

me proud of my business abilities ever since.—Max O'Rell, in the Chicago Examiner.

GIVING UP.

THE MILLIONAIRE SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASS.

Topic: Giving Up. Golden Thought: Give and Make Others Give.

Leader—You will notice that our topic this morning is Giving Up, which, we infer from the Scripture lesson, means that we must give up something in life. First, let me suggest that we need not worry with the argument of the Nazarene, that it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than it is for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven; the comparison is not well drawn, for all depends upon the size of the needle and the camel.

He also mentions that we should give all we have to the poor, but we know that it would be simply folly to consider that literally. The Nazarene was undoubtedly a wise person, but he never managed a coal trust, nor an oil trust, nor a beef trust. If he lived to-day and should happen to be president of an oil company, and should attempt to do business on those lines, he would soon go to the wall. (Unanimous assent from the class.)

These injunctions must be taken practically. We naturally desire a few shares of the future life, therefore we know that it is business to give up something that will extend our influence with the Creator of all natural products—the one who made a universe of trusts, each of which he holds in the hollow of his hand. The question is: What will be the easiest service for us? Giving!

Now we come to the underlying thought. The command to give is virtually a command to get, for we cannot give unless we first get something to give. How shall we get it to give? From the people! This will be a twofold work: When we get it from other people that we may give up, we will be making them give up, too, and they unconsciously will be saving their souls.

I should like to have an expression from a number of the class as to how we can arrange to give up something according to these principles. As for myself, I have advanced the price of oil two cents on the gallon, and at the end of a year I not only will have made others give up, but will have gotten enough extra profit to enable me to give a few hundred thousands to a university.

Coal Operator—I can easily cut miners' wages and clear enough to endow charities to help the poor buy fuel.

Head of Beef Trust—I can fix the prices of beef and other meats and raise a sum to establish friendly inns and soup houses for those who cannot get enough work to live.

Steel Trust Magnate—I can manage to clear the price of a few free libraries where people can read and forget their miseries.

Head of Sugar Trust—I can make people give up enough extra for sugar to defray the expenses of a hundred or so missionaries in Cuba and the Philippines.

Leader—This is what I call a practical Christian spirit. By our works we shall be known!—James Ravenscroft, in Life.

THE MAN IN THE DESERT.

There are incidents in the individual life that fasten on the mind and remain vivid so long as memory itself endures.

Such an experience came to me in the Idaho desert.

I was aboard a train, traveling eastward. As we sped over the dreary desert, flat almost as the ocean, and so alkaline that only the low, scraggy sagebrush will grow at clumpy intervals, the train stopped about nightfall at what was marked on the railroad map as a station.

There was a little shed for a depot, and a huge water tank and a fuel bin for the locomotive; and two or three frame houses not far away.

Nothing else appeared but sunset sky and alkaline prairie, the latter cut in halves by straight lines of steel track.

It was as lonely a place as ever a coyote prowled over.

The arrival of this train was one of the events of the day, yet so few people lived in that part of the world that only three or four men were at the station to meet it.

The engine took water and fuel. From one of the forward cars a bundle of newspapers and a small mail pouch were thrown off, and a small pouch taken on.

The signal was then given to start. But scarcely had the train got in motion, when it stopped with a tremulous jolt.

The conductor and brakeman got off, ran back, disappeared under the last car, which was a sleeper, and

pulled forth a dusty, forlorn-looking man.

He had sprawled himself out, face downward, across the beams of the rear truck, within a few inches of the revolving axle, intending, doubtless, in that fashion to ride during the night through the clouds of dry, choking alkaline dust that sifted past double windows into the sleeping cars and covered all within with a fine powder.

When the man had been pulled out the signal was given to go ahead.

The train again started. But the man was not to be left behind. He bounded forward and darted under the rear car, between the front and rear trucks. Practice, doubtless, had made him skillful in the dangerous feat of climbing in over a car's moving wheels.

Again there was a jolting and a jarring, and the train stopped. Again the man was dragged out, the trainmen using threats this time. And they saw that he did not try the thing again, as at last the train moved on without him.

The miserable man from first to last said not a word.

And there he was left, standing on the track; a stolid, motionless, silent figure, that became smaller and smaller as the train drew away, until figure and station, houses and water tank, were lost in the gray of the desert and the shades of descending night.

Who was he—this man? Who, indeed? Had he credentials? What! he, who had scarcely better than rags to cover him, and must needs ride cheek by jowl with death, to get through the desert?

Who would believe him, even if he told the truth? Left at nightfall at a stopping place in this vast sea of sand, where men are few, and where such as he are regarded with suspicion. Perhaps if he should ask for alms and a sleeping-place he would, instead, get the dog!

Marooned in the desert!

Marooned as much as ever the victim of buccaneers was along the Spanish main.

Marooned! with miles upon miles to the next station, and the next station is just as inhospitable as the last; and with never a drop of sweet nature's water by the way!

This is one of the too frequent pictures of the vast, the naturally bounte-

ous, the wonderfully varied west. Its population is as nothing, yet its lands suitable for farms, its forests, its mineral regions, its grazing tracts, its very watersheds and watercourses are enclosed. Not a ten-thousandth part in use, or, at least, its highest use, but practically the whole held speculatively for a "rise." It is a colossal speculation in a prime necessity of human life—in mother earth.

The masses of men are cut off from access to the soil, save at an increasing price, and more and more men cannot pay the price. They cannot become fixed to the soil, but are compelled to roam about in quest of work. They roam and roam, until hope dies within them, and pride is smothered. Then they become human coyotes called "tramps."

In a letter written from France in 1785 to Rev. James Madison, Thomas Jefferson said:

Whenever there is, in any country, uncultivated lands and unemployed poor, it is clear that the laws of property have been so far extended as to violate natural right. The earth is given as a common stock for man to labor and live on. If for the encouragement of industry we allow it to be appropriated, we must take care that other employment be provided to those excluded from the appropriation. If we do not, the fundamental right to labor on the earth returns to the unemployed.

This means that instead of making human coyotes, we should open the land to labor—we should tax out the speculators.—Henry George, Jr., in *Boyce's Weekly* for Feb. 11.

THE GOOD JUDGE.
CONTEMPORARY HISTORY
by
Anatole France.

Translated for *The Public* by Frank W. Garrison.

M. Goubin wiped his glasses. He had tender eyes and a penetrating glance, and he looked at Jean Marteau intently and said with more surprise than sympathy: "You say you have not eaten for 36 hours?"

"That is true," replied Jean Marteau. "I have eaten nothing for 36 hours. But I erred—it is bad form to lack food. Hunger should be a crime like vagrancy; but in reality the two crimes are identical and article 269 punishes with from three to six months in prison those who have no means of support. Vagrancy, says the code, is the state of vagrancy. The great offenders are persons whom no lord owns as his vassals, who have neither home nor means of subsist-

ence, and who do not habitually engage in any trade or profession."

"It is remarkable," said M. Bergeret. "that the conditions of these vagrants, liable to six months' imprisonment and ten years' surveillance, is precisely that in which the good St. Francis placed his companions. St. Francis of Assise and St. Anthony of Padua, if they came to preach in Paris to-day, would stand a very good chance of being summarily dispatched to the 'lock-up.' I do not say this to turn the police upon the wandering monks now swarming here. They have means of support and practice all trades."

"They are respectable because they are rich," said Jean Marteau, "and vagrancy is only forbidden to the poor. If I had been found under my pear tree, I should have been arrested and that would have been justice. Possessing nothing I should have been presumably an enemy of property and it is justice to defend property from its enemies. The august task of the judge is to secure to each one that which is his, to the rich man his riches and to the poor man his poverty."

"I have meditated upon the philosophy of law," said M. Bergeret, "and have concluded that all the justice of society is based upon two axioms: 'Theft is infamous.' 'The product of theft is sacred.' Those are the principles which assure the security of individuals and maintain order in the state. If one of these guardian principles were forgotten the whole structure of society would crumble. They were established at the beginning of the ages. A chief clad in a bear skin, armed with a stone hatchet and a sword of bronze, with his companions entered the stone enclosure where the children of the tribe were gathered with the herd of women and reindeer. They had carried off the girls' and young men of the neighboring tribe and took with them the meteoric stones which were precious because swords which would not bend could be made from them. The chief climbed a hillock in the enclosure and said: 'These slaves and this iron which I have taken from the weak and despised are mine; whoever stretches his hand over them will be struck with my hatchet!' Such is the origin of laws. They are old and barbarous in spirit, but since justice is the consecration of all injustices, everyone is satisfied. A judge may be good, for men are not all wicked; but law cannot be good, because it is prior to all idea of justice. The changes that have been made in it in the course of time have not altered

its original character. Jurists have made it subtle but left it barbarous. In fact it owes its respectability and seeming authority to its ferocity. Men are inclined to worship strange gods, and that which is not cruel does not seem venerable to them. The amenable believe in the justice of laws; they have no moral standard higher than the judges, and, like them, believe that because an action is punished it is deserving of punishment. I have often been touched to see in the police courts or courts of assizes that the prisoner and the judge are perfectly at one in their conception of good and bad. They have the same prejudices and a common moral standard."

"It could not be otherwise," said Jean Marteau; "an unfortunate who has stolen a sausage or a pair of shoes has not on that account penetrated deeply or with profound insight the origin of law and the foundations of justice. While those of us who are not afraid to see in the origin of codes a consecration of violence and iniquity, are incapable of stealing a cent."

"But, after all," said M. Goubin, "there are just laws."

"Do you think so?" demanded Jean Marteau.

"M. Goubin is right," said M. Bergeret. "There are just laws; but law having been instituted for the defense of society, cannot be in spirit more equitable than that society. So long as society is founded on injustice the function of the laws will be to defend and sustain injustice. And the more unjust they are the more respectable they will seem. Observe, also, that, being ancient, for the most part, they do not represent altogether present iniquity, but a past iniquity—rougher and more brutal. They are the monuments for barbarous times which have survived to a gentler period."

"But they are revised," said M. Goubin.

"They are revised," replied M. Bergeret. "The Chamber of Deputies and the Senate work over them when they have nothing else to do. But the harsh fundamental principle remains. As a matter of fact I should not greatly fear bad laws if they were interpreted by good judges. It is held that law is inflexible. I do not think so. There is no text which does not lend itself to divine interpretations. Law is dead—the magistrate is living. He has a great advantage over it. Unfortunately he seldom makes use of it. Ordinarily he proves more dead, colder and more insensible than the text which he inter-