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## Do I Yearn Sometimes.

I hung them up to be out of the way,  
My old blue soldier clothes;  
But the door of their crypt stands wide today,  
And a dash of gray dust shows  
On the sleeves, as I look and wistfully  
For the memory that goes  
With my heart far back to the shade of the tent  
On a tropic afternoon,  
Hearing the while with mild content  
The tales that soldiers croon  
Or feeling the love that is fondly blent  
With the words of an old home tune.  
And I feel again the languid breeze  
From the heart of the limpid bay,  
And like cowed monks on bended knees,  
See mountains far away,  
Where the sky stoops down to the darker seas,  
When warm tides lift and stray.  
But most I think of a soldier there,  
I loved from a friend's full heart,  
Who bore with me a share and share  
Of pain the most to part  
As I clasped his hands at the parting prayer  
And saw his deep tears start.  
Do I yearn sometimes, as I fondly gaze  
On that war-worn coat of blue,  
Dear comrade of those stirring days,  
For the sight and sounds we knew;  
To live once more by the ruddy blaze  
Of the wild, free camp with you?

IRA KELLOGG.

## A Mission of Democracy.

Oration delivered by Miss Rena Alderman in the local contest.

Democracy, viewed from the standpoint of stability in government, presents many weaknesses. It is based on the popular mind, and the popular mind is as yet untrained; given to rash impulses; to frequent changes; and to instability of purpose.

Under an organization where the few are reared to govern, society might be conformed to the advanced doctrines of political economy long before the masses of the people understood its first principles. But even were a class to arise, intelligent and conscientious enough to make possible the best ideals of aristocracy, the system in its lack of opportunity for political endeavor among the masses would still stand opposed to the all-embracing law of evolution.

A government, grounded in right principles, is but the servant, not the master of man, strong because the servant needs to be efficient, but always the instrument of his, not its own greatest good. It does not exist for its own sake, but to promote human interests, peace and justice, perhaps. But peace and justice do not more exist for their own sake. If through peace men must become enervated, let us have war. If only through much injustice men can learn to deal justly, better the injustice for a time than that they should forever be the passive recipient of a blessing whose quality never became an attribute of their nature.

Democracy has an ideal beyond itself. Its best product is manhood; a social and an individual manhood, capable of yielding an intelligent obedience, while it acts with and for others toward the best good of all. There is no defence for monarchy in the superiority of kings that does not plead in a greater degree for the need of democracy. Pray, who are the kings, if not the people? By what can royalty claim the right to govern, if not that through generations of ruling it has learned somewhat the art? It is the ability to govern, gained by long experience, not the governing that in democracy is the triumph of the people. If a system whose safeguard is ignorance, and under which political self-reliance is treason has a place in the world, it is only as the fostering maternalism of an infant race. Even conceding that a little learning may be a dangerous thing, all learning must first be little before it can be great. A few political ideas among the people may mislead them, but it foreshadows mighty things. All the kingless turmoil and misrule would be amply compensated for, if after many generations there would evolve a race that did not need a king.

All through her dominion democracy is entering and expanding the cramped life of the people. The emigrant who comes from despotic Russia bounds his interest, perchance, by the fire-break of his homestead. In a short time, however, he talks tariff or coinage and has a party. It may be many years before he will be a strength to the state. But have not the vistas opened before his eyes, the new sense of his relation to society been of inestimable value to him? Travelers tell us, that in crossing the Alps from Italy into Switzerland, the difference in the peasantry becomes noticeable. The Swiss is a reasoning and responsible man. It is but the retold story of the ancient peoples. The meridian hours of Grecian manhood were when every Greek was a statesman. Never was Roman patriotism and integrity so undefiled as when in the days of the