

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dean Worcester.

Mr. Editor: I notice in the Bulletin that the senate has confirmed President Wilson's nomination of Mr. Winfield T. Denison, of Portland, Me., to be member of the Philippine commission and secretary of the interior of the Philippines. Hon. Dean Conant Worcester of New York held that position for thirteen years, and when he retired from it, gave at a banquet in his honor in Manila, an eloquent account of his experience. He then told of the self-sacrificing work performed by men in the government service, and ascribed to them its splendid results. "The men of whom I have spoken," he said, "and others like them of whom I have not time to speak have done the real work of the Department of the Interior. I claim only to have selected them in the first instance; to have corrected them when I thought they were wrong; to have given them steady support when I believed them to be in the right, and never to have unloaded upon them responsibilities which properly belonged to me. It is obvious that in the division of credit for results, the lion's share should go to them and it is with very genuine pleasure that I give it to them here and now. Never have they failed to respond to the emergency calls which I have made upon them and they have always shown a loyalty which I shall not soon forget. I want to give you just one illustration of it. I have referred briefly to the case of Governor Frederick Johnson of Agusan. At my request he stayed at his post when suffering from a cancer although his leave was long overdue. None of us suspected the nature of his ailment until it was past cure. His leg was amputated above the knee. Crippled for life, and a man of mature age, he began the study of medicine in the hope of being able to earn a living. The operation came too late. Cancer reappeared and for a year he has been dying by inches. In a way I am responsible for this result. Do you think he lays it up against me? You shall judge for yourselves.

He used to write a copy-book hand. I have just received from him an almost illegible letter in which he economizes words as if composing a cablegram. It brought the tears to my eyes. He says:

"I thank you for your slavery book just received. If strength is left me to read it I shall read it though I do nothing else in this life.

I have had letter in preparation to you since last June, but I haven't strength to sit at the machine. I expect now to die before New Year.

I have offered surgeons to take all chances, but they decline to operate stating that they would consider operation deliberate murder.

This is first letter I write since last September. If I do not get strength to finish typewritten letter I have given instructions it be sent when I am dead. I cannot write with pen; I have tried it.

If you hear no more, please remember I never forgot you. Sorry you leave the Secretariat—so sorry I can't tell you.

I am ready to die. I know that I have lived unselfishly for what I thought was right and good, and death is nothing. If this should be the last, then accept from the man that was always your man and will be your man until he dies, a last goodbye."

Can anyone read without tears this farewell letter of this dying subordinate to his retiring chief? Such unquenchable devotion is irresistible. No wonder that Mr. Worcester filled that high office so long. May his successor prove himself equally as much of a man among men!

ANDREW J. HETRICK.
Canterbury, Conn., Jan. 29, 1914.