

people. This he has demonstrated in his career as mayor of Cleveland.

"Not only has he succeeded as a business man, as the mayor of a great American city, and as a political leader, but he has served in Congress with distinction, and in a way to prove both the soundness of his views on pressing national questions and his unflinching loyalty to his convictions. Who that remembers his free trade speech on the floor of the House can forget his retort when a protectionist rebuked him as a beneficiary of protection for speaking against it? 'As a business man in business affairs,' he exclaimed, 'I will take advantage of all the bad laws you pass; but as a member of this House, on this floor, I will not help you to pass them, and I will try to make you repeal them.'

"It is moral perception and courage like that that the Democratic party needs in its presidential candidate. It needs precisely the qualities which Tom L. Johnson has proved himself to possess. His business education, his economic insight, his profoundly democratic convictions (which know no distinctions of class, sex or race), his integrity of purpose, his candor with the people, his acute knowledge of men, his legislative experience, his administrative record, his tireless energy, his courtesy and good feeling, his familiarity with the theory and practice of monopoly and his thoroughly tested devotion to the purpose of crushing it—these qualities, which Johnson possesses in eminent degree, justify the masses of Democracy in turning toward him and demanding his nomination. At a time when industrial monopoly is reaching out for control of the national government, the best possible recommendation for the presidential nomination of the Democratic party is the splendid record Mayor Johnson has made in northern Ohio. He would be the kind of candidate to inspire hopes of victory, and the kind of President to make the victory worth having when it had been won."

HOW TO BE GREAT.

The children sat down to the table.

Willy said, as he staked out a claim to the chairs: "My foresight was such that I secured these sites—seats, I mean."

Johnny, by the connivance of the servants, scooped in all the salad oil. He remarked, as he handed the waiter a bribe: "The Lord gave this to me as a trust." Georgie said: "By my honesty and industry I secured control of this passageway, and I am entitled to all that the traffic will bear."—From "The Game of Life," by Bolton Hall.

PECATONICA.

Viewed from Freeport, Ill. Freeport is famous for its natural beauty, the historic Lincoln-Douglas debate, and—a Carnegie Library.

For The Public.

In the years that have come and the years that have gone,

And the time our historian knows,
Men have waited in vain their ambitions to gain

In this fleetest of whimsical shows,
Yet, the seasons keep smiling, as ever they may,

Since the sun of the first summer rose
In its glorious flight to behold the delight
Where the old Pecatonica flows.

For the fields are as fair as the heaven we'd share,

And the groves are as grand in their pride,

So an artist must halt in exquisite despair
Where the Master's whole skill was applied.

Oh, the peace of the valley! Asleep on the slopes

In the bliss full abundance bestows,
While the music sings sweet on the shores
at her feet

Where the old Pecatonica flows.

But the struggle is stern in the valley to-day,

Where Arcadian memories gleam,
And the purpose of men enters into the fray

That is blinding their beautiful dream.
They have charged to the left, and resisted
the right

In the field weeping over its woes,
While the gold from the hills all its opulence spills

Where the old Pecatonica flows.

In the process of time—the transformer of art,

When the monument crumbles to dust,
That was bought with the blood commerce wrings from the heart

And has reeked with its ruinous rust,
There shall stand on Memorial Hill, men,
to be,

Where the gilt of its giver now glows,
And their longing shall see temples reared
by the free

Where the old Pecatonica flows.

And the glory of gain shall be silently spurned,

If the gain be for arrogant greed,
For the lovers of Liberty's lessons have learned

The corruption of caste, and its creed,
And the land will be loyal, the land will be true

To the faith in the freedom that rose
From the sweat o' the soil that rewarded
its toil

Where the old Pecatonica flows.

GEORGE E. BOWEN.

First College Boy—Hooray! My people have all turned Christian Scientists.

Second College Boy—Why such joy?
First College Boy—Well, hitherto the only thing that has kept me from having a beautiful time has been the thought that it would worry them.—Harper's Bazar.

"I suppose there will never be an end to grabs until everything is grabbed."

"Oh! Not even then; because the people who haven't grabbed anything will be trying to grab what has already been grabbed."—Puck.

In the discovery of rheumatic gout, science at last recognizes our great middle class, who are too poor to have gout, and yet too rich to have rheumatism.—Puck.

BOOKS

THE HEART OF JOHN WESLEY'S JOURNAL.

This book is one volume of 500 pp., edited by Percy Livingstone Parker and published by the F. H. Revell company. The full published Journal makes four such volumes; and these four published volumes are by no means the whole of John Wesley's Journal. Usually such writings ought to be given to the world complete and unabridged; but in this instance Mr. Parker has done a good turn. His volume will reach hundreds of readers who would stick at undertaking to go through four times as much; and besides, enough is here given to get at the heart of the great preacher.

The editor has done well to reprint at the beginning Augustine Birrell's delightful essay, "An Appreciation of John Wesley's Journal." There could be no better introduction to whet one's appetite for the book. As to the editor's work, it has been simply that of selection. This seems to have been judiciously done, so far as one can judge without going through all of the four volumes. It would seem that the present volume would have been greatly enhanced in value by the addition of occasional notes. Take for example the episode in Georgia, and especially the difficulty with Mrs. Williamson, which was the immediate occasion of Wesley's departure, this book leaves the reader quite in the air.

John Wesley was one of the world's great elemental characters. He was a genius—a genuine original. One feels like calling him aboriginal. Notice how little he cared about bodily discomforts:

"In an hour or two we came to a cypress swamp, which lay directly across our way; there was not time to walk back to Savannah before night; so we walked through it, the water being about breast high." There you have the man. "I have lain many nights in the open air, and received all the dews that fell; and so, I believe, might any one, if his constitution was not impaired by the softness of a genteel education."

When this was written he had himself received a classical training in the best schools of England, was a master of arts, and a fellow of Lincoln college, Oxford; but no amount of "genteel education" could extinguish the elemental originality of this man or impair the iron of his immense vitality. His nature was to think and act with a gigantic independence, which no school curriculum could quench and no human master could dominate. There were many strange sides to his character, which it is worth while to become acquainted with; but through all there is the distinct note of the rare, supreme type of man who acts always in accordance with the independent convictions of his own soul.

Of course life is never a May-day promenade to men of this kind. Let us take just one glimpse of a scene that was similar to many others that occurred during his preaching tours through England: "So they dragged me along till we came to the town; where, seeing the door of a large house open, I attempted to go in; but a man, catching me by the hair, pulled me back into the middle of the mob. . . . An honest butcher, who was a little farther off, said it was a shame they should do thus; and pulled back four or five, one after another, who were running on the most fiercely." At last he got free, "over the mill-dam, and thence through the meadows; . . . having lost only one flap of my waistcoat, and a little skin from one of my hands." This was in October, in the year 1743.

It is not unlikely that as the years go John Wesley will more and more stand out as the greatest Englishman of the eighteenth century. His life was almost coterminous with this century. He was born in 1703 and died in 1791. "No man," says Mr. Birrell, "lived nearer the center than John Wesley. Neither Clive nor Pitt, neither Mansfield nor Johnson. You cannot cut him out of our national life. No single figure influenced so many minds, no single voice touched so many hearts. No other man did such a life's work for England."

No wonder then that the journal of such a man, telling in his own words his thoughts and doings, should be a unique book. It is indeed one of the great first-hand books which the world cannot let die.

J. H. DILLARD.

SIR ISAAC PITMAN.

The life and labors of this remarkable and most useful man are told by his brother Benn, whose establishment at Cincinnati prints the book.

Isaac Pitman was born in Wiltshire, England, early in the last century. He was a hard worker and close student all his life. While still a young man,

he invented the system of phonographic shorthand, which is the basis of all existing systems of rapid writing. He adapted it to 14 European and Oriental languages. The invention consisted in assigning distinct signs to each sound in the language.

Before Pitman's time stenographers wrote by sound; but their writing was arbitrary, for they had no complete set of sound signs. He supplied this defect in the late 30's and early 40's, and his attempts at doing so revealed, unexpectedly even to himself, a scientific system of writing—the phonetic.

For reporting purposes Pitman's system was quickly adopted. It brought him a large income, but what he made from that source he expended in his efforts to popularize his system for writing and printing in general. For his public service he was knighted shortly before his death, which occurred in 1897.

In religion, a subject in which he was absorbed, Sir Isaac Pitman had been a Methodist, in which denomination he served as a lay member; but he soon became a Swedenborgian, in consequence of which his Methodist brethren expelled him, the Swedenborgian doctrines of the trinity and of the atonement not according with theirs. His gentleness of disposition had made him a vegetarian early in life, and one of the purposes, besides phonetics, to which he gave much time and labor, was his plan for substituting a duodecimal system of computation in place of the decimal system, whereby he reckoned by dozens and grosses instead of thousands and hundreds. He kept his own business accounts by the duodecimal system.

Though Pitman was in receipt of a good income during his life, it came without his seeking. He seems to have been inspired not at all by any love for money making, but altogether by an overmastering desire to be useful.

The appreciative biography before us is illustrated by Benn Pitman's own hand, with ornamental drawings, chiefly of wood carving in which he is an expert.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

—Class Struggles in America. By A. M. Simons. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co., 56 Fifth Ave. Price, 10 cents. To be reviewed.

—Instead of a Book, by a Man Too Busy to Write One. A Fragmentary Exposition of Philosophical Anarchism. Culled from the Writings of Benjamin R. Tucker, Editor of Liberty. Second edition. New York: Benjamin R. Tucker, publisher. To be reviewed.

—The Art of Living Long. A new and improved English version of the treatise of the celebrated Venetian centenarian, Louis Cornaro. With essays by Joseph Addison, Lord Bacon and Sir William Temple. Milwaukee: William F. Butler, publisher. To be reviewed.

—Banquet of the Massachusetts Single Tax League, Hotel Vendome, Monday evening, April 13, 1903, to some of the Landlords of Boston. Address of C. B. Filibrown, President of the League, upon the subject of Ground Rent. With newspaper editorials. Boston: Massachusetts Single

Tax League, 68 Essex St. Price, 5 cents each; \$3 per 100. To be reviewed.

PERIODICALS.

It is well that the Literary Digest has given a wider circulation to Prof. James's article in the Harvard Monthly ridiculing the craze for degrees—especially the Ph. D. The fact is the country is filling up with Ph. D.'s, many of whom are uneducated. I recently received a letter from a Ph. D. (in Biology) which showed the crudeness of a sixth grade boy in composition, and of a boor in the ordinary amenities of cor-

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Gentlemen:—You and each of you are hereby notified that a Special Meeting of the Stockholders of the Elaborated Ready Roofing Company, a corporation organized under the laws of the State of Illinois, is hereby called to be held at the office of the Company, Number Thirty-four (34) Washburn Ave., City of Chicago, State of Illinois, on the Thirtieth (30th) day of May, 1903, at the hour of Ten o'clock a. m. for the purpose of increasing the capital stock of said corporation from Ten Thousand (\$10,000.00) dollars to Twenty-five thousand \$25,000.00 dollars; and for the further purpose of enlarging the object for which said corporation was formed.

Dated at Chicago, Illinois, this 27th day of April, A. D., 1903.

M. B. BECKER, President.
H. D. COOK, Secretary.
JAY D. MILLER, Attorney, Attest.

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