

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.

FRANCIS LEANDER KING.
Worcester, Mass.

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

time, begin to copy them, and put a distance between yourselves and us?" I think an honest missionary must sometimes feel uncomfortable, as he reads the New Testament with his converts. But he does not make many, and he must be often sorely in doubt as to the motives of those he does make. For in India, Christianity is the way to worldly advancement. The people of India also suspect our motives, and think that while we profess to be anxious to establish the religion of Christ, we are really trying to strengthen the foundations of the British empire. And I must say that I have heard missionary sermons at home which almost made me think the same thing. . . .

Many years ago, in his book on "Representative Government," John Stuart Mill uttered some of the weightiest words he ever spoke, words which must commend themselves to all thoughtful persons, as at least worthy of long and careful consideration. They are to be found in the chapter entitled: "Government of Dependencies by a Free State."

The government of a people by itself, has a meaning and a reality; but such a thing as government of one people by another does not and cannot exist. One people may keep another as a warren or preserve for its own use, a place to make money in, a human cattle-farm to be worked for the profit of its own inhabitants. But if the good of the governed is the proper business of a government, it is utterly impossible that a people should directly attend to it. The utmost they can do is to give some of their best men a commission to look after it. . . . Let any one consider how the English themselves would be governed, if they knew and cared no more about their own affairs, than they know and care about the affairs of the Hindoos. Even this comparison gives no adequate idea of the state of the case; for a people thus indifferent to politics altogether, would probably be simply acquiescent, and let the government alone; whereas in the case of India, a politically active people like the English, amidst habitual acquiescence, are every now and then interfering, and almost always in the wrong place. . . . Now, if there be a fact to which all experience testifies, it is that when a country holds another in subjection, the individuals of the ruling people who resort to the foreign country to make their fortunes, are of all others those who most need to be held under powerful restraint. . . . Wherever the demoralizing effect of the situation is not in a most remarkable degree corrected by the personal character of the individual, they think the people of the country are dirt under their feet; it seems to them monstrous that any rights of the natives should stand in the way of their smallest pretensions. . . . The government itself, free from this spirit, is never able sufficiently to keep it down. . . .

The settlers, not the natives, have the ear of the public at home.

These are the words of a man who knew what he was talking about. Mill's father, as well as Mill himself, had a close official knowledge of the government of India. Mill was not theorizing, he was speaking of that which he had seen and heard. And it is all as true to-day as when the words were written. I have heard intelligent young Indians, who had never seen this book, making the very same statements out of their own experience. I particularly wish to insist upon that expression, "the demoralizing effect of the situation," because it is the key to the whole problem, and yet is a consideration we entirely ignore. If we did not ignore it, we could never be so easily persuaded that all is sure to be well in a dependency governed by Englishmen. We should know that it is in the nature of things most unlikely that all should be well—that it is pretty certain the whole situation is demoralizing alike for governors and governed.

The relation of conqueror to conquered is an odious one. It closely resembles that of master and slave. It inevitably makes the one overbearing, arrogant and unscrupulous, and the other deceitful and time-serving. It is, like all injustice, doubly cursed. It implies a radically false position, the assumption of a superiority which is not moral—for, if it were moral, there would be no need to hedge it about with insulting distinctions and unfair privileges. No man can bear to be constantly reminded of his inferiority, but neither can any man bear to be constantly reminded of his superiority. A habit of insolent contempt is formed which in the good-natured is often no worse than a passive ignoring of the existence of the despised. Whether it is active or only passive depends on the temperament and character of the individual Englishman. But there is always the invidious distinction; the conquered are always made to feel the presence of the intruder, of the conqueror. . . .

This contempt of the natives is not a mere matter of "sentiment;" it translates itself at every moment into hard fact. It affects our whole method of government, in which we persistently ignore national character and tradition. The present situation in India is a glaring instance of this. In former times a kind of sliding scale taxed the farmer according

to the goodness or badness of the crops. In a good year he paid a larger percentage than in a bad. The tax was not taken until the crop was reaped, and in years when the crop was entirely lost no tax at all was taken. This was the Law of Manu, and its justice and wisdom are obvious. But we thought we knew a better way—or, at any rate, a way more convenient for our officials. So we struck an average of the crop which each field may be expected to yield, and were mightily proud of our calculations as being far superior to the rough and ready native way. It was nothing to us that our system meant demanding every few years a tax upon crops which had never come above ground. Far from this, we have been so in love with our plan that we make a new settlement every few years, each time getting down lower and lower in the scale, not of payment but of payer, making the meshes of the great fiscal net smaller and smaller, to take in the gudgeons and the minnows, until now we are taxing the rag which the wretched peasant wraps about his loins, and enforcing a salt tax at a rate of 4,000 per cent. We excuse ourselves by saying that he has nothing else which we can tax, and the British taxpayer hears this without a qualm—the same taxpayer who clamors for his own "free breakfast table"—and whose average taxable margin is £4 3s. 2d. yearly, while the average yearly taxable margin of the Indian is two-pence, half-penny! This is the sort of thing that Mill meant when he said that the despotism exercised by a free country over a conquered state can easily become the worst of all, because it is exercised from a distance and is ignorant of the facts of the case.

There is perhaps no Indian matter which the British public understands so imperfectly as Indian famine, and those that think that the Englishman can do no wrong ask triumphantly if we are to blame for the failure of the rains of heaven. It is not

*Sir William Wedderburn, in an article on "The Starving Rayat," in India, for March, 1896, says: "The Rayat cannot be brought to see the justice of making a demand upon him when he has not even food for himself and his family. He says: 'In former days there were rajas that were good, and others that were bad; the good ones took a small share of our crops, and the bad a large share; but heaven never before sent us a government which takes from us when we have no crop at all.'"

our fault that the rains do not fall; but it is our fault that their failure produces such terrible consequences. In temperate climates famine is something abnormal, it comes as a surprise, we are astonished at it; but in India, famine is periodical; once in every five years at least the rainfall is more or less insufficient, the result being a famine of more or less severity. Famine in India is a contingency to be provided against, as in England we provide against frost, although it does not come every year. Famine in India is a fact to be reckoned with, and we have reckoned with it—but how? By taking care that land “settlements” shall be so arranged, that though the rain may fail, the taxes shall not. I refer to the system of “averages,” which, at first sight, may appear fair, but which does not and which never will appear so to the Indian cultivator. There is another point about Indian famines which the British public never takes into account. In England a bad “harvest” means that grain is a failure; the root crops may be good, the grass may be good, everything is not necessarily lost. But in tropical India, little rain means a bad crop all round; no rain means no crop at all. The Indian cultivator, with his long memory of famine years, thinks that the only fair arrangement is that he shall pay a percentage on the crops actually growing in his fields, which of course would mean that if there was no crop he would pay nothing, and this would embarrass the Indian exchequer.

We have, therefore, adopted the system of averages, the effect of which is that even in the worst of years the tax must be found. The above statement as to the margin of two-pence, half-penny will show how impossible it is for the ryot to have saved enough from the good year to pay for the bad; even in the good years he is taxed above that which he is able to bear. In the bad year he must borrow, and the usurer is always ready. As security he must pledge whatever he has; his plow, oxen, and the surplus of next year's crops. That next year may, perhaps, be so good that it may pay a part of its lean predecessor, but then little is left for himself. At the best, he is a fortunate man if he can work himself out of debt during the good years which separate one scarcity from another. Can that be a good government, can that be a just taxation, which makes this

state of things perennial? No wonder that the ryot lives upon one meal a day, not of rice, as his British fellow subjects fondly imagine—rice is much too dear—but of some even less wholesome mess of cheap grain. He has his one meal and if he is still hungry, he tightens his dhooly (waist cloth), upon which he has paid a tax.

In a fit of remorse and shame at the consequence of our own neglect of warnings, before the terrible famine which must always be a painful page in the history of Lord Lawrence's administration, we promised to set aside a “famine fund,” but we allowed this fund to be drawn upon to pay for the useless and mischievous expedition to Chitral. The serious famine of 1896, regarded by Indians as the worst of the century, overtook us with this deficit still to be made up. No greater proof could be given of our entire ignorance of the true situation than the admiration we expressed at our own generosity in subscribing so large a sum to the Indian famine fund of 1896. We appeared quite oblivious of the truth that we were first draining India of her money, and then returning her, by way of charity, a little of her own. But though we thus impose on ourselves we do not impose on our neighbors. Foreign nations believe that these famines are the result of our taxation, and even allege that famine is a symptom of British rule. . . .

The idea of innate superiority is an essentially immoral idea. Of course, there are enormous actual inequalities; it would be absurd to pretend that the Hottentot is not in many important respects “inferior” to any of the races of Europe. But it makes all the difference in the world to us whether we regard this “inferiority” as temporary or as permanent. An infant is certainly “inferior” to a full-grown man; but suppose it possible that in some imaginary state, the population consisted entirely of adults, who for some unknown cause had entirely forgotten that they themselves had once been children. If one of them found an infant by the roadside, he would certainly consider it a very “inferior” creature; he might even think it hardly worth preserving. If he thought it could never improve, never grow any stronger and more intelligent than it was when he happened to find it, an inarticulate infant, hardly able to find the way to its own mouth, he would assuredly not think it was worth much to the commonwealth.

Now the case of the less-developed

nations is analogous to the state of infancy, or of childhood, in an ordinary “civilized” human being. Give the man and the nation time and favorable conditions, and they will grow to satisfactory manhood and nationhood. Refuse them these conditions, and time will do about as much for them as it does for a child left to grow up as it can, without education or training. In the case of our own children, we have long known that we must not leave them to “nature,” as some of the philosophers of the last century proposed. Very few of them had any children of their own, or knew anything about children, or they would have known that children left to “nature” would grow up incapable of human speech and would eat like pigs, and that it would require many generations of such training as these “children of nature” could give their children, before they reached the level of Hottentots. The beginnings of civilization are very slow, when “nature” is left to herself and not aided by civilization from without.

But, alas, civilization from without usually approaches “barbarians” in the shape of robbery and murder. The first lesson it teaches the “savage” is how to kill his enemies with greater certainty, and greater safety to himself—not the noblest lesson in the world. And if the savage pupil survives this first lesson, the next thing he learns is how to forget his woes in bad brandy. Moreover, civilization invents for him sins he never knew before. For he has been used to the open veldt, or the primeval forest, where every man might take what he wanted for himself; but presently he finds himself shut out from his old haunts; all the common property has become the peculiar private property of the white man, and if the savage wants anything now, he has to steal it. He began by carefully carrying a broken pipe for six weeks, till he met a white man to whom to restore it; but when the white man has disinherited him, what wonder if the “savage” recoups himself with a little pilfering?

The deterioration which usually fol-

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lows intercourse with the white man is to the reproach of the white man, not of the black.

FATHERLAND.

Native land, earth so fair,
Babbling brooks and balmy air,
Songs of nature tuned to bliss,
Is there land so fair as this?

Land for which our fathers fought,
Land that with their blood was bought,
Not to hold 'neath tyrant's rod,
But by law of nature's God.

In trust for all; (God writ the deed)
Every nation, tongue and creed,
Not in fee to will away,
But for tenants of to-day.

Men have dared this law repeal,
Law of God: "Thou shalt not steal."
Plutus throned upon the earth,
Overrules our right of birth.

Tho' we love thy rocks and rills,
We have neither woods nor hills.
Greed that grovels in the mud,
Holds by deed our fathers' blood.

Mother earth, dost hear our sigh?
Wilt thou, when we come to die,
Hide us where the cactus bloom—
Lest they oust us from the tomb?
—Dr. D. W. Bartlett, in Weekly Times of
Houston, Tex.

The British officers in the Transvaal, who are inclined to enjoy a joke, whatever the reaction, are delighted with an anecdote relating to an interview between Kitchener and the Boer general, Botha.

At the conclusion of the fruitless conference to arrange terms of peace, Botha said:

"Well, I must be gone."

"Don't be in a hurry," said Kitchener, hospitably. "You haven't got to catch a train."

"But that's just what I have got to do," answered Botha, as he took his leave.

And so he had, for two days later he caught and looted a train on the Delagoa line not far from the place of meeting.—Youth's Companion.

The Tory—If it hadn't been for Gladstone's weak policy we would not be having this trouble with the Boers.

The Liberal—But what if that policy had not been changed?

G. T. E.

Gov. Taft, who has been set up as ruler over those islands with practically unlimited authority, has directed that the judicial officers of the United States in that far-off possession shall not take an oath to support the constitution of the government which has appointed them, but for the usual form of oath shall be substituted one binding them to obey "the supreme authority." A parallel to this procedure has never been

furnished in the history of republican government.—Atlanta Journal.

If the Cubans had a taste for metaphysics they might take up the old question of free will and necessity.—Puck.

Wife—Here's an advertisement in the paper that you'd better look into. It says a man is wanted, and he won't be worked to death, and he'll get paid enough to live on.

Husband—Says he won't be worked to death, eh?

Wife—Yes; and they promise pay enough to live on.

Husband—Some catch about that!—London Fun.

"Papa, what does it mean to be blase?"

"My boy, it is getting tired of all the things that are not worth living for."—Life.

MAGAZINES.

—Of the morbid tendency to discover superior human qualities in "blood and breeding," which is making rapid headway in American social life, the opening story in Harper's Magazine is an illustration. A touch or two more would make it a satire. It is not intended, however, to satirize, but rather to apotheosize, and the writer is too good an artist to over color his picture. He has drawn it exactly to the taste of lovers of "good blood." An antidote may be found in the Cosmopolitan for July—an equally serious and professedly true story, by Katrina Trask, entitled "Constance Weatherell and Bridget Brady."

—The Century for August contains an historical paper of unusual interest and extraordinary value. It is by William Trant, who writes of "The Paris Commune, Thirty Years After." Mr. Trant corrects the respectably vulgar notion that the Paris commune was an uprising of communists. He explains clearly what well informed persons have all along understood, that the uprising was not communistic, but municipalistic, or, as we should say, an uprising in support of local self-government. The misapprehension has arisen from a confusion in English thought of the French "communists," meaning municipalists, with the English "communists," meaning almost anything atrocious that ignorance associates it with. Mr. Trant also testifies strongly that the charges of atrocity made against the communists are unfounded. He is evidently not a partisan of either side, but his testimony goes to show that the Thiers party was quite as brutal as the communists, and with less to excuse them. The paper is all the more valuable because it is followed by an article hostile to the communists, by Archibald Forbes, to which Mr. Trant effectively though judiciously replies.

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