

it is incidentally also an experiment station; for it is proving that as a rule crime is not hereditary, nor a habit, nor the product of vicious minds, nor even of environment except by secondary influence; but a natural result of meager and narrowing opportunities for earning an honest living. When public opinion turns away from the experts who study crime in jails and dissecting rooms, and adopt the slogan of "give the man a chance," a real chance and not an imitation, chiefs of police will no longer need to round up pickpockets and the unemployed poor and jail them when anachronistic crusaders come to town.

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The Third Degree in Los Angeles.

An instance of police persecution, or what appears to be police persecution, comes to us through the Los Angeles Herald. The pertinent facts are too numerous and too local, minute and personal for full narration here, but they tally with the lawless conduct of the police wherever in this country it is displayed. Briefly, it appears that a young man of the name of Horning, a restaurant waiter, was arrested while in the company at Los Angeles of an alleged criminal suspected of a burglarious purpose, who escaped from and then killed the police captain pursuing him, but after Horning had been arrested by another police officer and taken away; and that Horning was subsequently sentenced to 14 years' imprisonment on his confession of an assault with intent to kill a man named Vervoort, three years before. The indictment turning out to be defective, Horning was recently released from the penitentiary by a distant court. The Los Angeles police then arrested him on a frivolous charge of murdering the police captain who had been murdered after his first arrest. Through some "hugger-mugger" of judicial red tape he was then railroaded back into the penitentiary, not only without a hearing, but before a date already set for a hearing, and without notice to his lawyers. These circumstances cannot be tried here, suspicious as they appear to be, but Horning's explanation of his confession—a police "sweatbox" (p. 724) product—in which explanation the Los Angeles Herald declares its belief, is a subject for national concern. "Horning tells me," says the Herald's representative, W. C. Owen, "and I believe him, that"—

from the moment of his entering prison until his examination he was confined in the sweat box and kept under a perpetual fire of accusations, being threatened with every extremity of punishment if he did not confess to one or other of various crimes

suggested. In particular he alleges that for three days they tried to induce him to acknowledge he had pawned a watch that was part of the booty of a street car holdup on Central avenue, and that this was abandoned only when it was shown that there was no similarity between his own handwriting and that the ticket bore. He says that throughout that period of seven days he was practically without sleep, owing to continual cross-examinations, the constant banging of doors, rattling of chains and bolts and the plague of rats and vermin with which the sweat box swarmed. He lost, he declares, 20 pounds in weight, and finally consented to plead guilty to assault on Vervoort; for he had become so exhausted that, to use his own expression, he "would have confessed to the crucifixion of Christ in order to get release."

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— Compare that police procedure, so common with the police of this country since Superintendent Byrnes of New York City imported it from the European continent, and lawyers, judges and grand juries have silently ignored or actively approved it—compare it with the conduct of the Scotland Yard policeman who arrested Crippen (pp. 721, 734), the fugitive from British justice. "I arrest you," said the Briton, "in the name of the King, and warn you that anything you may say will be used against you at the trial." This is not a formula of British law alone. It is American law, too. Every American policeman who makes an arrest for felony without giving that notice, neglects his duty; and if he presses a prisoner for a confession he violates his duty to the verge of crime if not indeed into the commission of crime.

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OREGON POLITICS AN OBJECT LESSON.

Oregon has achieved the Initiative and the Referendum, the Direct Primary, the Recall, and popular election of United States Senators. Never has the State been so free from log rolling and graft; never have the people been so alive to their own interests. Every election is an education. None will be more so than that to be held November 8th.

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Oregon must then battle anew for what she has achieved. Office holders nominated directly by the people and responsible only to them, do not suit the Bosses. They snap their fingers at the Boss, they shoot out the tongue at him, and the Boss is himself out of a job.

What was his job? It was a powerful and lucrative one. He was the agent for the Interests, the great corporations—railway, street railway, gas,

water, etc. He acted by a thimblery game called the Convention.

Ostensibly, free American citizens representing free American citizens in free Convention assembled to do the will of the people. In fact, a lot of henchmen selected and pledged beforehand to a slate written by the Boss and his bosses.

Direct Primaries killed the Convention, and with it the Boss.

But the Boss dies hard because entrenched Privilege and Power always dies hard, whether in the person of a Charles of England, a Louis of France, or the commercial Barons of our time who use the masses as their tribute bearers; ever the insolent cry from above has been to the paupers below, "How dare you rebel!"

So, as the railways and street railways of Oregon have found, the direct Power of the People becoming dangerous to Special Privilege, they struggle to restore the Boss whom they can boss.

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Conventions are abolished by the Direct Primary law, yet the moneyed interests and the old-time bosses have got together a convention which they call an Assembly.

Now undoubtedly by the United States Constitution, and by every principle dear to the Anglo-Saxon heart, and other hearts, the people have a right to peaceably assemble. It is part of that sacred right of free speech, so sacred when it is a Republican assembly in a Republican State and a Democratic assembly in a Democratic State, but so vicious and damnable when it is a Socialist or Anarchist assembly in any State.

Well, the people have a right to assemble. Let that be never forgotten.

But this Assembly was not an assemblage of the people open to all men; nor even an assemblage of a select body of men, gathered together for concert of action, representing themselves and only themselves. No; this was our old friend the Convention.

The members were delegates—each pretending to speak for himself and his constituents. The delegation from Baker or Coos or Multnomah county, etc., claimed and pretended to speak for the Republicans of Baker, Coos and Multnomah counties. The Convention—excuse me, Assembly—claimed to be the only authorized voice of the Republicans of Oregon. All others were Insurgents—to be read out of the party. It was the same old ass in the lion's skin. Its shibboleths were Party, and Organization, and Regularity. Yet all in God's world that has ever moved the world, has

been Insurgency; and all that has ever obstructed the world, has been Party. It was Party and Regularity that cried out against Christ and Cromwell and Danton. Party and Regularity denounced Garrison and John Brown. Stephen A. Douglas fell by party regularity and Lincoln defied it. What is Joe Cannon today but the embodiment of party regularity? What is the bitter accusation he and Aldrich and Payne and all the feudal Barons in the Houses of the People's Representatives bring against La Follette, Dolliver, Bristow, Beveridge, Cummins and their fellows? That they are Insurgents, Rebels—rebels from what? from Party. They dare to prefer the people to party. What is the club Cannon raises against the Insurgents? That he will read them out of the "party," expel them from the "organization."

So it is here in Oregon. The tall tower of the Oregonian has rocked upon its foundations in the agony of crying out for "party," for "regularity" and "organization."

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If there is any thing in this world a man ought to break up, it is this very thing—Party; which substitutes the will of the bosses for your will and my will, makes slaves of its adherents, robs them of independence and thought and reduces them to tools.

In Church and State, everywhere, you find that the Regular Party Organization is that which would cripple independence and free will, block progress, and keep the gods of the past upon the pedestals.

If there is one good act to be done it is to break up this blind and slavish adherence to Party by name. Let all men who think alike move together. That is the way parties were originally formed. But they crystallize into a formal organization, stronger than Principle and more important than Right and Wrong.

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This is the real objection to the Oregon Republican Assembly. Not that it was a body of men gathered together to agree on a course of action, for it was not that. It was a body of men selected in the main by a Boss behind the scenes, with a slate ready-made for them, and they were but tools to carry out a programme prepared by the Interests so jealous of their money-making privileges.

Those in Oregon familiar with old-time politics had only to look over the names to laugh and name the collar the delegates wore. The so-called precinct and county Assemblies which elected this

strictly Party Convention were even more clearly lettered with the name of their dictator.

Sometimes the men chosen as delegates were the majority of the so-called "assembly" choosing them. Twenty men in a county would meet at the call of the "leaders" and select five or more men as delegates to the State Assembly (convention). It is folly to call such men representatives of the whole Republican Party of Oregon. They represent themselves, that is about all. They are practically as self-nominated as the men they accuse of self-nomination in the direct primaries.

There is much howl by the old-time Machinists against the poor timber selected by the direct primary method. But at least the results given to the people have been more satisfactory than by the old-time method.

Anything is better than a slate. A slate means invariably a selection of men favorable to Big Business. Take the legislative ticket selected by this Republican State Assembly. Let us admit that they are good names clothed in good clothes. Yet they can be relied on in the legislature to do the will of the men who picked them. They will look out for the Interests, not for the People. But the people at large do not know this. They see only a very respectable name, and vote for it. They are ignorant that that very respectable name is either pledged to the Boss or has such natural leanings and prejudices that the great corporate interests know he can be counted on.

Better a self-picked man at the direct primaries than a Boss-picked man at the Convention.

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Of course these Assembly nominees—(they are called "recommendees" to soothe the people) must in law be nominated at the direct primary and against them will run a cloud of self-nominated candidates. And there's the rub.

The Assembly Recommendee has the Assembly back of him and the Bosses and the funds. He has the cohesion and co-operation of Capital and Plunder. And while the barons and their feudal serfs are few compared to the whole, they may be the most compared to the little bands into which self-seeking candidates may split the oppositon. Indeed it is pretty certain the Assembly machinists will put up some stool pigeons of their own to scatter the opposition.

There is the difficulty. The people at large and scattered, following several honest or dishonest leaders, and the Bosses and the Interests united as usual. So you see this fight, like every other fight, is the battle of the people in broken array

against Capital and Special Privilege in solid phalanx.

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The remedy is for the people themselves to agree on one candidate in the primaries and forsaking all others cling only to him. If the Assembly recommendee becomes the nominee, then all anti-Assembly Republicans ought to vote for the Democratic nominee; because the Democrats are pledged anti-Assembly people. A few more Democratic victories given by Insurgent Republicans would clinch the matter and kill bossism.

I make no distinction between parties. Party names are nothing to me. If the Democrat were an Assembly nominee and the Republican not, I would urge all Democrats to vote for the Republican. In short, let a man vote his principles regardless of these absurd party-ties which are placed above principle.

I presume it is asking too much of political human nature to ask anti-Assembly candidates before the direct primaries to agree on the best man and patriotically retire all others. But the voters can do this very thing—concentrate on the best man.

The Assembly was full of old-time platform nonsense. It favored economy, of course, but failed to state where or how. It favored the abolition of all useless commissions and clerkships, but failed to name one.

The party organ, the Oregonian, said this was the restoration of Party and the return to Regularity, and in the same breath said that the Assembly, its backers and disciples, would put the knife into "Statement No. 1" up to the hilt.

Statement No. 1 is the method by which the people force the legislature to elect the people's choice as United States Senator. So there you get the keynote to the Assembly.

It is against the People. It fears and opposes the people's assuming power. It fears and opposes the loss of power by the Interests and the Bosses. Their Organ plainly declares against "Statement No. 1," though they did not as a convention have the courage to do so.

But depend upon it, the knife will go up to the hilt into the Direct Primary and the Initiative and Referendum and every other assumption of power by the people, unless the people rebel and politically decapitate their masters once and for all.

C. E. S. WOOD.

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Landowners hate parting with their land.—Matthew Arnold, in "Irish Essays."