

## PRESS OPINIONS

### Minnesota's Good Example.

Christian Science Monitor (Boston) May 13.—By conserving its natural resources, preserving its gifts from the nation, husbanding its revenues and income from land sales and from timber and iron ore royalties, and by holding intact all accretions to the capital thus acquired and intended to be used in furtherance of educational and other public purposes, Minnesota has accumulated a trust fund amounting to \$30,221,418, a sum exceeding, it is held, that of the combined funds of similar character in twenty out of the twenty-five States east of the Mississippi river. . . . This is something to be justly proud of, and wherever there is opportunity for any state or any province in any country now laying the foundations of government and society to secure as patrimony for the schools large tracts of undeveloped territory, the example of Minnesota may well be potent. Take long rather than short views of the problem. Let the increment of value that follows growth of population come to the State and to the schools rather than to speculators in lands. If money is needed immediately derive it from leases and rentals and not from sales. If mineral wealth is discovered retain title but permit mining on a royalty basis. Thus may a State or province endow its own educational institutions, lessen the burden of direct taxation, and avoid repinings over waste of capital entrusted to it by the central government.



### Pity the Poor Rich!

Daily News and Leader (London) May 8.—Mr. Pretyman once more lifted up his voice yesterday and wept over the sorrows of the unhappy rich, crushed under the weight of income tax, super-tax death duties, mineral duties and "the ridiculous system of land taxes." One answer to these lamentations Mr. Herbert Samuel supplied with commendable promptitude. The income chargeable to super-tax has increased by £8,000,000 in the last two years—from £141,000,000 to £149,000,000—so that in spite of Mr. Lloyd George's whips and scorpions and in spite of the "flight of capital" and the absence of Tariff "Reform," the rich, like the mass of their neighbors, are getting richer and richer with astonishing rapidity. Mr. Snowden is not exaggerating when he says that there are "hundreds of millions" which can be drawn upon in an emergency; and it is a fact obvious to the naked eye that the pleasures of the wealthy have not as yet been restricted in any degree by the taxation which moves their champions to such vehement outcries. Fashionable life was never more costly and extravagant than it is at present; and the real burden of taxation on the average working man is certainly equal to and probably greater than any which the ordinary wealthy person with all these much decried imposts upon him ever has to face.



### The World Moves.

Cleveland Press, April 30.—At the Democratic

State convention in Columbus in 1894, Tom L. Johnson and John H. Clarke made speeches in favor of direct election of United States senators. Democratic "statesmen" and other ward heelers in the convention booed the speeches and called Johnson and Clarke crazy.

## RELATED THINGS

### CONTRIBUTIONS AND REPRINT

#### SELF-MADE.

For The Public.

He had a half a million, so they find,  
But I a doubt encounter of the tale,  
For surely he would never spread his sail  
Upon the Styx, and leave so much behind.

But what he was went nimbly on, for he  
Had made himself, a self-made man, they say,  
And that is what he took along the day  
He launched upon the vast eternity.

"A self-made man," he carried quite enough  
To prove a workmanship that was unique,—  
His friends agreed that he was pretty sleek,  
His enemies, that he was pretty tough.

Thus hard, and tough, and sleek, and slippery,  
Grim on occasion, cruel as a curse,  
His sole ambition for a swollen purse,  
And not a thought for what he ought to be.

A self-made man! But in the making he  
Unmade a thousand, so his dubious fame  
Is resting like a blot upon his name,  
And that is all the world will ever see.

Or here or there 'twere better he had known  
A mighty law that we have lately learned,  
That in the end we get what we have earned,  
And only gather what our hands have sown.

Excepting this, that sowing to the wind  
The sequence grows beyond a little span,  
And, though it be a nation or a man,  
We reap the whirlwind, as the world shall find.

A triple score of years he toiled amain  
To make himself the thing he came to be;  
But to unmake it what if he should see  
Some other scores of penitence and pain?

BENJAMIN C. MOOMAW.



## THE YOUNG MAN'S DREAM.

For The Public.

The Richest Young Man in the World had of late become interested in philanthropic, benevolent and social movements,—incidentally he had heard something of the economic movement. He knew there were lots of poor people in the city in which he lived, but he never asked himself what made them poor. He assumed that it was a part of a well ordered plan—the methods of God are

inscrutable, and past finding out. Perhaps people were poor because they helped the rich to experience a thrill of benevolence in the bestowal of charity. Or perhaps they were poor because they were vicious, or incompetent, or at least inferior.

Yes, inferior—that was it. They were not bad, these people, just inferior. One must not judge harshly and again the Young Man felt the same Thrill of Benevolence, and blessed the poor and went on doing good. Is it not a blessed world in which there are so many opportunities for Doing Good?

One morning the Richest Young Man in the World read of a Mr. Ford in Detroit, a wealthy manufacturer of automobiles, who announced that he was going to distribute ten million dollars of his profits among his employes. He was going to distribute this enormous sum in wages, said the newspaper reports. Of course, Mr. Ford, too, was fooling himself, for he was not a magician, and could not make profits wages merely by calling them so. Wages are not something one man gives another—they are what is Earned, they are the Product. If Mr. Ford gets any of that it is indeed a monstrous thing, and he or Society is to blame. But if he doesn't get any of the Wages of these people who work for him, but chooses to give something out of his profits, that is very Good and Generous of him, but he isn't raising Wages—he is doling out Charity. Nor can this kind of Benevolence ever be made to serve as a substitute for Justice, always assuming, of course, that there is an Injustice.\*

The world praised Mr. Ford. And though one may say very properly that it was Good and Generous of him, the world's praise was, as usual, stupid. It said, "Mr. Ford sees Wages are too low." For if he was really distributing Wages, how comes it that Wages being the Product ever got into his hands? Wages are never too low. They can be neither too low nor too high. And why? Again because Wages are the Product. They may not be retained by the Wages Earner; he may not be able to retain them. But then they are stolen, and that is a different matter and opens up all sorts of apparently complicated but really simple questions of distribution, questions of responsibility, too. But never any question of dividing up.

The Richest Young Man in the World, having heard of Mr. Ford, suddenly conceived the desire to emulate him. For he, too, had a vast number of men working for him—not just as Mr. Ford has, for the Young Man was the head of a great landed estate in the great city of New York. The

\*The American Manufacturer, organ of the employing manufacturers, thus indicates the weakness of Mr. Ford's position: "He is professing to be making a fair division with his employes, and thus in effect confessing that he has all along been taking from them more than he was justly entitled to." We see no reason by which this conclusion of the American Manufacturer can be avoided.

men who worked for him went to their daily labor to earn enough to pay him rent. Now Rent is of two kinds—Rent for the use of houses and Rent for the use of Lands. The kind which constituted the real, persistent and ever increasing income of the Richest Young Man in the World was the Rent for Lands. Not that the Young Man ever really discriminated. As he had built the houses from the Rent of Lands, and as the Rent Bills included a charge for housing as well as a charge for permission to occupy the land which was here before the young man came, he never stopped to think about it at all.

But when the thought came to the Young Man that it would be nice to emulate Mr. Ford, he saw it for a moment in a somewhat different light. Mr. Ford had men working for him for whom he "provided work," as the saying goes, though how one can "provide work" is not clear. The opportunities for work were here before Mr. Ford came. The most that Mr. Ford did was to co-operate with others in the use of this natural medium by his contribution of brains and capital.

But with the Richest Young Man this was not precisely the case. He had men working for him, it is true—more men than Mr. Ford, perhaps—for his rent receipts were large including those from many families among the more fecund of the population, and in centers where people were most closely congested. He had heard that thirty per cent of earnings, in some cases more, of these people were paid over to his agents, as they had been to his father's and grandfather's agents before him. It was somewhat curious, he reflected, this difference between him and Ford, for although both had great numbers of men and women working for them, one "paid Wages," again as the saying goes, and one, himself, received them after they were earned. It was really funny when you came to think about it. And the problem how to emulate Mr. Ford was not such an easy one. Perhaps it would be best to see his rent collector, and this functionary was therefore hastily summoned.

Then said the Richest Young Man to his chief collector: "You have the names of all my tenants?"

"Yes," replied the collector.

"And you would estimate the number to be?"

"Several hundred families, sir, I can get the exact number for you."

"Well," said the Richest Young Man, "I am anxious to do something for these people. Many, I am told, are very poor. I have read about Mr. Ford, and I wish to follow his example—I want to share my profits with the people who work for me as my tenants. For they do work for me, do they not?"

"They assuredly do," said his agent.

"And many are deserving?"

"I have every reason to believe they are. But of course it is no business of mine to ascertain

that. They pay their rent; if they do not they must vacate the premises."

"And of course that is right," said the Richest Young Man. "The houses are mine, and if some one did not build them the people would have no roofs to shelter them. Of course, I have some rich tenants, too?"

"Yes, but these pay less rent on the average per cubic foot of space than do the very poor who dwell in your cheaper tenements."\*

The Young Man raised his eyes in sudden surprise. "What do you mean? I do not sell them space."

"Oh, but you do. That is the very thing you do sell them."

"It is not possible."

"But it is possible. If you thought it was wood and iron and bricks and mortar alone you were selling them, you are mistaken. If that were all, your income, though still great, would be much smaller and would tend to diminish with the years. Buildings deteriorate, but cubic space in a great city is valuable and becomes more so with time."

"It is a great problem," said the Richest Young Man. "But you must help me solve it. You are to figure out the number of my tenants. You are to tell me how much they pay each for his cubic foot of space. That seems funny, you know, that I should be in the business of selling space to the poor when I have just begun to feel for their poverty. And then you are to divide twenty per cent of my income by the entire number of my tenants, omitting, however, the rich or less deserving, and send each his check for a pro rata amount. You will do this for me?" said the Young Man, with a burst of enthusiasm and glistening eyes. "These people work for me and I want to recognize all they have done for me in a substantial way, especially as I hear that there is much poverty in the city now. Do you hear about it?"

"Oh, yes," said the agent with an indifferent air. "There are always complaints. They were rife even in your grandfather's time, when"—added the Agent, with a twinkle in his eye—"New York City space was worth much less a cubic foot than it is today."

"Well," said the Richest Young Man, somewhat impatiently, "figure it all out for me, and be ready to report by the first of the month."

\* \* \* \* \*

And thus it came about that the Agent presented himself to his Principal on the day set.

But his manner had undergone a notable change. It was no longer with a confident air that he faced his employer. There were visible doubt and perplexity in his attitude. He began hesitatingly.

"Your checks have not been made out, Sir. The calculation is beyond me. You want to help the people who are working for you. Mr. Ford

could do it, but you cannot. Good God, a whole city is working for you. I cannot make five million checks, for they would have to include the babies born tonight, and every immigrant that comes through Ellis Island. The child born in the East Side tenement helps to swell your income. And what is its share of your income? I do not know. But make no mistake; it has a share which is its by inalienable right. But you, alone and of yourself, have no means by which you can work exact justice. You cannot even go as far in this direction as Mr. Ford."

"And then must Justice remain undone?" asked the Richest Young Man despairingly.

"Perhaps it is an insoluble problem," said the Agent.

JOSEPH DANA MILLER.



## THE THREE GREAT MYSTERIES.

From an Article by Dr. Frank Crane in the Chicago Examiner of November 6, 1911.

No matter how much knowledge is in a man's head, how much skill in his hand and how much purpose and force in his heart, he is still a fool unless he has met and arranged with the Three Great Facts.

Not that any man can understand one or all of these three mysteries. It is safe to say no man understands them. Since the beginning of human time they have sat like sphinxes by the roadside of every man's life.

But one can do better than understand; one can adjust one's self to them. After all, in anything, the truest wisdom is not knowledge, but adjustment.

We do not know what electricity is, but we can adjust ourselves to it, we can use it, make it work, and cause it to serve us in the telegraphic wire instead of killing us in the lightning. So also we do not know what gravitation is, nor chemical affinity, nor life; but we can employ these mysteries to our advantage.

The last Three Mysteries of life, which men in general cannot use, and by which they are baffled and downcast, are those I have mentioned. To adjust ourselves to them implies the highest degree of intelligence and of moral power.

First, death. Death is as natural as life. It is a certainty. How many people have settled with it? Sad to say, to most persons Death comes as an awful calamity, a blow in the dark, an event that upsets all calculations and defeats all the aims of life. A wise man is one who is always as ready to die as to live; his books are in order, his business arranged, and his thoughts are so set that death may come at any moment. No man, who is not so has a right to call himself happy or intelligent.

Second, failure or sickness. In whatever a man proposes, he ought to make definite plans for what

\*A fact in New York, and perhaps generally in other cities.