

RELATED THINGS

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LIFE!

For The Public.

Is not the body more than raiment?
 The life of man, is it not more than meat?
 Life? What is life? Go ask the slave of toil,
 Whose waking view of morn inspects the sky—
 The wondrous sky of morn, flaming in splendor—
 Not with a lover's gaze, but dully craving
 Assurance of his hope that wind nor rain
 Shall interrupt the hard monotony
 And drudging labor of the niggard fields!
 Not his the fault, but his the unhappy fate
 To plod the weary treadmill day by day,
 That idle Luxury may steep his soul
 In sordid surfeit. What is life to these?
 Lo, yonder reeling, gibbering, grinning death,
 Drowning his spirit in the mad'ning bowl,
 Spurning the Godlike power of the mind
 To leap the space which severs earth from sky,
 To bend subservient nature to his will,
 To build the earthly city in the guise
 And splendor of the Father's Paradise!
 Or shall the interpretation of the soul
 Be sought from him whose brutish brain is clogged
 By envious quest of gold, and selfish power
 To play the tyrant o'er his fellowman?
 Nay, wiser far than these the laughing child
 That views in love the wayside violet,
 Prattles familiar to the babbling brook
 And makes companions of its simple toys.
 Life? What is life? It is to climb the heights
 Of infinite possibility in glorious being:
 To explore creation on the wings of thought
 In quest of knowledge—which alone can give
 At once the zest and crown of life—dominion.
 It is to climb the heights, but not alone,
 Nor with the few; but (lest ye die!) with all
 The teeming multitudes that people earth,
 In helpful brotherhood and mutual joy!
 He lives ignobly and dishonored dies
 Whose base ambition robs the humblest soul;
 Diverting thus the life-stream of the race
 From its appointed course, while Virtue scorns
 The tainted title to his spurious fame.
 They only live in Heaven whose fame survives
 On earth, embalmed in loving memory—
 They only whose fair names wax fairer still
 In the clear vision of advancing light.
 Time writes the final epitaphs of men,
 And Justice, stern, unerring, guides the pen.

EDWARD HOWELL PUTNAM.

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A TEST OF THE REFERENDUM.

Herbert S. Bigelow in the Cleveland Press.

Last winter the initiative and referendum was urged before many legislatures. In Ohio the fight was especially bitter.

"Danger, dynamite and disaster," was the an-

swer of politicians to the arguments for the new plan.

Oregon has just held a general election at which the initiative and referendum was given a thorough trial. The people of other States say what *men* shall make their laws. The people of Oregon say what *laws* shall or shall not be made.

The politicians urged that the people would vote blindly and without understanding on laws submitted to them, but the Oregon election disproved this and showed that the people of that State have outstripped us all in the actual realization of government of and by and for the people.

At the election Oregon voted upon nineteen different measures. The Ohio and other politicians have been busy all winter explaining what a mess the Oregon people would be sure to make of this. Let us see.

Of these nineteen measures nine were rejected. So much for their prediction that the people could not discriminate but would vote everything up or everything down at the behest of a political machine or a party press.

"But," said the politicians, "the people are chaff. They will take up with every new craze." And they never failed to remind the Ohio farmer that in Oregon the initiative had been used to bring the single tax to a vote.

But the people voted the single tax down, just as they voted woman suffrage down. *With the initiative and referendum you cannot get ahead of public opinion.*

"But the people of Oregon are already tired of their experiment." Do you believe that? Then how about this? There were four measures submitted which provided for a still further extension of popular control over government, and everyone of these was carried.

The "recall" was adopted. This is the power of the people to dismiss a public servant in the middle of his term. "Proportional representation" was adopted under which the old rule of everything or nothing will be abandoned and minority parties will be given due representation in state legislatures. An act was adopted which aims to give the poor man an equal chance with the rich man at primary elections. And also an act commanding representatives to vote for the candidate for United States senator receiving the highest number of votes at the primary election, even though he should be of one political faith and the legislature of another.

"But look at that university appropriation bill!" cried the politicians, "What if the people of Oregon should vote that down?"

But they didn't. The Oregon legislature had made an increased appropriation for the State university and also for the State militia. The people granted the former and denied the latter. "All the

money you want for education, but no more for war." That was the answer of the people of Oregon to their legislature.

This legislature, by the way, tried to increase its own salary, but the people vetoed it. Three dollars a day was the stipend. Beggarly, no doubt. But the people are entitled to their own opinion as to what an Oregon lawmaker is worth.

"Well, it's unconstitutional, anyway." No doubt you hope so, Mr. Politician. But until the Supreme Court decides it we shall take the word of Supreme Justice David Brewer, who says:

"The initiative and referendum make public opinion the controlling factor in the government. The more promptly and fully public affairs carry into the effect such public opinion, the more truly is government of and by the people realized."

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UNCLE SAM'S LETTERS TO JOHN BULL.

Printed From the Original MS.

Dear John: Learnin' that La Follette of Wisconsin was puttin' in a word for me, I went yesterday into the Senate gallery—haven't been on the Senate floor for 40 year—and looked down on the scene. There was a scant fifty of Senators sittin' around, sullen like, and the galleries were crammed; and down below an under size, tough lookin', bull dog like little man was worryin' the sullen Senators. Literally. Of course it was La Follette who was alone—who had no backin' and no friends; but it was the Senate that looked it. They got away as far as they could. They were few, and wished they were fewer. They talked together; La Follette called for order, and paused till he got it. They walked out of the room; La Follette announced there was no quorum, and paused till a quorum was secured. There was no rest for the wicked, and their little master applied scorching liniment, and persistently and eternally rubbed it in.

"Wall street can get a bill advanced in its interests," he said, "any time. Why cannot the country get freight rates attended to? What do you say?" he called over to his bored and cowering colleagues.

Say? They said nothing, and looked small, and got out when they could.

You've heard, John, of the boasted "Senatorial presence," have you not? Well, with the Senate I have, the Senatorial absence is darned near as fine.

Seem' that La Follette was able to take care of himself, I went out also, and I hear this mornin' that he hammered the remnant all night.

I went in later today and saw Vice-President Fairbanks beat him by recognizing Aldrich, who addressed the chair later. That is, the papers

think so; but the pint is that La Follette, and Gore of Oklahoma, caught my eye, which is goin' to count more than some people think. Throughout La Follette's address there was no sign of applause; and only one hiss, distinct, and from the Republican side, chamber or galleries, when the Senators were explaining their votes on the closure, and La Follette suggested that explanation of votes had best be left until after adjournment. The hiss was keen; but then, so was the cut.

When La Follette, advancing down the aisle, told the Senate if they continued to obstruct they would be swept from power, the Senate smiled sarcastically and read newspapers; but I said to myself: "Why not back the little man up? He is right. I used to back up the right." And you needn't be surprised, John, to see some Senators readin' their newspapers outside the Congress halls, and in corporation time, exclusively.

I rather guess Bryan may get in if nominated, as the habit of votin' for Bryan grows on a man with years; and then again, the Republican Congressional Campaign Committee is lettin' the cat out. It has offered a hundred and fifty dollars, for reasons why Republicans should win this Fall. They are rather scarce, and I guess will be worth the money if they can be found; and, dear me! the worry of the Republicans, and their interest in the Parker and Johnson Democrats is painful.

I don't hear much from the Panama Canal; and I am considering a proposition advanced by a chap the other day, to dig it with fox terriers.

There is mighty little going on here but Roosevelt. One day the Pope admires him, and the next he falls into Rock Creek. Every day he makes some splash in the advertising waters of the daily press. After all is said, he fits Washington pretty well. He is a President of magnificent distances and colossal contradictions, and never touches a place the second time. A patron of athletics, he pursues literature with tireless stenography. An advocate of warlike actions and methods, he addresses Christian conferences with unction and, be it said, with approval. A preacher of ethics, he does not hesitate to toss into the scales of justice without mercy, and without expressed regrets, against a workman fighting for his life, the weight of the influence of the President of the United States. A defender and upholder of war, he banishes the only actively fighting man in the United States army to the Arizona desert—for what? For fightin'. He is a consistent curiosity, at once an infliction, a menace, and a joke. Like Massachusetts, he needs no encomium. There he stands; one foot on the rising storm, and one on the Brownsville nigger. He can suppress the nigger all right, and have back of him my solid South, and my race