

one is suffering by the change. The share and stockholders, directors and officials, were bought out on ample terms. The principal advantages may be summarized:

(1) The gain to the traveling public during last year amounted to \$1,500,000 as a result of lower fares. This is the first and principal form of profit to the community and is always entirely ignored by the anti-municipalists.

(2) The employes gained \$200,000, with free uniform clothing.

(3) Notwithstanding these important concessions, the gross profits amounted to nine and one-half per cent., after maintaining the rolling stock, permanent way and machinery in the highest state of efficiency. Six per cent. of this amount has gone to interest and sinking fund, two and one-half per cent. to a general reserve or depreciation fund, and the remainder, amounting to \$125,000, was transferred to the relief of the local taxes.

It must be admitted on this statement that the present generation is vastly benefited by the municipalization of the tramways, and it only remains to inquire what are the risks, if any, to posterity. The capital expenditure of the complete undertaking has been shown to be \$9,160,000. In addition to the building up of the sinking fund, which will extinguish the debt within 25 years, a renewal or depreciation fund of nearly \$400,000 has been set aside, equal to 12 per cent. of the capital, which will continue to grow, and there can be no question that the undertaking is worth \$5,000,000 above the capital value.

These facts afford ample evidence that the interests of posterity are more than amply provided for, and, I venture to think, establish the proposition that the municipalization of tramways in large towns can be carried out with perfect security and to the great and lasting advantage of the whole community.

THE ENEMIES AND THE FRIENDS OF THE WORKINGMAN.

A portion of a sermon delivered at the Vine Street Congregational church, Cincinnati, May 24, by the pastor, Herbert S. Bigelow.

Job had his comforters, and the workingman has his counselors. From this gratuitous advice the latter has profited as little as the former.

One of the most erratic of these friends of the workingman is the district attorney of New York. Recently he said to an audience of laborers:

"Don't accept any wishy-washy stuff about the brotherhood of man, or economic forces, or inherent rights. Ever since man has been able to stand on his hind legs he has been striving for all he can get. If you are strong, you win; if you are not, you lose. Distrust all men who come to you with broad schemes for settling all social and economic questions permanently. Can any scheme be invented which will be a cure-all for evils to come? Not on your life."

If Mr. Jerome were to get up in the night for medicine for a sick child, he would probably make it a matter of conscience not to mistake carbolic acid for castor oil. This advice which he offers so jauntily to the workingman is sheer poison. No doubt the doctor means well. But if men were held responsible for the character of their thoughts as for their acts, we should say this advice of Mr. Jerome were a case of malpractice. This advice has not even the merit of the Derbyshire charm for sick cattle, which was used with the words: "If it does thee no good, it will do thee no harm."

A noble sentiment this: "Away with wishy-washy stuff about the brotherhood of man. Stand on your hind legs and grab all you can. Might is right."

That is atheism at work. That is the doctrine that there is no God, applied to the labor problem. Too many men are guilty of this practical atheism who would resent the charge of being atheists. Fortunately not all acknowledged atheists are so thorough-going as Mr. Jerome.

No doubt there is enough latent political power in the hands of the laborers in this nation to take everything in sight. If they saw fit to use the strength they have, they could make New York in 1903 what Paris was in 1793. In a single night they could tear down the republic and erect the commune. Labor is Samson. If he were so minded, he could, with one sweep of his right arm, brush away the pillars of state and bring down to ruin the good as well as the evil in our social structure.

What is to hinder the working people, when they learn their power, from playing tyrant? This is what we might expect, if they were to take the advice of Mr. Jerome—to stand on their hind legs and take

all they have the power to take. But this republic is secure, and popular institutions are safe, just because the average man is controlled by his conception of what is just and right. Although the majority of the votes are and always will be in the hands of the so-called laborers, we need have no fear as a nation, because, notwithstanding the admonition of Mr. Jerome, brute force is not likely to take the place of ethical ideals as the controlling principle of conduct.

Mr. Jerome affects fine scorn for the economic reformer. There is nothing in his words to suggest that there are skilled physicians, as well as quacks, among economic reformers, as among doctors of medicine. One might infer from his language that it would be more profitable for the workingman to read the reports of the latest prize fight, than to waste his time on such books as "Progress and Poverty," or Shearman's "Natural Taxation."

It is quite the fashion to condemn all plans for economic betterment, as though they were all offered as panaceas. Doubtless the reformer, in his enthusiasm, expects too much from his plan. Republican institutions have not saved the world, as some expected, but that does not prove anything for monarchy. Some abolitionists thought the labor question would be settled by the emancipation proclamation. Was slavery made right by the fact that they expected too much from abolition?

To-day there are men like William Lloyd Garrison, Tom L. Johnson, Bolton Hall and Clarence Darrow, and a host of earnest and thoughtful people, who tell us that we would do much to unshackle labor if we were to take the unlearned increment of land value for public purposes, and thereby relieve personal property and improvements upon land from the burden of taxation.

Then some fellow, says, with a swagger: "Another panacea. A cure-all. Will it work? Not on your life."

Suppose Mr. Jerome's baby has the colic. The doctor prescribes castor oil. Will Mr. Jerome scout the idea and insist that if his baby is strong, it will get well, and if it is not, it will die? Will he say to the doctor: "Can any scheme be invented which will be a cure-all for babies, for all evils to come?"

"I take no stock in your theories." This is a customary remark with

which men who are supposed to be thoughtful and cultured dismiss the suggestions of the economic reformer. Suppose the man who planned the Brooklyn bridge had been as contemptuous of theories of mechanics as our vaunted statesmen frequently are of theories of political economy. No doubt Mr. Jerome would admit that it would be disastrous to construct a bridge on an incorrect theory. Now, there are good and bad ways of raising public revenues, just as there are good and bad ways of building bridges. What could be more reckless in a leader of public opinion than to advise people to give no heed to the theories for economic betterment, but to go blundering along in a blind, unreasoning and unethical contest of strength?

No doubt this is what Mr. Jerome would call a practical talk to workmen. Oh, these practical men! The practical people are now engaged in collecting fresh-air funds. A circular has just been handed me by the postman which contains an appeal for alms with which to send little children into the country. Among other things the circular says:

It behooves us to avail ourselves of the privilege of giving, for two weeks, the only breath of fresh air, with good food and beds, that many of these dwellers in the tenements receive during the hot summer months.

What a monstrous confession! What an indictment against our social conditions!

And what do these practical men propose to do for the society so disappointed that many, for even two weeks of fresh air, have to depend upon the alms of the favored few? Why, the practical suggestion is to select out of this multitude of "les misérables" a few hundred to be taken on a charity excursion. But if some one reminded us that half the land without our borders is unoccupied, and that our system of taxation puts a premium on vacant land and a penalty on improving land, and that by reason of this blunder homes are made dear, wages are reduced and the people are crowded, and if, to relieve matters, one proposes a sensible change in the method of raising taxes, then your practical man will declare in his omniscience: "Can any scheme be invented which will be a cure-all for evils to come? Not on your life." How enthusiastic some men grow in telling us what can't be done!

If the money contributed to fresh

air funds were spent in collecting and parading to public view the hundreds of dead babies that perish every summer for lack of fresh air, practical men might be moved to look into some broader scheme of social betterment and take less satisfaction in the absurd attempt to bail out the ocean of human misery with the spoon of charity.

"LOBSTERS" I HAVE MET. A STICKER WHO WAS STUCK.

For The Public.

One of the most enjoyable afternoons I ever spent was aboard a Big Four train recently. I was bound for Cincinnati, and went into the smoking-room shortly after leaving Chicago. I had been there some time when four gentlemen who had just finished luncheon came in. From the way they addressed each other I quickly inferred they were well acquainted.

"Well, Homer," said one natty looking fellow, as he lighted a cigar, "I suppose we'll all be millionaires in a year from now."

"We will, if we stick, all right," ventured Homer, reaching for the other's lighted match.

"Gentlemen," broke in another, "I'm convinced a man can make money out of most anything, if he only sticks to it."

"So am I," agreed the dapper little fellow, who had spoken first; "I'm thinking of starting a shooting gallery."

"Well, I mean it, Horace," insisted the other; "I believe a man can win out on most anything if he sticks to it."

"Put me next, Mort. What it is!" said Horace, incredulously.

"Did you read Miss Tarbell's account of John D. Rockefeller, and the part he played in the Standard Oil company?"

"No; I've heard of it though," said Horace. "Tell us about it."

"Well, you know," began Mort, pulling away at his cigar, "Rockefeller was in the produce commission business, in 1862, when a young fellow named Andrews got him to put a little money in an oil refinery. The business grew rapidly. He divided it into two departments—manufacturing and transportation—

"He got special freight rates, didn't he?" inquired Horace.

"Yes," replied Mort, "and he got them proper too. After he had done that he began to regard his competitors as a lot of stiff who ought to

be in some other business. He organized the Standard Oil company in 1870—"

"And began to buy out his competitors in Cleveland," interrupted Homer.

"Yes, that is what it was organized for," went on Mort. "In fact he bought out 20, out of 26 refineries in Cleveland, the first year after the Standard was organized. Then he organized the South Improvement company, to buy up competitors outside of Cleveland. That was in 1871—"

"Then the railroads raised the freight rates on his competitors," put in Homer.

"Yes, they raised them 100 per cent." continued Mort, "and you bet there was something doing in the oil regions. They had been feeling the effects of railroad discrimination for some time, but this was a corker. The oil men got busy, the press got wise, and the people got next to the facts—"

"The joke of it was," interrupted Homer, "they trained their guns upon the South Improvement company, instead of the railroads that had granted the special rates."

"I don't remember that," continued Mort, "but Congress appointed a committee to investigate. The committee found the South Improvement company was shipping oil one dollar a barrel cheaper than their competitors. They found, also, that the difference between what the company and its competitors paid went, not to the railroads, but to the South Improvement company!"

"That was a hot tamale," put in Horace.

"It certainly was a peach of an arrangement," observed Homer.

"Like getting money from home," added the other friend.

"I guess that's what Rockefeller thought," went on Mort. "But the pressure was too great. The railroads withdrew their support, under fire, and the South Improvement company went up in the air. That was cause for great rejoicing in the oil regions. A great conspiracy had been stamped out, and Rockefeller had been made to bite the dust. That's what the people thought. But they had three more guesses coming. Rockefeller was no quitter. He stuck. The Standard Oil company inherited the South Improvement company's bunch of tricks—"

"And went on doing business at the old stand," interjected Homer.