

## CHAPTER XIX

### THE MINGLING OF THE PEOPLES

**I**S Mars inhabited?

Professor Lowell, of Harvard, says yes. Probably most people of ordinary intelligence believe him.

Life came to the good ship *Earth*, not by a mile-long string of animals moving up the gangplank "two by two," as we are tunefully told was the case when Noah took on his passengers, but with the evolution of that marvelous slime, protoplasm, of which we have spoken. Mars has as good a chance to have had life, as the *Earth*. Like the *Earth*, Mars was once gaseous, then was compressed by gravity, growing hot in the process. On Mars, as on the *Earth*, God shook the cosmic prescription for millenniums.

Why should we not believe that there, on some creative day, as here, in the process of

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this mighty shaking, the atoms of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen and nitrogen were piled up into the inconceivably complex molecule of protoplasm?

Professor Lowell in the canals discovered by Schiaparelli, sees strips of irrigated lands. He sees the water flowing from the pole—where all the water on Mars is found—and irrigating these long strips, and broader spaces where the canals have their junctions.

Arrhenius, the scientist who has told us that owing to the carbonic acid gas which we are pouring into the air in the process of burning the coal taken from the bunkers of the good ship *Earth*, the climate of the globe is becoming gradually warmed, and will continue to grow warmer for a thousand years—Arrhenius denies Lowell's conclusions. He thinks the canals of Mars instead of being strips of crops, are huge cracks in the Martian surface, like the long straight fractures in plate-glass—or the curved cracks we sometimes see.

I have heard Arrhenius, and his arguments are very strong; but Lowell still holds to his

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original beliefs. He regards the canals as the results of the labors of intelligent beings. If so, these beings are like us in intelligence. They are engineers—for the lines run as straight as a stretched cord for thousands of miles. Some of them, too, run in curves—but perfect curves like those made by an engineer, and not like the accidental curves one sees in fractured glass. Sometimes these canals are double—as if the supply of water were more than could be economically distributed by laterals from one great ditch, wherefore another is supplied to use the surplus, when it exists, as in a wet season. I do not think that Arrhenius fully disposes of this very fascinating argument of Lowell's.

The lesson to us is the same, whichever is right. The canals as Lowell sees them illustrate the advantages to the inhabitants, if they grow intelligent enough to see that the planet on which they live is their common inheritance, and must be managed as a unit if it is to accommodate their multiplied hosts, especially when the globe waxes old and much

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of its capacity for sustaining life has been lost.

In our case, we are losing life-stuff by its washing out into the seas, and by chemical changes and absorption.

In the case of Mars, we know not of the other conditions, but we do know that her supply of water has so been absorbed into the globe that there are no longer oceans such as we have, but at most, only small seas at the poles—a condition that will sometime prevail on our planet.

Such enormous works as the Martian canals are only possible to a world in which such organizations as tribes, states, peoples and nations have been abolished, and all peoples have been merged in the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World.

For the Martian canals run from the poles, clean across the equator, and down the other hemisphere—as if with us a canal were drawn as true as a straight-edge from Cape Horn to Winnipeg, or from St. Petersburg to the Cape of Good Hope.

We passengers on the good ship *Earth*

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could not do such things, if we knew how. We have not the intelligence, in the first place, to move such huge amounts of earth with such economy as to gain food enough by the operation to replace that used up in the work. So for us, it would be economically impossible. The great tribes we call nations would stand in the way. The passengers on one part of the decks would use armies and navies to keep their fellow passengers on other parts of the decks from carrying out projects having for their object the improvement of the ship as a place of residence—as a craft in which to voyage to the Unknown.

We are still so narrow!

If Lowell's theory of Mars is correct, the Martians are as superior to us in organization and capacity for government and collective action as they are in the power to move earth and rocks.

In Mars, the people know that the planet belongs to the people born into life upon it; as the good ship *Earth* belongs by every rule of righteousness, in common to us Earth-

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beings who are similarly born into life upon our wildly-flying air-ship.

The Martians know that Mars is theirs in common. We know that the *Earth* is ours in common. The Martians evidently act on a world-wide scale to conserve and use their planetary resources. We are not yet proven to possess the ability to conserve our natural resources even on the small scale of the nation.

And see the problems that confront us!

We must save the soil. We must keep the coal from being wasted. We must look after the iron, the silver, the gold, the copper, the manganese. We must build our waterways—a job less only than that which Mars seems to have accomplished. We must save the coal by using water-power wherever possible in its place. We must use the huge peat supplies for fuel. We must see that the supplies of phosphorus, nitrogen, potash and sulphur, on which the fertility of the soil depends, are not wasted nor monopolized. We must restore and conserve our forests. We must sweeten the acid soils of the *Earth* with lime. We must

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put under lock and key against waste the oil and the natural gas. We must see to it that the manures are restored to the soil from the towns and cities, and that the human waste now exhausting our lands by the loss of sewage, is saved that the human race may be saved.

And we must extirpate poverty, lift the masses of all lands to that plane of intellectual activity and opulence which will cause them to cease to multiply as the poorest races now do and always will multiply. We must stop the survival of the unfit, by making everybody fit.

Can we do these things while our right and wrong are notions bounded by lines of states, nations, or even races?

Can we do these things in the absence of action and feeling on the cosmic scale—considering this our *Earth* as a unit—the Martian way?

The *Lusitania* has to be controlled as a whole. Otherwise she would go on the rocks. We have fancied that the planet Mars is

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managed as a whole—one single planetary nation. The good ship *Earth* may sometime need to pass under planetary control—I do not see how in the last analysis her greatest material resources—soil, phosphorus, potash, oil, coal, iron and other treasures locked up in her bunkers, can be managed in the absence of planetary control. For the present we can do without it. The good ship *Earth* steers herself by automatic wireless control from the batteries of the infinite force.

It is well she does. For we are miserably divided—we passengers—into cliques and groups and gangs, cabin, forecastle, cook's galley and on deck. What a motley crew is the human race! Pirates, pilgrims, coolies, blacks, whites, yellows, browns, Kanakas, Lascars, Yankees, Japs, Portuguese, Malays, missionaries, convicts, slaves, Eurasians, Alan Brecks and Captain Dodds, Captain Kidds and Midshipman Easies. All these with their conflicting ideas—where they have any ideas at all—make world-wide team-work in conservation or even conversation, the wildest of dreams.

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And yet that is what is required for planetary control.

The races know one another better than they used to do—that is quite true. But does this new acquaintanceship really mean anything in the way of the wiping out of national or racial lines? Are we of the *Earth's* crew any closer together *spiritually* than we were when ignorant of the existence of the remoter parts of the ship on which we sail? Are we close enough so that we may mix nation with nation *ad libitum*? Has the principle of brotherhood so far approached attainability that men of one nation have the moral right to enter another nation's doors at will? These are the greatest practical questions in the world politics of the future. And they must be settled according to their right and wrong, rather than on the basis of weak vs. strong if our civilization is to stand the test of the future.

The right of expatriation is the complement of the right of immigration. These two principles test our understandings with our fellow nations. The English-speaking nations have

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led in maintaining the right of citizens to enter freely and dwell in the territories of other nations. The British navy by the roadside will tell you on all occasions that his is a "free country"—and he really means free—free to enter, free to leave. But Englishmen are asking whether or not this freedom to enter England is not carried a bit too far. Canada, with her great unoccupied spaces, is turning "undesirable" immigrants away—she will soon close her doors against Asiatics. Australia and New Zealand are still more insistent on their right to say who shall come in—in spite of their sparse populations.

In fact, it seems that our increased knowledge of one another as peoples, is coming with a world-wide reaction against the untrammelled intermingling of nation with nation. We find that we like some of our fellow passengers better than others; and curiously, these likes and dislikes are determined more by color than anything else. Is this pure unreasoning prejudice? I prefer to think that it is a psychic recognition of the fact that the sort

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of cross-breeds which would result are undesirable. This sort of repugnance is not confined to the human race—it is found sown all over the field of hybridization.

The test of any social act—or at least any governmental or sociological proposition, is its bearing on democracy. Will the intermingling of the races further or hinder the perfecting of democracy? This is to be decided in every case on the basis of the character of the races proposed to be mixed—their ethnic character, and their beliefs and thoughts. That we have a right to keep out of our nation undesirable factors seems obvious. Other nations have the same right. I think we should make very undesirable citizens of Hindustan or Japan if we emigrated thither in large numbers. It would not be so, perhaps, in the case of emigration to France or Ireland. The Japanese ought to keep us out in such a case. We have the right to keep out the Asiatics. They will interfere with our working out of the great experiment of democ-

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racy, if they come. We have one race question. We can not live with another.

Our quarters on the good ship *Earth* are ours because we find ourselves in them. Our title is the same as the title of a club to its clubhouse—and we have the same right to keep out those who are not clubable.

There are immigrants who must understand that we will not allow them to come in large numbers to dwell among us. This does not imply enmity toward them on our part. It does not imply superiority on our part or impute inferiority on theirs. It all depends on other matters.

We have a democracy to work out; and we are already divided into laboring classes, leisure classes, aristocrats, monopolists, nobles, commoners, Latins, Slavs, negroes, whites, financiers, tramps and the like. We are not at all sure that we can make a success of it as things stand now, without making them any worse.

Now we are so constituted that the presence

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among us of people who look pronouncedly unlike us at once starts a race question. Silly of us, maybe, but it can't be denied, nor argued out of us. Prejudices, instincts, intuitions are all very important. We are all the time finding how much better founded they are apt to be than are some of our reasoned convictions. Anyhow, peoples can not be made over, but must be accepted as they are, save for the ameliorating influences of time and progress.

Intimate relations between races are not always improper. Where outward appearances will allow the commingling to take place without shock, this mingling seems not a bad thing. Americans do not seem any the worse for the fact that they are the contents of a melting pot of nations. When Lafcadio Hearn and Sir Edwin Arnold fell in love with the life of old Japan, that love was the title of each to naturalization in Nippon. That great American chemist who is a Japanese by birth won the right to American citizenship when he became enamored of American life. Thousands of similar cases of real intellectual and

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spiritual naturalization may be found in stations both exalted and lowly.

But most of our immigration is thrust into our nation's body like a nail into wood by economic forces. Where the foreign body is capable of assimilation, as has been the case with most of our European immigration, this is not necessarily a fatal thing, though it is always a bad thing. But the negro, the Japanese, the Hindu and the Chinese fester in our flesh. Tens of millions are ready to come, not because they love us or our institutions, but as human merchandise. On the one side is the awful poverty of their lands from which they would flee to a land of plenty; and on the other is the greed of steamship companies itching for the dividends to be made by transporting them hither and the greed of employers itching for cheap labor. On both shores of our continent—the poorest and most unassimilable of Europe; the Semitic races from the Mediterranean Basin; and the Hindus, and Mongolians on the Pacific—they would land in swarms, were we to allow them.

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The oceans can no longer be regarded as impassable barriers against actual migrations of peoples. The ships exist, or can be built. The would-be immigrants—for the most part honest and industrious—are ready to mortgage their earnings for passage. The financial power exists to finance the migration. The danger is a real one, and one which will grow with the increase of knowledge and the progress of the arts and sciences.

Australia has the same problem, and so has Canada, South Africa and South America. The Spanish-American peoples are peculiarly exposed to this danger of race mixture minus human affinity.

The present war in Turkey shows the result of such intermingling. For five hundred years the Turks have festered in the flesh of Europe—a foreign body. Such festerings must cause wars. As between such conditions and wars, the wars are far more tolerable.

Sometime things will be splendidly otherwise. We shall have solved the critical problems of our civilization—democracy per-

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fect, poverty extirpated, enlightenment made universal. So will the other nations, unless there be some beyond redemption. There will be no economic pressure toward emigration. There will be less tendency toward race admixture; and what there is will be natural and good. Immigration now brings that bodily contact which Swinburne tells us of in the story of the French man-of-the-people and the lady of high degree, who, during the Terror were stripped naked and cast bound together into the Seine. In that better day it will be the drawing together of affinities, not the crushing together of opposites and strangers. Until the better day comes, there will be more of evil than of good in it.