

electricity, etc., to the inhabitants of a city, or of operating street cars, is a business which in its very nature cannot be carried on without a delegation from the government to private individuals or corporations of a governmental function, either the exercise of the right of eminent domain or the monopoly of public highways. These two may be regarded as the same function; for when the right of eminent domain is exercised in such cases it is for the purpose of establishing what is essentially a highway. Private ownership of the franchises necessary for the carrying on of those businesses, therefore, involves public government by private interests; and that is a mother evil which can breed nothing but evils.

If car tracks could be owned by the municipality and used freely by competing car owners, I should favor municipal ownership of the tracks, and private competitive operation of rolling stock, just as the municipality now owns the brick or asphalt pavements which the owners of vehicles adapted to that kind of pavement freely use—for railroad tracks in a street are in truth only a species of pavement. But if operation of the rolling stock and ownership of the tracks must be in the same hands, then the proper hands are those of the municipality. Operation is in that case a necessary incident to ownership of right of way, and the incident should be subservient and not superior to the right or function to which it attaches. The municipality should never be divested of ownership of right of way. In all cases in which it has been divested of that right, the right should be restored to it, with all inseparable incidents, as one of its inalienable functions.

The same reasoning applies to all other highway monopolies. When right of way and right of operation are inseparable, right of operation becomes a mere incident of right of way; and as ownership of right of way is essentially a government function, right of operation becomes a government function also, notwithstanding that, if separable from right of way, it would be a private function.

Many reasons for municipal ownership might be enumerated, to which I should assent; but it seems to me that in the last analysis they would all resolve into the fundamental reason I have mentioned and tried to explain.

The Chinese were not entirely wrong in their views about foreign devils. There are some.—Puck.

A GREATER "TRUST" THAN HAS BEEN.

Editorial in Montreal Daily Star, of April 8.

The New York Sun declares that there is a scheme afloat to create a railway trust compared to which the United States Steel corporation with its capital of over a billion dollars will be rather a small affair. There is nothing essentially improbable in the story. Financial combinations are the order of the day, and they are so generally successful that it is no wonder their development occasions the greatest alarm among the people of this continent. The scope of their influence is by no means limited to the ostensible objects for which they are formed. The Standard Oil trust has its fingers in lots of things besides coal oil. In one line of business after another independent enterprise is being crushed out of existence. A combination of the transportation interests of the United States will have every farmer, every merchant, every manufacturer at its mercy. The American people will still have their glorious personal freedom. The constitution guarantees that. They will be absolutely free to do anything they want to do, but to buy and sell, to eat and drink, to work for wages, to travel, to light their houses, to go to dramatic or vaudeville entertainments, to wear clothes and to do a few little things of that sort, except upon the terms dictated by their Sovereign Lords the Trusts. With these trifling exceptions, the American people will still enjoy absolute freedom, and will still be able to look with pity upon the downtrodden nations of Europe, oppressed by royal tyrants and privileged aristocracies.

The serfs, vassals and villeins of Europe may not be able to appreciate the subtle superiority of the American type of serfdom, vassalage and villeinage, but it is there all right. The present generation of Europeans have inherited their bonds; the present generation of Americans can proudly boast that they are self-made people and have themselves forged the fetters that hold them, and they can boast that they have forged the fetters strong enough and good enough for the purpose. The first step in forming a "trust" or "combine" is to go to a legislature composed of representatives of the people and ask for legislation to authorize the deal, and whenever there is found a link in the chain that needs to be strengthened or lengthened resort is had to legislative enactment. Slavery there may be

once more in the land of the free, but it will be white slavery, and the chains and fetters will not be rusty with age for a long time to come.

Unless we are very far astray, the census of the United States taken this year will reveal an appalling concentration of wealth in that country. It does not always and necessarily follow that where wealth accumulates men decay. The resources of the country are so great and the quality of the people so good, that it is to be hoped that the census may not show a diminution of the average wealth proportioned to these huge accumulations in the hands of a few millionaires and billionaires. But it must be evident that the financial tide is not running in the direction of the greatest good to the greatest number. Forces are being brought into existence which seriously menace the interests and the practical freedom of the masses of the people. To check these forces is a problem for the highest and best American statesmanship and one of infinitely more importance to the people of the United States than any questions of foreign policy.

"THE HEROISM OF THE BATTLEFIELD."

An extract from an article by Jos. Dana Miller, in the October Arena, entitled "Militarism or Manhood?"

Advocates of "the strenuous life" defend the continuance of war as necessary for the development of the virtue of physical courage, or at all events justify war as furnishing opportunities for heroism. As well might one ask for immunity for "firebugs" on the ground that they furnish opportunities for heroism to members of the fire department. But one may doubt if the battlefield affords the highest examples of physical courage. The anesthetics of battle smoke and battle music induce a sort of somnambulistic state in which prodigies of valor may be performed. Even the Chinese possess a passive courage superior to that of any known race. Most of the heroism exhibited on the battlefield is of the passive sort, disguised somewhat by the activity of maneuver, the noise of cannon and the onslaught of cavalry. There is but a small individual initiative to the great fighting mass. A French philosopher said that the art of creating soldiers was to make them more afraid of their own officers than of the enemy. To make more certain the death that awaits them in the rear, and less certain that which awaits them in front, is

to secure armies of effective fighting force.

Philippe de Segur said a man could not be a hero without an iron constitution. Such heroism, then, is largely physical—largely a matter of temperament. In the old days, when it was foot to foot, eye to eye, and hilt to hilt, this heroism had something of the picturesque about it, which is essentially lacking in modern methods of warfare.

We need a popular revision of the word "courage;" we must understand that it is of different kinds, possessed in its lowest manifestations by all animals, even the rodent. We hear now and then of "the enervating influence of peace" upon the nation; but what inspires to the highest courage in the defense of rights is not familiarity with the experiences of war—it springs from the consciousness of having rights worth defending, and dies only with the loss of liberty.

We hear of "the cankers of a calm world and a long peace." How "cankerous" Paradise must seem to the writer of that famous line! But if war has its moral uses, then is that steady progress of the race toward the humanizing spirit that constantly mitigates against war an essentially deplorable thing. The growing antagonism between war and the developed moral consciousness must be wrong if war is right. But is not an argument in favor of "the moral uses" of war all beside the mark? No nation ever made war because it regarded war as beneficial.

Now, it is the easiest thing in the world to be moved by the warlike spirit, the cry of patriotism, the girding of arms by the nation for war; but it is a more difficult, as it is a more heroic thing, to stand in opposition—to speak boldly the word of protest, if conscience be against the war. But it is this higher courage that the military spirit visits with the name of cowardice. Is there any lack of heroism in the humbler walks of life? Pick up the daily paper, and in almost any issue you can read stories that illustrate its possession in the very highest degree. We have no lack of heroes; the annals of our fire department, our police force, our railroad service, will tell a story as full of heroic incident as any chronicle of bloody wars. But for that higher courage, of which civil life is full and militarism does so much to quench, we shall find few examples in army life. The long line of epau-

leted perjurers who took the stand in the Dreyfus case made a momentary lifting of the veil from a spectacle of moral stultification which the atmosphere of militarism lays upon the consciences of men.

THE FIGHT OF PENNSYLVANIA AGAINST PENNSYLVANIA.

After the usual speeches and the usual applause, after the average men saying their average inanities to an average approval had finished, Thersites got up and made them all angry with his growl. This was the growl of Thersites:

You people have overdone Quay. Quay is unduly honored. Quay is not a disease. He is the symptom of a disease. Quay is not a dynamo. He is its spark. You land your blows on Quay fast and hard. Quay is unhurt. Why? Because Quay is not the offender. Quay is the offense. Quay knows that no blow that hits him as a person hurts. He puts his tongue into his cheek and goes fishing, while your wrath blues and reds the atmosphere of your village. What is Quay to you or what are you to Quay that you should hate him or he should fear you? Quay knows better than you do that he takes, does not give, opportunity. Quay knows that all his chances are offered him in your open palm. He knows that he does not own a dollar you have not given him, nor wield one graft of political power not granted him by you. You are his perennial source of income and influence. What does this mean, my dear friend? It means that your war is not with Quay, but with yourself. It means that if you really wish to get rid of Quay, you must first get rid of yourself. It means that all discipleship of dirty senatorships and dirty mayoralties finally rests in you. Quay does right then when, accused, he turns accuser.

There was a wild hubbub at this point in the proceedings. But Thersites, despite vague murmurs, outcries and oburgatory gestures all over the hall, continued his rabid discourse:

Do you know, fellow fools, all the crimes we charge to the politicians are your crimes and mine on horseback. Our innocent weaknesses aggregated and taken into public life assume the nature and proportions of a colossal arrogance. They come back to oppress us. We are our own damners and our own saviors. Here, tonight, we have puffed ourselves red in the cheeks denouncing Quay. We can get rid of Quay offhand any moment we really wish to. You are his prop. You are his apologist. You, the dear people, the apotheosized citizenship of Pennsylvania, denouncing this man with your lips, in your hearts are down on your knees offering him tribute. You are the ground under his feet. Not every man of you. But the big "you" as a whole—the "you" that makes up our total statehood. Quay is a moonbeam, a sun ray, anything except a source of power. Quay, instead of being the greatest, is in fact the least, factor in the whole problem. It'll be a darned sight easier proposition to get rid of Quay than to get rid of the social ignorance, conceit and indifference that are his creators. Quay can be got rid of by a blow. The other thing can only be got rid of by a proc-

ess of growth that will try the last patience of the man who is eager to purify his state. Quay is invited to do what he does, and is then blamed by his inviters for doing what he is invited to do. You volunteer your purse to the highwayman and call him a criminal if he takes it. He would be worse than an ingrate if he denied you the pleasure of being robbed. You like to be robbed. If you were not robbed, you would have no one to excite your virtue to expression. In the end, under the right focusing, Quay, instead of being a malefactor, a stealer of forbidden office, is a benefactor, eating Edenic fruit provided by you, his prayerful host.

Thersites was having no go-as-you-please in making this speech. But he was not dismayed by the bludgeoning vocalism of his hearers. When they got tired of their noises, he would resume his speech. Finally he managed to add and conclude with this:

Let's go to roots. We've fooled long enough above the surface of this matter. Let's look into your heart, my heart, the common heart. Let's take our picks and shovels there and first clear ourselves of the debris whose existence is the primary guarantee of political transgression. I've got in my own heart a devil of a big Quay. Until I can evict the tenant, what right have I to make faces at my perfectly honest representative in Washington? For it is not Matthew Stanley Quay who is dishonest. It is I who am dishonest—I, Pennsylvania; I, the boasted citizenship of a mock commonwealth; I, the two and four of political iniquity whatever momentary form it may chance to take. Instead of holding public meetings to denounce Quay, we should hold meetings in his honor. We should apologize to Quay for all the hard words we have addressed to him. We should recognize in his face our own lineaments, and in his career the average ideal. Quay? Quay is essential Pennsylvania. Quay is the high tide and low tide of your common honor. A few men may ascend, a few descend, from the Quay level. But Quay is present Pennsylvania. To speak of either one is to speak of the other. Whether you take off your hat to Quay or to the coat-of-arms of the state—the act is in effect of one color. That is why I say the fight is not Quay versus Pennsylvania, but Pennsylvania versus Pennsylvania. That is why I venture the cruel paradox that each Pennsylvanian is his own Quay, and that in order to get rid of Quay he must first dust out the neglected corners of his own heart.

Thersites had contrived to have his say. Not one of his auditors approved. But there was a wise man sitting in the senate at Washington whose applause was heard in Philadelphia.—Horace L. Traubel, in City and State for March 28.

ANTI-IMPERIALISM IS MORE ALIVE THAN EVER.

For The Public.

It would be amusing, if it were not so blusshless a self-confession of false-pretense, to observe the importance which the organs of imperialism attach to the capture of Aguinaldo. For years the organs and orators of