

know how to prize; and of these was Milton. The sight of his books, the sound of his name, are pleasant to us. His thoughts resemble those celestial fruits and flower which the Virgin Martyr of Massinger sent down from the gardens of Paradise to the earth, and which were distinguished from the productions of other soils, not only by superior bloom and sweetness, but by miraculous efficacy to invigorate and to heal. They are powerful, not only to delight, but to elevate and purify. Nor do we envy the man who can study either the life or the writings of the great poet and patriot, without aspiring to emulate, not indeed the sublime works with which his genius has enriched our literature, but the zeal with which he labored for the public good, the fortitude with which he endured every private calamity, the lofty disdain with which he looked down on temptations and dangers, the deadly hatred which he bore to bigots and tyrants, and the faith which he so sternly kept with his country and with his fame.

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RAILROADS THE SERVANTS OF SOCIETY.

Charles Erskine Scott Wood at a Banquet Given by the Portland (Ore.) Chamber of Commerce to James J. Hill and Other Railway Officials—As Reported in the Oregon Daily Journal of November 10.

I know a virgin wilderness in central Oregon—where, Mr. Hill, you can hide from him who wandereth up and down the earth seeking whom he may devour. Where the railroad magnate is as good as the cowboy; and there in a soothing solitude, you may forget that there is such a thing on the globe as a president, a railroad or a bank. I go there myself. The only banks are those of the murmurous little river. They are starred with purple wild asters and yellow primrose. They are fringed with soft willows, which lean toward each other, and year unto year whisper peace.

Between these the sparkling river dances on its way to sink in the desert, scattering life in its course, and in its death making a great marsh, where the waterfowl find a castle of strength, and the blackbirds cling to the spears of the giant tule and whistle blithely to the sunrise and the sunset, careless who is elected President and who lives or dies.

The bare mountains which guard the "desert" and send into it the waters of life, are beautifully scarred with silent canyons, where there is no sound but the rustle of the aspens clustered about a spring and the sighing of the stone pines and junipers rooted sure among the rocks. In the shade of these lie the red deer and the antelope, and there is none to oppress them or make them afraid. The morning and the evening come robed

in flame and purple, and the skies are as wide as the whole world by day and as the limitless universe by night. They spread their banners of cloud by day and their starry jewelry by night, and you shall be under them and listen to the great silence.

Around you for hundreds of miles will lie an empire into which you may drop the wheat regions of the Palouse and the Walla Walla and they will be lost. There, veiled in the sagebrush, and trodden only by the coyote and the wild steer, is an empire ready to support millions; but there you may watch the hawks and the magpies against the glittering sky and be secure, Mr. Hill, that you will never, never hear the shriek of the locomotives or the rumble of the iron wheels upon the rail. It is Mr. Harriman's territory. Mr. Cotton says he has been there, and in 40 miles saw only two lonely sheep herders. And he will see no more until the Harriman system realizes more truly its duty to this State. I have seen 50 bushels of wheat raised there without irrigation, and 80 bushels of barley to the acre. But the railroad is the highway of today, and until it comes, land which will raise wheat, oats, barley, apples, onions and sugar beets, must of necessity be left to the steer and the lonely sheep herder.

What is to redeem this land from the cowboy and the sheepherder, but the modern highway, the railroad? And those who take from a territory to build elsewhere and leave it undeveloped, may be highwaymen but not railroad men, as I view the question. I have listened here tonight to Mr. Cotton's impression of central Oregon. I have hunted Indians there, and in the Palouse country and the Wenatchee, and I say the difference between eastern Oregon and eastern Washington is only one of transportation facilities.

I have seen both regions as the sagebrush wilderness. I see Oregon the same today. Why? I have been told by a Harriman official that the country was only fit to raise things with hoofs to walk out on; that the Union Pacific had it bottled up and would develop it when it got ready, and not while it was fighting for competitive territory—that is, fighting Jim Hill. That is not my idea of the duty of the public highway to the society from which it draws enormous revenue. Oregon is bounded on the north by the Harriman system, on the east by the Harriman system, and on the west by the Pacific ocean. It will thus be seen that it is between the devil and the deep sea.

The highway is the artery of social life and the avenue of social progress, and the railroad is the highway of today. Without highways any country, any section, is rude, primitive, backward and undeveloped, for it is cut off from all that interchange of thought and commerce which make society and which mark progress. You do not need me to tell you that if one community lives on one side of an impassable mountain range, and an-

other community on the other side, they are as far removed as if they lived on opposite sides of the planets. Even in the days of Rome all civilization, thought, culture, commerce, lay on one side of the Alps, and barbarism on the other side.

It is not actual space which separates men; it is the difficulties of overcoming space. London is nearer to Portland today than Boston was to Charleston 100 years ago. When George Washington at Mount Vernon stepped into his coach for the journey to Philadelphia, where this nation was born, he started on a four or five days' journey. Today you go from New York to Washington in four or five hours.

This is what the railroad has done. It has lengthened life and shortened space, those two great limitations upon our existence—time and space. Space has been cut down by steam and our lives have been relatively lengthened. It stands to reason, therefore, that for economic reasons and sociologic reasons and vital reasons the railroad is the prime necessity of intercommunication between modern men. It has superseded all other land highways and is to our life the only highway.

I will ask you to remember this fact. If we consider man as a problem, we find that he is a gregarious animal. That is, everywhere he has been found in flocks or tribes. He will not live isolated. And to this fact is greatly due the evolution of man, his rise and progress. Had he lived alone, his aspirations, his struggles, his knowledge, would have died with him; but man has handed his aspirations and his knowledge from man to man and from generation to generation until today he dares to speculate upon the origin of that very life and intellect which enables him to speculate.

He has gathered between his palms the lightning and he weighs the stars. We have this structure: The progress of man—resting upon society; society resting upon intercourse and exchange; and intercourse resting upon highways. It is, therefore, not too much to say that highways control man's life and development. The first rude trail between tribes was a beginning of civilization.

Consider that great civilization which was the dawn toward which we still look in breathless admiration—Greece.

It was a small country. It has no navigable rivers, but in the most remarkable way it is indented by the sea, so that even from the heart of the country, among the hills, the sea is easily and quickly reached in some direction. This best of all highways, the great throbbing unmonopolized and public sea, was the highway of Greece. Communication was easy, and the civilization of Greece became the civilization of a group of wealthy sea-ports, sending argosies to all parts of the known world; competing with those greatest of navigators and traders, the Phoenicians; sending out

wealth and bringing back wealth; sending out knowledge and bringing back knowledge.

Until upon this traffic over the beautiful sapphire highway of the sea arose that brilliant civilization of Athens, Syracuse, Rhodes, which gave us in science and philosophy Aesculapius, Pythagoras, Epicurus, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle. In the drama, Sophocles and Euripides, in poetry the majestic odes of Pindar, the rose-crowned odes of Anacreon, the pulsing songs of Sapho and the idyls of Theocritus, Bion and Moschus, where still we may see the happy shepherds of happy Greece, watching their goats and beguiling themselves with rural songs chanted to the low soft music of the panpipes and the flute. And that great harp of Homer, in whose sound we catch the clash of the gods, waging battle, and the sobs of Andromache, as human as the sorrow which we all—alas—must know. And in art Phidias and Praxiteles, whose dreams in marble have resisted the envious tooth of time and stand today in our halls and homes to gladden us with their beauty and teach us that a thing of beauty is a joy forever.

This was the world's greatest creative civilization, and it would have been impossible without the free intercommunication by sea.

And then came the world's great constructive civilization, Rome; and Rome never conquered a city or a province but that she built to it a road so straight, so smooth, that there was no competing against it, and so deep-founded that the old Roman roads exist to this day as our highways, not only all through Italy but reaching up to France and Germany and in England. The Romans were a nation of roadmakers, and if you have followed me, that means wealthmakers and civilization-makers.

When Julius Caesar was fighting in farther Gaul he got news of plotting against him in the Roman senate, and in three days he stood among them and the conspirators were as much frightened by his miraculous appearance as cowed by that master spirit which put the world beneath his feet. It is said no man could have done this but Caesar, but Caesar could not have done it without that wonderful artery leading from the heart of Rome to the very frontier he was fighting for.

Over these roads went not only the legions of conquest, but the wagons and caravans of commerce. The Roman civilization was the civilization of one great dominant city, founded upon commerce and conquest, and this founded upon her highways, and all roads led to Rome. The world is still governed by that code of Roman laws known as equity.

Commerce still uses her letters of credit and bills of exchange, and to Rome must be attributed the origin of those octopi, the corporation and the trust. And so I could point to you that England's greatness, as that of Greece, rests upon the highway of the sea; and France and Germany, like

that of Rome, upon the highway by land; and Russia, the barbarian giant, has waked to the fact that roads are the very arteries of life. It is good roads which knock down mountain ranges and abolish distance.

But, gentlemen, the roads upon which human society has rested until now have had one fundamental and vital distinction from the railroad. They have been open to all men—to all competition. The seas and the rivers are any man's highway. They belong to the poorest as well as to the wealthiest; and so, indeed, in a lesser degree, the king's highway, the turnpikes and the toll-roads. They were open to anybody and everybody, upon the same terms and conditions.

But the steam highway, from the very necessity of the case, must be under one management and control, and in that sense must be monopolistic. But in fact the steam highway ought not to be and cannot be any more monopolistic, personal or discriminating than the river, the sea, or the open king's highway. It is true men have put their private funds into the construction of the railroad, but it is also true that they have been given authority by society to condemn and take property.

They have been granted perpetual franchises because as supplanting the river and the king's highway it is understood they become public highways, to be operated in trust for the people, as completely and fairly as the river and the turnpike which they supplant. But even if private men with their private funds were to buy every foot of the right of way and terminals; if they owned and operated the road as a partnership, the same conditions would obtain from the necessities of the case.

Society would never permit a highway which made the highway of the river and of the road useless and out of date and thereby put society completely in its power, to be owned and operated wholly in private interests and by an arbitrary private will. All property rights are determined by the will of society. Even the right to live is determined by society.

One hundred and fifty years ago in England they would hang a man for what is today only petty larceny. They would hang the burglar who broke a window, or the highwayman who robbed a coach. Thus you may say we only live by leave of society. So that in the last analysis, when this stupid thing we call society (and I think it is very stupid and very slow to move) finally asserts itself, all else must yield, and it is my judgment that unless the railroads honestly and in good faith recognize that they have merely taken the place of the people's highways, the sea, the rivers and the turnpike; unless they cease to combine and cease to make non-competitive rates; unless rates are based only on a fair return for the services performed considering cost; unless they give absolutely equal and impartial treatment in all respects to the humblest

as to the most powerful shipper; unless they give over this effort at making towns or unmaking towns and making men or unmaking men, society will eventually condemn their properties and take them out of their hands.

Does any one here believe that any such thing as this malformed and half-abortive interstate commerce commission would have been in existence except that the railroads forced it to exist? Does any one here believe that there would have been rate legislation except as the railroads invited it? I, for one, am anti-socialistic. I am the purest individualist. I am opposed to government intermeddling in the affairs of individuals or in the commerce of the country. I look with regret and with fear at our elective Republic taking over the actual ownership and management of the railroads. But it is sure to come. And the time of the coming is not important.

What is time in the evolution of man? As that tomorrow will follow tonight, unless the railroads recognize that they are a common highway, to give the public, without discrimination, passage for goods and persons at the lowest practicable rates based upon cost of service. They must recognize that they are open to competition, the competition of society; and when society suspects that the railroads are taking advantage of the naturally monopolistic position they are in, society will exert its competition and take the railroads into its own hands.

I think we are too apt to think the world will end with us; too apt to measure time by a political administration. We forget the millions of aeons it has taken to make a man. The tens of thousands of years civilization has been crawling upward since written language began. I think we are apt to use that animal instinct of self-preservation; to grab right and left whatever we can, forgetful of the fact that artificial social conditions have given to some men great power and opportunity, and to others none. Too apt to forget that every power vested in one man or a few men over the welfare of another, or of society, has been the ruin of the powerful unless it has been exercised with exact justice.

Mr. Cotton has asked, Shall not the railroad values increase as city lot values have? Shall the railroads not get a fair return on those values as buildings bring increased rent? I say no. There are vital distinctions. The building is selling space for occupancy—the railroad is offering to haul goods from place to place. The measure for rents is the value of the space. The measure for the transportation rate is the cost of service, into which the arbitrary addition of increased values of right of way or real estate ought not to enter. The railroad gets its increased profit from the growth of society in the increased volume of business.

But what I wish to emphasize is that highways

are essentially the servants of society; not society the serfs and tribute payers to highways. That the railroad is the only possible economic highway in modern land traffic, and no interior region can hope to market products unless it has such highway. That railroad owners are trustees for society, and there is a moral duty for every railroad to expand into and develop the country which it has attached itself to and from which it draws its revenues.

If the railroads do not recognize that they exist to serve society, not society to serve them, society will soon wake up to that truth, and no man can predict the results.

* * *

HAIL, CHINA!

For The Public.

Now a thrill of admiration runs from nation unto nation,

For the ancient yellow people of the East;
Who have wakened to the danger brought upon them
by the stranger,

And the deadly power of opium has ceased.
Oh, it's shout, John, shout,
For you know what you're about,
Though you were not taught in civilization's school;
Though your eyes are set in bias,
And you're not considered plous,
You are far from being anybody's fool.

Hail, then, China! Hail progression! You have
taught the world a lesson,
How to handle desperate evils like a man;
We have called you "wicked heathen," without
knowledge, wisdom, reason,
But you've solved your problem as no white man
can.

Oh, it's shout, John, shout,
For you know what you're about,
Though you were not taught in civilization's school;
Though your eyes are set in bias,
And you're not considered plous,
You are far from being anybody's fool.

When all China-land is sober, and the western world
a toper,
Then look out for trouble, liquor-sodden men;
For like Gulliver he'll waken, every thread will snap
forsaken,

He will beat you at your strenuous paces then.
Oh, it's shout, John, shout,
For you know what you're about,
Though you were not taught in civilization's school;
Though your eyes are set in bias,
And you're not considered plous,
You are far from being anybody's fool.

TOWNSEND ALLEN.

* * *

Student: "Has it not been said that the man who makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before is a benefactor?"

Professor Homarket: "An exploded idea, my young friend. It overlooks the danger of over-production."

W. M. M.

BOOKS

FROM ONE VIEWPOINT.

What we know about Jesus. By Charles E. Dole, D.D. Chicago. Open Court Pub. Co. Price, 75c net.

It is not to be presumed that the author of this free essay on the character and mission of Jesus expects to convert even the unbiased reader to his particular views, but he is to be congratulated on his open expression of his sincere convictions in the quest of truth. As he says: "The very effort to tell the truth and report exactly what we find is good for us."

Yet it is not to be forgotten that other truth seekers, just as honest in their quest, arrive at entirely different conclusions as to what is truth. The nature and viewpoint of the seeker determine the quality of his discovery. He finds and truly appropriates only what satisfies his highest conception of right, and we may neither criticize nor condemn.

"What We Know About Jesus" treats mainly of surface facts in the Gospel records without attaching to them greater significance than we might attach to the life and teachings of any great benefactor of the human race. As a purely natural view it is eminently fair and just, with no touch of the sarcasm or ridicule in which critics of the supernatural quite frequently indulge.

The writer seeks a democratic ideal—not a single master or savior. "Be sure," he says in conclusion, "that there is that in human life which is greater than the greatest man. It is the spirit of man or rather the spirit of God. Wherever the good spirit is, there is God. Wherever this spirit is in history, history ceases to be profane and becomes sacred. Wherever this spirit possesses men there is not one son of God, but all are God's children. Nothing less than this is the Gospel for today."

And it might be added that it is this very spirit in Jesus that constitutes him the "democratic ideal" that all truth lovers seek.

A. L. M.

BOOKS RECEIVED

—The Province of New Jersey, 1664-1738. By Edwin P. Tanner, Ph. D., Sometime Fellow in American History, Columbia University, Instructor in History in Syracuse University. Published by Columbia University, New York, through Longmans, Green & Co., New York, and P. S. King & Son, London.

—The Enforcement of the Statutes of Labourers during the First Decade after the Black Death, 1349-1359. By Bertha Haven Putnam, Ph. D., Instructor in History at Mount Holyoke College. Published by