

to meet him in debate or ask questions. As a result of his contest the "black sheep," although supported by the local organization, was defeated.

Bravo, Johnson! If we had more Democratic leaders like him the Democratic party would soon be invincible. The election of undemocratic Democrats to office is infinitely worse for the party than defeat. A party can afford to be small if it stands for the right, because then it will grow; but if a party, however large, selects for office men who do the bidding of corporations and then renominates such men after their affiliations are known, that party must, sooner or later, have, as it deserves, the contempt of good citizens. The Republican party is controlled by the corporations; we cannot defeat it by putting the Democratic party under the same control, but we can defeat it by making the Democratic party an honest exponent of honest government.

The Democratic party of Ohio is the stronger for the purging it is receiving. The largest part of Tom Johnson's greatness is to be found in the fact that he has faith in the right, faith in the people and the moral courage to put his faith to the test by his acts. He has won his fight in the city of Cleveland because he has had the courage to fight for the people and to appeal to them. He will ultimately win his fight in Ohio in spite of the slurs and slanders of papers like the Cincinnati Enquirer.

THE REFERENDUM IN OREGON.

It is a year this month since the referendum amendment to the constitution of Oregon was adopted by the overwhelming vote of 11 to 1. Although in operation for so short a time some of the good effects of the new plan have already manifested themselves. Some of these results are as follows:

1. Exploiting schemes have been kept out of the legislature through fear of this veto power of the people.
2. Good measures that had been vigorously attacked by interested corporations were allowed to stand, the people refusing to sign their petitions for a call for a referendum, thus showing the trustworthiness of popular judgment, and incidentally refuting the slander sometimes made that "anyone will sign a petition."

Hon. W. S. U'Ren, a member of the legislature of Oregon, in a late letter to Eltweed Pomeroy, President of

the National Direct Legislation League, says:

The first effect of the referendum in Oregon is the comparative absence of charges of corruption and partisanship in the legislature. The newspapers have generally spoken well of the last assembly or said nothing, while for the previous ten years at least, the rule has been that some bitter things were printed about the want of honor and intelligence among the legislators. Altogether the last session of the last assembly was the best for many years, and we credit a good deal of this to the direct legislation amendment.

After speaking of the failure of certain parties to secure the referendum on several laws, Mr. U'Ren continues:

We may logically deduce from this experience that the referendum is not easily invoked, even though only five per cent. of the voters are required; that a law must be very unpopular if the people will not permit it to be tried, when there is no reasonable ground to believe it was corruptly passed; that if the people have any good reason to suspect that the referendum is sought from selfish motives or for personal profit they will not sign the petition in such a case. So far the results have been very satisfactory.

Referring to the same subject about which Mr. U'Ren has just been quoted, "The Oregonian," of Portland, has the following in a late editorial:

The result may be accepted everywhere as it is in Oregon, as a fresh testimonial to the wisdom and safety of popular government.

The referendum stands accordingly as a safeguard in the people's hands against pernicious acts of an unworthy legislature and a conniving governor. Any hope of using it as an instrument of improper purposes must be infinitesimal, after the late severe test, in which powerful interests conspicuously failed in their attempt to invoke the plebiscite by widely circulated and strenuously urged petitions.

The amendment is the stronger for its trial, and while it is likely to remain a dead letter except in its operation as a potential check on legislative misconduct, it may yet have a day of abundant triumph in actual employment to defeat a pernicious law.

JAS. P. CADMAN.

Chicago, June 13, 1903.

THE PARABLE OF PEOPLES.

For The Public.

Behold, in the Land of "The Free" there once dwelt a man named Al Peoples, whose natural sight was abated through his habit of never looking far beyond his stomach.

In those days there were in the land a few men with large pockets in their togas, who told Al what to do, and often joshed about things out of sight to him. They put him wise that the Creator had fixed everything O. K. and intended him not to see farther. And when uneasiness came over Peoples they would daily get out large

sheets of papyri, with many big red letters thereon, proving how wrong and foolish it would be for anyone to try and see into to-morrow or want to change the way the "Lord had made things." And if Al persisted, they called him "anarchist," "socialist," "single taxer," and "disturber of (their) peace," which names so struck terror to his heart that he would retire within his shell. They further gave him their colored goggles to look through, and thus did he see things as they wished.

And it came to pass one day, while Al was upholding the "Dignity of Labor" (literal dignity, there being no levity in it), he was held up by a licensed and respectable robber named Water (Monopoly), for whom he coughed up a little. The next day Gas, the brother of Water, relieved him of more of his "root of all," and each day their brother Street Car would catch him "gwine and comin'."

When Al or his wife or children did overtime enough so they thought he could buy a little stuffing or cover, the other brothers who lived elsewhere—Patent, Tariff and Special Legal Privilege, would touch him for their share at the store where he bought, as they fixed the prices on goods.

Having a strong imagination, Al could see the "great prosperity" and "full dinner pail" all about him, and he was withal quite cheerful. These evidently respectable robbers were doing a lawful and recognized standard business that only took a part of what he made, and he thought it necessary to the good of the community.

On the first of each month, however, old Father Monopoly, whose front name was Land, would come to Al, finding that the boys had only taken one-quarter of what he made. Al and his family using another quarter, saving one-half, which Father Land Monopoly appropriated.

Now in the course of time it came to pass that some of Al's neighbors got to reading exciting literature, or had lovely pipe dreams, and they said one to another: "We can spout gas, carry our own water, and ride in some home-made cassettes; and as for Tariff, Privilege and Patent—what good are they? We will do without them, thus saving one-fourth of what we produce."

The move was carried with a whoop; the place became so popular that people flocked there to roost, the demand for lots arose, and old Father Land Monopoly prepared to cut some real cream cheese, for he would now take three-fourths instead of one-half of

Al's wages—all there was left when it got to him—the same as before.

Moral.—First drop the big robber, who takes all over a bare living; then it will do some good to lop off the boys.

GEORGE W. PATTERSON.

Denver, Col.

THE "DECENT" TRAMP.

A prominent churchman of Hartford, Conn., is beginning to wonder if Hartford is not entertaining a hobo statesman unawares.

Hoboes, as hoboes, are commonplace; on a deal level, so to speak, with the same thoughts, the same thirst and the very same old tired feeling. But there is one hobo, at least, who knows human nature, and he is here in Hartford, or he was here in Hartford last Sunday morning. He met the amiable citizen on his way to church and struck him for the price of a beef stew.

"I am not averse to helping a worthy man a little," declared the churchgoing citizen, "but I want you to understand that I believe there is no excuse for your being out here hungry. You go to work, and then you won't have to ask assistance from anybody. If you want to live in this world and be happy, go to work."

"That sounds good," commented the tramp. "I've heard it a thousand times. I've heard the virtue of work extolled as though it were the source of all happiness. I'll tell you frankly, sir, hungry as I am, that I don't believe a word of what you say. I don't believe in work as a source of happiness. It isn't so long ago that our ancestors regarded laziness as an attribute of nobility. I may be prejudiced in favor of the antique opinion, but I don't believe in work."

"Yes, and you can sleep in the police station if you can't get a better place," added the churchgoer, derisively.

"That's the way with you fortunate citizens," declared Wise Willie. "You won't think rightly concerning tramps. You never realize that we are, as a rule, the victims of a social system devised in the interest of the rich and the well to do. Talk about work's being a virtue. We die, or become tramps, which is about the same thing, from the everlasting monotony of work. There's a social collapse behind every decent tramp on the road."

"What do you mean by a decent tramp?"

"A tramp that is not a criminal. I mean the man who has started out in life supporting a little family by, say, filing a piece of iron in a factory. Fil-

ing day in, filing day out. Stop and think. Did the fatal monotony of that ceaseless filing ever occur to you? The man files till sickness, debt, and perhaps death, invade his household. By and by his mind reacts, and he says: 'Work's no good. It doesn't support me. I hate it. I won't work any more.' Then he loafes around awhile, and gradually becomes a tramp. How do I know? Just as I know I am alive this minute. By experience. I've been a tramp ten years. I've walked with them, ridden with them, bunked with them as one of the bunch. Talk about work. Half the work done in this world is a damage to it. Making booze, making guns, making tobacco, making opium, and making other things that are useless or destructive, or both.

"Boss, did it ever occur to you that the tramp is the man who finds out how little the real necessities of life are? I can live on 15 cents a day, and I don't believe I have as much cold and sore throat as you do. Why? Because I'm long on fresh air and always a little shy on grub. What I lack in grub I make up in fresh air, and a man needs the air most. I beg a little—not much. I consider that about as respectable as the protective tariff, and really a good deal the same kind of a thing. Everything is relative. The man who needs, the least is the richest, and on the whole I am better off than I was when I was consuming iron filings ten hours a day six days in the week, and by way of recreation getting moderately drunk on Saturday night."

He got the 15 cents.—New York Evening Telegram of March 11.

THE "RACE PROBLEM" IRRELEVANCY.

Editorial in Chicago Chronicle of June 13.

It is sickening to see newspapers and statesmen and sociologists and preachers putting on big glasses, and the general expression of the owl, and setting themselves to the study of the "race problem."

It is nauseating to see them set about the study of this alleged problem by traveling in the Southern States and collecting the opinions of "colonels" and "professors," and others to the effect that the Negro is not fond of work; that he is inferior to the white man in the reasoning power; that miscegenation in the South has ceased, and that, perhaps for that reason, the Negro is grossly immoral—much more so than the Caucasian; that the Negro has no

creative faculty, and so on indefinitely as though all that had anything to do with the case.

All this goes upon the assumption that there is a problem as to what to do with the Negro—whether to send him to Africa or to hades—and that we must find out wherein he differs from the white man before we can solve this problem.

There is no such problem. There is no race problem at all before the American people at the present time, but there is a political question respecting the Negro. He has been declared a citizen and clothed with the rights of a citizen by the constitution of the United States. The question is whether the constitution in this respect shall be set at defiance—whether citizens shall be robbed of their constitutional rights and nothing done about it.

The question whether he is intellectually or morally inferior to other citizens has absolutely nothing to do with the case. If citizens of one description may be robbed of their rights because they are inferior to others in reasoning faculty or morals, so may citizens of any other description, and there will be no constitutional rights for any one save those who can get possession of the guns and maintain their own intellectual and moral superiority by force of arms.

There is no more sense in this running about collecting opinions about the Negro with a view to getting an excuse for robbing him of his rights than there would be in gathering a lot of well-selected opinions about Bohemians or Italians or Norwegians, with a view to disfranchising their descendants and making political pariahs of them, and leaving their civil rights without defense for all generations to come.

There is another question. The fifteenth amendment provides that no State shall deprive any citizen of the right to vote on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude. That does not repeal or supersede the fourteenth amendment. It does not prevent a state from depriving a citizen of the right to vote on some other account, but if a state does deprive a citizen of the right to vote on any other account except crime, then, under the fourteenth amendment, it is liable to loss of representation in congress and the electoral college.

Now comes the question: The Southern States disfranchise the