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## THE SURVIVAL OF THE UNFIT.

BY ALICE BODINGTON.

IN *The Open Court* for February 25th I met with the following sentence, which may be considered as a typical expression of sentiments that meet one on every hand. "*Uplift the masses by giving them a good washing, then some food, and then some clothes.*"

Those of us who belong to the educated class would be extremely astonished to find that if we married without any prospect of maintaining a family; if we recklessly spent our spare money in drinking and sensual indulgence; if we entered professions in which only the best brains can succeed, and we failed therein; we and our children would nevertheless have a claim upon society in general for "soap, flour, and cloth." Nor need the astonishment be confined to the educated; millions of honest, hardworking human beings all over the world who could not tell one letter from another, would be immeasurably surprised to hear they had any such claim. The privilege of receiving from society in general, food, clothes, healthy dwellings, education for their children, medical aid, and amusements is demanded for that portion of the population of every civilised country, known variously as the "residuum," "social wreckage," the "submerged tenth" or the "masses."

It appears to me that the question before us is not "Is it desirable that every individual in a civilised nation should have food, clothes, work, education, baths, medical aid, and amusements?" but "is it possible to provide all these things for every one? Moreover is it possible to secure even the barest necessities of life for every unit of a civilised society under present conditions?" Are we contending with one of the great inexorable laws of nature, or are we not, in our nineteenth century struggle to do away with the sufferings of the "submerged classes?"

Throughout nature, as unmodified by the action of man, we not only witness the destruction of the animals and plants which fail in the ceaseless struggle for existence, in other words the destruction of the unfit; but we have to acknowledge that by these stern means only are animals and plants kept at a high standard. The mother beast and bird fosters her

young, but she has no pity on those of her offsprings which are weaker than the others. Gregarious animals have no mercy upon the weak and diseased of the flock. Strong seedlings choke the weak; so the law runs throughout nature. But it is answered, "man is a reasoning being; he can indefinitely multiply the fruits of the earth; he can rise superior to the cruel laws of nature." It is pointed out that the earth could be made to bring forth a thousand-fold more than she does at present, and that the progress of chemistry may unimaginably multiply our food resources.

But if we put theory on one side for an instant and look at facts, do we see that man appears exempt from the inexorable law which decrees the survival of the fittest? After revolutions and wars of independence; or after the quiet expansion of her old constitution which has made of Great Britain a "veiled republic"; now that political power is in the hands of the great body of the people; under every form of government; in each hemisphere; under all conditions of soil and climate, do we not still see the struggle for existence fiercely at work? I take some instances at random which have lately fallen under my notice. Mr. Edward Harrison Barker in an account of a tour through the country of the Albigenes, speaks of crossing a highly cultivated plain where from the appearance of the land he thought every one must be prosperous and happy. But a peasant he questioned was of a different opinion; he said "By working from three o'clock in the morning until dark, one can just manage to earn one's bread." Every one who has read accounts of the lives of peasant proprietors in France, knows that unremitting toil from earliest dawn till dark is the only way in which they can gain a livelihood. The American farmer perhaps works for as many hours, but he has better food. His bitter cry is against the mortgages which eat up his profits. Where the hated landlord does not exist the cry of the peasant proprietor is always against the man who in point of fact furnishes the capital the peasant farmer does not possess. In Ireland it is the "gombeen-man"; in Eastern Europe it is the Jew; in India the village money lender. Everywhere the *struggle at the bottom of the ladder* is a struggle for life which strains

every thew and sinew of the workers. [*“There is always room at the top of the ladder,”* said a certain cynical sage.] Brains will always come to the top in the long run in any possible state of society. In Mr. Bellamy’s Millennium the people with brains will rule the “industrial army.” The skilled surgeon, who is perhaps the only man who has mastered a certain difficult operation, will earn more than the hospital dresser; the man who plays the organ will earn more than the man who blows the bellows. *It is not physical strength which has made man what he is; it is not the capacity to labour—with a large L.* If Labour is in itself honorable—apart from the motive for labour, then an Indian Government elephant is worthy of high honor. Labour for some noble purpose is honourable, but labour for subsistence is part of the inevitable struggle for existence. An ant can beat any man alive in honour, if mere labour for existence is honorable. I write down so terrible a heresy with bated breath, expecting to be jumped upon by infuriated Labour candidates; a fate as dreadful to contemplate as being “preached to death by wild curates.” But I stick to my text that man is not what he is through physical strength and capacity for bodily labour, in both of which he is excelled by the lower animals and still more by the machines devised by power of intellect. He has become man by superiority of brain, and the man whose powers of work consist in the possession of a powerful brain will rise above the manual worker in all conditions of society. If he has begun life as a manual worker, he will by sheer brain faculty rise above that position. The poor pioneer’s son, carried by his sister to school because his mother is too poor to buy boots, becomes President of the United States; the ill-used half-starved apprentice who runs away to sea and works on a collier brig, becomes a post-captain in the English navy of world wide renown; the factory hand in the hardest, cruelest days of factory work rises to be the greatest of African travellers; the penniless emigrant becomes a general. But the rank and file remain, where the rank and file always must remain, at the bottom of the ladder, with the corporals and sergeants two or three rungs higher up.

In Vienna I read of bread riots; in Berlin great bodies of unemployed working men nearly precipitate a revolution. In Naples I read of peasant women cheerfully working from earliest dawn till dark, at the hardest possible labour, and breaking their fast for the first time at midday with “a crust of sour bread and a water-melon.” This is for the prosperous only; for most of the peasants eat but once a day. In the fertile plains of Lombardy under a popular Government headed by a deeply loved and trusted King, the peasants suffer from the terrible pellagra, a disease

brought on by an exclusive diet of (often damaged) maize. In prosperous, wonderful Chicago the Sunset Club anxiously discuss what shall be done for the “masses.” Everywhere population has a way of pressing upon the means of subsistence, and in so doing its weakest members become “submerged.” Where the white man does not rule, war and famine and disease keep numbers down to what the country will support. Horribly, unendurably cruel we think. But will our hand to hand fight with nature prove less cruel in the long run? In India the experiment is being tried by the British government on a gigantic scale. An enormous agricultural population weakened by diet barely above starvation point; a population in which early marriages are universal and sternly inculcated as a religious duty; such a population is allowed to multiply indefinitely and to be fed if famines threaten. All natural checks are as much as possible done away with; internal war is impossible; infanticide is forbidden; wild beasts are destroyed; sanitation is enforced. Already the condition of the people in large agricultural districts is one of chronic starvation, or as one writer expresses the state of things, the ordinary Hindu villager has never known what it is to have enough to eat; his dwelling is a mud hut, his clothing a loin rag.\*

What must be the appalling result of this state of things! Man can employ one law of nature to counteract another, but he can only do this on a limited scale and with an exact knowledge of what his limits are. Water tends everywhere to find its own level. Man can construct a reservoir which shall apply the resisting power of a wall of solid masonry to counteract the tendency of a mountain stream to seek the plain below. But the resisting power of the dam must be nicely adjusted to the weight of water the reservoir is to contain and some outlet must be afforded for an overflow, or the consequences will be disastrous. I believe the British government could as easily succeed in damming up the Ganges, as in feeding for many years longer the ever-increasing population of India.

It is true that large spaces of available land are still to be had in the New World, but the energy and the willingness to endure hard and sustained work required by the first beginnings in a new colony are precisely the qualities not possessed by the Unfit.

Man has developed a moral sense; nature has none. Her Draconian mode of keeping things straight is abhorrent to us. In every civilised country man strains every nerve to elude or defy her stern decrees. Yet in the long run will not nature prove her stern code inexorable? The “origin of evil,” that riddle which has proved so insoluble, possibly rests on a

\* See *Nineteenth Century* for January 1892. Article “Man, East and West,” by Samuel A. Barnett.

very simple fact demonstrated by modern physical science; namely that there is not enough available matter on this planet to go round for everybody and everything; and consequently that plants and animals alike are engaged in a life and death struggle for their share of strictly limited materials. In this struggle nature, with her usual serene impartiality, allows the very lowest micro-organisms to destroy the highest creatures she has produced. It would be impossible to enumerate the evils; the horrors of treachery, cruelty and pain, which arise from this fierce, unceasing inevitable struggle for a share of the limited materials from which organic life draws its support. If we add to the evils arising from the struggle for food, those arising from the interior agitation of a planet not yet cooled; and the imperious instinct in every organised being urging to the reproduction of its species, we shall find we have almost exhausted the sources of evil. Man alone has gratuitously added one other cause of fear and of bloodshed in his awe of what he conceives as the Supernatural.

The fittest to survive in *the main body of a civilised community* exercise self-control in avoiding early and improvident marriages; do their best to bring up their children well; pay for things they need or go without; emigrate with their own money or resolutely work their way; and keep the "*bête humaine*," [the sensual passions and indulgences of life] as a slave and not as a master. Whether rich or poor, whatever their station in society they in the main exhibit the characteristics summed up in the word respectability. I have chosen a very unpopular word, but I know of no better to express what I mean. A healthy society is kept sweet and wholesome by a minority who do right for right's sake; who would continue to do right were there neither God nor devil. Respectability follows the virtues of this minority, from fear of the penalties of wrong-doing as well as from love of right-doing. It has been fashionable since Carlyle and Thackeray led the way to sneer at respectability. Yet is it possible even to imagine the horrors of a state of society in which the "respectable" element should be lacking for one day?

In the minority, amongst the fittest to survive are the men of genius and of commanding talent. It is a modern fashion to deride respectability, and at the same time endeavour to bind men of genius down to its conditions. But when the necessity arises for a Henry the Fourth of France, a Nelson, a Julius Cæsar, or a Charlemagne the nation which possesses such men will infallibly turn to them in its hour of need.

It is contended that genius should form no exception to the rules decreed for the conduct of ordinary men. It would perhaps be well if it could be so, but

stern necessity knows no law. If a supreme singer, artist, statesman, soldier, religious leader, arise, men will take *what he alone can give*, as every page of history proves.

In the minority too, and invaluable in their day and place, are the men of dauntless courage and self-reliance who form the vanguard of civilisation in new lands; who in Elizabethan days joyously "singed the king of Spain's beard" from Cadiz and the Lizard to the Indies East and West; and in our own day have carried the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack from ocean to ocean. Here the "*bête humaine*" is a fine and vigorous animal ill suited to the village pound, and likely to break out therefrom at a great sacrifice of fencing!

But if genius, from the stern necessity for what it alone can give, can more or less refuse to conform to the standard of morals most conducive to the welfare of the state in the main body of its citizens; the general mass of the unfit sink far below this standard. Amongst those trodden under foot in the struggle are many of whom the world is not worthy; whose pure morality breathes a diviner ether than the air of worldly success. But nature knows nothing of ethics, and it is of the stern laws of nature that I think.

Nature tries to eliminate the weak—from whatever cause their weakness arises; in her eyes they are the unfit. She does eliminate them in a primitive state of society. We declare the unfit shall not be eliminated; that they shall increase and multiply exceedingly if the efforts of the respectable classes can conduce to that end. We multiply our refuges, our "homes," our hospitals, our orphanages. The unfit, and the children they recklessly produce must have free education, free meals, free medical attendance; must be properly clothed and housed; they must be "raised" by—[here the remedies are various and bewildering]—"people's palaces," amusements, lectures, emotional religious services, and—emigration—carried out with such fond care that every emigrant shall find a "leg of mutton" awaiting him when he arrives in his new home over sea.

#### HIGHER EDUCATION FOR THE MASSES.

BY SUSAN CHANNING.

"Slow rises worth by poverty oppressed."—*Dr. Johnson.*

IN the words of an unknown author, "the common school education which most Americans receive is like the vaccination mark, also most of them receive. It is somewhat troublesome to get, somewhat satisfactory to have, but not very visible in the ordinary affairs of life."

"We are the most common schooled and the least cultivated people in the world," was the criticism of James Russell Lowell.

Francis Galton is of the opinion that no man of genius was ever lost to the world from lack of free public education. Of course he admits that a gifted man, handicapped by poverty, will take a longer time to reach eminence, and refers to America as an example in proof of his theory. We had the common school and the church from the first, yet we do not compare favorably with England in producing men of first rate ability. While Galton is probably right, "that to be born in a duck's nest is of no consequence to a bird if it is hatched from a swan's egg," still, it is not men of genius but men of talent that carry on the affairs of life, and, as talent is but doing well that which has been well done before, it must have masters and good models from which to work.

The reason the men of the Renaissance in Italy developed so rapidly in culture and in art, was because they there found an abundance of the remains of the masterpieces of past ages. Inspired by them they soon had new conceptions to embody, for the principles from which they worked had been evolved from nature by men trained in the highest walks of culture; and these principles were intended to be used and re-used for all time. As a proof that even the highest intellect needs instruction so as to work, as Goethe says, under limitations, if they hope to achieve permanent results, we have but to cite the example of Lord Bacon, who was overwhelmed by his intellectual opulence and unable to concentrate himself upon any definite object, and hence we have in his "Novum Organum," a work in which a man might introduce almost anything he had to say with the slenderest thread of method. As Bain says in his "Study of Character," "The intellectual machine of Bacon was one of unparalleled productiveness, but the matter was given out, as it came, without the least possible pains to raise it to any ideal standard, and its use to men of the present ages, is dependent on their ability to separate the chaff from the wheat."

Newton had an almost superhuman intellect, but he worked under severe conditions. His standard of evidence was far beyond his age. His reserving the suggestion that gravity was the force that kept the moon in its orbit, because the calculation did not at first correspond with it, was deemed, by Bain, more honorable to him than the discovery. We need a few more Newtonian intellects, for, in the vernacular of Josh Billings, "It is better not to know so much than to know so much that ain't so."

We do not object to this drag on progress, for if summer or winter were at the same season in every part of the earth we should all be roasting or freezing to death. Different orders of mind give us different seasons of progress. Men of genius are like *Ætna* and *Vesuvius*. Their mental eruptions at first cause

misery and ruin, but, as the sloping sides of *Vesuvius* and the surrounding hills and plains owe all their fertility of soil to matter ejected by prior eruptions, so the world's progress is greatly due to the enriching power of gifted minds.

Man is the most imitative of animals, therefore the most educatable. He first borrows and imitates his more enlightened neighbors. As he develops into intellectual manhood he casts his masters and his models from him as a child his toys, and develops methods of his own. The literature and jurisprudence of England at the present day are far richer than her Greek and Roman models. Italy is the cradle of modern music and Germany is the master, but its first lessons were taken from Italy. Great ideas are never the property of one individual; they are the product of an abstraction obtained by the co-operation of many minds, and the years are many between grasping a new idea and applying it to public utility. The monistic idea was a perception of *Anaxagoras*. He was the first philosopher who maintained and who gave synthetical proof that matter and spirit were one. He was born 500 B. C. and only to day is his idea apprehended.

Thus we see the need of a higher and truer education for all classes. The greatest minds, as J. S. Mill said, are those who know what has been known, and we believe that the greatest happiness is to know and see the past as it really was, for knowledge is the humanisation of man in society. Every fault, *Renan* says, is due to error, and all persecution to ignorance on the part of the persecutor, and in his "Studies of Religion," he has shown that there is no selfishness so intense as the selfishness of uneducated piety. *James Mill* said "The way to cure too much liberty is to give more liberty," and we say the way to cure selfishness is to teach enlightened selfishness and thus make selfishness the duct for sympathy.

When men come to realise that the more numerous the prosperous and educated in the community the greater the guaranty of individual happiness and prosperity then they will cheerfully endure any amount of taxation. Indeed as *Hallam* says in his "Middle Ages," it is surprising the burdens of taxation that men will cheerfully bear if it can only be shown to them that the money is honestly used and to the advantage of the public. The state must in self-defence educate the masses. *J. S. Mill* has pointed out in his "Representative Government," that government is always either in the hands or passing into the hands of whatever is the strongest power in society, and what this power is does not depend on institutions, but institutions on it. The power in this country is in the hands of the people; they are the legislators and may say to their executives what the historian *Motley* said about

the luxuries and necessities of life, "Give me the luxuries and I can do without the necessities."

But how is an uninstructed people to make wise laws, when the wisest lawyers often fail? The French jurists down to the time of the French Revolution had shown a passionate devotion to their conception of justice, but the system of laws they had to administer stood in striking contrast with the habits of mind they had cultivated. They believed the vices which actually invested French law were ineradicable, and in practice they often resisted the reformation of abuses with an obstinacy which was not shown by many among their less enlightened countrymen.

The explanation of this is that the human mind never grapples with any social problem or subject of thought until there is a necessity for it, nor until it has been provided with proper ideas. Hutton wanted to give fixed principles to geology as Newton had given to astronomy, but his data were insufficient. No child or man, however great his natural capacity, can be left uninstructed in a republic. As Lowell said in his speech "The Independent in Politics," delivered during the first Cleveland campaign, "Books are the armories of human experience, where we may equip ourselves for the battles of opinion while we yet have vigor and hopefulness enough left to make our weapons of some avail." Therefore, as M. M. Trumbull said in his article in *The Open Court*, "What shall the Public Schools teach?" we answer with him, "There can be no abridgment in our common school education." All the children of a republic must "start fair" in the matter of opportunity for education. The young, to cite from Mill's "Liberty," must be held to rigid rules of conduct for the good of others, since it develops in us those faculties and capacities which makes the good of others for its object. "Education is sobriety to the young, a consolation to the old, and an ornament to the rich."

The maxim of all governments should be that of St. Simon, "All should labor for the development, material, moral, and intellectual, of the class most numerous and the poorest." For we are but physiological units. As Dr. Carus says in "The Soul of Man": "Every single cell continues to exist as an individual in itself. All together form a community and the work of every cell is divided between caring for its own growth and health and contributing to the common weal of the whole organism. In return for its work, it is benefited by advantages that it would not possess if it lived a solitary life."

The doctrine of the "Survival of the Fittest" becomes mechanical when applied to humanity. If the struggle for existence is carried on by plants and animals unconsciously, it certainly is not by man. Darwin tells us that the common rat has conquered and

beaten all the other species in Europe and that this victory is due to his superior cunning. It was the cunning of Jacob and his mother, that obtained for him the inheritance and his father's blessing. It is the astute cunning man to-day who originates "trusts" and "combines," ostensibly for the public good while craftily retaining for himself the larger number of shares so that he can dictate and control better men.

The "let alone" policy in the matter of education is fatal to a nation's greatness. Talent and genius from all conditions rise. It may first see the light in a manger, or be born in a hut where the hearth has not been differentiated from the pig-sty. Man must be pressed in order to advance, but not too hard. The Esquimaux, pressed by hard necessity, have succeeded in many ingenious inventions, but their climate has been too severe for continued progress. You cannot effectually educate an indigent population, nor can a gifted man or child achieve much who is ill-fed, ill-clothed, and ill-housed. Besides, as Schiller said, genius is always a secret to itself. Its discovery is often as much a matter of accident to its possessor and others as the discovery of a force or property of matter. It was not until Leo X. sent his Dominican monks into Germany to sell indulgences to its people, that Luther knew himself to be a man of power.

In all the Gospels religion is made to turn not on speculative belief but on whether you have fed the hungry, clothed the naked, visited the prisoners, and aided and relieved the poor and suffering. You may, as Dr. Parkhurst of New York city recently stated in his sermon on "Municipal Corruption," "say all you please about the might of the Holy Ghost, yet every step in the history of an ameliorated civilisation has cost just so much personal push." Minds of a noble order disdain to save themselves apart from their fellows. They feel with Mr. Trumbull, that there is no such thing as another man's child. Wealth and capacity constitute obligation as much as nobility. Dives may think that Lazarus will always be content with the crumbs that fall from his table, so he says to himself and his boon companions, in the language of Omar Khayyam, "Let us make up in the tavern for the time we have wasted in the Mosque, for to-morrow we die."

If, as many distinguished thinkers maintain, the idea of a personal God is to be effaced from the mind, the soul sacrificed, and the hope of a personal immortality die, many good men and women will naturally ask as did Cato "What is to become of Rome when she should no longer have any state to fear?" What is to become of mankind when it no longer has any personal God to fear?

We can answer that we have ourselves, and mankind and immutable laws to fear, forces as strong and

retributive when disobeyed as any now attributed to a personal God; and as Eugene Aram feared his dead victim all the more for lying there so still, so we, as education increases, shall fear more and more to disobey the moral laws that lie so still and yet so appealingly to the soul of every intelligent being. As our mind grows we shall more and more act with the wisdom of Aristotle's wise man: "Do from an understanding of the law what an ignorant man does from fear of the law."

Let us therefore educate "Jink's baby," and erase from our vocabulary the expression "common people." There is nothing in this world common or unclean, for "Naught so vile that on the earth doth live, but to the earth some special good doth give."

The Duc de Viollet uttered a real truth, with more strength than elegance when he said, "Civilisation needs the barbarian element as the soil needs manure." The pampered creatures of the garden soon become infertile and must from time to time be refertilised by the wild stock. Rotation of races like rotation of crops is good for civilisation.

Let America be like David's cave of Adullam, a place to which may come every one that is in distress or discontented, and here find food, and shelter, and the highest education that the age can offer. Better the cup should overflow than not be full. We want neither an aristocracy of wealth nor an aristocracy of intellect. Our wealth and our studies should "neither be a couch on which to rest; nor a cloister on which to promenade; nor as a tower from which to look down on others; nor as a fortress from whence we may resist them; nor as a workshop for gain and merchandise; but as a rich armory and treasury for the development of character and ennoblement of life."

#### THE UNKNOWN QUANTITY.

BY HUDOR GENONE.

Although I did not know the fact till long afterwards, I was "X" in an equation. The equation was known to me as the mystery of life, and the world was a blackboard. It was sometime after I began to exist before I realised the reality of existence. My kin and acquaintances—"A," "B," "C,"—and the digits were all in their several ways pleasant enough folk, but as soon as I began in earnest to think they took on a different aspect in my eyes.

I recollect one day speaking to my cousin "A" about the wonderful mystery of living. To my surprise he responded by claiming that there was no mystery, and—for proof—instanced the fact (which I could not dispute) that he himself was universally credited with being a "known quantity." Then, continuing my investigations, I discovered that each numeral had—each for himself—a theory of things to

which he held with surprising tenacity. Some were very arrogant, and it was only little "0" who was at all humble and indisposed to exalt himself at the expense of the rest.

Curious as it may seem that same little "0" had a value ten times greater than the most valuable of the other digits, and that not at all dependent upon any merit of his own (for in a blackboard way he was the least of these) but solely dependent upon his place in the equation.

Another time, chancing to fall in with "B" and "C," I made bold to ask them certain questions, particularly as to the meaning of things; as to how things happened, and why things were. Like my cousin "A," both bragged excessively of being "known quantities," but in their bragging only were these two agreed, for I soon found myself the innocent cause of considerable wrangling between them. "B" declared that to be known meant to have been revealed, and that if one only had what he called faith he could live forever. At these remarks "C" burst out laughing, and made so much fun and appeared so sure of his ground that I waited anxiously to hear what more he would have to say.

"I am," said he, "a scientist, and in the pursuit of my studies I have discovered that there is absolutely nothing to any of us on this blackboard, not only worthy but capable of eternal life. We are all chalk, and nothing but chalk. We live our existence, brief and bitter, and are then swept out of it by the lambs-wool pad of death. "B" retorted by declaring that there was to be a resurrection of the chalk, and was profoundly and ignorantly pious, as "C" was profoundly, ludicrously learned.

Then I saw, with much perplexity, through a glass darkly; but now I know that the equation of life was not solved in life. I call it living, because it was the beginning of living. A power of which I was ignorant, in ways beyond the limits of my understanding, even while I thought, and hoped, and dreamed, was busy at the mighty problem, in whose solution a part was played by me so great that it lies even yet beyond my skill to tell.

I know that in the end I stood alone, my ignorance became knowledge; my foolishness, wisdom; my weakness, power. I had done my work, and across the sign of necessity I was the equal of all that was.

#### CURRENT TOPICS.

WHEN I buy a mixture composed of milk, two parts, water, four parts, under the promise that the dilution is "pure Elgin dairy milk," the law gives me a remedy against the dairymen for watering the stock. This is right; but why does the law give me no remedy against the newsdov for watering his news? I subscribe for a paper which pretends to condense the news, and proclaims itself to be "the busy man's newspaper." This morning

It informed me that Mr. Stevenson called on Mr. Cleveland yesterday at Buzzard's Bay; and this is the way it condensed the news: "When the 3:15 train out of Boston arrived here several minutes late this afternoon, a tall, angular man, square shouldered, and attired in a suit of black worsted, alighted and looked about the platform with an evident air of wonderment if he had reached the right spot. He was accompanied by two other men. He was Adlai E. Stevenson of Illinois, the democratic candidate for vice-president." How important is the information that the train was late, that Mr. Stevenson had "an air of wonderment" with him, and that he was "attired in a suit of black worsted." Was this flattery or sarcasm? If meant for flattery, why was no description given of Mr. Stevenson's boots? And even the color of his necktie was forgotten. If the allusion to the worsted suit was meant as a sneer, it was uncourteous and undeserved, for it is probably the best that Mr. Stevenson has been able to afford since the passage of the McKinley bill. Mr. Stevenson, like the rest of us, must wear such clothes as the tariff will allow him, according to his wealth in the world.

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Perhaps a curt reference to the "suit of worsted" was thought flattery enough for a secondary personage like Mr. Stevenson; and it may be that the etiquette of the occasion allowed a full description of clothes to the head of the ticket only. The distinction was well made; in admirable harmony with a republic where one man is just as good as another, and better. With reverential awe I learn that Mr. Cleveland was attired "in a new suit of tweed, a fine stripe of brown and white, and a gay blue and white polka-dot tie, the color of his blue and white striped flannel yachting shirt." Grateful for the knowledge that a blue and white necktie is the same color as a blue and white shirt, I read with a glow of pride, "Mr. Cleveland with General Stevenson occupied the back seat of the carriage, flattening the springs on the rather light equipage and tipping the body well down in the back." O, my fellow countrymen! Why does the news merchant, man-milliner that he is, spread upon his counter for our worship the clothes of every important public man? Because he knows his business; and he knows us. He knows that we are a nation of snobs; and he gives us what we require, idolatrous incense for the rich and great; and, what snobs always demand, contemptuous tobacco smoke for the lowly and the poor. While Mr. Cleveland and General Stevenson were "flattening the springs" of the carriage by lolling on the back seat, Mr. Ewing, whoever he is, climbed up and took a seat "beside Ben the coachman"; so different from the light and agile Mr. Cleveland, who "sprang" into the carriage; and who "sprang" to greet Mr. Stevenson when he alighted from the train. Ben the coachman! Poor old Ben; there is no description of his necktie; he is not even allowed a surname, and only a third of his other name; but this is the law in Snobdom.

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Persons who have read Hans Andersen's delightful fairy tales will remember the adventures of the little tin soldier mentioned therein. I always think of this imaginary warrior whenever I read about the little tin soldiers who are playing mimic war at Springfield, Illinois. They are little tin soldiers in a figurative sense only, for they are actually alive. They form a part of the militia forces encamped for a certain period at the capital. They pass their precious time in marching and countermarching, up the hill and down again; saluting one another in the most ridiculous fashion; guard-mounting, drilling, and dress-parading; for no useful purpose under the sun. Soldiering without a spice of danger in it is rather insipid heroism at the best, and I congratulate the little tin soldiers encamped at Springfield that the campaigning down there is not so contemptuously safe as many persons think. Dangerous enemies have been discovered on the picket line; the commanding officer, Colonel Judd, has ordered the long roll to be

beaten, and he has thrown up intrenchments, so to speak, against the foe. The hostile forces threatening to storm the camp are pies. They did manage to scale the outworks, and many of the militia fell by indigestion, but the enemy was repulsed by means of a charge gallantly led by Colonel Judd in person. He issued an order against the vendors of pies and drove them from the citadel. While I approve the order, I think the penalty attached to its violation is a little too severe, if it is not even unconstitutional. Whenever a pie-vendor is caught in the camp, Colonel Judd makes him eat a pie, and that drops him in his tracks. In the days of my soldiering our digestion was proof against pie; and could we have got such a luxury it would have been not only a wholesome tonic, but literally "a soft thing." Hard crackers were all the pastry we got. And, on that subject, an old comrade asked me the other day why I did not get a pension. I told him I could not conscientiously swear that I was afflicted with any disease contracted in the army. "How is your teeth?" he said. "Bad!" I answered, "Very bad!" "Well," he replied, "Swear you broke 'em biting hard tack; and get your fifty dollars a month." I believe I'll do it.

\* \* \*

A gentleman in Texas writes to *The Open Court*, and says, "A Frenchman who is animated towards this country by the sentiments of La Fayette; who is devoted to the honor of the American flag, and to the principles it represents, is deeply shocked by the following dispatch he begs to submit to *The Open Court*, 'In satisfaction of the outrage recently perpetrated on two Americans, Messrs. Chambers and Bonsell, who were severely maltreated in the Moorish capital, the British minister to Morocco has obtained a letter of apology from the Pasha of Fez, and a letter of regret from the Sultan, together with a gift of a sword to Mr. Bonsell.'" He then does me the honor to ask that I will explain in *Current Topics* "why this country when small and poor was able to protect by herself her own citizens abroad; while now, that she has so wonderfully grown in population and wealth, she has to beg for her citizens the protection of the English instead of the American flag?" Getting angry as he proceeds, and perhaps as a Frenchman a little jealous, that England should patronise us at all, he says, "Is this humiliation of the Star Spangled Banner the commencement of the end of American independence? the establishment of an English protectorate over the United States? the undoing of the work of Washington, La Fayette, and the other American, and French fathers of American national life and honor?"

\* \* \*

These portentous questions are easily answered in the negative; there was no humiliation of the Star Spangled Banner; no undoing of the work of Washington; and there will never be an English protectorate over the United States, until the lesser shall include the greater. It is very likely that the English nation in America will some day exercise a protectorate over the British Islands, when in the course of nature the mother land shall become infirm and very old; but that time is probably as far in the future as the Roman republic is in the past. There is nothing unusual in the action which excites the forebodings of this enthusiastic and patriotic Frenchman. It is a common practice for English ministers and consuls to give to Americans the protection of the British flag, where the American minister or consul happens to be away; and the American consuls reciprocate the duty. Consuls abroad "change works" like New England farmers, and they look after one another's interests in cases of sickness, absence, or other disability. It was no humiliation to anybody that at the time of the Franco-German war the Germans resident in Paris were placed under the protection of the American flag; and this government would have extended the same protection to the Frenchmen resident in Berlin under the same circumstances. Besides, Englishmen and Americans are so much alike in speech,

manners, and dress, that it is not easy for the consuls of either nation to refuse protection to the citizens of the other. A few years ago, some Americans were arrested in Cuba as filibusters, which they very likely were, but instead of giving them a trial, the commanding officer ordered them to be shot in two hours. The American consul was not in the neighborhood, but the British consul was; and an appeal was made to him. When the execution was about to take place he stepped between the prisoners and the firing party, and claimed the men as Englishmen condemned without a trial. All efforts to convince him that they were Americans and not Englishmen available nothing. He said, "they look like Englishmen, they talk like Englishmen and they are English enough for me." He pointed to a war ship which he had ordered to the scene, and his demand was complied with. It is quite certain that the American consul would have done the same thing for Englishmen in the same extreme.

\* \* \*

That the maltreatment of Messrs Chambers and Bonsell in the Moorish capital was an "outrage" upon them and an insult to the Star Spangled Banner, I am bound to believe, for the apology, and the letter of regret, and the present of a sword, are good evidence of that; but after all, I should like to hear what the Pasha of Fez has to say about it. I have seen so much of my fellow countrymen abroad, Englishmen and Americans I mean, for I belong to both nations, that I am curious to know what provocation was given by Messrs. Chambers and Bonsell to the Moors. We know that the Moors are a well-mannered people, while the opinion is very prevalent in Asia, Africa, and on the continent of Europe that the English and Americans are not. This opinion, in the general sweep of it, is unjust, but there is too much ground for it after all. Too many of us go "touring" with swaggering superiority, scoffing and sneering at the dress, customs, and especially the religions of the people we are patronising for the time. When I see a good-looking fellow, rather loose about the collar, laughing contemptuously because he has to take off his shoes when entering a Turkish mosque, do I not know without any farther introduction that he is a fellow citizen? One day I saw a man, a stout and hearty man, standing under the glorious Arc de Triomphe in the Champs Elysée. He was shaking his fist at it, and contradicting the battle record chiselled on its majestic face; swearing to a crowd of people gathered about him that, "the French never won all them battles; nor the half of 'em." Did I not know without the evidence of the dear old mother tongue in which he spoke that he was a fellow countryman, insolent and superior? Had some Frenchman properly knocked him down, he would have bawled that he was "maltreated," and up would have sprung a claim that the Union Jack, or the Star Spangled Banner was insulted in his person. Those who claim the protection of a flag should be civil to every other flag.

M. M. TRUMBULL.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### THE CLOSING OF THE WORLD'S FAIR ON SUNDAY.

*To the Editor of The Open Court:*

When Congress tries to tell people how they ought to spend Sunday at Chicago, it assumes a great deal more power than is granted by the Constitution of the United States. That instrument limits the powers of our Federal government so closely to national concerns and secular interests, that whatever legislation on this subject is needed ought to be passed at Springfield, Ill. But is any really necessary? The American citizen is perfectly competent to decide for himself on what days he will visit the World's Fair; and no one else has any right to interfere. Those who do not choose to go on Sunday have no more right to prevent other people from doing so than people who do not smoke have a

right to stop the use of cigarettes, as was recently attempted in Massachusetts. The question is not whether smoking cigarettes is a good habit; but whether it is so bad a one as to justify passing a law against it. The real question about the World's Fair is not whether it is the best place to visit on Sunday, but whether it is so very wicked a place as to justify laws and regulations against it. The people who have the best right to be heard are those who want to go, and especially those mechanics, servants, and laborers who cannot go on other days. If there are as many people ready and anxious to go on Sunday, there is really just as much reason for opening it then as on Monday. If it is to be closed on Sunday, out of respect for religion, it ought to be closed on Saturday also; for the respect with which a religion is treated ought not to depend merely on the number of its adherents. If the Bible has any voice in the matter, it is in favor of Saturday rather than Sunday. Those who wish to have Christianity remain loved and honored, cannot afford to have her cause identified with that of merely arbitrary prohibitions, which many of our most religious people would gladly violate without the slightest scruple. No day can be sanctified by the sacrifice of innocent liberty.

F. M. H.

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