

ment to which willing obedience was rendered before Mr. McKinley asserted American sovereignty over them.

The chairman of his first commission, President Schurman, publicly stated in Chicago that the representatives of this "tribe" framed and adopted a constitution which his commissioners considered good enough to recommend to the president as better than any they could frame for the government of the "tribe."

Gen. Otis in a report given to the public by Mr. McKinley said that "for three and one-half months Admiral Dewey with his squadron and the insurgents on land kept Manila tightly bottled."

It took a pretty good "tribe" to do the bottling on the land side, utterly destroying the Spanish power in Luzon and elsewhere in the archipelago and at the same time maintain a peaceful and well-ordered government which an American commission could not improve upon and whose authority was not disputed, but, on the contrary, was cordially supported.

It took a pretty vigorous tribe to maintain that government for many months against the most energetic efforts of an American army to overthrow it and to keep that army, swelled in number to 60,000, busy to the present moment.

The testimony of all competent and unbiased witnesses, including many officers of our army, goes to show that the masses of the islanders, so far from being over-awed by that terrible "tribe," are heartily in accord with it and are continually giving it their best support and doing so willingly.

It is preposterous to represent that one "tribe," comprising only a small minority of the people, not only over-awes the great mass of the inhabitants, but makes it impossible for our garrisons to stir outside of their posts except in strong force.

The one notorious fact that we have 60,000 men in the Philippines and that the commander protests that he can spare none of them brands the "one-tribe" story as fiction of the most transparent sort.—Editorial in the Chicago Chronicle of Sept. 17.

#### THE TALE OF A BAFFLED CORRESPONDENT.

Three correspondents of a Chicago paper found themselves in Tampa, ready to sail on the expedition which was to go to Santiago, but whose destination at that time was veiled in the most turgid darkness. These corre-

spondents had no code, and if they had it would have been of no avail, for code words were not allowed unless the censor was supplied with a copy of the code and knew exactly what was meant by the code words, the same as if the message was written out in plain English. These three correspondents knew that their paper was anxious to know when the expedition was to sail, but of course not one word of any information of this kind could be sent.

Finally one of the correspondents hit upon a brilliant scheme. He sent this message: "Smith and Thompson are still at Port Tampa." By this he meant to convey the information to his paper that the expedition was still at Port Tampa, as Smith and Thompson were the other two correspondents who were to go on the transports, and their being still at Port Tampa argued that the expedition was also there. The next day he sent this message: "Smith and Thompson may leave tomorrow." The censor in Tampa scented nothing, and the messages were allowed to go over the wire. The next day the expedition started, and this message was sent: "I am not able to handle all this work alone. Smith and Thompson are not helping me now." This message went through. The transports started, but information arriving in regard to the Spanish fleet cruising in the path of the transports, the expedition returned to Port Tampa, and the faithful envoy at Tampa sent this message: "Smith and Thompson still at Port Tampa."

The correspondent was thrown into a nervous state bordering on apoplexy that night by the receipt of this message from his managing editor: "Quit wiring bulletins about the maneuvers of Smith and Thompson. They have their orders to go on the transports and will attend to their own business, and you should do the same. What we want from you is full and complete accounts of when the expedition will sail, and where it will go."

The correspondent almost wept. The managing editor might as well have wired for information as to the age of the oldest inhabitant of Mars.

But the correspondent thought that in time the office must catch the significance of the messages, so the next day he wired again: "Smith and Thompson are sick in Port Tampa. May be able to get out, however, tomorrow."

To which the managing editor replied: "Smith and Thompson are able to take care of themselves. If you cannot obey orders you may return."

Then the correspondent gave it up,

but after the war was all over he explained it all to the managing editor, and the managing editor said: "O, why didn't you say so."—Chicago Record.

#### ARE WE FULFILLING THE GOLDEN RULE IN THE PHILIPPINES?

The discussion of our duty in the Philippines reminds one of the alleged chapter on "Snakes in Ireland" in Goldsmith's *Natural History*—"There are no snakes in Ireland."

Let us have done with cant and benevolent dissimulation. We have been exploiting each other until almost every franchise to tax the people is given away under one form or another. Now we want other people to rob. For this purpose, some of us being misled by the cry of liberty, we seized Cuba and Porto Rico, and have already in Cuba enormous grants and other thefts for the privileged classes.

For this purpose we bought the Filipino people "on the hoof" at two dollars a head, and have so far slaughtered 30,000 of them, at a cost of about \$6,250 a head. The man that works pays all that.

We, the classes that live on the workers, we want foreign possessions—I know the plutocrat. I have hunted, fished, worked, slept and conspired with him long enough to know his thoughts. It is hard to find places for our high-born boys—hard to find places even at ten dollars a week. Governorships, commissionerships, secretaryships, judgeships in "our new possessions" will suit them very well.

It has always been the policy of every country ruled by an energetic minority to annex foreign domains for the benefit of the rising generation of sons. Even now we are shipping them out in transports to order you about, as colonels, lieutenants and captains of the various murder clubs. Yet 1,900 years ago One said: "A new commandment give I unto you; that ye love one another"—the poor brown man, 8,000 miles away, just as much as our wives and children, for "we are of one flesh." And until we learn that we are all children of a common Father and that, therefore, the injury of any one is the concern of all, we ought to suffer the miseries that we think we are inflicting only upon "another."

I appeal to you, Americans, in the name of righteousness: Are we in the Philippines fulfilling the golden rule? Are we not in every way doing the exact contrary of it?

Drunkenness, robbery, incendiarism, murder. These are the sweet fruits of war—these are the message of the

Prince of Peace that we, urged on by priests and ministers, bring to the heathen. Our missionaries and our advance guard of civilization have hopelessly failed in China after 100 years of trial. Send them, backed by Mausers, to the Philippines to aid us in committing this great crime with which we end the century.

And now I appeal even to you, that glorify everything that is "smart," that believe in nothing but policy.

You think, "if a man can get a farm for nothing he is a fool if he does not take it; so let us take the islands while we may." Perhaps; but that is not the case here. You don't own a square foot of the United States; how much of Luzon are you likely to own? You will get it for your masters.

If your boss could get a farm for nothing that you were to pay for would you think it smart for you to vote it to him? That is what you are doing now.

Before the Cuban war we reformers told the Central Labor union that the soldiers they pay to shoot their Spanish brethren would be used to murder them, and the representative of labor was angry; but since then labor has felt the horrors of the Coeur d'Alene and will feel more horrors of the same sort.

Yes. Take the Philippines! Philippine labor is cheap and will nicely reduce your wages, and Philippine lives are cheaper—a brown regiment will be as efficient in Chicago as a black one was in Idaho. This will happen, for consequence is inevitable, and "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

Mr. Bryan has well summarized the reasons for our "forcible annexation" of the Philippine islands. "There is money in it." "We are in it," and "God is in it." "There is money in it"—for those that already own you. "We are in it"—with our lives and our pocket-books—and the sooner we get out the better for us. "God is in it," visiting the iniquities of us fathers upon the children even unto the third and fourth generation.

It is our concern—you and I pay the taxes, the sinews of war, and we are guilty of the innocent lives sacrificed for their love of liberty in the far-off islands of the sea.

Oh, American men and women, hear before it is too late, the blood of the little brown men that crieth from the ground of the military murder camps of Luzon: "Thou art thy brother's keeper."—Boltón Hall, in the Chicago Record.

#### THE ETHICS OF DEMOCRACY.

An address delivered by Eltweed POMEROY before the Get-Together club of Brooklyn, N. Y., on January 22, 1900.

We are all nominally democrats here—not in the party sense of that word, but in its etymological and true meaning. We are all democrats at least in name and nominal belief. We believe in a government of, by and for the people, to use Lincoln's sonorous phrase, which was used before him by Webster, and before Webster by the forefathers. We take the name lightly on our lips. We listen to Fourth of July orations, and we applaud.

But alas! like too many of our beliefs, it is often a lip service only. When it comes to a test, we see good and valid reasons for not living democracy. We think our own opinions, the opinions of our class, should be the dominant and ruling ones. How I hate that word "class!" We have classes in this country. Would to God we had none! We around this table belong to the educated, the possessing, the dominant class. We are on top. And because we are on top, there is developed in us most fully that outward damning hypocrisy of a lip service to democracy, a hand-clapping service to it, while at heart we believe that our class should rule, that the educated should direct, that we should possess, that we should enjoy—yes, that we should enjoy \$1.25 dinners. I would there were no classes. That there are classes is a fact undeniable, and that fact is proof positive of this hypocrisy. If the belief in democracy were real, vital, living, there would be no classes; there would be a brotherhood. The fact of classes is a proof, not only of the deadening sin of hypocrisy subtly spreading and corroding the heart of the upper classes, the educated classes, the ruling classes, the classes to which we belong, the dollar and a quarter dinner class, but it is also proof of the ignorance and apathy of the lower classes, the ruled classes, the unawakened classes, the great mass of the people. But let us not

Make amends for the sin we are inclined to  
By condemning the sin we have no mind to,

and feel a sense of satisfaction in this ignorance and apathy of the mass of the people. They are not awake. They are not fed, nourished, educated, drawn out. Theirs is underdevelopment, and not sin.

The one sin which Christ seemingly never forgave, which he rebuked with scathing scorn, which he denounced in unmeasured terms, is the sin of the

class to which you and I belong, the sin of hypocrisy, the sin of dishonesty, the sin of saying we are democrats and not living it. Sins of the body, no matter how foul, sins of passion and violence, no matter how brutal, sins of ignorance and apathy, no matter how deadly, received forgiveness at his hands. The Magdalenes, the publican, the soldier, the mob at his death, were pitied, prayed over and forgiven. The Pharisee drawing aside his robes lest they be defiled by touch of publican and sinner, is pilloried for ages in words that scorch and burn. There is a good reason for this. Phariseism, hypocrisy, dishonesty, profession without practice, atrophy the heart, dry up the fountains of brotherhood, shrivel the life, blind the moral sight, and is educational and intellectual paralysis. Other sins injure the life; this kills it. Its death is like the chill of freezing which wraps the suffering as in a robe with the sleep of satisfaction. As President Thwing once said:

For the scholar not to believe in the people is intellectual and moral suicide.

A sense of this, rarely argued out and formulated, but none the less real in the hearts of the masses, is what often renders nugatory benevolent attempts of the classes. As Lowell says:

The gift without the giver is bare.

I have often heard the remark in labor meetings that what we want is not charity, but justice. One of the great reasons why the image of Christ is treasured in the hearts of the masses is that he was not born rich, to give gifts and endowments from above; but as a peasant, as one of them on the same level, and he gave himself.

A sense of this, mistily formulated but growing in the hearts of the classes, is the real underlying reason for this meeting and hundreds of other such meetings. Through the blinding mists of the hypocrisies and prejudices of our class, the ruling class, the educated class, we are striving to catch sight of the ideals of democracy, and, alas! too feebly as yet, are we striving to realize those ideals in our daily life.

As Vida D. Scudder says:

To really believe and accept democracy with the solemn consecration that may mean sacrifice, is the most tremendous test of faith in God and man and in man's power to attain the God-like that has ever been imposed on a helpless humanity. Belief in democracy is the last demand of idealism.

This is to be the touchstone of the politics of the twentieth century, the real, living belief in democracy.

Do you believe in a God who has made but a few, the elect, to be saved, and has damned uncounted millions—the God of Calvin and of the eighteenth century, the God of mere power? Ah, no! That kind of a God has gone with all thinking men. But you do not yet believe in a God immanent over all mankind and working in all their hearts by the subtle power of love to reproduce himself, and whose ways and thoughts are not imaged by one man or by one class of men, even if it is the superior class to which we belong. As Mazzini says:

There is something greater, more divinely mysterious than all great men, and that is the human race which includes them, the thought of God which stirs within them, and which the whole human race collectively can alone accomplish.

Belief in democracy is not only the last demand of idealism, but anything else is absolutely inconsistent with the ideal of the immanent, loving God, who broods in the hearts of all his creatures, not of a class, but of all, who effectuates his purposes not through special life and ability given to one class and that the class which is on top, but through the love and purpose which stirs and moves in the hearts of all the people. We have done with kings, by the grace of God. We do not believe in their rule, at least nominally. But in its place too many of us have substituted class rule, "Dei Gratia." The idea of the rule of the superior class is simply a change of form of the doctrine of kings by the grace of God; it is not a change of substance, and it is utterly inconsistent with the ideal of the immanent, loving God. This is the modern, the growing idea, the great contribution of the last half of the nineteenth century to the thought of the world. As Mrs. Besant says:

The faith which is built on humanity is faith founded on a rock. All that we need is courage, prudence and faith—faith above all which dares to believe that justice and love are not impossible.

History is formed in the brain of man. The really great events are the births of ideas; these take place not in the councils of princes or the cabinets of presidents, but in the hearts of the masses. The idea of the immanent, universally brooding and universally loving God has been widely sown. Apparently it has lain dormant, but like the seed in the ground, it is germinating. As it grows it will effectuate in a democracy which will be a true brotherhood. It will slough off these other forms of king rule and class rule. It may retain the outside form, but if so, it will then vitalize

them with the spirit of democracy, just as Great Britain is nominally a monarchy, and yet in many things is more of a democracy than we are.

Our present system is aristocratic. We choose our supposedly best to make laws and rule over us. In England they choose the supposedly best for their upper house by heredity. In this country we choose our supposedly best by election. Do we even get the best to rule over us?

Ours is a government by law and not by edict. As long as it is such, the lawmaking power is the supreme power. The executive enforces it. The judiciary interprets it. The executive often oversteps its bounds by issuing ordinances, and the judiciary by false interpretations and the creation of precedents. But these are abuses of the executive and judicial functions which time and effort will remedy. But the law is supreme, and the creators of the law are the real rulers of the country. Our common councils, legislatures and congress, with the executive veto, which is a real legislative function, though given to the executive, are the real crucial points in our political system. They really reign. Because frequently changed, they are inefficient. Because vested with irresponsible power, they are almost always corrupted. But this does not make them the less our rulers, but the more our bad rulers and responsible for the varied evils of our time.

The keynote of the twentieth century is democracy, full-orbed democracy—the rule of the people by themselves. The strategic point of attack is the place where that ruling is done, the making of the laws. "How?" you ask. That is where Direct Legislation comes in. It is very simple. In small communities it is that all the people make the laws to govern themselves, as is done in the New England town meeting, which has spread to many other rural parts of our country. This is done and has been done successfully for generations. In communities too large to have all the people gather together for common deliberation it is done by infusing new vitality and life into the old, highly valued and largely useless right of petition.

By the referendum no law goes into effect under a reasonable time, say, in the state of New York, for 60 days. If during that time a reasonable minority, say, 10,000 voters, sign a petition for its reference to the people, it is held over till the next election, when all the people vote on it, a majority enacting or defeating it. This

transfers the power of veto to the people. It enables the people to defeat bad laws. It is negative, preventive, and only half and the least important half of direct legislation.

By the initiative, if you want a law, you draw it up properly, and if you can get a fair minority of the voters, say, 10,000 in New York state, to sign a petition for it, it would go to the legislature, where it would take precedence of all other business. The legislature could do anything with it that it wished, pass, amend or reject it. But if they did not pass, as petitioned, it would go to a vote of the people at the next election, a majority enacting or rejecting it. Thus the people could obtain what they want. These two constitute direct legislation.

We are already using both sporadically and frequently. Every constitutional amendment is submitted to the referendum. In the Direct Legislation Record for December, 1899, are chronicled 51 local referendums, some of them involving millions of dollars. Almost without exception they have worked satisfactorily. But these sporadic referendums coming from above down, from the ruling classes to the people, are but experiments, and cannot give one-tenth of the satisfaction of real direct legislation, where the demands for laws rise from the people, express their needs and aspirations, and settle living issues. At present the referendums that we have are ambiguous and concern secondary matters; when the people can really speak through complete direct legislation, then real, vital, important questions will be brought up and settled.

In its essence what is direct legislation? It is trust on a gigantic scale. It is faith in the whole people worked into an institution and a systematic method. It is not only faith in the people, but it is more, it is faith in God, in an immanent, loving God, who is ever brooding in the hearts and minds of all mankind, and making them fit to decide for themselves what is best for themselves. Complete democracy is a corollary of the highest and noblest doctrine of God. We cannot really and truly believe in a God who is love without believing in the people through whom that God works.

The surely soon adoption of direct legislation marks the dividing line between the stumbling, swaddled childhood of the race, and a consciousness of its stalwart, free manhood. When we have it, our nation can stretch its free hands to high heaven and know

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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