

than the adhesion to the Republicans of such men as Mr. Whitney. His personal insincerity in this matter is admirably illustrated by his stooping to use the long exploded argument that we should have a tariff so adjusted as to assure to the home manufacturer protection equal to the difference in wages at home and abroad, and in his endorsement of that transparent scheme for delay by the "scientific" employment of a tariff board.

Plainly enough the Republican campaign of Massachusetts is based upon evasion of the real State issues presented by the Democrats, and the emphasizing of the tariff question with a view to bewildering and terrorizing men whose very life depends upon the nod of the mill owners. The appeal is made with shameless frankness to the fears of the working man on one side, and to his cupidity on the other. A Democratic speaker's declaration that Massachusetts should be ashamed to demand the right to tax the whole country for her own benefit brought forth a characteristic communication to a local newspaper from a man who quoted the speaker in question and added by way of comment that a manufacturer looking every week for money with which to fill his pay envelopes, and workmen anxiously thinking of family needs, would be little influenced by any such feeling of shame. The insolent demand is made for the right to tax every consumer, the whole country over, and almost in the same breath is uttered the threat and warning to wage earners. No doubt all this will influence the timid, but wage earners in Massachusetts are not all fools and cowards as the Republican orators seem to think, and the transparent fallacy of their arguments together with the outrageous insolence of their implied threats ought to wake the indignant self-respect of thousands even in the protected industries.

Meanwhile the radical programme of the Democrats is not alarming all who belong to the comfortable classes. There are men even in the circles powerfully influenced by mere social considerations who will vote for Foss rather than for Frothingham. "I've known Louis Frothingham all my life," said a man at a club the other night, "and he's a darned good fellow, but I see no reason why he any more than a hundred other men should be Governor of Massachusetts." Of nine men recently dining together, all but one members of what the newspapers like to call "exclusive" clubs, four were going to vote for Foss, and three of the four were club members. Oddly enough, only one other man of the party definitely indicated his intention to vote for Frothingham. It is among such men, mainly of the academic classes, that are found those who have long been in revolt against the Protective system, and no small number of such will accept the Democratic programme, Initiative and Referendum, as well as the rest, with perfect equanimity. Old New England Federalism is shaken in its very center, and the appeal for Frothingham in the name of social esprit de corps will be often made in vain. I hear of bets of two to one in favor of Foss, and only a stampede of intimidated workers can elect Frothingham.

EDWARD N. VALLANDIGHAM.



He makes a solitude, and calls it—peace.—Byron.

DEMOCRACY IN CALIFORNIA.

Portland, Oregon, Oct. 13.

Republican California is democratic; and if the people of a State are democratic it makes no difference what partly labels they wear. It's the man behind the label that counts at the ballot box, and it's no violation of the pure food law if the vote is not strictly according to the label.

I visited California in September, just twenty months after leaving the State. In February, 1910, the Southern Pacific political machine appeared to be supreme in California; in September, 1911, nothing could be seen of that machine except wreckage and a few newspapers—the latter acting as official mourners. In one election California had moved up to the front rank of progressive States; the seed of the woman had put its heel firmly upon the head of the political serpent.

It wasn't a sudden revolution; of course not, for revolutions must grow, and for more than a quarter of a century the Southern Pacific political machine had nursed that revolution very carefully, but always with the idea that it was strangling the infant. It seems that oppression and repression are necessary for the health and early growth of the democratic spirit.



September 4, at the Palace Hotel in San Francisco, some 250 "Advocates of Popular Government" met in conference to open the campaign for the Initiative and Referendum and the Recall amendments to the State Constitution, submitted by the legislature last winter. In the evening about the same number sat at a banquet in the Palace Hotel, with Senator Moses E. Clapp of Minnesota as the guest of honor, and with Governor Hiram W. Johnson as the toastmaster.

It was almost like a dream, too good to be true. I remembered the meeting in Milton T. U'Ren's law office in 1908, when the Direct Legislation League of California was reorganized with about a dozen men present. Then my memory journeyed back twenty-three years ago to the time when I myself was bitten by the Direct Legislation "fad," as the reactionaries call it, and some of my friends thought I was booked for the Kankakee hospital for the insane. At that time such a gathering as met in the Palace Hotel last month could not have been collected in the whole territory of the United States. Two years ago such a collection of men could not have been got together in the State of California. The spirit of God has not ceased to brood upon the face of the waters.

At that Palace Hotel conference and banquet were Republicans and Democrats, Socialists and Labor party men; yet there was no talk of party. The dominant note, practically the only note and text, was "democracy." Not as a tool, not as a thing, not as a weapon of offense or defense, nor as a political patent medicine, but as a life; and as the only life that gives physical, mental and spiritual freedom, the only life that opens wide the doors of opportunity and keeps them open. That is what made the conference so interesting and inspiring.

Very appropriately, the morning conference was presided over by Dr. John Randolph Haynes of Los Angeles, a California veteran in the fight for the

Initiative and Referendum. Twelve years he has been carrying the banner, and an unlocked purse. The other California veteran—James H. Barry, editor of *The Star*—was there; he's always present when there's work to be done for democracy. It is characteristic of the veteran workers for democracy that they are always ready to give the places of honor to recruits; they are working for results, not for glory.

No other State, I venture to say, has a longer and better list of democratic workers than California; and if any other State has a Governor who is a more eloquent, more earnest or more efficient worker for democracy than Hiram Johnson, I haven't heard of it. And how many States can match Andrew Furuseth, Francis J. Heney, Walter MacArthur, William Kent, John E. Raker, J. Stitt Wilson, James G. Maguire, Fremont Older, E. W. Scripps, Charles K. McClatchey, Joseph Leggett and Wells Drury—in addition to those already mentioned? This is not a complete list. Besides, there is a host of strong men who are rapidly qualifying for full membership in democracy. "Only in broken gleams and partial light has the sun of democracy yet beamed upon them," but who can doubt that they will see the vision? Each beam of light that falls upon the optic nerves of the imagination gives more definite form to the vision.

At the conference and at the banquet I saw men who but two years ago looked upon the Initiative and Referendum and Recall as "too radical" if not shrewd schemes of the devil himself; and those men were speaking for Direct Legislation or applauding those who spoke. Certainly, the sun of democracy has been shining pretty busily in California.

And in the recent Direct Legislation campaign in that State, no one did better work to push away the clouds that obscure the sun than Senator Clapp, a big, plain man, earnest, eloquent and convincing. What he did to the Arizona veto message of President Taft was complete and artistic; he reduced it to the lowest terms of absurdity and torquism.

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California is beginning to feel the economic pressure of Vancouver, B. C. The business barometer in San Francisco is getting wobbly—like that in Seattle—and certain "pesky agitators" are pointing to taxation of industry as the cause of the barometric disturbance. Business men have set the stakes of hope forward to 1915, and the Panama Canal is the new god to which they are praying for better times. Meanwhile, land speculators are busy capitalizing the possible effects of the Panama Canal, as they are doing in Seattle and Portland; and when the Canal is opened industry can "lick the spoon" and think how good the dinner would be if it had some. However, last year a political earthquake upset the Southern Pacific political machine in California, and the signs indicate that before 1915 an economic earthquake will give land speculation a shake. The whole Pacific Coast is now an economic earthquake district.

"Gentlemen," said a Portland opponent of the Singletax to some other business men a few days ago, "whether you like it or not, you may as well prepare for the Singletax. You may say it's in-

sanity, but it's coming and when it comes it will stay." And that idea is moving from Vancouver down the Coast to Mexico; and when it gets to the Mexican line it won't stop there, any more than it stopped at the imaginary line that separates British Columbia from the State of Washington. Democracy cares no more for boundary lines than do fish and birds.

In California, democracy is like the runner who's "on the mark," waiting for the signal to "Go!" The Initiative, the Referendum, the Recall, and equal suffrage regardless of sex! Truly is California making good her name of "the Golden State." It's a joy to live in these days, isn't it? Yes, and it's a joy even to note the obstructions in the road and to calculate the effort necessary to go over them; for it is the effort that makes the victory more worth while if the result is worth having.

W. G. EGGLESTON.

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MARGARET HALEY IN THE CALIFORNIA CAMPAIGN.

(From a Private Letter dated August 25.)

I stayed awake all night a few nights ago writing a letter to you—in my mind—and if I had time to give you one one-hundredth of that letter now you would have reading matter for a month.

How can I begin?

I am "on the fly" going from town to town talking to the California men and women to arouse them from their lethargy and bestir themselves to get the woman suffrage amendment into their Constitution on October 10.

I spoke at East Auburn night before last from the open air dancing platform of Freeman Hotel, and last night from another open air dancing platform at Roseville, an hour's ride south of East Auburn. This afternoon I am to speak to a group of Auburn women to help them in their work of organizing. Tonight I speak at Newcastle, six miles away, and tomorrow morning I am off with a suffrage train to the State Fair at Sacramento. I have kept up this pace with little intermission since the National Educational Association closed. In fact I made three suffrage speeches during the N. E. A. week. My tour began the next week. It's a great fight. The liquor interests are collecting barrels of money and we found whole counties as dead as door nails until we came and woke them up. Nevada and Placer counties, also Monterey and Santa Clara counties, were such. Think of counties larger than the whole State of New Jersey!

Last night the Mayor of Roseville presided, and after we finished he came to me and said: "I was not for suffrage, but I am now after hearing you people and I shall vote for that amendment."

A minister, who sat on the platform with us, said to the audience before we adjourned: "I was quietly for that amendment till tonight; from now on I am openly, actively for it, and I shall not stop till October 10." A doctor who also sat on the platform rose and spoke most enthusiastically for us and for the Amendment, and a number of men came up and told us they were for it.

At East Auburn the County Superintendent of