

noon on the 9th (p. 1), and after listening to the proclamation and notifying the President adjourned for the day. On the 10th the President's message (p. 2) relative to the Cuban reciprocity treaty was read.

On the 11th a resolution calling upon the President for the documents relative to the revolution in Panama, introduced by Senator Culom, was referred to the committee on foreign relations.

No business of general interest was done on the 12th, and on the 13th and 14th the Senate was not in session.

House.

The House assembled in special session on the 9th (p. 2), and after electing Joseph G. Cannon as Speaker by 197 votes (p. 3) to 165 for John S. Williams, 22 not voting (p. 4), together with the other officers, appointed a committee to notify the President (p. 5). The rules of the Fifty-seventh Congress were adopted (p. 5). On motion of Mr. Hitt (p. 7) the following resolution relative to the recognition of the Republic of Panama was adopted:

That the President is requested to communicate to the House, if not in his judgment incompatible with the interests of public service, all correspondence and other official documents relating to the recent revolution on the Isthmus of Panama.

On the 10th the President's message (p. 2) on the special object of the special session, Cuban treaty legislation, was read, but no other business of general interest was transacted.

No business of general interest was done on the 11th or 12th.

On the 13th the House bill, 1921 (p. 94) to carry into effect the reciprocity treaty between the United States and Cuba (signed December 11, 1902), was reported to the House by the committee on ways and means and referred to the committee of the whole.

There was no session on the 14th.

MISCELLANY

THE GUESSING CONTEST.

For The Public.

There were six smart newspaper men,
To learning much inclined,
Who Tom L. Johnson went to see—
Though all of them were blind,—
That each by observation
Might satisfy his mind.

The first, on learning of the big
"Red Devil" fine and gay,
In which Tom scoured the countryside
Two hundred miles a day,
Wrote, "He is just a plutocrat,
Whatever he may say."

The second, when he heard about
The mammoth circus tent
Wherein Tom packed the multitude
Who to his meetings went,
Remarked, "He is spectacular
To a scandalous extent."

The third, when Tom, who must have
known
He'd not one chance to win,
A canvass long and arduous
In person did begin,
Wrote, "His conceit and vanity
Are nothing short of sin."

The fourth, on hearing Tom declare
His "secret aim" to be
To show his fellowmen the path
That leads to liberty,
Said, "Such an arrant demagogue
Is truly sad to see."

The fifth, who thought the single tax
Was but a thing to chaff,
And saw its expert speakers called
To work in Tom's behalf,
Observed, "Such utter foolishness
Would make a donkey laugh."

The sixth, election being past,
And Johnson having said
The righteous war would be renewed
Before one day had sped,
Wondered that "such a clever corpse
Should not know he was dead."

And thus these smart newspaper men
Expatriated long
On what they guessed Tom Johnson was,
In language large and strong;
While all, so far from being right,
Were utterly dead wrong.

Their crooked guesswork has a cause
Which honest men may learn:
The light that guides Tom Johnson's course
Their eyes alone discern
Who work for future years, and all
Unworthy triumphs spurn;

Who feel within their souls the zeal
Inspired by Truth alone,
And understand her precious seed
Must yet in tears be sown;
But know the right will win at last,
And Justice claim her own.

JAY HAWKINS.

A CORROBORATION.

Apropos of the article entitled "An Indian Virtue," in the November 7th number of The Public, I wish to confirm the impression there given.

While in Canada this summer, I visited the Indian reserve just above Roberval on the northern shore of Lake St. John. Within this village is a department store of the Hudson Bay company, this being the company's most southern post. From this source the Montagnais Indians draw their supplies and are given credit by the company during the summer and fall, the accounts being collected in the spring when the trappers return with their furs. I asked the storekeeper whether the company did not suffer from losses due to lack of good faith, and he replied that the Indians never failed to pay their dues, the only chance of loss being when an Indian died while hunting and trapping.

CHARLES GARRISON.

Boston, Mass., Nov. 11, 1903.

ADDING HORROR TO WAR.

The war of the future bids fair to be as terrifying from the uncanny manner in which the slaughter will be conducted as by reason of the slaughter itself. Men long distances apart, scarcely visible to one another, pump leaden death into opposing ranks, while not a sign of smoke tells whence the bullets come. This is weird enough and shaking to the nerves, but now comes a German inventor named Berguel, who claims the invention of something which will add greater terror to combat than the invention of all the Gatlings and Maxims. It is a gunpowder which explodes without making the slightest noise, and is yet possessed of the explosive force of

the best modern high-power powder. Think of the weirdness, the uncanniness of the battlefield of the future! No smoke, no sound; only a silent and unseen death flying back and forth between two armies and men falling as mysteriously as fell the warriors of Sennacherib.—N. Y. Press.

INDIAN HUMOR.

"It is true that the Indian has a sense of humor," observed the man who had spent several years at one of the reservations, "but it's also true that he has a very queer way of showing it.

"For instance, I had to ride through Chilcoot pass in the Rocky mountains one day, and when half way through, and at its narrowest part, I espied three or four 'tame' Indians high up on the right-hand bank. I identified them as from my own reservation—being bucks who had passes to go out on the hunt—and waved my hand in salute. They waved back, but just as I came under them they set a big mass of rock loose, and it came rolling down to give me the closest possible escape and block the pass behind me with debris ten feet deep. The humorous red men disappeared from sight at once and I couldn't question them, but a week later I cornered one of the fellers and said:

"Now, then, did you and the others expect to crush me under the rock you tumbled down into Chilcoot pass the other day?"

"Why, of course not," was the reply.

"Then what was your object?"

"Just to see your horse jump at the noise, and we laughed for half an hour afterwards."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS ON THE PANAMA CASE.

Telegraphed to the Chicago Chronicle from Boston, Mass., under date of November 14.

Charles Francis Adams, the eminent publicist, in an interview to-day on the speedy recognition of Panama, says that President Roosevelt has established a dangerous precedent and his course has been high-handed. "I understand," he said, "that the president himself is unwilling to have our policy in the Panama case regarded as a precedent. For if this policy were to serve as such it would be fraught with the gravest consequences to the new world.

"If this case were allowed to become a precedent for action in South American states there would be slight excuses when European nations, for selfish reasons, would foment revolutions and hurriedly recognize the insurgent gov-

ernment, putting their own favorites in power.

"Plainly, it would be unsafe, even dangerous, to have any such cases as a precedent by which this government must be bound later. And the president and the state department, if I am informed correctly, will insist most emphatically that this case must be regarded as exceptional, both as relates to the past and the future."

"Then the case is merely one of expediency?" Mr. Adams was asked.

"Not even that admission can be made safely to future administration interests. The only thing that can be said to the world at large is that the whole case is exceptional; exceptional in violation of international law, exceptional in violating every tradition of the past in this republic."

"What would a parallel have been in the past?"

"To go back 40 years, it would have been just as if Great Britain had recognized South Carolina after the stars and stripes had been hauled down from Fort Sumter. I can remember the time when such action would have been regarded—certainly in this part of the nation—as a violation of right, fair and honor between nations. It would have been unpardonable, of course."

"Is there not some rule of international law to-day that would justify it?"

"Nobody makes such a claim—President Roosevelt least of all. No, it is without any precedent, against all rules. It is avowedly 'exceptional'—that is, something that this nation will not justify by any of the rules of law, of international usage. If any nation had attempted to recognize any of the seceding States in 1861 the recognition would have amounted almost to an act of war against the United States, it would have been so utterly wrong.

"I do not believe President Roosevelt would allow any nation of Europe to do the same thing in any other case. Admittedly what has been done has been a succession of high-handed measures, outside any warrant in international law. No rules apply. No precedent exists. And no similar action would be tolerated in any other power.

"In this case the whole contention is that the United States is doing something that it will not allow other nations to imitate and that it has never allowed other nations to do in its own case, and that it will not allow to be taken as a precedent by anybody, anywhere, hereafter.

"I cannot but regard it as unprecedented. It is truly 'exceptional' in all history. It is high-handed. How the

United States can do anything and then refuse to be bound by its own record thereafter I do not profess to explain. It is so 'exceptional' that it is unique. Whither it leads the people must decide."

NEW ZEALAND NOT STAGNANT. THE ONLY COMPLAINT IS THAT WORKINGMEN ARE TOO PROSPEROUS.

From the Chicago Saturday Blade, of November 14.

After a six years' absence from my native country, New Zealand, I returned there last year for a nine months' stay. I expected to see the industrial situation in a bad way, accrediting the reports of the colony's depression which I had read both in the States and England. But, on the contrary, both money and employment seemed plentiful. I did not investigate the government's financing and the meaning of its huge debt. But the taxes levied in consequence thereof did not seem to be as high proportionately as the wages paid.

Nothing struck me more wherever I went in New Zealand than the prosperity and independence of the so-called "working classes," the plentifulness of employment of all kinds, and the high wages. I heard of much good work literally going begging, and on all hands, in a variety of different ways, my attention was called to the scarcity—I think I might almost say the extreme scarcity—of labor. Most, not all, of my informants were not government supporters.

LABORERS SCARCE.

I jot down, as they occur to me, a few instances for which I can personally vouch. One of the wealthiest flax millers in the North Island complained to me that his garden fence had been unpainted for months; he was willing to pay good wages (at least \$2.50 a day, and probably three dollars, or more) to have it done, and yet could get no one to do it. Whenever he wanted an odd job done it was the same trouble. I heard exactly similar complaints from many others in quite different parts.

In the small town where I lived the milkmen recently sent round to all their customers to say that the scarcity of labor was such that they did not see how they could manage to deliver more than once a day. In the same town a large jam manufacturer did not know where to get labor, even girl labor. Where the girls went to no one knew; certainly not as servants, for the domestic servant problem, acute here, is immensely more acute there.

GOOD PAY FOR WORKERS.

Unskilled laborers were generally getting \$2.50 a day in Wellington, where, however, wages are higher than in some parts. Laborers, such as flax millers' hands and skilled workers, were getting \$3.75 and \$5 a day. The harvest before the last one out there I heard of almost incredible wages being paid for harvesters in the North Island, up to five dollars a day in some cases. The total cost of living may be slightly higher for artisans there than here, but this I doubt; for the professional classes I consider it, on the whole, much the same now.

The only people I heard of as asking unsuccessfully for work were obvious tramps, who preferred to beg rather than earn a meal and some money by half a day's work. Let it be clearly understood that I am speaking of New Zealand only, and of artisans, and not clerical labor of any kind. At present it seems to me there is too much work in New Zealand; they are too prosperous, and a little more struggling for life would in some ways be salutary. As for emigrating, I do not hear anything of it. New Zealand is preeminently a workingman's country, perhaps too much so. That the workingman and his interests predominate must strike any observer.

C. A. BARNICOAT.

Chicago, Oct. 27, 1903.

[Wellington collects its taxes from land values only, thus discouraging speculation in land, and giving all a chance to build a home. The taxes for the general government are also raised in part by this method.—Editor of the Saturday Blade.]

THE IRON MONSTER.

From a lecture delivered in Cincinnati Sunday evening, November 15, by Herbert S. Bigelow.

"The Octopus" is the title of a novel by Mr. Frank Norris. The scene of the story is in the California wheat-belt. It tells of the desperate and losing battle which the California wheat growers waged against the railroad and its ruinous rates. Read this story of the havoc wrought and the hearts broken and the hopes crushed by this monstrous monopoly, and see if the metaphor in the book of Daniel does not fit the case.

"A beast, dreadful and terrible and strong exceedingly: devouring its victims with great iron teeth; and stamping them to pieces with hoofs of steel—" such is the railroad monopoly.

This book takes us out on the great ranches, which extend as far as the eye