

ROOSEVELT DELIVERS ADDRESS AT CEREMONIES OF DEDICATION AT OSAWATOMIE.

OSAWATOMIE, Kan., Aug. 31.—Colonel Roosevelt, in delivering the principal address by which the John Brown battlefield was dedicated for a state park, said in part, as follows:

There have been two great crises in our country's history: first when it was formed, and then again when it was perpetuated. The formative period included not merely the Revolutionary war, but the creation and adoption of the Constitution. Then came sixty years during which we spread across the continent—years of vital growth, but of growth without rather than growth within. Then came the time of great strain and strain culminated in the Civil war, the period of terrible struggle upon the issue of which depended the justification of all that we had done earlier. It was the war which marked the second great period of growth and development within. The name of John Brown will be forever associated with this second period of our history; and Kansas was the theater upon which the first act of the second of our great National life dramas was played. It was the result of the struggle in Kansas which determined that our country should be in deed as well as in name devoted to both union and freedom, that the great republican government of a National scale should succeed and not fail. It was a heroic struggle, and an inevitable one. Every struggle it had also a dark and terrible side. Very much was done of good, and much also of evil; and, as was inevitable in such a period of revolution, often the same man did both good and evil. For our great good fortune as a Nation, we, the people of the United States as a whole, are indebted to the great men of that time, not only for the good they did, but for the evil, or at least to remember it without bitterness, and to fix our eyes with pride on the good that was accomplished. Even in ordinary times there are very few of us who do not see the problems of life as through a glass, darkly; and when the glass is clouded by the murk of the present, the vision of the best and the bravest is dimmed. Looking back, we are all of us now able to do justice to the valor and the disinterestedness of the men of that time as to each it was given to see the right, shown both by the men of the north and the men of the south. It was the men who finally decided by the attitude of the west. We can admire the heroic valor, the sincerity, the self-devotion shown alike by the men who wore the blue and the men who wore the gray; and our sadness that such men should have had to fight one another is tempered by the knowledge that hereafter their descendants shall be found fighting side by side, struggling in peace as well as in war for the uplift of their common country, and for the right to raise to the highest pitch of honor and usefulness the Nation to which they are all bound. As for the veterans of the Grand Republic, the Republic of the Grand Republic, the Republic of the Grand Republic, and recognition such as is paid to no other citizens of the Republic; for to them the Republic is due, and for to them it owes its very existence.

Application of the Lesson. I do not speak of this struggle of the past merely from the historic standpoint. Our interest is primarily in the application today of the lessons taught by the contest of half a century ago. Little use for us to pay lip loyalty to the mighty men of the past unless we sincerely endeavor to apply to the problems of the present the principles which in other crises enabled the men of that day to meet those crises. It is half melancholy and half hopeful in the way in which well-meaning people gather to do honor to the men who, in company with John Brown, and under the lead of Abraham Lincoln, were the first to grapple with the great problems of the nineteenth century, while at the same time these same good people nervously shrink from or frankly deny the lessons which they are trying to meet the problems of the twentieth in the spirit which was accountable for the successful solution of the problems of Lincoln's time.

Equality of Opportunity. In every wise struggle for human betterment one of the main objects, and often the only object, has been to achieve in larger measure the opportunity for the struggle for this great end, nations rise from barbarism to civilization, and through it peoples pass forward from one stage of enlightenment to another. One of the chief factors in progress is the destruction of special privilege. The essence of any struggle for healthy liberty has always been to secure the right to take from some one man or class of men the right to enjoy power, or wealth, or position, or immunity, which has not been earned by service to his or their fellows.

Honesty in Public Servants. If our political institutions were perfect, they would absolutely prevent the politician from being interested in anything but our affairs. We need to make our political representatives more quickly and sensitively responsive to the people whose servants they are. More direct action by the people in their own affairs under proper safeguards is vitally necessary. The direct primary is a step in this direction if it is associated with the correct practices act effective to prevent the advantage of the man willing recklessly and unscrupulously to spend money over his more honest competitor. It is particularly important that all moneys received or expended for campaign purposes should be publicly accounted for, and that no election be held before election as well. Political action must be made simpler, easier, and freer from confusion for every citizen. The removal of the barriers to the removal of unfaithful or incompetent public servants should be made easy and simple in whatever way experience shall show to be most expedient in any given class of cases.

One of the fundamental necessities in a representative government of such a size is to make certain that the men to whom the people delegate their power shall serve the people by whom they are elected, and not the special interests. I believe that every National officer, elected or appointed, should be forbidden to perform any service or receive any compensation directly or indirectly from the corporation; and a similar provision could not fail to be useful within the states.

The object of government is the welfare of the people. The material progress and prosperity of a nation are desirable chiefly in so far as they lead to the moral and material welfare of the people. Just in proportion as the average man and woman are honest, capable of sound judgment and high ideals, active in sub-

not have been occupied by the escaping Japanese. The fellow, then, had probably made for the electric line, and in that event he would be well on his way to Chicago by this time. The car he had caught must have gone southward from Evanston about 10:45. The conductor would be likely to remember having had a Japanese on board; perhaps he would even remember where the Oriental had got off. The natural course for Orme, therefore, was to take a car himself and, if he did not meet the other car returning, to get off at the car-barns and make inquiries. The possibility that the Japanese had changed to the elevated road on the North side was great, but the conductor might remember if the change had been made.

But Orme did not turn at once toward the car-line. Though his logic pointed in that direction, he was irresistibly influenced by a desire to walk eastward along the drive where it skirted the southern end of the campus. A half-hour might go by, and still he would not be too late to meet, on its return, the car which the Japanese would have taken. He started, therefore, eastward, toward the lake, throwing frequent glances through the iron fence at his left and into the dark shadows of the oaks.

He came to the lake without encountering anyone. The road here swept to the southward, and on the beach near the turn squatted the low brick building which the girl had told him was the life-saving station. A man was standing on the little veranda. His suit of duck was dimly visible in the light from the nearby street-lamps.

"Good-evening," said Orme, as the man turned his head. "Are you on watch?" "The life-saver slowly stretched. "Not much longer, then?" "No, that's about all," said Orme, laughing. "I suppose you do get more than your watch of it," he said. "But on a fine night like this I should think it would be mighty pleasant."

"Yes, you see, I have a special examination tomorrow." "A service examination?" "Oh, no—college." "Are you a student?" "All the crew are students. It helps a good deal, if you are working your way through college." "Oh, I see. But surely the university hasn't opened for the fall?" "No, but there are preliminary exams for those who have conditions to work off."

Orme nodded. "It's a fine campus you have—with the groves of oaks." "Yes." "Just the place for a quiet evening stroll. I thought I'd walk up the shore." "There's a rule against going in there after dark." "Is there? That's too bad." "Something funny happened there just a little while ago."

"So? What was it?" Orme was getting close to the subject he most desired to hear explained. "Why, one of the cops was walking along the shore and he found a Japanese, stunned." "A Japanese?" "He evidently had wandered in there and somebody had hit him over the head with a club." "After money?" "Probably. There've been a good many hold-ups lately. But the slugger didn't have a chance to get anything this time."

"How so?" "He was bending over the Jap when the cop came up. He got away." "Didn't the cop chase him?" "No, the fellow had a good start, so the cop stayed by the Jap." "And what became of the Jap?" The life-saver jerked his head toward the door beside him. "He's in there, getting over his headache." "Is he?" This was a contingency which Orme had not foreseen. Nor had he any desire to come face to face with Maku. But if he betrayed his surprise, the life-saver did not notice it.

"The cop is taking another look through the campus," he continued. "What does the Jap say about it?" asked Orme. "He doesn't say anything. It looks as though he couldn't speak English. The cop is going to get Asuki." "Asuki?" "A Jap student who lives in the dormitory."

"Oh," said Orme.

He knows who hit him." The undertones of a foreign jargon followed. "Well, then," continued the policeman, "find out where he came from and what he was doing on the campus." Again the undertones, and afterward an interval of silence. Then the policeman spoke in an undecided voice. "If he don't know anything, I can't do anything. But we might as well get a few more facts. Something might turn up. Ask him whether he saw anybody following him when he went into the campus."

Orme had been straining his ears in a vain endeavor to catch the words of Asuki. But suddenly his attention was diverted by a sound from the lake. It was the "pup-pub-pub" of a motor-boat, apparently a little distance to the northward. The explosions followed one another in rapid succession. He turned to the life-saver. "What boat is that?" he asked. "I don't know. Some party from Chicago, probably. She came up an hour or so ago—at least, I suppose she's the same one."

The explosions were now so rapid as to make almost one continuous roar. "She's a fast one, all right," commented the life-saver. "Hear her go?" "Are there many fast boats on the lake?" "Quite a number. They run out from Chicago harbor now and then." Orme was meditating. "Exactly how long ago did this boat pass?" "Oh, an hour or more. Why?" "She seems to have been beached up north here a little way."

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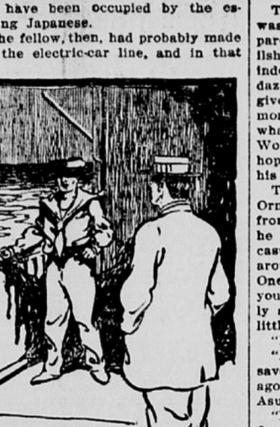
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He had now committed himself definitely to continue in the field against the Japanese. Except for his desire to serve this wonderful girl who had come so suddenly into his life, he doubtless would have permitted the mystery of the marked bill to remain unsolved. But since the recovery of the stolen papers was so important to her, he was prepared to run any risk in the struggle.

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A man came into view on the drive at the side of the house; a servant to care for the car, of course; and Orme, with the uneasy feeling of one who has been trespassing, moved away toward the corner of the block. He looked back, however, and saw the newcomer clamber into the car and send it slowly up the drive.

At the same time a light illumined one of the upper windows of the house. A shadow was thrown on the curtain. Perhaps it was the girl herself. What explanation had she given her friends for appearing so late at their door? Probably she had told them no more than that she was tired and bedded. She was not the kind of girl from whom an elaborate explanation would be asked or expected.

Then a thought started him. Was this, perhaps, her home? No, she had spoken of the people who lived here as her friends, and she would not have tried to keep the truth from him by subterfuge. If this were her home and she had not wished him to know it, she would have requested him to leave her before they had come so far.

It dawned upon him that it would not be hard for him to learn who lived in this house, and now, by a stroke of knowledge to get a clue to her identity. His heart warmed as he realized how completely she had trusted him. His assurance that he would not try to find out who she was had satisfied her. And Orme knew that, if she had been so readily assured, it was because she had recognized the truth and devotion in him.

With a happy sigh, he turned his back once and for all and walked rapidly away. But he did not go toward the electric-car line, which he knew must lie a few blocks to the west. Instead, he retraced the course they had come, for he had decided to visit the university campus once more and try to discover what had become of Maku, and more especially of the other Japanese, who had secured the papers. That he would be recognized and connected with the attack on Maku, was unlikely.

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