his beard, blood in his hair;

His wide eyes fixed, his hard hands idle. He trusted God; he prayed a simple prayer, And carried in his home-made pouch, a Bible.

Close by his side his first born son. More white

His youthful skin, his form more slender; He fell, the first green picking of the fight, His father bending o'er with touch so tender.

Into the dulling ear the heart sobs run: "In Death's dark valley God thy staff shall be.

God, spare my boy! Oh, Absalom, my son!

Would God, my son, that I had died for thee."

A leaden splash! They lie beneath the moon;

His boy's hand clasped in his, as they were sleeping.

And they are free! The end it cometh soon. God save the mines! though all the world be weeping.

C. E. S. WOOD.

UNCLE SAM'S LETTERS TO JOHN BULL.

Dear John: I can't help feeling a little amused at your new friendship for us. You may fool some of the younger boys, John, but you can't fool the old man.

Of course, '76 is a by-gone, and 1812 a back number, but I remember, John, in '61, when you and Louis Nap had made up your minds to help the southern confederacy, I had to take pretty bold action. You did not love the south any better; but you wanted to divide a republic and destroy it. I don't hold any grudge, John, but I remember.

I had a pretty good man for minister at St. James then. Adams his name was, Charles Francis Adams. He shook his fist under your nose, John, I remember, and dared you. Told you that if you fired a gun, no British ship could sail the seas without a warship as convoy. Of course, he did it parliamentary and serene; but he did it, and you knew it was so, John. Then he got word you were fitting out the pirate Alabama—Adams did, and gave you notice. You couldn't see, nor hear; but he kept on servin' you with notice, till he had you charged so dead to rights that you had to pay me the damages she caused after she did go out.

You are not much of a friend to republics, John, and you have been a bad boy. Never heard of you helping the French much, and you never liked me before.

Well, as I was a-sayin', you did not pay enough attention to Adams to suit me; and Seward made a little deal with Russia, who has always been a friend in a real pinch. And so it happened that when you and Louis Napoleon got ready to intervene, lo and behold! a fleet of Russian warships was a-cruisin' off New York! You rubbed your eyes, looked again and went home. Two to one suits you, John; but two to two is a game you never did like.

I paid seven millions in gold to Russia for that little show, and she threw in Alaska, that she didn't want, to make it appear a real estate deal. I don't know whether I ever told you before, but we are friendly enough for plain talks, John, at any rate.

Yours for the truth,

UNCLE SAM.

A PROPHECY AND A DUTY.

John P. Aitgeld at the University of Michigan, December 14, 1901, as reported in the Conservator of Philadelphia, for December.

The intellectual activity that is born of freedom made Greece glorious; made Rome great; made some medieval European cities famous; has given England her power in the world, and has placed America at the front of modern civilization. It is

this intellectual activity drawing its inspiration from freedom that has spanned the continents with railroads, that has narrowed the Atlantic to a week's journey, that has brought the different parts of the earth together, that has built cities and given its progress to the world.

We discover that the commercial momentum has carried us to a point where commercialism in itself has become an object and man is made incidental; material development has become an object instead of a means to an end, and the human hands that are to make it are looked upon merely as so many machines, so many means to an end. We discover that commercialism has no soul; and it has no sentiment, it cannot understand high ideals, it does not know of any high standards, it can see nothing but a dollar mark. It does not look towards the heavens, it is constantly looking towards the earth. We find that instead of its building character, making broad, strong, noble men and women with high standards, high ideals and an appreciation of the rights of their fellow men, commercialism tends to make men narrow. It dries up the more tender and more noble qualities of the soul and makes men fierce money getters.

We all admire the captains of industry, great railroad men, great manufacturers and great merchants. They stand in place of the generals of the past. But they have no right to strangle free institutions. They did not make this continent. They did not make the fertile soil. They made neither the climate nor the sunshine. These great captains sat down by the wayside of commerce and waxed rich, and many of them used the government to exploit the people. But it was the labor of the men and the women that were building houses, cultivating fields, slaving in factories, operating railroads, teaching school and doing the country's work that made it possible for these captains of industry to amass their gigantic fortunes. I believe that the men and the women who in tears and in sorrow have worked and have waited, have planted and have watered, and were not permitted to reap, will sit nearer the head of the table at the great banquet of destiny than will the men who simply gathered the harvests.

The world is not going backward. Viewed from headland to headland the march of the human race is up-

ward. True, every forward movement seems to be followed by a short reactionary step. The waves of the rising tide of civilization roll far up the bank, and they roll back again, but the next wave that comes will roll further up than the last, and I believe that the world is on the threshold of a new development, of a new industrial, economic and social existence based upon justice.

As religious freedom gave the world a new birth—as political freedom gave it a new development—so industrial freedom and social justice will lead mankind to the highest plane of human felicity. But if we would be harbingers of the new time we must not pull down our altars. We must protect the rights of citizens, we must maintain American standards, we must uphold the right of assembly, and we must preserve free speech and a free press. We are not ready to admit that the fathers were wrong—we are not ready to apologize for their immortal work—and we will not consent to hide their graves. All of our greatness was born of liberty, even our commercialism was rocked in the cradle of democracy, and we cannot strangle the mother without destroying her children.

ALTGELD REVEALED.

Editorial in Buffalo Enquirer of March 10, the second day after Mr. Altgeld's recent speech in that city.

As the Enquirer predicted, members of the Independent club, of Buffalo, who listened to ex-Gov. Altgeld Saturday night were agreeably surprised at the eloquence and intellectual ability of their guest. Men who had acquired their ideas of Mr. Altgeld from the editorials of the local Republican newspapers probably expected to see and hear a demagogue and unprincipled politician. Even alleged Democratic papers in the east have ignorantly or maliciously fallen into the habit of misrepresenting him as a "dangerous" character.

In view of this feeling against the former governor, the Independent club is deserving of much credit for inviting him to address it on so timely a subject as the "Public Ownership of Natural Monopolies." At the close of the lecture, the members paid the speaker the unusual tribute of standing up and cheering him, although an hour earlier those who were not indifferent were inclined to scoff.

How is it possible that intelligent and righteously disposed men, as typified by the membership of the

Independent club, can acquire and maintain opinions of a public man so wide of the truth? This is a question that at once suggests itself on such occasions. We are living in an age marvelous in its facilities for the dissemination of knowledge of men and measures. People bent upon knowing the truth and forming a just estimate of a public official are not forced to rely upon mere party organs for information, and yet, to judge from the experience of the Buffalo club, partisan misrepresentation continues to powerfully influence the minds and votes of American citizens.

It is gratifying, of course, that these distorted views can be partially, if not entirely, changed by listening to the person who has been so industriously misrepresented. But why should this be necessary in this era of ready accessibility to the facts?

John P. Altgeld was governor of Illinois for four years. His official acts during that time are an open book. These ought to be judged by what they are and not by what other people, plainly inclined to misinterpret, have said of them.

But there is cheering hope in the fact that a man so much and so long maligned can win the hearts of the conservative members of the Independent club in a single speech. It shows that misunderstanding and bitterness can best be removed by a direct appeal to the conscience or sense of right in men.

JOHN PETER ALTGELD.

Portion of address delivered at the funeral of J. P. Altgeld, Friday, March 14, 1902.

BY CLARENCE S. DARROW.

In the great flood of human life that is spawned upon the earth, it is not often that a man is born. The friend and comrade that we mourn to-day was formed of that infinitely rare mixture that now and then at long, long intervals combine to make a man. John P. Altgeld was one of the rarest souls who ever lived and died. His was a humble birth, a fearless life and a dramatic, fitting death. We who knew him, we who loved him, we who rallied to his many hopeless calls, we who dared to praise him while his heart still beat, cannot yet feel that we shall never hear his voice again.

John P. Altgeld was a soldier tried and true; not a soldier clad in uniform, decked with spangles and led by fife and drum in the mad intoxication of the battlefield; such soldiers have not been rare upon the earth in any land

or age. John P. Altgeld was a soldier of the everlasting, hopeless struggle of the human race for liberty and justice on the earth. From the first awakening of his young mind until the last relentless summons came, he was a soldier who had no rest or furlough, who was ever on the field in the forefront of the deadliest and most hopeless spot, whom none but death could muster out. Liberty, the relentless goddess, had turned her fateful smile on John P. Altgeld's face when he was but a child, and to this first, fond, hopeless love he was faithful unto death.

Liberty is the most jealous and exacting mistress that can beguile the brain and soul of man. From him who will not give her all, she will have nothing. She knows that his pretended love serves but to betray. But when once the fierce heat of her quenchless, lustrous eyes has burned into the victim's heart, he will know no other smile but hers. Liberty will have none but the great devoted souls, and by her glorious visions, by her lavish promises, her boundless hopes, her infinite witching charms, she lures these victims over hard and stony ways, by desolate and dangerous paths, through misery, obloquy and want to a martyr's cruel death. To-day we pay our last sad homage to the most devoted lover, the most abject slave, the fondest, wildest, dreamiest victim that ever gave his life to liberty's immortal, hopeless cause.

In the history of the country where he lived and died, the life and works of our devoted dead will one day shine in words of everlasting light. When the bitter feelings of the hour have passed away, when the mad and poisonous fever of commercialism shall have run its course, when conscience and honor and justice and liberty shall once more ascend the throne from which the shameless, brazen goddess of power and wealth have driven her away; then this man we knew and loved will find his rightful place in the minds and hearts of the cruel, unwilling world he served. No purer patriot ever lived than the friend we lay at rest to-day. His patriotism was not paraded in the public marts, or bartered in the stalls for gold; his patriotism was of that pure ideal mold that placed the love of man above the love of self.

Even admirers have seldom understood the real character of this great human man. These were sometimes wont to feel that the fierce bitterness of the world that assailed him fell on deaf ears and an unresponsive soul. They did not know the man, and they