

Mr. Burnham is now. For the most part it had possession of the machinery of government. It dominated the supreme court, even, and when it got the infamous Dred Scott decision it thought, just as the arrogant Lincoln banker thinks now, that it had 'put them to sleep forever.' But the American people proved themselves greater than the slave power, and taught the world, in the end, that it is possible for an enlightened public sentiment to be better law and better morals even than a decision of the supreme court. Let Mr. Burnham and his political banking associates have their little day of triumph. Let them swell and exult and strut around in the peacock plumage that Judge Vandeventer has furnished them. The idea of a guaranty of bank deposits is sound and just, conditions demand its application, and the people are for it. That means it is going to prevail. Mr. Burnham is neither going to 'put it to sleep forever,' nor 'give a body blow' to the people. He only thinks he is. And the time may come when he will find that the people, as well as he and his bank, can engage in this little game of 'giving body blows,' and if it ever does come he will be surprised to find how hard a blow an aroused and indignant people can strike."

EDWARD P. HUGHES, of Wheeling, W. Va., writes to The Commoner to say that the poem entitled "In Virginia" and printed in The Commoner of June 25 was written by Harry Curran Wilbur, of Jacksonville, Fla. The following is taken from the Wheeling Register: "A Wheeling friend of Harry Curran Wilbur, of Jacksonville, Fla., who was a reporter for the Register a few years ago, and city editor for a time, has received a letter from him in which Mr. Wilbur states that his famous poem 'In Virginia' won for him a bride. It was while Mr. Wilbur was on the writing force of the Register that he wrote 'In Virginia.' It was one of his regular Sunday contributions of verse, and first appeared in this paper on Sunday, May 24, 1903. The poem was republished in a number of newspapers, and later was read by Col. Robert White of this city, during an address which he delivered in the city of Richmond. It was afterwards published in every paper of prominence in the south. Among the many letters which Mr. Wilbur received concerning the poem was one from a talented young lady living in a prominent city of Virginia. The result was a correspondence which continued for several years, and finally led to marriage a short time ago. After a short wedding tour, Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur went to Jacksonville, where Mr. Wilbur is now engaged in editorial and special work for the Times-Union. Mr. Wilbur's letter contained the additional information that his brother was married to a sister of Curran's bride. In the meantime the popularity of 'In Virginia' has been growing. It has been included in a book of poems, it has been set to music, it is used in descriptive pamphlets by a Virginia railway, and it has been copyrighted and will pay a handsome royalty to the author."

THE OMAHA World-Herald prints this editorial: "That Senator Aldrich has wanted free raw materials from the beginning of the fight over the tariff bill is the assertion made by the Washington correspondent of the New York Sun. It is an assertion very easy to believe. And the reason is simply given by the Sun man in these words: 'As a matter of fact, however, and nobody knows this better than Mr. Taft, Mr. Aldrich is not opposed to admitting certain classes of raw materials free of duty. On the other hand his inclination is to let these products of foreign countries enter the United States with few restrictions or no restriction at all, in order that American manufacturers will have the advantage of buying them cheaply for manufacture into the finished product.' Why then, did Senator Aldrich appear to stand, in the senate, with those senators who opposed a reduction in duties affecting raw materials? Again the reason is simple, and is thus given by the Sun: 'Mr. Aldrich was forced to assume a different attitude with respect to raw materials by the difficulties which he encountered in the senate in attempting to make a tariff bill which would satisfy enough republican senators to insure its passage.' And Mr. Taft, the Sun goes on to say, knew of this from the beginning, and so all the time had confidence in Aldrich. He knew Aldrich, in order to get what he wanted for the manufacturers, was obliged to make concessions to the senators representing the pro-

ducers of raw material. But there would come a time, in conference, when the promise of tariff revision downward could be 'redeemed,' at the expense of raw material, without in any way injuring the big protected interests! The Sun says: 'Now that the tariff bill is in conference the president, following a determination reached long ago, is seeking to bring about by personal appeal and persuasion what Senator Aldrich is credited with having attempted to accomplish, but failed to accomplish on account of diverse opinions among republican senators representing widely separated constituencies whose material interests differed radically.' It is a rather sordid story thus unfolded by a newspaper that is friendly to both Taft and Aldrich. To get the tariff for the benefit of the manufacturers kept high enough it was necessary to make generous concessions to the raw material senators. Then, when everything is fixed, the raw material senators are to be betrayed in conference, while the trust senators hold on to everything they have gained. Not only that, but they receive more, since free raw materials is exactly equivalent to increased tariff protection on the finished product, so far as the trusts' profits are concerned. The progressive republican Register and Leader of Des Moines sums up the situation succinctly in saying: 'The net result will be that the little part of the swag which was coming to the western states like Iowa in the tariff on hides will be taken away, while the manufacturers of the east will have higher rates than ever were put into a tariff bill before, with no drawbacks in the way of reciprocity deals, which no republican tariff bill in recent years has omitted. And taking the tariff off hides will be cited everywhere to show that we have had revision downward, and the pledge of the party has been manfully and courageously kept.'"

WHO ARE the "men of action" to whom Mr. Roosevelt recently referred? A writer from Collier's Weekly says: "Mr. Roosevelt's thoughts on Tolstoy have naturally aroused attention, since their publication in the Outlook. 'I doubt if his influence has really been very extensive among men of action.' Just who is this man of action? Mr. Roosevelt and others have been busily and reverently creating credit for him, but what man is he? The man of action has a slight smack of the man of destiny. He is of faint kin to the man in the iron mask. Mr. Roosevelt makes him the final test for literature as well as for other values, imagine some such fragile growth as 'The Eve of St. Agnes' brought to the man of action. 'This will never do,' says he. 'I rather like it,' he declares of some bouquet of Tennyson. A few years ago the man of action was the great financier, running insurance or railroads. An obscuration took place and several heroes resigned, died or became insane. About every other century the worship of 'action' returns to trouble this world with the notion that there is some virtue in action for itself. With it enters the companion idea that 'action' consists in keeping busy in the external world. It means detonation, running about, jostling, talking, redistributing atoms. A man of our acquaintance is a physician who is forever working at experiments in an unfrequented office. He would blink among a tennis cabinet or at a gathering of politicians. He is unhappy in 'rough house' gayety. Discoveries and certain adaptations which he has made have lessened the death rate among babies. The man of action with bristling boys and busy ways, would deem the little doctor a feeble soul. He is not masterful. He clatters not about his victories. Mr. Roosevelt sheds no light when he condemns the world-figure and world-influence of Tolstoy. He is right, we believe, in putting high value on his fiction, wrong in failing to appreciate the inspirations which the great Russian has been to a world which so easily tires of difficult, spiritual, patient and long-continued work."

THE WASHINGTON correspondent for the Kansas City Star, a republican paper, tells a story of "how a little flattery and a motor car tamed one of the wildest of the progressives that ever got a seat in the Cherokee Strip in the senate just at the right hand of the vice president." The Star correspondent says: "You really would not believe that it could be done so easily, unless you happened to recall that member of the house from Minnesota who was nominated and elected on an anti-Cannon platform, and was taken into camp by the house

organization within two weeks of his arrival in Washington and before the fight on the rules had been pulled off. Coe I. Crawford is the name of the senator—Coe I. Crawford of South Dakota, elected as a progressive to displace that wicked reactionary, Senator Kittredge. When Senator Crawford arrived in Washington he was a fiery tariff revisionist. Bristow and LaFollette, who sat near him, were his companions, and he voted with them in revolt against the finance committee every time he got a chance; also he went over and dragooned his colleague, Senator Gamble, into voting for downward revision. Then one Elihu Root took a hand. Senator Root, as everybody knows, is a leader of the American bar. It is generally understood that he could make a quarter of a million a year in law practice and never bat an eye. Also, he has been a sturdy supporter of Senator Aldrich on almost every schedule. Being a new man, Mr. Root, too, was assigned to the Cherokee Strip. His seat was next to Crawford's. Of course you can't help getting somewhat acquainted with a man who sits by you nine hours a day for week after week. The progressives noticed that Root and Crawford were getting chummy. They had great faith in Crawford. 'Ah, ha,' they said, 'Coe will bring Root into the fold. He will make a great progressive out of our ex-secretary of state.' Then the New York senator began inviting the senator from South Dakota to go out in his motor car and to take luncheon with him. Crawford began to get a little distant toward his former chums. You can't expect a man who is going around with Elihu Root to pay a great deal of attention to plain senators. Then Crawford began to vote with the committee. Senator Root had explained to him how necessary it was to work with the organization and how it would never do for him to ruin a brilliant career by going off with a lot of wild horses like the progressives. Print paper came up, and while South Dakota was supposed to be committed to the proposition of free paper, Crawford voted with the committee. On the income tax he did the same thing. Then the cloakroom gossips came out and voted Crawford as saying that he had decided it would not do to train with 'Pops like LaFollette and Bristow,' which is supposed to mark the final stage in the journey to that political condition which the east describes as 'safe and sane.'"

A LITTLE brown hen died in New Jersey recently, and the New York Evening Sun printed this editorial: "Cynthia, the little brown hen of Essex county, in New Jersey, has gone to roost in the shadows. No longer can her perdrisian form be seen in her accustomed range, scratching blithely among the flower-starred, dew-spangled herbage of Cedar Grove, wherein she was reckoned easily the leading citizen. For she never neglected that humbler duty of scarifying the turf, after the manner of all good hens, even though her professional duties engrossed a double share of her useful day. It is now more than a year ago since little Cynthia began laying two eggs a day. Her fame spread swiftly, but she simply blushed and remained on her job. Real estate agents grew rich, local landowners bought bonds, the whole community waxed fat, directly through the undaunted ovulation of little Cynthia. Commuters flocked to Cedar Grove, bought chickens and erected chicken houses in every part of that fair village, all burning with the generous hope that so magnificent an example might inspire their own hens to equally glittering achievement. But it became apparent that little Cynthia's duplexity of action could be credited to no mere influences of climate, surrounding food or associates. As the man said about indescribable and unimaginable ingenuity in profane swearing, 'You can't learn it; it's a gift.' So with Cynthia; her over-production was a trait of character; special endowment; a gift of the hen-god. Now, with as little warning as she came, has Cynthia gone. No more, youths, will Cynthia serve you as the object of a Sunday afternoon pilgrimage. No more, sweet maids, will Cynthia's praise be whispered among dairy restaurants. Her head is under her wing, her nest is cold. Tears, commuters, gracious tears, and wreaths of eglantine upon her grassy mound. Little Cynthia is dead. No sleep so beautiful and calm, so free from trace of pain, so fair to look upon. She seems a creature fresher in memory than the first of her twin daily boons; not one who has lived and suffered death. And when they buried her the little town had seldom seen a worthier funeral."