

mit the final establishment of a system of dependencies across the sea inhabited by races condemned to political inferiority. Caste under the flag abroad means caste sooner or later at home.

Mr. Roosevelt has deliberately made himself the incarnation of the spirit of militarism and imperialism. His idea of national greatness means nothing but physical strength, and for great ideas he would substitute a big navy. Freedom, equality, justice, must all be subordinated to brute force. The change shows itself already on the surface of life in Washington. Uniforms and brass buttons, new-fangled military escorts, war talk and army manners are gradually making headway there as fast as circumstances permit. It is the kaiserism of the German kaiser which seems to have roused the emulation of our President and his Cabinet, and Kaiserism, with all that that word implies—Prussian junkerism, lese majeste, enormous armaments, and all peaceful pursuits subordinated to military enterprise—that is the issue at the coming election.

Judge Parker has spoken plainly on this subject. He believes in neighborly conduct between nations as between individuals. He is opposed to slave dependencies as well as to domestic slavery. We may be sure that he would have protested as President against the annihilation by Great Britain of the only two republics in Africa, and that he would never have been gully of the assassination of the only Asiatic republic—that of the Filipinos—nor of the vivisection of our nearest sister republic in South America. He would lay aside the big stick and teach the native to behave like a gentleman. In a word, he would put an end to Kaiserism, and I sincerely hope that he will have the opportunity.

DEMOCRACY IN SCHOOL RELATIONSHIPS.

From a paper read by Miss Kate Starr Kellogg, Principal of the Lewis-Champlain School in Chicago, before the Chicago Teachers' Club, Apr. 9, 1904, as published in the Chicago Teachers' Federation Bulletin.

Most teachers believe in the principles of democracy as applied to their relationship to those above them. Is it the same toward the children under their care? I am afraid not, and few are the schoolrooms, even in the higher grades, where anything save the will of the teacher, enforced by the mandates of the principals and superintendents, is law.

Verily one does not "gather grapes of thorns, nor figs of thistles," neither can one evolve a democracy from lives

in which every free, spontaneous action, every impulse toward independent thought is stifled in its beginnings.

In the little world of the schoolroom the child as a citizen is realizing himself both as an individual and as a social being.

His individual rights, his individual opinions, within reasonable limits, are to be patiently considered, while his attention is to be steadily directed to the effect his individual action is having upon his immediate room society.

How to reconstruct his world with a living, mutually-benefitting society is the problem that calls for the most thoughtful and loving work of the teacher. I wonder if we realize how formal and unnatural the relations of most pupils and teachers are? A teacher meets her pupils at some festival or picnic and under the impulse of the new and freer conditions, all become for the time social beings humanely related. The following day, at the summons of the bell, as at the magic stroke of midnight in the old fairy tale, the charm and delight of the old acquaintanceship disappears, the straight, loud, formal intercourse is resumed.

"I never go with my pupils upon excursions," I heard a teacher remark not long ago. "I find they always presume upon the unusual liberty and it takes me a week to get them down to work again."

The other afternoon I found a young teacher trying to hold her children under control as she would have reined a restless horse. "Why do you not try some group construction work?" I suggested, "or let them go to the board and illustrate the story they have just read?"

"I don't care to," she answered, in genuine pain, her young face white with the nervous strain. "I'm afraid they would get away from me." "They won't get away from you if you go with them," I replied. Half an hour later I went back to her room and beheld 50 pupils quietly and happily engaged in cutting and pasting a miniature Fort Dearborn. They were passing cardboard and the necessary materials about freely. A group of five or six were putting in place the various parts of the fort as different children brought them. The joy of the room was reflected in the teacher's face, as she said to me with a sigh of relief: "I never would have believed it possible. An hour ago I was ready to give up and go on the unassigned list."

"TELL 'EM WE'RE RISIN', SUH!"

HOWARD AT ATLANTA,

Richard R. Wright was the little boy mentioned in the following poem by John G. Whittier. He was graduated from Atlanta University in 1876, and has since devoted himself to the teaching and uplifting of his people in Georgia. He is now president of the State College of Industry for Colored Youth at Savannah, and is one of the graduate trustees of Atlanta University.

Right in the track where Sherman
Plowed his red furrow,
Out of the narrow cabin,
Up from the cellar's burrow,
Gathered the little black people,
With freedom newly dowered,
Where, beside their Northern teacher,
Stood the soldier Howard.

He listened and heard the children
Of the poor and long-enslaved
Reading the words of Jesus,
Singing the songs of David.
Behold!—the dumb lips speaking,
The blind eyes seeing!
Bones of the Prophet's vision
Warmed into being!

Transformed he saw them passing
Their new life's portal!
Almost seemed the mortal
Put on the immortal.
No more with the beasts of burden,
No more with stone and clod,
But crowned with glory and honor
In the image of God!

There was the human chattel
Its manhood taking;
There, in each dark brown statue,
A soul was waking!
The man of many battles,
With tears his eyelids pressing,
Stretched over those dusky foreheads
His one-armed blessing.

And he said: "Who hears can never
Fear for or doubt you;
What shall I tell the children
Up North about you?"
Then ran round a whisper, a murmur,
Some answer devising;
And a little boy stood up: "Massa,
Tell 'em we're risin'!"

O black boy of Atlanta!
But half was spoken;
The slave's chain and the master's
Alike are broken.
The one curse of the races
Held both in tether:
They are rising—all are rising,
The black and white together!

O brave men and fair women!
Ill comes of hate and scorning;
Shall the dark faces only
Be turned to morning?
Make Time your sole avenger,
All-healing, all-redressing;
Meet Fate halfway, and make it
A joy and a blessing!

RICHARD R. WRIGHT.

This is the story of a little negro boy who went from the cabin of a pickaninny to the chair of a presidency. It is the story of a remark that, coming from his very soul, called out in answer a letter from Holmes and inspired a poem by Whittier and made