

centrate upon his district, and he, in turn, is thrown out. Of course each statesman should have been able to hold a seat in the following Congress and, as a minority leader and a well-equipped expert, take his proper place in the debates. In England the members of the government in going out simply walk across the aisle and sit facing, and authoritatively criticizing, their successful rivals. If a leader fails of election in one constituency, another is always ready to give him a representative seat.

The good points of this system are so apparent that one wonders it is so rarely attempted in this country. The instance of Congressman Everett of Massachusetts being elected by a district in which he did not reside (though in the same State) is only an exception which proves the rule. The federal Constitution requires that a representative shall be an inhabitant of the State in which he is chosen.

But our system of representation does not altogether account for the fact that so many of our politicians are "off color" as to character. We must look elsewhere for the cause of the prominent appearance of so many "bad men" in our politics. Perhaps our territorial extent is somewhat against us—the lack of concentration of public opinion by means of a commanding central press and other centralizing institutions. London, with her imperial institutions and her two neighboring universities, is England. Public men are there

apt to remain longer and more openly under the concentrated gaze of the nation, and are therefore better known. Parliament stands for more in the thought of the people, its proceedings are more fully given in the metropolitan press, and the metropolitan press is read throughout the realm.

America has always had political leaders able, masterful, and of high character. It has such men to-day. Public opinion on the whole rings true, and in great emergencies the character of the nation expresses itself in verdicts of no uncertain sound. But there are periods when the right opinion of certain of our communities is not as effectual as it should be: hence comes the chance of the unscrupulous boss in control of the local machine; and the local evil spreads into national associations and importance.

Modern statesmen and philosophers declare public opinion to be the real ruler of all communities, democratic or despotic, American or Chinese. This opinion is an aggregate of individual thought and will. In this connection appear the opportunity and clear duty of the individual citizen. Acquiescence in the leadership of the ignoble is a crime against the republic. The good citizen is bound to make his private right opinion tell in the building up of that public opinion which will drive from prominence and power disreputable and unscrupulous leaders and the whole tribe of demagogues with whom we are so grievously afflicted.



IN LIGHTER VEIN

Poet and Sexton

(AT ST. MARY'S CHURCH, YOUGHAL, IRELAND¹)

"CLIMB on this tomb. The dead man will not care.

The grass will not go near him, as you see;
That's owing to the way he used to swear—
The Lord have mercy on us all!" said he.

"Now, tell me if you see that chimney,
where

The ivy looks so beautiful and green.
Sir Walter Raleigh, by the fireplace there,
Sat down one night and wrote 'The
Faerie Queene.'"

Sarah Piatt.

NORTH BEND, OHIO.

¹The churchyard adjoins the grounds of the house known as Sir Walter Raleigh's, in which he lived when he was mayor of Youghal. Edmund Spenser is said to have visited him and read in manuscript "The Faerie Queene" to him there.

A Guide for Lightning

IN a certain Swedish settlement in "Nord America," whenever, during the evening, it looks like rain, an elderly farmer named Olaf Erickson may be seen climbing laboriously to the top of his tall barn, where, inside of an arrangement that looks like a bird's house, he places a lighted lantern. When pressed for an explanation, this is what he says:

"Vell, you see, ven my hov beeld mys barn vor eight-nine hunder dollar, my dondt vant vor lose heem, so my poot on top two-tree beeg light-rod; put, py golly! te vorst taime she 's rain, mine barn she 's got strock vit tonder,—she 's light an' tonder so-o bad,—an' she 's burn all oop to te groond. I hov heem vell insure, so, right avay queek, I beeld new von so lots beeger dan vorst von.

"Yust so soon I hov heem all beeld, te light-rod man she 's come again on mys fairm, an' she 's ask me: 'Meester Erickson, you 's vant som more light-rod on yours barn?'

"No, tank you, I 's tole heem. 'Te las' taime yours light-rod she 's be no good at all —mys barn she 's burn all oop ver' vorst taime she 's sprinkle leedle bit. Go vay queek vid yours goot-vor-nottings light-rod—I dondt can vant heem if you *geeve* heem to me.'

"Meester Erickson,' te light-rod man she 's say, 'tot rod she 's bee all right, but my 's tank you dondt use heem to right vay. Maype your 's dondt poot no lantern on top yours barn. How you tank te poor tonder can *see* vare to strock if you 's dondt hov no light?'

"Vell, you see, I hov neffer tank of tat! So my 's buy two-tree light-rod an' beeld von leedle lighthouse on top mys barn, an' now she 's neffer be vit tonder strock vor seex whole year an' von mont'."

Carroll Watson Rankin.

MARQUETTE, MICHIGAN.

Naturally

JEAN PHILIPPE ees a *garçon gai*,
Han' small 'is care for *ces drôles d'Anglais*;
But a 'orse, *ma foi, c'est une autre affaire*.
W'y, Philippe would die for L'Étoile 'is mare;
Han' L'Étoile, wit' 'er skeen lak *le satin jaune*,
Would run to 'er deat' wit'out make a moan
If Philippe should ride, han' she 'ear 'eem call:

"Plus vite encore, plus vite, L'Étoile!"

So dey tell de story de hudder day,

'Ow 'e telephone for a bale of 'ay

Han' some hoat; han' 'e say to de tile-
phone:

"You mus' sen' dose t'ing in a hur-ree
down."

"Ver' well," say de man was keep de store,
"But who are these t'ings that you ordare
for?"

"For who?" cry Philippe; han' 'e swear,
hof course,

"You —several kin's — of a swine! My
'orse."

Beatrice Hanscom.

MARQUETTE, MICHIGAN.

Curiosity

MAMMY 's in de kitchen, an' de do' is shet;
All de piccannies climb an' tug an' sweat,
Gittin' to de winder, stickin' dah lak flies,
Evah one ermong us des all nose an' eyes.

"Whut she cookin', Isaac?" "Whut she
cookin', Jake?"

"Is it sweet pertaters? Is hit pie er cake?"
But we could n' mek out even whah we stood
Whut was mammy cookin' dat could smell
so good.

Mammy spread de winder, an' she frown an'
frown.

How de piccannies come a-tumblin' down!
Denshe say: "Ef you-all keeps a-peepin' in,
How I 's gwine to whup you, my! 't 'ill be a
sin!

Need n' come a-sniffin' an' a-nosin' hyeah,
'Ca'se I knows my business, nevah feah."
Won't somebody tell us—how I wish dey
would!—

Whut is mammy cookin' dat it smells so
good?

We know she means business, an' we
dassent stay,

Dough it 's mighty tryin' fuh to go erway;
But we goes a-troopin' down de ol' wood-
track

'Twell dat steamin' kitchen brings us
stealin' back,

Climbin' an' a-peepin' so 's to see inside.
Whut on earf kin mammy be so sha'p to
hide?

I 'd des up an' tell folks w'en I knowed I
could,

Ef I was a-cookin' t'ings dat smelt so good.

Mammy in de oven, an' I see huh smile;
Moufs mus' be a-wat'rin' roun' hyeah fuh a
mile;

Den we almos' hollah ez we hu'ies down,
'Ca'se hit 's apple dumplin's, big an' fat an'
brown!

W'en de do' is opened, solemn lak an' slow,
Wisht you see us settin' all dah in a row
Innercent an' p'opah, des lak chillun
should

W'en dey mammy 's cookin' t'ings dat
smell so good.

Paul Laurence Dunbar.

DAYTON, OHIO.