
RELATED THINGS

CONTRIBUTIONS AND REPRINT

THE REBEL.

For The Public.

"I have put my hand to the plough," said the rebel.
"Turn back, or I will rack your bones with pain,"
said Sickness.

"I have put my hand to the plough," said the rebel.
"Turn back, or I will puncture your heart with grief,"
said Ingratitude.

"I have put my hand to the plough," said the rebel.
"Turn back, or I will cover you with slime," said
Slander.

"I have put my hand to the plough," said the rebel.
"Turn back, or I will hunt you day and night," said
Persecution.

"I have put my hand to the plough," said the rebel.
"Turn back, or I will keep food from your mouth,"
said Starvation.

"I have put my hand to the plough," said the rebel.
"Turn back, or I will pull the pillow from your
head," said Sleeplessness.

"I have put my hand to the plough," said the rebel.
"Turn back, or I will clutch you with clanking chain,"
said Imprisonment.

"I have put my hand to the plough," said the rebel.
"Turn back, or I will make the dark dungeon your
home," said Torture.

"I have put my hand to the plough," said the rebel.
"Turn back, or I will compel you to mount the scaf-
fold," said Death.

"I have put my hand to the plough," said the rebel,
"and I will not turn back."

VICTOR ROBINSON.

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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

For The Public.

At the beginning I did not object to the attentions of my neighbor, No. 2465, the man who sat at my left during the times we ate our wretched meals. But as soon as I discovered he was a long-term prisoner, he having filched a five cent loaf of bread, I ignored him completely, and determined to appeal to the warden for a change of location so I should not be subjected to the annoyance of the fellow's advances.

But in spite of my irritation, I could not help appreciating the humor of the situation, and smiling at the man's presumption in aspiring to be en rapport with me. And, in justice to my sense of charity, it is only fair that I should confess that I did not condemn the creature for his endeavors to fraternize. I reasoned that it was quite likely he was ignorant of my record, and did not know that, by a unique and wonderfully ingenious system of bookkeeping, I had succeeded in acquiring, and retaining for a considerable length of time, a complete chain of large bakeries,

the output of which was more than thirty-five hundred loaves of ten-cent bread per day.

G. T. E.

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OUR FAITH CONTRASTED WITH OUR LIFE.

From the Address of William Lloyd Garrison at the
Yearly Meeting of Progressive Friends, Long-
wood, Pa., June 6, 1908.

There is a beautiful book, called "The Soul of a People," written by an Englishman dwelling for a long time in Burma. Impressed with the lofty sentiments of Buddha, whom the Burmese worship, and the contrast between his sublime doctrines and the daily life of his worshippers, he was perplexed. Having a strong sense of justice, he became eager to arrive at a fair basis of judgment. Having also imagination and sympathy, he bethought himself of a Burman visiting England to study the religion of the English and trying to comprehend the impulses which shaped their lives. In this way the discrepancy between Eastern profession and practice might be made clear to him.

From this point of view he saw how puzzled the student would be on English ground, his inquiries regarding popular religion being answered by advice to study the Bible, if he would understand the basis of Christianity. "I followed him in imagination," says the writer, "as he took the Bible and studied it and then went forth and watched our acts. And I could see him puzzled as I was now puzzled when I studied his people." The writer imagines the man from Burma reading the New Testament and coming upon the verses where we are told to love our enemies and to do good to those that hate us; to bless them that curse us and pray for them that spitefully use us. More than that, he notes the advice that when smitten on one cheek we should offer the other, and that if one taketh away our cloak we should forbid him not to take our coat also. Besides this we should give to every man that asketh, and of him that taketh away our goods ask them not again.

After reading these wonderful sentiments, which he is told the church holds sacred, the Burman goes forth to observe the lives of those who believe such beautiful things. As the same religious creed is professed in Boston as in London, let us suppose the investigation made there. The man would be told that it is the center of moral force, the birthplace and theater of unselfish movements for human progress. On Arlington street he would be shown the memorial to William Ellery Channing, whose peace utterances, full of the Christ-like spirit, are preserved and quoted. On the Public Garden by the subway entrance, he would view the statue of Charles Sumner, whose enduring peace discourse, "The True Grandeur of Nations,"

may outlast the memory of his service to the slave. And on Commonwealth avenue there will be pointed out to him the seated figure of a non-resistant abolitionist whom the citizens of the town once mobbed, because he took seriously the precepts of Jesus. From these the stranger would infer that the honored effigies typified the prevailing spirit of the citizens. "Happy the-land where peace dwells," he would say.

Proceeding further he meets a youthful procession with muskets and martial music, and is told that it is the parade of the school battalion, boys taught to drill and use firearms, preparing to make soldiers in time of war. Whereat a puzzled feeling possesses him, much deepened by the big headlines in the morning papers, indicating popular interest in a fleet of murderous battleships, steaming up the Pacific coast, "ready for a fight or a frolic," jealously watched by the great war nations whose armaments consume the people's earnings. The enthusiasm excited by the squadron brings out murmurs of pride and patriotism, but singularly enough, the name of Jesus is not connected with the important affair.

Supposing the stranger's visit to have happened at the time of the latest birthday celebration to honor Lincoln, the emancipator of four million slaves. He would have been startled to hear the oration of Secretary Taft, declaring that were the great benefactor still living, he would rejoice in the American subjection of eight million brown people in the Philippines. This, notwithstanding that these conquered people are begging for deliverance, after the destruction of over half a million of their brothers and friends by American troops, their industries paralyzed, and delusive half-promises of distant independence their only hope.

The inquirer would read of the pride taken in our swelling and costly navy, devouring millions of the country's earnings, and of the accompanying demand for a greater army, although two-thirds of the national revenues are now annually swallowed up by the war establishment. Taking up the religious organ of the Congregationalists, the Burman notes with astonishment that the editor, so far from protesting against the horror, defends the building of new destroyers, and, while advocating foreign missions to carry the Bible to heathen lands, is yet in favor of blowing fellow-Christians into atoms with shot and shell. In this view he is joined by Mrs. Eddy, the leader of the Christian Science faith. Were ever things more topsy-turvy and incomprehensible?

Instead of the sacredness of human life, on every hand is the evidence of carelessness concerning it. Murders and suicides crowd the newspapers' columns, and courts are overworked in disposing of the guilty. At the State House the inquirer will observe that a few tender-hearted people, asking for the abolition of capital punish-

ment (a savage survival of the Old Testament code), are rebuffed by the committee and given leave to withdraw. The injunctions of the great exemplar of peace, which the petitioners quoted, were as ineffective upon the minds of the Christian committee as a handful of gravel upon the hide of a rhinoceros. On the other hand, laws to protect property, however unjustly acquired, are the chief concern of legislatures. No mercy is shown to the infringers of property rights.

How strange this seems in a Christian community where, every Sunday, the preachers read to the congregation that riches are an offense to righteousness and that hardly shall a rich man enter into the kingdom of God. If the Burman were present he would hear how the Teacher of the faith lived the life of the poorest and taught always that riches were to be avoided. Seeking for the impression made by these ideas, he would turn his eyes upon a nation struggling madly for material wealth, adding field to field and coin to coin till death arrives. In short, he would see prevailing an actual worship of wealth with a formal and professed belief in ideals held to be incompatible with real life.

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THE PUBLIC OWNERSHIP OF RAILROADS.

For The Public.

IV.

Passenger Fares and Service of Leading Publicly Owned Systems.

1. Germany.

We have seen in the preceding part of our inquiry that publicly owned railways have proved to be sound undertakings financially, and that, had they been built by actually paid in stock capital, thus comparing them with a sound private enterprise, there is not a single publicly owned system in Europe or Australia which would have failed financially. This is more than can be said of many a privately built and managed road.

In the present article we will examine the service rendered by publicly owned railroads, and the charges exacted for service. This is the final test of the soundness of government operation of railways. If by government operation it has proved possible to earn a high percentage of net profits, at the same time as rates have been low, and having a tendency of constantly becoming lower, then we may well conclude that government operation is in all respects equally efficient with private management in the case of railroads; and, inasmuch as the general public, and not private manipulators, is benefited by the success of the system, government operation would be preferred, if for nothing else, for reasons of pure expediency.

The trains on the German railroads carry three, and in some cases four classes for passengers. In