

The Independent

VOL. LVI NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1904 No. 2880

Survey of the World

The Field of Politics

Mr. Elihu Root retired from the Cabinet on the 1st inst., and on the same day he returned to New York. On the 3d he was the guest of honor at a dinner given by 250 of his fellow-members of the Union League Club, and in the course of an eloquent address at that dinner he defended Mr. Roosevelt against the criticism of persons who had said that he was not "safe," commending him as "the greatest conservative force in Washington for the protection of property and our institutions." Before he reached this part of his address he had spoken of the Philippines, where—and it could have been done "only by the exercise of sovereignty"—the people had been "rescued from tyranny" and were beginning to learn what liberty means. "I look for the time," said he, "when the Philippines shall assume substantially the same relation to us as Cuba now holds." Referring to the Canal treaty, he predicted that, "guarding the neutrality of the Isthmus," we should give "to the peoples of South America the freedom they have not known," teaching them liberty and how it ought to be used. It had been, he said, one of the greatest privileges of his life to stand by and hold up the hands of Theodore Roosevelt:

"I am told that he is not popular in New York, that he who was born and who grew up to manhood among us, a member of this club, and who made his first essay into public life by going to represent us in the Legislature at Albany more than twenty years ago, is not popular here in the city of his home. I am told that people say he is not safe! I could not come back to you, between whom and me there have been no secrets and no concealments all these thirty-five years and more, and not say to you what I have felt and what I now feel on this subject.

"Men say he is not safe! He is not safe for the men who wish to prosecute selfish schemes for the public's detriment. He is not safe for the men who wish the Government conducted with greater reference to campaign contributions than to the public good. He is not safe for the men who wish to drag the President of the United States into a corner and make whispered arrangements which they dare not have known by their constituents.

"But I say to you that he has been, during these years, since President McKinley's death, the greatest conservative force in Washington for the protection of property and our institutions. There is a better way to protect property, to protect capital, and to protect great enterprises than by the buying of legislators. There is a better way to deal with labor and keep it from rising into the tumult of unregulated and resistless mobs than by starving it or by buying or corrupting its leaders. There are some things to be thought of besides the speculations of the hour.

"I have said that President Roosevelt is the greatest conservative force for the protection of property and capital in the city of Washington. I could give you specific instances where he stood in the way of men in Congress who greatly desired to pass extreme and violent measures, by the strong and unwavering declaration: 'I will veto your bill if you pass it!' He is great because he is so just and fair.

"I would rather have my boys taught to admire as the finest thing in our life the honesty and frankness, the truth and loyalty, the honor and devotion of Theodore Roosevelt, than to have them have all the wealth of this great metropolis."

The next speaker was ex-Attorney-General Griggs, who predicted that the time would come when Mr. Root, having been "faithful in a few things," would be "made ruler over all."—Mr. Bryan remarks in his newspaper that his recent speech at Lincoln has "had the desired effect":

over the days, until we can get out to hunt the first dandelions, under the hedges, and the water crosses by the springs.

A couple of warm days have melted a part of the snow. There is a patch of bare brown ground behind one of the hedges, where I can stand on the dear old earth and rub my feet on last year's sod. It is dry and it is brown, but I know the heart is green. And I know, too, that under the soil, under the snow, the hyacinth bulbs have felt something that I have felt, and are stirring—and swelling, and pushing, and getting ready. Perhaps it is the same feeling that sends me around to the grocer. One month yet before the blue birds! The sun rises at seven, and it sets at half-past five. We are evidently crawling out of the hollow log. The farmer looks over his seed, and he thinks that he must try one or more of the new potatoes; and he tells the boys that, if they will plant a melon patch in the middle of the corn field, the rogues will probably not find it. What is the origin of that code of morals that allows boys—and men—to steal melons and

grapes, but not potatoes and peas? It is a psychological question worth some attention.

The getting ready process goes on more rapidly. As February wanes the days wax. All one night the South wind roars, and there comes in the morning a deluge. The sun shines with July glory, and makes a complete housecleaning all over the hillsides. The water runs in rivulets, in brooks, in torrents. The great creek in the valley swells its banks and floods the gardens and the cellars. The hens cackle; the dogs bark; the bees come out of their hives with inquisitive flights; the dandelions begin to grow small leaves; the woodpeckers tap the hollow apple trees, and the farmers tap the maple groves; a few butterflies flit to taste the sweet chips, and the farm boys haul out the plows and oil them ready to turn the glebe. Over the hills one blue morning a blue bird cuts the air with a whistle. They are coming! They are on the way! Winter is dead! Long live the spring! The short days are over with. The sun will soon rise at four o'clock, and the cows will be turned out to pasture.

CLINTON, N. Y.

A Valentine

BY BENJAMIN B. WARFIELD

HE.

DAN CUPID went to shoot one day,—
He flushed three hearts upon the way.
One was so hard, his arrow broke
At every stroke;
One was so soft, no barbs so bold
Could in it hold;
And one was fair, and sweet, and sound,—
He quickly brought it to the ground.
Now, tell me truly, maiden mine,
Which heart was thine,
My Valentine?

SHE.

A sportsman's tale! None of the three
He tells of was the heart in me,—
The soft, the hard, nor yet the sound
He boasts he brought to ground.
At others yet,
(Did he forget?)
He leveled his artillery;
And shot and shot again,
And ever shot in vain,—
He missed them clear, you see!
Of these was mine,
My gallant fine,
But not at all my Valentine!

PRINCETON, N. J.