

**ALBERT L. JOHNSON.**

Unlike his distinguished brother, the mayor of Cleveland, Albert L. Johnson had entered upon no political career; but he was only less known and influential than his brother in business connections, and his sudden death may not unlikely have a prejudicial effect upon railroad enterprises of great magnitude and revolutionary character.

It was Mr. Johnson's dream, as matter of business and not philanthropy, to establish a great transportation service upon the basis of cost. He had brought that dream within sight of realization. Neither the confidence nor the cooperation of capitalists was lacking for the construction of his proposed swift trolley lines between New York and Philadelphia, and their operation within the cities for fares of three cents and between them for a small fraction of the present steam car fares. The only obstacles yet to be overcome were the opposition of conflicting interests and the more or less corrupt antagonism of public officials.

In his long experience as a railroad man Mr. Johnson's record was unique in other respects, but in none more so than in his relations to the labor interests of the roads he managed. A practical man, not infrequently doing the work of a motorman himself, he was hail fellow with the employes as with everyone else; and it is reported that no employes of his ever went upon strike. So far from opposing the organizations of unions among the men upon his roads, he never waited for the men to venture upon that undertaking, which is somewhat hazardous under most railroad managers, but advised and encouraged them to organize.

With such a record as a monopoly magnate, together with an affectionate and confiding association with his elder brother, it was almost inevitable that Mr. Johnson should be a democrat. And he was one. He was a democrat of the same sterling type as his brother, whose lead he had followed into the service of the principles for which Henry George's name stands preeminent. It was no party label that attracted him, nor yet the traditions of the south from which he

came and for whose lost cause his father had fought. It was the profound principle of democracy itself, the inextinguishable doctrine of equal human rights.

Albert L. Johnson died a millionaire. Much of his wealth was earned by exceptionally useful work. But much came to him unearned, through social maladjustments. Over these he had no more control than the poorest man he employed, but his greater influence was thrown in the scale against them. The high merit of his career is that he never lost what seemed to him to be an opportunity to promote their destruction. No one, be he pauper or millionaire, can do more.

**MACVEAGH'S CLASS AGAINST CLASS ORATION.**

Of all the college speeches of the year, the most impressive is that of Wayne MacVeagh, formerly attorney general of the United States. It was the Phi Beta Kappa oration, delivered on the 27th at Harvard. This address sounds a sharp note of warning, and it would be well for coming generations not remote if we of this time were to give it heed.

Mr. MacVeagh declared, according to the brief reports of the press dispatches, that American voters are already divided into two distinct classes—"those who are contented with their lot," and "those who are discontented with their lot;" and that—

under whatever disguises, called by whatever names, inheriting or seizing whatever partisan organizations, the alignment of the two great political divisions of American voters who will sooner or later struggle against each other for the possession of the government will inevitably be upon that basis. The party of the contented will be ranged under one banner and the party of the discontented will be ranged under the other, and that alignment will steadily develop increasing sharpness of division, until the party of the discontented, being the majority, has obtained the control of the government, to which under our system they are entitled, and then they will be sure to remodel the present system for the distribution of wealth, unless we have previously done so, upon bases wiser and more equitable than those now existing. The one party will be, under whatever name, the party of capital, and the other

party will be, under whatever name, the party of labor.

Had Mr. Bryan said this, he would be denounced as a demagogue, although he has never in his brief but brilliant public life shown the slightest tendency to demagogism. A more candid man or sturdy character does not figure in our political history. With the firmness of Cleveland, he has none of Cleveland's stubbornness; with the suavity of McKinley, he is without McKinley's studied smoothness. Robust in mind as in body, he stands squarely for what he believes, and speaks plainly and simply of what he sees. But because he has uttered the same warning that MacVeagh now gives out, the friends of both Cleveland and McKinley have denounced him as a demagogic disturber, seeking to array class against class. They cannot denounce Mr. MacVeagh. He is a Brahmin among them. They may minimize the importance of his utterance, or placidly argue away its significance, but they cannot call him "demagogue," as they do Bryan, for he sits with them at the upper end of the table. Bryan may be called demagogue, because his place is below the salt.

Notwithstanding the protestations of the comfortable classes that there are no classes in this country, the fact that there are is so familiar that it cannot be excluded from common speech. Every one falls insensibly into the mention of this class or that. We speak of the upper class, the lower class, the middle class; of the rich class and the poor class; of the educated class and the ignorant class—by which we do not distinguish real education from ignorance, but cults from the mass; and there is a growing disposition among the "better classes" to crystallize these distinctions into law, by disfranchising the "lower classes." To object to these class crystallizations is to incur the displeasure of the superior sets, and to evoke the accusation, as Bryan has, of setting class against class.

It is a remarkable and suggestive fact that whenever one class perpetually wrongs another it is in perennial fear that some one will set class against class. There was nothing more dreaded by the oppressing class in slavery days than slave insurrec-