

OBSERVATIONS

The inconsistencies of life, in the living of it, are what constitute those features of human association that, once society is ready for organization, demands the institutions of government. If we were consistent to given principles of life, the slightest restraint of government upon human inclination would, instead of guiding man according to his best judgment, become the source and cause of all his ills. That institution, even government, that contravenes what man best understands and complies with, without abuse or injury to himself, it were the grossest folly to defend as a beneficent contribution to his welfare; for only when man becomes a menace and danger to men does he need interfering restraints. The method of applying such restraints we call government and the working out of such method we call the machinery of government, the which, from time to time, needs renewing, amendment or disuse, as the circumstances surrounding man change.

In our time the whirligig has pointed towards a corrupting commercialism that has put aside the law of God, and paid tribute to that species of genius that may best serve the purpose of evading the restraints of man's government upon those whom governments are necessary to restrain from encroaching upon the rights of their fellow men whom governments are necessary to protect. To such an extent has this grown that our brazenness of conduct has carried the repute of our methods beyond seas and the echo comes back that we stand discredited; that we are untruthful, dishonest, corrupt. Apparently indifferent as to our reputation as a people, we laughed at our foreign brethren and clinked our gold pieces in derision of those who appeared scandalized. Our social fabric became a bed-ragged network, that slimily dragged from dishonor to divorce and back again, until the glory of our purest boast, the "home," was threatened—and again we laughed and clinked the gold of our prosperity. Our courts, to which our people have looked up with an almost sacred respect, as against the intrusion of a thought that would threaten them with insult, and whose hands we have upheld in earnest of our determined desire to continue that confidence, have come to a share in that laugh of indifference, with no faint suspicion of too great a sympathy for the sacredness of the clinking of our gold.

Our executive is the anchor of hope to those not wholly enveloped in the corruption of our commercialism; and to that department of our government the people have transferred so great a proportion of their confidence for protection against wrong that the other two co-ordinate branches of our government are considered only as attendant means to resort to in particular instances of extraordinary moment. Indeed, so much do the people rely upon the executive, that it has been necessary for that department to go outside of its province to insist upon means whereby it might the better conserve the welfare of the people. Although political manipulation may, in the future, impose upon the people such a choice for chief executive as that it may be but as a question of the less of evils, they have been most fortunate in that no such alternative has, up to the present, been presented to them. What the people would do in such an emergency, it were folly to hazard a guess; but it may be hoped that, in some way, such a situation may be averted. It were wise, however, to apprehend, from our present environment, that some effort will be made by those against whose methods the people need protection, to elect one who will not be offensively inimical to such methods. As the people themselves may easily effect such a result as will protect them against a continuance of methods that have brought upon us the suspicion of other peoples, and discredit it in our own eyes, and to our own consciences, it is not to be apprehended that they will sacrifice the opportunity at a further jingling of gold, nor will they permit either a laugh of contentment with wealth or indifference to unseen consequences to deprive them of their better judgment. If the people have a greater confidence in the executive than in either of the other two departments of the government, it is because they have reason for the one or against the other. If there be any indifference in their confidence in their legislature—the congress—and even though it in part is elected by them with sufficient frequency to correct evils if they insisted upon it, such lacking is due to forfeiture by the congress

more than to the disposition of the people to suspect them of intentional misrepresentation. Of a certainty the laugh of the people is also directed towards and upon many legislative acts that are proclaimed of great popular virtue.

What the outcome of this resting of popular confidence in but one of the three co-ordinate departments of the government be, none can foresee; but it certainly is the part of wisdom to make great effort towards securing at least one of such departments of government against the possibility of being dominated by those whose methods have cost the other two departments of government that confidence that constitutes the only honor their occupants may hope for, and bereft of which, no matter how highly placed, they are poor indeed.

When Pompey, Crossus and Caesar had combined to subvert the Roman commonwealth, and had bribed the people to overcome Cato, and yet wanted the necessary authority to enable them to accomplish their purpose, they did not hesitate an instant to openly use force. In what way force could be used, by those whose purpose it seems to control our governmental affairs, it is not easy to discover; but as they have corrupted those in high place to do their bidding, it may be presumed that they would not be lacking in means or method to acquire any other power that might be necessary to their purpose. This may seem extravagant, but so it was in Rome.

We are now being regaled by a few gentlemen who control most of our railroad mileage, and, in a sense, much of the business dependent upon railroad service, that they are being harassed by the interstate commerce commission and the new railway rate law. If the railways are doing right and obeying the law, how may they be wronged? They complain of the law and the stern intent of the people for more law and until such law is sufficient to protect them from railroad wrongs, whereas if they had obeyed the law and been either honest or fair no new laws would have been necessary to protect the people and their interests as against the railroad. Mr. Hill sees ruin ahead, but only great and constantly growing success for the railroads. He is not disposing of one penny of his railway holdings because of his fear that danger threatens the railroad business. Mr. Harriman denies that he controls a great railroad mileage, and declares that boards of directors really direct; but almost the fools know that he dictates the directors. Why? To have them do other than his bidding? Both Mr. Hill and Mr. Harriman seem strangely alarmed about the future of railroads in this country and yet they keep adding to their railway holdings as fast and as largely as they possibly can. If ruin threatens the future of railroads, the judgment and opinions and advice of Messrs. Hill and Harriman are neither sound nor worth attention. If the future contains no such dangers for railroads, Messrs. Hill and Harriman are trying to deceive the people. And if they are trying to deceive the people, how should their efforts be characterized? Meanwhile, with all the great and many dangers ahead that Messrs. Hill and Harriman warn us against, each goes his way gathering up every share of railway stock he possibly can. As neither of them are disposing of their railway holdings, the duty of the people is to protect themselves against men like Messrs. Hill and Harriman.

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A PRAYER IN PAIN

Lord, I beseech Thee, not so sharp again;
I can not suffer so and be Thy child;
I am some brute thing, tortured, trapped and wild
Fighting the hands that would relieve its pain.

I have known sorrow, Lord, and blessed Thy name.

Standing upright, although I could not see
Because of tears—but still my soul was free—
No coward then, I merited no blame.

But now, dear Lord, my weak flesh shames me so,
I pray Thee, ere from torture I grow dumb,
Let Thy bright angel with the sharp sword
come,
To slay me and Pain's demons at one blow.

This ask I in His name who once did shrink,
From that too bitter cup they made Him drink.
—Emily Lewis in Lippincott's.

FOR THE SCRAP-BOOK

Little Folks

Oh, the little toys and little joys,
And little boys I know,
And the little lips and little quips
And little slips, heigh-ho!
It's a wonderland is the babyland
Where wee ones laugh and play,
Where the wee ones creep away to sleep
When the wee ones feel that way.

Oh, the rows of pearls and tossing curls
And little girls I know,
And the hands that cling and feet that swing
And lips that sing, "Bye-o"
To the little dolls they hold so tight,
And lullaby to rest
With a mother-croon and mother-tune
In an arm-encircled nest.

Oh, the happy days and sunlit ways
And wonder-gaze of joy
Of the little girls with rows of pearls,
And tossing curls, and coy;
And the looks they give to the little lad,
And the looks he gives back, too;
Where the babies be is the place for me,
For I love them all, I do.
—J. M. Lewis, in Houston Post.

Sunshine of You

I have plodded the ways of this grimy old world,
Mid the hives and the marts of the millions
hurled,
I have tasted its sweets, I have supped of its gall,
And I've lingered and dreamed where the rose
petals fall;
I have bent to its hopes—and many have failed—
At the fates that befell me I've angered and
railed;
But what do they matter, lost hopes and the rue,
So long as the heart knows the sunshine of you?

It matters but little what skies may look down,
Or whether the hopes, long cherished, have flown;
No matter how gloomy the mantle today,
There will come, sure as Fate, a rift in the way
Where the sunbeams will filter and splash on the
road,
And a song will come liltng to lighten the load.
On the long rugged steeps, whate'er I go thro',
I go with the dream of the sunshine of you.

I shall go thro' the years till the sun sinks to rest
'Neath the gold-burnished skies in the desolate
West,
Where the flood gates ope wide to the River of
Sleep,
Where there never is wailing and eyes never
weep;
I shall go with a song ever rife in my heart
That flows with the freedom of waters that start
From earth's purest spring. Like a mariner's star
You shall guide me forever—wherever you are!
—Will F. Griffin in Milwaukee Sentinel.

Song of the Pearl

I was made for the smallest hands to press,
For the softest kiss and the still caress,
For the whispered peace of a night in June,
For tired eyes that watch the moon.
I was made for grief and for hearts that break
To passionate tears for the loved one's sake;
My soul is a mist, my heart a sea,
And I pave the floors of eternity.
—Archie Sullivan in Appleton's Magazine.

Regret

In a little rose garden of long ago
The ghosts of my dead loves walk;
And with whispers low and footsteps slow,
I listen as they talk.

Ah, dear, sweet dreams of the yester years,
Why should you haunt me so,
With mocking fears and idle tears—
Why should I sorrow know?

I would drift in my boat on the sea of dreams,
Far out from this garden so fair,
Where the sun's warm beams on the ocean seem
To brighten my dull despair.
—A. Maria Crawford, Bob Taylor's Magazine.