

labored under a similar misunderstanding. The Southern Education Board devotes itself to educational campaigns in Southern States, and has had great success in improving public-school conditions there. The Jeanes Fund aids only the rural one-teacher public school. Thus merely the Slater Fund, with its limited means, interests itself to any extent in the rural industrial school; for the Peabody Fund, which might have been kept intact for this useful purpose, is to be distributed, a good part going to a teachers' training school in Tennessee.

To our mind, the work of these rural and industrial institutions is of such great moment to whites and blacks alike that no philanthropist could to-day invest a large sum more wisely than by endowing a board which should primarily interest itself in their development. Many of these country schools, like that at Manassas, Virginia, are the result of genuine self-denial and sacrifice on the part of the colored people; others like Lyman Ward's at Camp Hill, Alabama, and Miss Martha Berry's at Rome, Georgia, represent similar praiseworthy exertions on the part of Southern white leaders. All of the schools are developing in a more or less haphazard way, some with exclusively white teachers, some with mixed faculties, and others with only colored instructors and managers. In some, particular stress is given to agricultural training; in others, the manual industries receive especial attention. In few, if any, have the book-learning and hand training been properly coördinated; while many are entirely without proper systems of book-keeping and accounting. Hardly any insist upon fixed standards for entrance or graduation or make sure that the pupil who carries away a certificate is at least a master of the fundamental three R's.

Each new school for lack of intelligent supervision and direction by some central body falls into precisely the errors of its predecessors. Some institutions, like Okolona, are self-supporting; others do not know how to use their resources to this end. Again, there are several places where two such schools exist with a wasteful and needless duplication of work similar to that at Atlanta, where no less than three weak and struggling institutions are competing for the higher education of the ne-

gro. It must be admitted, too, that some of the rural schools that appeal for aid are in no wise entitled to it. There is an impostor named John J. Smallwood, for instance, who lives well on his collections for a school that does not exist, and a "Georgia Nautical School" for negroes is perpetually in being—that its founder may live comfortably on the contributions he collects.

A board especially charged with the interests of genuine schools of this kind would be in a position to drive out impostors, to raise scholastic standards, to prescribe a system of bookkeeping, and a form for financial statements, by giving or withholding its approval and gifts, just as the Carnegie pension fund has made numerous colleges raise their entrance examinations in order to qualify for pensions for its teachers. By acting as a clearing-house for information, a central board could be of enormous value in placing the experiences of one school at the disposition of others, and it could intelligently advise as to what is now becoming the most important feature of these small industrial schools—their community extension work. Through allied land companies, through farmers' conferences, mothers' meetings, and teachers' institutes, Manassas, Kowaliga, Calhoun, Utica, and others in every State of the old Confederacy are extending their influences a thousand-fold—again after the manner of Hampton and Tuskegee—by blazing the way to prosperity for poor white and poor black alike, and often breaking down the barriers of prejudice between the races. Surely, so great a work ought not to be allowed to languish or to develop in haphazard fashion.

UNCONSCIOUS PIRATES.

It was doubtless what Paley called an "undesigned coincidence," but nevertheless it is a striking one, that the government's final attempt to have the courts declare the Standard Oil Company a wicked monopoly and an outlaw, should have been made in the same week in which the head of the Standard published his *apologia pro vita sua*. At St. Louis, the counsel for the Department of Justice were calling Mr. Rockefeller a pirate, who for years had flown the black flag, at the very time when he himself was coming before the world in a book simply agush with the milk of human kindness. If he was

ever a pirate, he certainly appears in it as a man who could outdo the gentlest Stockton or Gilbert and Sullivan buccaneer in knitting or any other fireside art.

We have no intention of discussing Mr. Rockefeller's "Reminiscences" in detail. It is not the place to go for real information about the rise and achievements of the Standard Oil Company. Of all that, he but skims the surface. The interest of his book is not historical nor industrial nor financial, but psychological and moral. We spoke of it as an *apologia*, but in his mind it is nothing of the kind. He is sublimely unaware that there is anything to be apologized for. He does, indeed, speak with pain and protest of the fact that some of his honored associates have been charged with "grave faults"—to quote his mild-mannered phrase. As regards his own career, however, no reader of his book who had no other sources of information, would dream that the writer felt anything but humble satisfaction and joy in the noble example which, by the grace of God, he had been able to set before ingenuous and aspiring American youth. Nor can we regard this as a mere assumption of virtue. Only a great literary artist would be able to feign innocence so completely, and to sustain it so successfully to the end of the last chapter; but Mr. Rockefeller is an artless writer. Our inference is that his pages are simply the genuine expression of his real attitude of mind. If he is or has been a pirate, he is as unconscious a one as ever drew breath.

Such a phenomenon as he and others like him present, throws us back upon our definitions, and forces us to scrutinize human nature. If a whole system has been built up on the philosophy of the unconscious, it is only fair to ask if the men whom we call wicked, may not be quite oblivious of their wickedness. As there are glad souls without reproach or blot who do God's will and know it not, so may there not be the other kind, who do the Devil's work and know it not? Granting that a man may be, in actual fact, a devourer of widows' houses and an oppressor of the poor, we are not to imagine that he begins his day by asking himself: "What villany shall I be able to execute ere set of sun?" He does not look about for a given widow whose property

he may take away by nightfall, or gloat over a definite orphan whose pitance he thinks he may get into his own pocket before going to bed. If even pickpockets and burglars go about their jobs with an absorbed sense of merely pursuing the business by which they live, we must be prepared to admit a certain degree of the same unconsciousness, or overlooking, of evil in those who wreck railroads, loot banks, or destroy the property of a rival.

It is clear, too, that a man whose business practices have made him disliked or even execrated, may move through the world pretty nearly ignorant of the opinion of his fellow-men. He has few means of finding it out. The newspapers, he may make it a boast, with Mr. Balfour, that he never reads; or, if he does read them, he discovers in them so much that is exaggerated, sensational, or false, that he sees no reason why he should pay any attention to what they say about himself. And even when he is dimly aware of a certain outside hostility, which he easily sets down to misunderstanding or slander, he is able to fall back upon unflinching appreciation and admiration among his intimates—and it is the world in actual touch with us which makes up, for most of us, that external conscience which we so readily transform into the voice within. The unjust magnate knows little or nothing, by any outward sign, of his injustice. In his office and in directors' meetings, his dependents fawn upon him and his associates flatter him. His family hangs upon him in affection. In church he is consulted and deferred to, with no one to suggest, as the English lord did to the bishop, that he would do well to indulge in "piety of a less ostentatious character." Wrapped up in his large projects, delighting in the game of money-making for its own sake, surrounded by friends, overwhelmed by college presidents with expressions of that gratitude which consists in the expectation of favors to come—how can it be wondered at that such a man, his sensibilities which were never delicate grown callous with long absorption in affairs, should be blandly unconscious of what the world thinks him to be or of what he really is?

Fortunately, both social laws and the statutes deal with overt acts, not with a state of soul. If we had to be sure

that a monopolist had to be acutely conscious of sin, or a devastator of industry stricken through with remorse, before he could be properly convicted or punished, the worst of the lawless rich could count upon going scot free. A man may smile and be a villain; an industrial pirate may think he has the face of a saint, to go with his devout thoughts. But the law does not undertake to read the hearts of men. If the Federal courts decide that the Standard Oil Company is a piratical organization, the fact that its head is all unwitting of piracy will alter neither the judgment nor the penalty.

THE MINOR TONGUES.

The New York State Board of Regents has just added Biblical Hebrew to its examination list. There is no reason why it should not have done so. Our law students and medical students, intent on passing off their preliminary "counts," will undoubtedly find it just as easy to forget the Pentateuch and the Song of Songs as they do Cæsar's Commentaries, the *Æneid*, and the *Anabasis*. But in the action of the Regents something more than a delicate compliment to our growing Hebrew citizenship was probably intended. The Hebrew language, as a spoken tongue, may be practically dead. Yet as the language of the Jewish ritual and the most common branch of elementary education among the orthodox, Hebrew is sufficiently familiar to give the ordinary Jewish student a decided advantage over the outsider. And this aside from the fact that many Hebrew words in corrupt form enter into Yiddish, which is still the dialect of a very large part of the Jewish population of New York city. A generation or two hence, when the children of our Italian and Greek immigrants begin to flock to the colleges, they will have a similar legitimate advantage in their tussle with Cæsar and Xenophon.

The vitality of Yiddish and, indeed, the struggle of the smaller nations for the preservation of their native language constitutes one of the most significant features of contemporary European history. Sentiment and practical reasons are both involved. The Poles in East Prussia, the Ruthenians and the Poles in Russia, the Czechs and Germans in Bohemia, the Bulgarians, Greeks, and Serbs in Turkey, the Flem-

ings in Belgium, the rival French and German factions in Alsace-Lorraine, are actuated in part by national pride, in part by clear recognition of the fact that a common language is one of the firmest bonds of national existence, but in part also by the desire for material advantage. A Czech or a Greek-speaking population means that, whoever holds the reins of power, there will be need of a certain number of Czech-speaking or Greek-speaking officials, judges, priests, journalists, and school-teachers. The preservation of its language thus means to a subject race the preservation of an irreducible minimum of local self-government and a chance to grow up into something else than tax-paying hewers of wood and drawers of water. At the same time, a language is the most easily defended of all national treasures. Land, liberty, opportunity may all be taken away, but not even German ingenuity has as yet found a perfect device for making a conquered race hold its tongue. And the forbidden speech, so easily defended, is also easily passed on. The Polish landowner in Prussia can never feel sure that his son will hold the estate after him. But to drill a child in his father's speech may mean insurance of patriotism for a generation.

Thus habit, sentiment, ambition, worldly prudence, are all concerned in the modern strife of tongues. Subject peoples cling to the language they have inherited, as the Poles, the Flemings, and the southern Slavs do; or bring back to life forgotten languages of their own, as the Irish with Gaelic and the Jews in Russia with Hebrew; or attempt to purify and ennoble the common vernacular, as the Greeks did in the early nineteenth century, as the Rumanians are doing at the present day, and as the Jews, again, in this country and in Europe are doing with the Yiddish dialect. The Yiddish newspapers in New York city circulate probably a quarter of a million copies. There is a respectable Yiddish literature and a more than respectable Yiddish drama. Yet of recent years Jewish writers have grown discontented with the medium to which they are bound. Upon a double foundation of German and Hebrew, the Yiddish has piled up treasure-trove from every language with which the race in the course of its chequered history during the last five