

scant earnings, and to appreciate the folly of their mortgages and improvidence. She taught them a better method of agriculture (for we teach a girl agriculture at Tuskegee); she taught them what to buy and what not to buy, and she went from cabin to cabin to teach by example a better way of living. After she had remained in that community for some months, a few of these people began to build better houses, others began to get out of debt, ceased to mortgage their crops; and the very first year she worked in that community she taught them to build a better schoolhouse, which the next year was added to, and has continued from year to year; and in three or four years there was a frame schoolhouse on the site of the old log wreck, and all the children were going to school eight months a year, instead of practically not at all.

I wish you might have been with me when I last visited that community a year ago, have gone with me into their cottages containing two or three rooms, into their school, their church, and seen the complete revolution wrought in the entire life of the community.

I asked her one morning if she could tell me more in detail how the changes had been made. "I will tell you how I did it," the girl said. Then she showed me an account book, recording that John Jones had contributed 50 cents, another had given a chicken, another a dozen eggs—these things to be sold for the school. The blacks had scraped and saved to put up that frame schoolhouse before bettering their own homes. And then the girl pulled open the door and showed me two bales of cotton, and said: "We have a little cotton plantation of our own. I have closed my school two hours each day," she added, "and together we have cultivated the grounds around the school. That will give you some idea of how these changes have taken place."

And I am glad that we have been wise enough at Tuskegee to do since what we should have done before, present that young woman with her diploma.

**AN ARGUMENT AND A PLEA FOR THE RIGHTS OF THE EXPLOITED PEOPLES OF THE EARTH.**

Portions of an article written by Sixto Lopez and Thomas T. Patterson for the Springfield Republican, and published in the Weekly Republican of May 6, 1904.

The "blessings of civilization," in their application to what are termed

"nature peoples," form a concise, and, in almost every case, a similar history. The "blessings"—in inverted commas, which should not be confused with the real blessings or benefits attendant upon those within the centers of civilization—are the lees of a purer distillation; they are found only in foreign countries, and are bestowed upon those who have no means of comparing the spurious with the real. Their history begins with the discoverer, continues with the missionary and the trader, and ends in the extinction or the subjugation of the nature peoples and the forcible seizure of their territory. A curious blend of religion and rum, of beads and beatitudes, of grace and greed—the decalogue written with the heart's blood of dark men; a picture of mercy seared upon quivering flesh; a proclamation of love that reaches the heart through an opening made with the sword—these are the "blessings of civilization." A curious blend and a tragic inconsistency; they tell of the glories of heaven—and lay hands upon the treasures of earth; they teach the beauty of chastity—and spread unmentionable diseases; they preach the wisdom of temperance—and open saloons at the corner of every street; they proclaim to the "children of nature" that peace is a jewel from heaven—while Krupp and Maxim ride at anchor in the bay! And when the circle of their destruction is complete, the missionary—still unconscious of the wrong he has unwittingly done—seeks for a new sphere of activity; the trader smiles at the planter and speculates upon future increases of profit; while the politician at home, in a burst of post-prandial eloquence, extols the beneficence and profitableness of "manifest destiny!"

Deny it? No one denies it, but those who have commercial or political interests to serve endeavor to place the responsibility upon some irresponsible agency: "It is fate"—"it is destiny"—"it is Providence!" As if every ill, which we try to overcome or eradicate, were not equally attributable to these agencies. But, then, the self-interested apologist is always ready to humbly submit to Providence—when it pays!

The decay and subjugation of the Hawaiian race have been attributed to several causes; but the explanation which is generally accepted, and which serves to still the conscience of all good men who feel an undefined responsibility for the wrong that has been done, is that it is the inevitable result of an inferior race coming in

contact and in racial competition with a superior—an outcome of the law of the survival of the fittest; and that there is therefore no cure, and only a philosophical regret for such a condition in the supposed natural order of things.

This popular misapprehension and misapplication of Darwin's admirable theory is only another evidence of the truth that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. No one will deny that there is a difference between the Anglo-Saxon and the Hawaiian. The one belongs to an advanced, the other to a primitive race. Each has its place in nature, and the two are no more comparable than a musician is comparable with a mechanic. Now please observe, the contest of the survival of the fittest is not between two different races or species, any more than between musician and mechanic; it occurs between individuals of the same species, or between musician and musician. It is because of this that the highest and the lowest forms of life co-exist at the present time, with innumerable intermediate gradations. For the same reason the Indian prince co-exists with the pariah; the competition is not between the two, but between prince and prince, pariah and pariah.

Nevertheless, Darwin's theory is applicable to the Hawaiian situation, but not in the form of a contest between a superior and an inferior race, and not in a manner that will ease the Anglo-Saxon's conscience or prove creditable to his pretensions. Thus, the contest of the survival of the fittest is not only for food and area, but in the avoidance of enemies and beasts of prey. And here we reach the real solution of the Hawaiian problem. It is the beast of prey that has caused the downfall of the Hawaiian. It was not due to the contest of an inferior with a superior race, but to the contact of a primitive race with the poisonous dregs of an advanced race. It was the whaler and the early trader, steeped in rum and lust, that brought disease and devastation to the Hawaiians; and it was the trader and the planter, possessing some of the intellect of the advanced race, but lacking its moral qualities, that continued the work and consummated the final overthrow of this once vigorous people. A superior race indeed! If the Hawaiians had come in contact with such their history would have been very different. A superior race would have healed, not spread disease; it would have protected, not rebuffed its newly-found fellow man; it would have confirmed him in his territorial possessions and given him of its religion, its wisdom, its mor-

ality and its law, protecting him from the vampires of its own race. A superior race would have lived its religion, not merely preached it; its morality would have been of everyday practice, not something merely to point to in a book containing ten commandments. But instead of all this there was the missionary, who, though self-denying and devoted, was usually narrow-minded, without knowledge of the world and its larger problems, and quite unconscious of the mischief he was working. By his "zeal without knowledge," he gained for the white man the confidence of the native population; he unwittingly became the "confidence-man" of the vampire who followed him. The vampire was in turn succeeded by the wolf in sheep's clothing—the "respectable" trader and planter—who scorned to indulge in petty fraud, and so took the whole country, in order that there should be no more defrauding of the natives!

These are the processes which have gone on in Hawaii for the last century, and which are now going on in the eastern and southern seas. In order to succeed in such a contest, the Hawaiians might have had to evolve, not, mark you, a higher or a more moral type, but a new type of vampire—a vampire capable of withstanding rum and the diseases of licentiousness, and an equal or a superior in every form of devilry condemned between Genesis and Revelation! Besides, there is this important point: the contest is never a fair one, for if the vampire be overthrown by the rough-and-ready methods of the primitive race, the advanced race sends a warship to his rescue. The contest might be simplified if the primitive race were allowed to treat the vampire according to his deserts. But although the advanced race will not protect the primitive race from the vampire, it protects the vampire from the primitive race. It is, therefore, not the survival of the fittest, but the survival of the worst, owing to the protection of the strongest.

But in any case, responsibility cannot thus be avoided by an appeal to natural law. Leprosy and smallpox are natural products; do we bow resignedly to Nature in these cases? Do we allow leprosy to wither, and smallpox to run riot, and then wait for the survival of the fittest? Nature might, indeed, evolve a type of being which would be immune to these diseases; it would be the fittest, but would it be the best? We know that it would not necessarily be a high or a moral type,

for the set of conditions which evolve an immune are not the same as those which evolve a moral or an intellectual being. The philosopher and the divine are just as likely to fall a victim to these diseases as are the farm laborer or the burglar. Accordingly, we apply our best energies to isolate, to prevent, to cure and to eradicate disease. But we do not isolate our moral leper; on the contrary, we turn him loose and protect him while he works destruction upon those whose confidence has been gained by missionary enterprise, and by the preaching of a religion, which, if lived, would not result in the extermination of a race or the seizure of its territory.

It is still a far cry to a realization of the great wrong that is being done to primitive peoples; and until the wrong has been realized, and especially by those in high places, there is little hope of salvation from the curse of "the blessings of civilization."

#### MULLIGAN ON PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES.

For The Public.

"I see be the Dally Pathriot that Bryan won't endorse Parker's candidacy," remarked Donovan, between the striking of the match and the applying of it to his pipe. Mulligan made no reply.

"Schmeel thinks Bryan is hard to please," Donovan added. Still Mulligan was silent. Donovan puffed industriously for a few moments, and then tried again:

"Parker has a good rippytation; he never done any dirt fo Bryan; he voted for Bryan."

"And ye think it would be the part av an amiable gintleman for Mistor Bryan to return the compliment be voting for Mistor Parker?" suggested Mulligan.

"I do," answered Donovan.

"So oo I," said Mulligan.

Donovan glanced inquiringly at his friend, but got no satisfaction.

"So you think Bryan ought to support Parker?"

"I do not."

"But ye said—"

"I said it would be the part av an amiable gintleman to return a compliment. But there's such a thing as being too amiable, Donovan. Ye might lend me tin dollars, and ye'd get it back again; but what if I'd lend ye tin dollars?" said Mulligan, with a wink at Flynn.

"If ye'd lend me tin dollars," retorted Donovan, "I'd buy out Flynn's

grocery; an' no man be the name av Mulligan would get any credit at my shtore!"

"Wouldn't ye give me credit to the extint av tin dollars?"

"I would not; nor tin cints!" cried Donovan, puffing hard at his pipe, in keen enjoyment of the banter.

"Did ye ever put any money in the bank, Donovan?"

"More nor ever ye did, begorra!"

"And they tuk good care av ut, an' gave ut back when ye axed for ut?"

"They did; as much as I wanted."

"Did the bank ever return the compliment be axin' ye to take care av any av its money?"

"Never."

"It's a wonder the bank wouldn't do so amiable and gintlemanly a thing by ye, Donovan!"

"But I can get money of the bank be giving security."

"And Parker could 'ave had Bryan's suppoort on those same turrums," exclaimed Mulligan. "Circumstances have made Mistor Bryan a principal custodian av the political interests av the American people; and the man to whom he delivers up those interests will have to put up securities, the forfeiture av which would leave him as morally bankrupt as Grover Cleveland has been, from the day that he betrayed the people into the hands of that captain av industrial and commercial piracy, J. Pierpont Morgan! Mistor Bryan is a leader among men by virtue av the only 'divine right,' that av dimonshtrated fitness. And wan ilimint av 'is fitness is in the fact that no man nor coterie av men can injuce him to resign his sacred trust to the keeping av a suspicious character—even though that same suspicious character voted for Mistor Bryan when he was up for the presidency. The bank is trustworthy because av its caution as to whom it trusts—and so is Bryan!"

"But how does Bryan know that Parker isn't thrustworthy?" persisted Donovan.

"He infers it, from the names attached to his credentials," answered Mulligan: "Grover Cleveland, a political traitor; D. B. Hill, a political hypocrite, who speaks when he thinks he can mislead, and otherwise is still—very still; the Brooklyn Eagle, a 'Democrat' paper that hates the thing from which its false name is derived; these are leading names on Parker's credentials. Grover Cleveland was elected to the presidency on the Democrat ticket, betrayed the party and the people while in office, and fought against it in the last two campaigns.