

that an enlargement of the free list will not lower prices because prices are kept up not by the tariff but by trade combinations. Hardly has it said this, however, when it warns workingmen that if protection gates are lifted, "cheap foreign productions" will come in and cut the pay roll. Just how cheap foreign productions can do that unless the free list lowers prices, the Inquirer does not explain.

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The "Fake" Referendum in Great Britain.

To appreciate the game in the playing of which the Tories are making pretensions to democracy by advocating "referendums," it is only necessary to notice their ideas of what a referendum is. Lord Balfour of Burleigh unloads a referendum measure of his own into the House of Lords, under which a minority of the House of Commons—not the people themselves, but a minority a little larger than a quarter of the membership of the Commons,—may appeal to the people by referendum; and the Tory leader in the Lords tells him to debate it as much as he wants to, but not to bring it to a vote for it is too democratic! In the Commons, Arthur Balfour, the official leader of the Tory party, proposes another kind of referendum. When the Commons have three times passed a measure, and the Lords have three times rejected it, there is to be a referendum! That is, whenever the Liberals or their like are in power from popular elections, the Lords—born into their seats—may force a referendum by three times balking the representatives of the people, if the representatives of the people stand out that long against them; but if the Tories are in power in the Commons there will be no referendum, for the Lords, being Tory, won't reject the measures of a Tory House of Commons. It is easy to understand why the Tories want that kind of referendum, "and why the Liberals voted it down," but it is not easy to understand why anybody should mistake that kind of "referendum" for the Referendum.

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Far-fetched and Ill-fitting.

Some Cincinnati lawyer who prudently pleads for anonymity, has stirred John R. McLean's Enquirer (as naturally opposed to direct legislation as a hen to water) up to the point of publishing a long editorial comparing the Referendum of today with Pilate's reference of the case of Jesus to the mob. "Flanked," says the Enquirer, "by—the panoply and gorgeousness with which Rome surrounded her colonial governors, and imbued with a

sense of justice and a knowledge of the law, the mighty Pilate could find no fault with the humble Teacher who stood before him; but with the same cringing subservience and fear that would control and dominate judges today if they were subject to the Recall, he put the matter up to the surging mob that surrounded the helpless and inoffensive prisoner. The Referendum accomplished its ghastly purpose with a celerity and avidity that astonished even the martial and warlike representative of the Caesars."

The Recall in this erudite illustration gets badly mixed in the Enquirer's mind with the Referendum, but that is not the worst of it. The Enquirer has gone a long way for an ill-fitting simile. Referendum or Recall, as the Enquirer pleases, it was not submitted by Pilate to any "mob" of the common people; *they*, it will be remembered, always heard Jesus gladly. The mob it was submitted to was the court mob. A true application of the great drama at the court of Pilate tells not against the Referendum or the Recall of to-day, but against the way things are done today by irresponsible representatives. The influence that demanded the life of Jesus, and got it of the easy going Pilate, was what in these days we should recognize as a combine of Big Business and corrupt politics—of a lumber or a beef monopolist in the seat of the purse Pharisee, smiling upon a bribed legislator who howls, "Crucify! Crucify!" The voice of the common people, who always heard Jesus gladly, was suppressed, just as anti-referendumites would suppress that voice now.

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Death of T. W. Davenport.

In the loss of his father by death, Homer Davenport, the cartoonist, whose work is known across the continent, will have many sympathizers from his own home in New Jersey to his father's home and burial place in Silverton, Oregon. T. W. Davenport, the father of Homer, was one of those old-time and long lived disciples of Henry George, who have found their greatest joy in delivering his message. Himself a splendid type of the Western democrat, he counted Tom L. Johnson as one of his heroes, and lived just long enough to have known of Johnson's going before he went himself. From 1895 to 1899, he was State Land Agent of Oregon, and what he saw at the Capital made him an early advocate of People's Power. "The Oregon people have been sadly imposed upon by their officers," he wrote; "to say they have been playing government is to describe a poor travesty on the children's play of keep house." Mr. Davenport saw Henry George for the first time just before his nomination for Mayor of New York in

1897, and when he went to see him the second time, Henry George was dead. Dreading nothing about death himself but loss of mind and helplessness of body at its approach, thereby imposing burdens upon others, Mr. Davenport was spared it all. Full of years at his death, he passed away as he had hoped, "from one sunlit promontory to another."

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Congressman Berger's Prophecy.

Congressman Berger is reported as telling the Harvard Socialist Club last week that another five years would see twenty Socialist Congressmen at Washington, and in only a little while longer the Socialist party would be the second great party of the country. That is what the Populists used to say of their party; and the Greenbackers before the Populists; and the Know-nothings before the Civil War; and the Freesoilers before the Know-nothings; and the Liberty party before any of those, and the Anti-Masons before them all. Each of them had at least as good reasons in their day for their predictions as Mr. Berger now has for his, but all of them collapsed or melted into more spontaneous political re-affiliations. And so will the Socialist party, if political history is at all prophetic. "Ah!" retorts the Socialist, "but those old third parties were different from the Socialist party." Quite so. The explanation is familiar. Each of those parties was different from its predecessor, in the thought and speech of its Bergers. And different it really was, but not as to partisan vitality. When a party of Socialism becomes the first or the second party in this country, it will probably be so little like either of the two Socialist parties of to-day, that the leading Socialists of to-day wouldn't know it. Most "scientific" Socialists will be "agin it," just as even now Socialists of the most "scientific," type, as they regard themselves, are against Mr. Berger's group.

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The Legal Teeter-board.

When Big Business is accused of bribing law makers, the legal teeter-board goes up, peradventure, at one end. The writ of habeas corpus to test the lawfulness of imprisonment, is then a sacred writ of right—so sacred that it may be got even in anticipation of arrest. Supplemented with appeals and other dilatory proceedings, the "long arm" and "strong arm" of the Law is thereby paralyzed until Big Business "makes its get-away." But when Labor is accused by Big Business of perpetrating dynamite outrages, the legal teeter-board may go up at the other end. The

writ of habeas corpus thereupon becomes in Law an antique formality, more honored in the breach than in the observance. Accused persons can then be kidnaped for trial to some distant place where juries may be the more easily packed by Big Business hangers-on.

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When Big Business is suspected of having incriminatory documents concealed in safes, up may go the legal teeter-board at the first end again, and those safes of Big Business are castles of adamant which the Law must respect as submissively as if its "long arm" and "strong arm" were neither long nor strong. But when Labor is suspected by Big Business of having incriminatory documents concealed in safes, up may go the legal teeter-board at the other end once more, and the safes of suspected Labor are as pasteboard boxes which any hireling of Big Business may open with impunity. He may do this even under the blinking eye of the Law, and possibly with friendly though illegitimate caresses from its fabled long arm and strong.

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Is it strange, then, that Labor is losing respect for Law? Is the Socialist outcry for Labor-class law and administrators of law such a very far cry, when Big Business classes are so manifestly in control as the legal teeter-board indicates? Will that Socialist cry go unheard much longer by the great body of Labor if the legal teeter-board keeps on teetering as it teeters nowadays? Wouldn't it indeed be better for all who live in the sweat of their own faces, for the Law's teeter-board to have a Labor teeter instead of a Big Business teeter—if it must have any teeter at all?

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"Ah," says the Fool; "you forget that the dynamite outrage of which Labor is accused killed 21 persons, but the Big Business bribery killed nobody." O, thou Fool! Is that any reason why the guarantees of the Law for the protection of innocence should be sacred in favor of Big Business and unconsidered trifles when Labor invokes them? If it is, then mark you this: for every homicide that can be justly charged to Labor outrages with dynamite, the blood of thousands is justly chargeable to legislative bribery by Big Business. If John J. McNamara the Labor official, and Edward Tilden the Big Business exploiter, were equally guilty of that wherewith they are respectively accused—and the guilt of neither has yet been proved,—Tilden would be the more dangerous criminal of the two. To have taken