

that it is free to act. It marks the coming of an organic social consciousness of the freedom of the community's will. As each person here grew toward the end of youth and drew nigh to manhood, there dawned, perhaps suddenly, a consciousness that he was an independent, free being, separate and distinct from every other being. Such a consciousness is coming to our body politic. Direct legislation is the means by which that consciousness may express and effectuate itself. When had, it will react on that consciousness strengthening and perfecting it. It is the ultimate of democracy, the application of brotherhood and equality to the supreme function of our body politic, the law-making function. It is a seizing of the strategic point in the struggle of the masses for equality, and the brotherhood of which equality is the outward symbol. That is the reason the working men, the trade unions, the farmers all over the country, have so almost unanimously approved of direct legislation. They are wiser than many of the so-called educated classes. Much of our education is simply a weighting with book-learning, and not real wisdom. I have never yet spoken in an audience of the masses without approval of direct legislation by 95 per cent. of them.

He who advocates it, and shows his advocacy by something more than lip-service, cannot be accused of that damnable class hypocrisy of a distrust of the common people of whom the great Lincoln once said, "God must have loved them, He made so many of them;" of a lack of faith in an immanent God, loving equally all His children, and developing Himself through them all; of a disbelief that man is made in the image of God, and that all things work together for good to them that fear Him. The believer in direct legislation is the optimist who because of his faith and hope is able to construct. The constructive forces of the future lie with us.

A North side commuter tells this among other stories of his recent trip across the water: While in England he attended a country fair where a showman was exhibiting a dwarf. A bucolic spectator denounced the show as a humbug, saying: "Why, your dwarf is nearly as big as I am, and I'm not a small man." "That's just it," blandly said the showman; "it's the biggest dwarf in the world."—Chicago Chronicle.

## THE STRIKE.

We struck and we beg no pardon for a single thing we did;  
Our acts were all in the open and never our hand was hid.  
We struck but for living wages, for a chance to better our life;  
We struck for our hungry children, for the sake of a loving wife.  
We lost, yet oh, what a lesson! Our loss may still be our gain.  
Our hands are tied and we're losers till we have broken the chain.  
And after all it is foolish to strike for a crumb of bread,  
When the fruit of our toil is ours, if we only dared to tread  
In the path that leads to freedom, straight over the private soil  
Of a land usurper claiming a share in our daily toil.  
We're cowards, and let us admit it until we can stand alone,  
Daring and doing for justice, taking what should be our own.  
The slave is not worth the saving who fawns at his master's feet;  
The brave are surely the worthy and fittest far to succeed.  
When we are deserving, O brothers, we'll rise as a man, not before;  
And justice shall be forever and master and slave no more.  
It's not in a land supernal, but here 'mid battle and fray  
Where the "kingdom of heaven" follows the dawn of a better day.  
—W. J. Martin, in the Cleveland World.

Florida—Those Connecticut Yankees are very ingenious, but so impracticable. This morning I was reading of a New Haven man who has invented a process by which an unabridged Bible may be compressed into a piece of lead no larger than a medium-sized marble. Now, of what practical benefit is such a fool scheme?

Wyoming—You're dull. Those pieces of lead will serve a twofold purpose when they are shot into our Filipino friends.

G. T. E.

"No," said the practical politician, "we don't want him figuring in the campaign."

"But he is exceedingly well informed."

"I doubt it. He has put in all his time studying the tariff and finance and the United States constitution. He doesn't know anything about politics."—Washington Star.

"Does the constitution follow the flag?" shouted the eloquent spell-binder.

"Mine didn't," coughed the emaciated color sergeant from the Philippines.

G. T. E.

"How do you buy your ice here?"  
"Well, we buy it by the damp spot on the sidewalk, but we pay for it by the hundred pounds."—Chicago Tribune.

## BOOK NOTICES.

Basil A. Bouroff, a graduate student of the University of Chicago, puts forth a book on "The Impending Crisis" (Chicago: Midway Press Committee), in which he deals statistically with the familiar and increasingly pressing question of whether the rich are getting richer and the poor poorer. But Mr. Bouroff's book is unique. Its central idea is expressed by the term "dividogenesure," a word which the author coins to contrast with "primogeniture." In this country we have escaped the influence of primogeniture only to fall under that of dividogenesure, which, "as a principle of tacit reality," says the author, "separates the people into two classes: 1st, into individuals of multiple expenditure in each case, but with a possible semi-income for supplying this expenditure; and, 2d, into individuals of also multiple expenditure for living, but at the same time of multiple incomes sufficient to leave a considerable net profit or balance for their future. This balance or profit, in some cases, gradually amounts to millions of dollars' worth of wealth, remultiplying further incomes most rapidly; while the individuals of the first class become absolutely dependent upon the second even for the semi-income which may at any time be refused them on account of too many individuals in need of resources for incomes belonging to the second class." Mr. Bouroff works out this idea with the aid of statistics, and concludes that if the present tendency continues it is only a question of time when "the people, with all their superior productivity and phenomenal increase of wealth will have neither wealth, nor property, nor rights, nor sufficient means for existence." The method of the book is distinctively what the universities call scientific.

"The People's President," by Rev. L. G. Landenberger (St. Louis: Balmer & Weber Music House Co. Price, 25c.), is a good rollicking campaign song set to a German melody. While the rhythm of the verses and the character of the music are of a higher order than is usual with campaign songs, it retains all the catchy qualities of that kind of lyric. The author, who is a Swedenborgian minister, quotes from Swedenborg this appropriate as well as singularly significant text for the song: "The essence of uses is the public good. Everyone who is delighted with the uses of his function for the sake of use, loves his country and fellow citizens; but he who is delighted therewith not for the sake of use, but only does it for the sake of him-

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