

the Kaffir. When I saw that I said: "White man, look out; they will have you soon." Here it is, and I hear you say impossible. No man working can be employed in the mines that will not work for \$1.25 a day and board. The regular pay of five or six dollars a day will be paid, but only \$1.25 goes to the wage-earner, and the balance will be paid over to a fund for widows and orphans of British soldiers. They are more liberal with the managers and staffs, who will receive about half pay, the balance going to the same fund. At last, my noble British friend, you have found a way to get rid of us foreigners. You arrested hundreds of us and sent hundreds away out of the country for no reason only that we were foreigners. You tried to force us to take up arms against the Boers when we had sworn to be neutral; but that failed; you tried to starve us out, but that would not work; but at last you have taken the right course. This new edict has fairly knocked the wind out of some of these loyal Britishers. Well, I go and leave the Britishers to fight it out among themselves.

AN HONEST MILLION.

In the last few years, during which the industrial question has assumed such great importance in our country, my mind has often gone back to those scenes in Galilee. I have thought of the principal actor, not as a teacher, but as a workingman—the Carpenter of Galilee. Millionaires and multi-millionaires have become numerous in our country, bringing in their wake an army of unemployed, many of whom, by force of conditions, degenerate into tramps and vagabonds. Both these classes, the millionaires and tramps, are a detriment to the best interests of our country. I have made a calculation bearing upon the honesty of these millions in private coffers, and to help us to realize what a sum a million dollars is, and what it is to actually earn a million dollars. All will agree that when a workingman can save one dollar every working day in the year he is doing well.

Our era begins with the birth of this Carpenter of Galilee. Let us suppose that he was able to begin work on the day of his birth, and that each working day he was able to save one dollar above his living expenses. Let us suppose that he never loses a day by sickness or bad weather, and that his life and health and strength are miraculously prolonged until he shall earn one million dollars by saving one dollar for every working day.

Then we will be able to realize what an honest million is.

We will trace our workman who began work on the day of his birth. At the historic time of his death, at the age of 33, what would he be worth? The calculation is easy; 365 days minus 52 Sundays equals 313 working days in each year. Multiply that by 33 years and we have 10,329 days; but we must add eight days for eight leap years. This would make 10,337—and one dollar per day saved would equal as many dollars—\$10,337. Far from a million, yet labor began at birth and never a holiday nor a day lost by sickness! Let us suppose that he had lived the allotted 70 years; then how would the account stand? Only \$21,927! Our workman has a long and weary task before him to earn so large an amount as a million dollars. Our hero must trudge along through summer's heat and winter's storms. Years and decades come and go, until they grow into centuries, and still he works on, for his task is only begun. He sees kingdoms and empires rise and fall, but still he labors on, for the greater part of his task is still before him.

Christians are persecuted in various countries, the Roman empire disappears, the dark ages come, and still he labors on, his task not yet completed. The crusades are fought, America is discovered, modern science awakens the world from its shroud of darkness, and still he labors on. The stirring events of modern history transpire and bring us down to the present moment, and—would you believe it?—Our Carpenter is still laboring on, not yet having saved a million dollars, yet not having missed a single working day from sickness or any other cause in all these centuries. Let us see how his task would stand at this time. We are not counting interest, but purely the earnings of labor. We have seen that his savings would be \$313 per year; this would be \$31,300 per century, but adding 25 days for 25 leap years per century, it would be \$31,325 per century. To determine how this account would stand at the beginning of the present century multiply \$31,325 by 18, and the result is \$561,850, and add \$30,048 for the 96 years of the present century, and the amount is \$591,898. So the task at the present time would be only a little more than half done. Let us in imagination bring him before us. Here he comes, time-scarred, storm-scarred, labor-scarred. We ask him questions. He tells us interesting stories of how he worked on the

Colosseum, the Alhambra and St. Peter's. He mentions familiarly such masters as Michael Angelo. He praises his good fortune in having steady employment during all these centuries, and that his wages are always promptly paid, and that he was allowed to make up the time lost by going from one job to another by night work—but suddenly he says: "I must not tarry. I am the drudge of the ages, with the task of earning a million dollars. I must get it honestly, therefore I must earn it. My task will require many, many years, even centuries yet, so adieu." With this he leaves us. But does he not leave many reflections concerning our millionaires and their millions? What shall we say to those who obtain not only one million, but many millions in the few years of the adult period of a single life?

It is plain that no man can earn a million dollars in a brief human life, however hard he may work. But many have become millionaires, and while it is impossible to do so honestly, in a strictly ethical sense, we will admit that some have done so legally. This shows that these men have been enabled to do this only by the many advantages of the institutions of this country, and aided by the protection of the law.—Dr. C. F. Taylor, in the Medical World.

OPPORTUNITY.

For The Public.

It has been said that Opportunity is master of human destinies and knocks but once at every gate; and, although this is a very pretty figure of speech, it unfortunately contains but a germ of truth in a flood of fatalism.

Opportunities are neither few nor far between, but may be found all around us, like "a cloud of witnesses," and are constantly knocking, knocking at every sensitive heart and brain, with the cry: "Open, open, open unto us, for we are Angels of Light, commissioned to make bright and pleasant the pathway of weary mortals!"

It is not the lack of opportunities, but the lack of power to see what Nature has in store for man, if he would but work in harmony with the Divine purpose. The eye of Genius is required to note the mental, moral and material potentialities of our environment; the wisdom of the Sage is required to sift the chaff from the wheat, and executive ability of no common order is required to so marshal these forces that each shall rec-

ognize and take its proper place in the progressive march. This, the possible side, is bright and beautiful; the actual side is submerged in stygian darkness.

Of old it was recorded that "Man is prone to do evil," and modern civilization has furnished available opportunities for the Moral Bankrupt, no less baleful and conspicuous than those of his ancient brethren. There is a wide difference between the opportunity to "make" and the opportunity to "take." The first implies genius, skill, wisdom and constructive and progressive desire; the latter, power, greed and Moral Imbecility.

Many years ago a man named Blackstone wrote two essays—one entitled "The Rights of Persons," the other, "The Rights of Things," in which he placed the rights of Persons above the rights of Things, and this was, for a time, held as a sound rule of action in civil life. To-day that soulless Thing called Capital is elevated above the collective personality of the people. When it is "Dollars versus The People," which is to "be damned"—the man or the thing? For answer look to the numerous court decisions rendered within the last decade.

State law has given the opportunity for the organization of monster corporations, the sole purpose of which is the monopoly of some special industry, under the plea of economy of production.

The fictitious values placed upon the several properties which have been united in these corporations, have given the country a very large amount of "paper capital," which is claimed as evidence of prosperity, but would be more correctly described as "fraudulent inflation."

The promoters of these monopolistic schemes announce themselves as "Great Captains of Industry," and issue stocks and bonds which tempt the great mass of conservative investors, because they are based on opportunities to take criminal advantage of public necessities. For it has been estimated that the corner on coal a few years ago, by which \$125,000,000 was filched from the poorer classes of the United States, was the direct cause of more deaths than Napoleon's retreat from Moscow.

The promoters become suddenly rich by "scooping" conservative capital. They elect themselves to office and salaries, proportioned to the nominal capital of the organization. Inflated capital and inflated salaries

demand inflated prices for products, and schedules are fixed with due regard to prospective dividends. The Robin Hood-Monopoly-Tewksbury plan is that "They should takē who have the power."

Is it not clear that opportunities to "take," solely by "right of might" and unrestrained greed, are coming dangerously near plutocratic anarchy?

Plutocracy is not "an original sin." Its prodromic symptoms did not appear in Adam. It is preeminently a product of inflated civilization. As a social disease it has substituted notoriety for refinement. In politics it is faithful to the venal side. In religion its vision is limited to the halo around the Almighty Dollar. In business it represents inflation, and, like nebulae, condensation necessarily precedes utilization. It exists because of the opportunities given it by productive energy, which has neglected to establish a just and economic system of distribution for its own protection.

The right of eminent domain is that inherent right of the public in public utilities, which it never releases and which courts cannot annul—therefore, subject to public convenience, equitable compensation being implied.

Land titles might be classified as follows:

- 1st. Rights of the people, collectively, under the National organization.
- 2d. Rights of the people under State organization.
- 3d. Rights of the people under City and Township organizations.
- 4th. Individual rights.
- 5th. Franchises.

None of these rights can be fully enjoyed without the common highway, which is the most democratic institution on the face of the earth, because it is a public necessity—an inherent right of the people—and a conspicuous example of the right of eminent domain, which forbids that it be sold or farmed out as a monopoly. It is obvious that the question is one of use, and not of distance between terminals. The greater the distance, the greater the need. Being a public utility the construction and care, very properly, becomes a public charge. Therefore, the public have a direct interest in its economic construction and maintenance. The extent and character of the use must be taken into consideration, and the road adapted to the traffic. The steel rail is never used except where it is

found to be the most economical. When this fact is established, it is not only the privilege, but the emphatic duty of those in charge of the construction of these highways, to use the steel rail.

Here we come to the parting of the ways between public and private ownership of highways. By public ownership, conditions are adapted to the use, and all benefits are secured at cost. The Monopolist, however, sees his opportunity, demands a franchise, and gauges his profits according to the needs of the people.

One generation ago the man who thrust himself between the producer and his legitimate opportunities was called a "middleman." To-day that middleman has grown into the "monopolist," who has found in the "franchise" a golden opportunity for levying a plutocratic tax on both the consumer and the producer.

The Courts have told us that—

A franchise is in the nature of a vested right of property, granted by the Government, subject, in some cases, to the performance of conditions and duties on the part of the grantees. It is exclusive in its character and, so long as the grantee fulfills the conditions and duties imposed upon him by the grant, his rights cannot be impaired or taken away by the Government any more than any other property.

Applied to railways, the Franchise, according to the above, is—

- 1st. A grant of an exclusive privilege, under some legislative act.
- 2d. This grant or privilege is a vested right of property.

The argument for a railway franchise, reduced to the fewest words, would read substantially as follows:

Private greed (which is an unknown and unknowable quantity) is less dangerous than political corruption (which may be checked by the votes of the people).

We know that ethical rules are not always observed by legislative bodies, and very objectionable franchises have been given simply because the people have not become thoroughly aroused to the dangers of monopolistic greed. Entrenched behind the Court decisions, the grantees of franchises talk loudly of vested rights of property which cannot be impaired or taken away. But the decision goes further than this, and adds the words, "any more than any other property." The right of eminent domain still exists, and, as we have already seen, is inherent in the general public, and not subject to the caprice of legislative bodies, nor the law relating to "property." The public good is its only rule of action, and

its power can be evoked in no more just cause than in annulling charters which have been violated, and taking "property" (giving equitable compensation), which has been obtained unjustly, and used obstructively.

The word "Monopoly" covers a multitude of class privileges, under which the thing called "Capital" has fattened at the expense of productive industries. The complaints of both the producer and the consumer have been unheeded because the Monopolist feels that he is securely entrenched. The history of civilization teaches that the age must be prepared before any radical change can be made that will benefit the masses, and the only hope is in agitation. Line upon line and precept upon precept will be required to arouse the people to a full sense of those class privileges which bleed the people at every pore.

The real heroes of the century are not those who are blood-stained, but those who possess brain, heart and moral courage; men who evade no duty, however onerous. The man who dares to defend the people against the conspiracies of the privileged few finds himself marked for destruction. But the battle is now on and must be fought to the finish. Delay is dangerous. Mayor Johnson, of Cleveland, has given the people their long-sought opportunity to reassert their sovereignty, and woe be to those who absent themselves at the roll call of duty.

The moment of duty is the moment of need. Then away with that sham, the convenience creed!

When billows are high in tempestuous roll,
'Tis the man of the bravest, most heroic soul,

That stands firm at his post, at the helm,
'mid the storm,

And though wild tempests rage, falls not
till the calm,

To stem angry blasts with courage and
deed—

The moment of duty is the moment of need.

To-day all eyes are centered upon Tom Johnson, of Cleveland. Not because he is mayor—the city has had many mayors that did not attract attention from beyond its suburbs—but because he represents a principle. He is making a square fight against political corruption and privilege. Incidentally, he advocates that which he, with many others, believes to be the only equitable method of taxation. No one doubts his ability or integrity, but having dared to espouse the cause of truth and justice, he will be fought with all the power which Wall street has at its command, and has used with such effect in the last two presidential campaigns.

Against this power the people must present a solid front. The city of Cleveland is now driving the entering wedge which is destined to break the power of privilege and corruption, not only in Cleveland, but in every city and hamlet in the country. In this battle for human rights all should be interested, and every man who knows a voter in that city should write him and urge him to do all in his power to sustain the measures of reform which the mayor is trying to establish, remembering that success in Cleveland means success in other places.

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THE TREATMENT OF SUBJECT RACES.

Extracts from an article with the above title, by Mary A. M. Marks, of London, published in the International Journal of Ethics for July, 1900.

There is no nation in the world so much concerned in this question as the British, for no nation in the world governs so many subject races. But, alas, we forget that we do govern them, or only remember it to reckon up the millions of square miles over which the flag of England floats supreme. We delegate our enormous power to a handful of men over whom we exercise practically no control whatever. There is a startling sentence in one of Hume's essays to the effect that free people make the most oppressive governors of dependencies. I fear that Hume's saying has a great deal of truth in it in our case. The very fact of our being a free people makes it almost impossible for us to believe that we can ever do wrong in matters of government. We imagine that we have a divine right to govern and that there is something unpatriotic—if not impious—in the barest suggestion that Englishmen can govern wrong. Oddly enough, this national self-confidence often deserts us, just when it might be most useful; for no sooner are we invited to condemn any action of our countrymen in foreign parts, than we profess an edifying humility, very far removed from our usual somewhat aggressive cocksureness, and claim that "we do not know enough about it to express an opinion; but it is very unlikely that an Englishman would govern wrong. No doubt it is the fault of the people." With a few sentences like these, we wash our hands of the destinies of one-fifth part of the human race. Our sense of responsibility—that "white man's burden," about which we talk so much—be-

comes, in practice, rather a recognition of the duty of keeping up the British empire, than of making that empire what it ought to be, might be, and would be, if we only tried to be what we think we are. In fact our present somewhat obtrusive sense of national responsibility is becoming almost more mischievous than our previous indifference.

It is true that many of us have a sense of responsibility towards non-British races in one particular. We feel it to be our duty to try to impart our religion to them. With this object, we yearly expend considerable sums and a great deal of effort; but the expenditure and the effort do not produce adequate results. I do not in the least depreciate missionary efforts, to which the world has owed so much, but I do say that those efforts are heavily handicapped by the glaring contradiction between our religion and our political administration. Our converts may justly ask us whether we govern them as we would wish to be governed, whether we treat them as "neighbors," not to say as "brethren." If there had been as great and persistent an effort on the part of Englishmen to insure just government in our conquered territories, as there has been to teach the natives of those territories the religion of love and self-sacrifice, our empire would now stand upon an unassailable foundation, and our religion—thus honored by our practice—would have made an impression which it can never hope to do as things are. At present, I fear, we allow our missionary efforts to lull our consciences to sleep in regard to these matters.

I cannot help thinking that before we try to convert a subject people we ought to do them justice. I allude especially to the case of India. We often hear the enemies of missions (who are by no means always the friends of India) point disparagingly to the small results obtained. The only wonder is that these missions produce any results at all. They are too glaringly inconsistent with the political situation. What is a Christian missionary in India to reply, when, after he has read the Sermon on the Mount, his catechumen asks him: "If these things be so, why did you conquer us? Why do your Sahibs, who say they are Christians, treat us, not like brothers, but like a conquered people? Why do even some of you missionaries, when you have been here some