

acts of their representatives, and also to pass laws independently of their representatives. They have as much control over their public servants as the New England town meetings. Moreover, the Oregon plan is an improvement on the other. The people of Oregon do not attempt to make laws in an emotional or unwieldy mass meeting. They secure the right to vote upon any measure by petition. Then they may discuss it in their clubs and homes, and read about it in their papers, and go to the polls and vote with deliberation.

The phenomenal progress of this principle of direct legislation by the initiative and referendum is the most hopeful sign of the times.

PROGRESSIVE DEMOCRACY.

Portions of a speech delivered by Thomas M. Osborne, Mayor of Auburn, N. Y., at a banquet given by the Democratic Club of Brooklyn on May 4, 1905, as reported in the Auburn Bulletin.

Democracy means a love for, and a trust in the people; a belief that the unobstructed rule of the people is the only safe and sound political system which has ever been devised; the only one founded on the eternal verities; the only one that is the political embodiment of the golden rule. All other systems—the imperial, founded in its essence on the brutal relation between master and slave; the feudal, founded on the unnatural relation between lord and vassal; the paternal, founded on the absurd relation between claimant to divine right and his servant; the aristocratic, founded on the false relations between an assumed knowledge and an assumed ignorance—all these systems have been tested and have been found wanting; and from the soil enriched by the ashes of these dead and dying systems and watered by the tears of their victims throughout the ages, has sprung the flower of modern democracy which is now unfolding.

It was to guard this precious growth that our ancestors crossed the ocean to breathe a purer, fresher air, where natural development could be untrammelled; and it is because I believe that the Democratic party with all its faults is truer to the cause of democracy than its rival that I am a Democrat.

Democracy is no perfect system—it is by no means so superficially impressive as imperialism; it is certainly not so severely logical as feudalism; it is not so simple as paternalism; nor so satisfying—to the aristocrats—as aristocracy. Its results are often crude and unlovely.

as has been often noted; but it is a living system—living in all its parts. Liberty often tends to license, as is only natural; but it is only through mistakes that we learn the truth. And those mistakes come about more often because we do not live up to our democratic ideals, than because we indulge them too freely. Sometimes men who call themselves Democrats fear to trust democracy because they fear it is not practical. Every day I meet men who will not trust the Golden Rule because they fear it is not practical; while every day's experience of life tells us if we are not deaf, that it is the only social guide that is practical.

What is true and progressive democracy as applied to the City, the State and the Nation?

The democratic doctrine as applied to the city is the clear understanding that the city is a municipal corporation to be run along the lines of honest business—not politics; that the model of its government should be not a diminished state but an enlarged business system; that the real problem of the city lies not in legislation but administration, that there is perhaps less for a Common Council to do than for a Mayor; that responsibility for its government should be concentrated so far as possible, and its system made as simple as possible; that the people should understand and know its home affairs first of all, as there is the source of good government, or the source of corruption.

Progressive democracy in the State—what is that?

As compared with the city, political considerations in the State are somewhat reversed. In the city the most important questions are administrative, in the State the most important are legislative. I hope you will pardon my presumption if I refer briefly to some that from my point of view are amongst the most important State problems which progressive democracy must assist in solving.

First and foremost—Home rule for cities. I am one of those up-State Democrats who believe that you here in New York know your own needs better than we do, and that you can manage them better than we can. I even go so far as to deny that New York City should be ruled from Albany. But New York is not the only sufferer. When I came into office as Mayor of Auburn the city could not make a \$25 raise in the salary of the State Superintendent; we could not spend in the fire department more than a specified sum each year; we could not build a

new schoolhouse; we could not add an officer to the police force; we could not borrow a dollar on the city's credit without running to the Legislature for permission. Talk of home rule for New York! The cities of the third class have needed it as well as those of the first.

Second—A better and more equitable tax system. I fear that upon this matter I am a radical. I am so impressed with the ills we have that I am almost ready to fly to those that we know not of. I should not even be afraid to give serious consideration to the Single Tax, that theory which gives some of my neighbors and friends such shivers of fear; (although I have almost invariably found that those who are most fearful are those who have carefully refrained from reading or learning anything about the subject.)

But of one thing I am certain—that our present system is vicious because inequitable, and that some system must be found which will be fair and even in its distribution. I believe, moreover, that the Republican party is so weighted down by "special privilege" in one form, or another that it is wholly unable to handle the question of taxation with fairness to the people. A righteous system of taxation must be the work of a progressive democracy.

Third—We must have an enlightened system of prison discipline. There must be places to send the unfortunate men whose conduct shows that they cannot get along in organized society, where they can learn how to adapt themselves to society; where they will be taught to earn an honest living not by being forced to work by brute force, but through choice; where they will learn the essential nature and the meaning of the laws which they have broken, and which they must understand before they can obey; where they will acquire a sense of citizenship before they are again turned loose on society. Had our prison system been designed expressly to prevent such reformation it could hardly have been better done.

And if our prisons need reform, what shall be said of our county jails, where tramps and vagabonds loaf in idleness through the winter months, only to prey upon society during warm weather and return again to jail in the Autumn; where the young boy arrested for his first offense spends months of degrading idleness in the associations of the loafer, the drunkard, the thief, and the gambler?

Here is a problem well worthy of progressive democracy, to build up the State by strengthening the weakest

parts. To ennoble citizenship by turning the criminal into a free and honest citizen.

And what of the nation?

Here, of course, democracy has many duties, but one seems to me supreme—to urge and insist upon a return to the nation's true path, to the development of our democratic system, abandoning this wretched experiment in imperialism into which the reactionary spirit dominating the latter years of the Nineteenth century has betrayed us. Democracy bids us make friends with all mankind; with all peoples in any event, with their rulers if we can. It bids us keep our sympathies always alert for freedom in any guise—as it was in the past with Greece, with Poland, with Hungary, with Italy; as it still is with Ireland; as it should be with Cuba and the Philippines. "This is a world of compensations," said Lincoln; "and he who would be no slave must consent to have no slave. Those who deny freedom to others deserve it not for themselves, and, under a just God, cannot long retain it."

"If we say we must postpone the question," wrote Mr. Gladstone about Ireland, "till the state of the country be more fit for it, I should answer that the least danger is in going forward at once. It is liberty alone which fits men for liberty."

It is democracy's task to turn the Fillipinos from subjects into friends. To help them and all other nations by the force of a great and glorious example, the example of a powerful nation loving liberty itself and insisting upon it always quietly but firmly for others; law abiding in the community of nations; peaceful and upright; protecting every weak people struggling for freedom; loving its neighbor as itself; and loving righteousness above all.

And if the democracy demands in the city, as a necessity in any business system, a strong executive head who shall have a pretty free hand in dealing with municipal affairs so long as he is responsible to the people; on the other hand it demands in the nation's executive a man willing and able to be bound by the restraints of the law. I for one, do not cry for a President who will "do things." I want one who will have the patience to spend sufficient time in determining the right thing to do, and the wisdom to delay when the right course is not yet clear. I want a man who can not only preach the beauty of holiness but whose conscience is in sufficiently good training to permit him at all times to follow his own preaching.

The Democratic party has, as I believe, still a sacred mission to perform, but it must gain success by deserving it. If genuine democracy—the rule of the people—is to be perfected the successive steps can only be gained by a party which believes firmly in itself and its cause.

THE LOST LEADER.

Just for a handful of silver he left us,
Just for a riband to stick in his coat—
Found the one gift of which fortune bereft us,
Lost all the others, she lets us devote;
They, with the gold to give, doled him out silver,
So much was theirs who so little allowed;
How all our copper had gone for his service!
Rags—were they purple, his heart had been proud!
We that had loved him so, followed him, honored him,
Lived in his mild and magnificent eye,
Learned his great language, caught his clear accents,
Made him our pattern to live and to die!
Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for us,
Burns, Shelley, were with us—they watch from their graves!
He alone breaks from the van and the freemen,
He alone sinks to the rear and the slaves!
We shall march prospering—not through his presence;
Songs may inspire us—not from his lyre;
Deeds will be done—while he boasts his quiescence,
Still bidding crouch whom the rest bade aspire.
Blot out his name, then, record one lost soul more,
One task more declined, one more foot-path untrod,
One more devil's triumph and sorrow for angels,
One wrong more to man, one more insult to God!
Life's night begins; let him never come back to us!
There would be doubt, hesitation and pain,
Forced praise on our part—the glimmer of twilight,
Never glad confident morning again!
Best fight on well, for we taught him—strike gallantly,
Menace our heart ere we master his own;
Then let him receive the new knowledge and wait us,
Pardoned in heaven, the first by the throne!

—Robert Browning.

Withers: Oh, yes, I guess Fettle is pretty well posted on turf matters, but he's not a safe man to take tips from; he's color blind.

Mame: Never heard that before.

Withers: It's so, just the same. He told me a dark horse was going to win,

and I put up all I had on a black mare; it was a white horse that came under the wire 'way ahead of all the others.—Boston Transcript.

BOOKS

A BOOK ABOUT ISALAH.

We have in our day many books about books. There is hardly a book that can be called a classic that has not been much bewritten during the past quarter of a century. It may be that we have got the habit of reading more about classics than we read the classics themselves. If this be true it is a pity; for, in spite of Mark Twain's saying—that classics are books we admire but do not read—it remains true that classics are books we ought to read. And when we do read a really great book not only do we admire it, but we have a feeling that only such books are worth reading. After such reading we are apt to form a resolution not to waste time on trifles, but to read only what bears the mark of approved reality and sincerity.

Evidently the best books about books are those that lead us to read the great originals. These great originals are not often easy reading. They are loaded with thought; they may be loaded with local and temporary allusions. They may require notes and expositions and commentaries. Thus it is that there may be a real need for a book that will not only lead us to the reading and study of the great original, but will help us to a clear understanding and appreciation of the master's thought and setting.

Rarely has there appeared a book about a book, which is in itself so great a book and at the same time so fully expository of its theme, as George Adam Smith's *Isalah* (A. C. Armstrong and Son, New York, 2 vols.). The first volume deals with the chapters through the thirty-ninth; the second volume deals with the chapters from the fortieth to the end—the second *Isalah* of the new criticism.

We have two great poems that go by the name of Homer. They are both wonderfully great, great in the knowledge of human hearts and in the description of life and action. There are men who have thought it worth while to spend their time in proving that there was one Homer, or that there were two Homers, or that there was no Homer at all. These men have their fun and get some pay for it; but they do not necessarily touch the real Homer. And the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* still live. A modern critic has proved that Paul's *Epistle to the Romans* is not by Paul, is not an *Epistle*, and was not addressed to the Romans; yet the sixteen great chapters still live. So there may be one *Isalah*, two *Isalahs*, a dozen *Isalahs*, or no *Isalah*, yet there