

sonally. Even the lowest among them he loves so well that he graciously contributes out of his abundance to the relief of their wants, and enjoys it. But he does not love his fellow men theoretically; for, like the amiable slave owner, he clings tenaciously to the unfair social institutions which foster his wealth by blighting their opportunities. Personal affection without theoretical love, is merely emotional and usually selfish; but theoretical love, the intellectual counterpart of emotional affection, rounds out that brotherly love without which personal love is only a slightly expanded form of easy-going self gratification.

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An Official Editorial.

We adopt as an editorial the following extract from the fourteenth annual report of the New York State Prison Commission, dated February 23, 1909: "A boy had recently been discharged on parole from the Rochester Industrial School and had been employed during the fall and early winter by a farmer, who did not need his services for the balance of the winter and let him go. The boy started out to find other work, which is not always easy to do in the dead of winter in the country. He was picked up by an overzealous constable, who took him before a rural Justice who adjudged him a vagrant and sent him to the county jail for six months, which would keep him in prison the entire spring and part of the summer. Very few county judges would allow such a commitment to stand if they had jurisdiction over it and the matter was brought to their attention. We read about such oppression in some distant foreign lands and execrate the governments that permit or cause them, ignorant or unmindful of the conditions existing in our own State. Police officials should not be permitted to arrest citizens simply because they are without work and without money, and magistrates should not be permitted to send such people to prison."

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Baby Millionaires.

When the names of children are paraded in the newspapers as worth \$45,000,000, or \$30,000,000, or \$9,000,000, or even \$1,000,000, what impression does the statement probably make upon the mind of the average reader who toils and moils for a pittance, and stares penury in the face if perchance opportunities to work shall elude him?

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Of course, he doesn't think that these children have earned that much. They have never earned

anything, and it may be that they never will. Does he think, then, that an ancestor has piled up that much gold, or silver, or houses, or clothing, or food, or other product of labor which he had earned in his day? The thought is absurd!

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What, then, is the meaning of this great wealth which these children own? Simple enough. It is not wealth at all; it is only a collection of paper titles. Titles to past wealth? Yes, to a degree, but not to a degree that counts for much. Titles to present wealth? Yes, to a degree, but not to a great degree relatively. Titles to wealth yet to be produced? Aye, that's the point. Under our social adjustments, no one can work without the permission of some one else, of some one who owns a title to working opportunities. These permissions or licenses to work bring to the licensor, without consideration, part of the products of the licensee or the sub-licensee; and the probable income from those sources capitalizes into lump sums which measure the market value of the titles.

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It is capitalizations of that kind that are alluded to when children are described as millionaires and multi-millionaires. They are so because they are to be worked for, by millions upon millions of other children, as long as they hold fast to those titles to a share in the working opportunities of the world. When a little Southern boy in the old century inherited a thousand slaves, he was said to be worth so much money. He was really worth the capitalized value of his title to the future productiveness of those slaves, minus their "keep." It is the same now, except that the form of the slavery is more subtle, and master and slave are not distinguished by race differences.

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A Sermonette on Charity.

"Charity begins at home." True. But what do we mean by "charity"? Not alms, surely. It would be absurd to practice almsgiving in one's own household. What can we mean by "charity" in this use of it but good affection, good will, love. This must be the meaning. So we have it that good affection, good will, love, begins at home. And what is love in this sense but fairness, the square deal, just conduct, justness, justice? It is justice, then, that begins at home. He who is unjust in his own household is only playing at justice when he preates about it elsewhere.

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But the justice, the love, the charity that begins

at home, and stays at home, is worse than mere play. It is selfishness modified only enough to take in mine with me—"us four and no more." It is difficult to say whether this is a modification or a multiplication of selfishness. It is one thing to make one's own home happy, with due regard for the happiness of other homes; it is altogether a different thing to make one's own home happy by making other homes unhappy.

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The sneak thief might make his own home happy. So might the burglar, the forger, the highwayman. He might bring comforts home for the enjoyment of his family. He might be just, loving, charitable, in his own home. But it would be at the expense of homes he had robbed. Is this what we mean when we say that charity should begin at home? Is this what we mean when we decry agitations for general justice? And if a thief who had not been just at home any more than abroad, were urged to reform, should we tell him to begin at home? Should we be satisfied if he did begin at home? The instant answer to these questions is that the justice which begins at home and bides its time for development beyond the home is spurious.

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And how does the business man who has some legislative license to rob differ in that connection from the sneak thief or burglar or forger or highwayman? He doesn't differ at all, except that he runs no risk of the jail. When he makes his own home happy it is at the expense of other homes. To let him pride himself, then, upon the fact that he is good in his home, to listen modestly to him when he preaches against agitations for social justice, saying that charity or love or justice begins at home, is to encourage the rankest kind of uncharitableness.

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Nor is there any essential difference in favor of the beneficiaries of moss-grown institutional privileges. The beneficiaries of these privileges do not go forth and rob with violence or cunning; neither do they corrupt legislatures to license pillage; but they do permit the institutions by which they prosper at the expense of others to stand, and they do resist the efforts of others to abolish them. Insofar as they are passive they stand upon the same charity plane with the beneficiaries of unjust legislative gifts, and the thieves who break in and steal. The happiness they bring into their own homes is at the expense of happiness in other

homes. Their charity at home is counterbalanced by their uncharitableness abroad.

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Death of Dr. Wesselhoeft.

Another long time friend of *The Public*, Dr. Wm. P. Wesselhoeft of Boston, has followed Louis Prang (p. 782) and Dr. Thomas (p. 793) out of the world. Dr. Wesselhoeft is described by the *Boston Post* as a prominent homeopathic physician who was born at Bath, Penn., Oct. 8, 1835. In Boston he was for many years consulting physician to the Massachusetts Homeopathic Hospital, and he had besides a large private practice. Like Mr. Prang, his distinguished fellow townsman, Dr. Wesselhoeft was a believer in the industrial doctrines of Henry George which are now reviving so widely and taking a hold so much firmer than ever upon public thought.

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A Faithful Country Newspaper.

We regret the necessity, due to his ill health, which causes W. M. Martin to offer his printing plant at Solon (Iowa) for sale and to give notice of withdrawal from the useful editorial work he has been doing for ten years or more in that part of his State. Never were such papers as the Solon "Economy" has been under Mr. Martin's management so badly needed among the country press as now. It has done its work ably as a local newspaper and performed its function faithfully as interpreter for local use of the progress of the world. It has besides, with editorial thought and force, contributed its share to the sum of that progress.

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Barbarous Mexico and Barbarous Denver.

We are glad to notice that a magazine of high standing has had the courage to take up conditions in Mexico (p. 541), and bring out the facts. This is *The American*, which begins in its October issue a series of articles by J. K. Turner on "Barbarous Mexico." The title is a good one, notwithstanding the Springfield Republican's criticism that it offers an affront to a sister Republic. No Mexican will be offended at this title unless he is offended at the exposure itself. Beneficiaries of the plutocratic and bloody dynasty of Diaz will be offended at the title, of course; but not Mexican patriots. In the same way we may speak of barbarous Denver without offending any of the Denver victims of its barbarity, except those narrow-minded merchants whose one immortal ambition it is to buy something for a dollar and sell it for a