

AN UNCONSCIOUS TRIBUTE.

William Barnes Found Himself Applauding Colonel Roosevelt.

Lawrence F. Abbott in the Outlook.

At a great meeting in Carnegie Hall during the Progressive campaign Mr. Roosevelt made one of the finest speeches of his career. He said that after the campaign he expected to be cast aside as a worn out implement, but that it was the highest duty of any man, who was worth his salt, to spend and be spent in the service of his fellows.

Printed type can give no idea of the eloquence and feeling with which Mr. Roosevelt uttered these words. It is enough to say that at this point, in the very middle of the speech, the whole audience instinctively rose to its feet and applauded.

In the audience, seated in one of the orchestra chairs, I saw William Barnes of Albany, the arch boss of the "Old Guard" of the Republican party, not only a political but a personal enemy of Theodore Roosevelt. He rose with the rest and joined in the applause. In telling about it afterward he said that he found himself on his feet and applauding before he realized what he was doing. Such was the effect of Theodore Roosevelt's magnetism upon an enemy.

BURIAL OF MISS CLEVELAND.

Funeral of Sister of Late President Described by a Friend.

The burial of Miss Rose Cleveland, sister of the late President of the United States, in Lucca, Italy, where she had gone on relief work only to become a victim of the influenza scourge, is thus described in a letter from another worker in the Philadelphia Public Ledger:

Miss Cleveland, who had taken the infection directly from our friend, was able to go to the friend's funeral, but immediately after she came down with the same terrible thing. God knows what a five days of fear and hope and agony followed. Trained nurses whom she had brought for others never left her, and—on the fifth day I was following my almost lifelong friend to the laurel lined grave. Of the great and noble character of Miss Cleveland it is unnecessary for me to speak. It is too well known to need one word. A passionate lover of her own country, which she was longing and hoping and planning to see so soon, she also was a true friend of Italy. Hundreds of letters from many lands testify to the influence of her noble soul and mind over those with whom she came in contact. Her funeral was wonderful. She was covered with her favorite American flag—the original one with thirteen stars. Our ambassador at Rome sent the consul to represent him at the funeral.

By order of the mayor all shops and business places were closed; from every house was a flag at halfmast tied with black. Mayor and town fathers walked by the hearse holding the cords. The procession consisted of the people of the town, the schools of the commune, and the boys and girls' school which Miss Cleveland had helped, bearing flowers and wreaths. It was a great procession,

and not a voice or sound was heard the entire way. It was a wonderful scene at the grave when the coffin was lowered, covered with crimson roses. Then the consul, the chaplain, the mayor lowered the American flag over all, and the crowds who had loved and honored her, and who had been helped by her, pressed reverently forward to drop a flower on the casket.

Park Hill, Okla., Jan. 20, 1919.

To the Editor of Daily Phoenix:

I read your editorial showing how the masses were being lifted out of poverty by American methods. I was glad to learn that we were rapidly passing up to the rich luxury of the aristocracy.

We Henry Dubs out in the sticks and in the factories would never get this brilliant information if your city editors did not assume the arduous task of keeping us posted. I am certainly thankful for your great efforts in my behalf. The fact that I was rolling in luxury came like a thunderbolt from a clear sky.

No bolskivism for me if I am already in the high plane of luxury, ease and opulence. Spread the glad tidings, proclaim it from the walls and from the mountain tops. Let it be emblazoned upon the dome of heaven that poverty is disappearing from the land.

But only a short time since the daily papers were circulating the awful tidings that the poverty stricken masses were unable to feed their children sufficiently to enable the little ones to do proper work in schools. This was especially reported to be true in New York city, but the same condition was said to prevail in all other cities and towns to a greater or less extent.

Now all is changed. What a sudden transformation. Let the good work go on.

In the same issue in which I read the glad news of luxury for the masses I read of Mrs. William Corey that was wearing a \$75,000 coat. Mr. Editor, I am anxious to get into one of those big coats. At the present rate we are being lifted up, I'm sure it won't be long until we workers reach the sublime height of the \$75,000 coat class.

Just think of it. Here I've been wearing a \$15 coat for three winters. Thought I was pretty well dressed, too, by the way. Now comes the happy thought that I'll soon be wearing a \$75,000 coat, for the editor informs us that we'll all be lifted to that class. We are not going to have any leveling down process.

Why, gentlemen, we'll soon all be bankers, landlords, merchants and loan companies. I'll live by loaning you money and you can loan to me. Simple, isn't it? Wonder why we never thought of it before?

But, Mr. Editor, since I come to think of it, there is one phase of the matter I don't thoroughly understand. When we all get to wearing the \$75,000 coats, who will make them? This question has hung like a dark cloud upon my otherwise undisturbed felicity since reading the joyful news. About the most I ever get for a day's work is \$5. Now if everybody gets \$5 a day under your anticipated working class aristocracy it will take one man about forty-two years to make my coat or it will take 15,000 laborers one whole day, or it will take forty-two laborers a whole year to make my coat.

This is probably too deep a question for an untutored intellect to grasp, but I know you can explain, and I wish you would. It will settle the everlasting whine of the socialists. Bring on the good times, brother. P. A. OLIVER.

P. S. and N. B.: Are you game?

ROOSEVELT.

But yesterday the shout of Victory
Resounded through our land from shore to shore,
America, the victor, joyously
Proclaimed the end of strife, death was no more!

Today America, the mourner stands
Beside the bier of Roosevelt, the man,
Who, here at home and there in foreign lands,
Was known and styled "The Great American!"

So, in the hour of victory, we pause,
And pay our tribute to the sire and son
Who fell, both fighting for the common cause
Of Liberty, until the day was won.

—Don Garrison.