

railway proprietor and a politician. He has his creatures not only in Congress, but in the Legislatures of the many States through which his lines run. He is even reported to have owned Governors. Certainly, B. B. Odell, jr., was very friendly toward him. If any one wants an example of State political machines manipulated in the interests of a railway, one has only to go to California, where Harriman's Southern Pacific stretches its tentacles from the Oregon line to Mexico. There one will quickly discover that the objection to Harriman is not merely that he is unscrupulous. It is bad enough to have legislators and city officials, as well as newspapers, devoted to the interests of a man whose methods are sometimes those of a buccaneer. But were Mr. Harriman the Archangel Gabriel, were he the most benevolent despot alive, were the Southern Pacific simply a huge engine run for the sole purpose of benefiting the inhabitants of California, those unhappy people would still groan under the yoke and cry out in wrath for deliverance. The American people will not view with equanimity the centralization of such vast power in one person. They say, and say rightly, that it weakens, and occasionally even destroys, representative government. It is not the voters; it is huge corporations that more than once have declared what the laws shall be and who shall execute them.

This is why it is inevitable that the unbridled greed of Harriman and his kind is sure to be made the excuse for renewed agitation against corporations. We have just passed through a panic, and from one end of the country to the other financiers have been imploring, "Let us alone!" Well, if letting alone results in one man's securing so many thousand miles of railway—the common carrier of America—the advocates of government regulation, and even ownership, will find weapons ready forged to their hands. In this State we now have Public Service Commissions, vested with unusual authority; and though Harriman and the newspaper organs of Wall Street speculators may rage, the tendency will be—if we may judge the future by the past—to strengthen rather than weaken these commissions. The example, too, is sure to be followed in our neighboring States. The subject is already up for discussion in New Jersey and Connecticut. There, as in New

York, the corporation interests are offering a brute opposition, but that opposition is certain to be defeated as soon as ever the issue is fairly presented to the electorate. Furthermore, there has been a long campaign for amending the Sherman Anti-Trust law. The defects of that statute are patent; but we doubt whether, with the vision of Harriman bestriding this country like a colossus, Congress would dare run counter to popular opinion by passing any amendment that might seem to favor the corporations. If corporations are subject to what their managers call vexatious and unjust restrictions, it is largely because men like Jay Gould a generation ago and John D. Rockefeller and E. H. Harriman to-day are the embodiments of corporate activity.

And it is to be remembered also that much of this talk about vexatious and unjust restrictions is based on an assumption as to the doctrine of *laissez-faire* that is no longer tenable. We go as far as any one in urging that each man be allowed, within the bounds of honor, to manage his own business in his own way. We view with dread all laws that may tend to cripple industry or check initiative. But we cannot assent to the theory, sometimes openly proclaimed, often tacitly accepted by corporation managers, that a public service corporation, by its very nature a monopoly, is a private business; that any man can manage a railway or a gas company as if it were merely his personal property. The public interest there must be conserved by firm restriction upon rates to be charged, securities to be issued, and operations in finance. As John Morley points out in his last volume of "Critical Miscellanies":

Where a whole class of men is permanently at a disadvantage in its bargains with another, then by strict Gladstonian principle the state has a right to intervene as arbitrator, provided that it can do so with sufficient equipment of knowledge and impartiality.

It is because we would have the state as arbitrator, acting through an Interstate Commerce Commission, a Federal Bureau of Corporations, or through State Public Service Commissions, play its part with intelligence and moderation and avoid such violent extremes as government ownership that we are profoundly disquieted by the performances of the men of whom Mr. Harriman is a

type. They furnish the demagogue and the wild radical with inexhaustible ammunition; they rob the conservative of his strongest arguments.

UNREST AMONG BOSSES.

Magazine writers are analyzing "spiritual unrest"; other great minds are explaining "discontent" of various kinds, afflicting various classes; but no one has given due attention to a social and political phenomenon more significant than any of them. We mean boss unrest. The usual state of soul in a boss is one of blissful self-complacency. Such a thing as searchings of heart—we do not say conscience, for the practical man in politics is not fool enough to search for what does not exist—has been strange to him. But on a sudden we see his class falling into doubt, uneasiness, and dissatisfaction. All the well-known signs of unrest are, in fact, visible to-day among the small Republican bosses of New York State.

It is not necessary to take our word for this. One of the suffering body has himself gone into the witness-stand, or the confessional. William Barnes, jr., of Albany has been publicly diagnosing his own ailment, and that of his fellows. He admits a "chaotic condition" in local leadership, which is, he confesses, "thoughtless and wanting in initiative." The chief trouble with the bosses is, he concedes, that for some years they have been thinking of themselves only as divinely ordained "patronage brokers," and not at all "leaders of opinion." And Mr. Barnes would have us now believe that they are filled with contrition for their shortcomings, and are proposing to develop a true "capacity for leadership," together with "the requisite stamina to withstand alleged popular demand." This is interesting, but perhaps even more so is Mr. Barnes's explanation of the causes of the low estate to which the bosses have been brought in New York. He strikes his finger on the spot in this way:

The real cause was that the astuteness and cleverness of Senator Platt furnished for many years the thinking machine for the up-State Republicans. Being so long accustomed to having political advice given to them by Senator Platt, they became dull and atrophied.

His testimony of an expert, however, we are unable to accept as conclusive. Platt and a "thinking machine" are contradictory terms—unless money thinks

as well as talks. The power of Boss Platt was built up on a basis which was frankly mercenary. He took in the party funds, he paid them out by individual check, and that enabled him, as paymaster of the forces, to name and control members of the Legislature, hence to sell legislation, hence to force his creatures to vote into the United States Senate a man whom they despised—himself. This was the sole magic of Platt's power: He exercised it for some years through steady defeat. The party loathed him, but could not get rid of him, because he controlled its source of supplies, the campaign contributions. Then along came Bryan to make New York hopelessly Republican, and to deceive some into thinking that a vulgar and mercenary boss, of shocking morals, was really a shrewd political leader.

Pushing one side, therefore, Mr. Barnes's pathetic delusion that it is the disappearance of T. C. Platt which has disclosed the fact that his followers and understudies are men without force, grasp, or prescience, we must ask what is the true cause of the confusion and shame-facedness of the little bosses. The best answer is furnished in Gov. Hughes's speech in this city last Saturday night. Political conditions have arisen in which the bosses are not at all at home, and with which their old methods do not fit them to cope. A new spirit is astir. People are tired of political dictators, large or small. The voters have been fixing their eyes upon the exact facts, and they know that the Governor is right in declaring the delegate and convention system to be, in practice, a sham. It is not what it pretends to be. Instead of affording the party a means of expressing freely and accurately its wishes, it is, too often, the device by which it is bound and gagged and delivered into the hands of a selfish and dishonest clique. It is because the people have found out the fraud, and are determined to put something genuine in its place, that there is this great shaking of the dry bones going on. Ideas are taking possession of the popular mind. Gov. Hughes is but making himself their interpreter and enforcer. Now, nothing is so fatal to political bosses as ideas.

This is deliciously implied in the summons which Barnes issues to his partners in distress to muster up "the

requisite stamina to withstand alleged popular demand." In the race-track agitation, last year, there was an idea—a moral idea—at work which Barnes valiantly withstood, but nevertheless it was strong enough to bowl him over. He also displayed splendid stamina, along with abundant stupidity, in opposing the renomination of Gov. Hughes, but then, too, down he went. Now he is starting out on another losing fight against an idea. That is the trouble with him, although he does not suspect it. All his vague discontent, his restless turning this way and that, and wondering what has become of his leadership, are merely symptoms that his disease is gaining upon him. Its cure is fresh-air treatment—that is, going out and getting into touch with the moral aspirations of the people. But, of course, that form of cure would be, to a boss, the same thing as suicide.

FILLING IN THE MAP.

Even so unmercenary a pursuit as geographical exploration does not escape the ineradicable taint of money-grubbing. Peary, before he sets out for the North, thinks it necessary to suggest how "useful" it would be finally to reach the Pole, or to hint at great savings to international shipping which might be effected by a definite examination into the antics of the magnetic pole. As a matter of fact, Peary knows, and those who are behind him know, that it is only the eternal lure of the hidden and the vague that draws men to the dreary regions of the Pole. Curiosity has been a sufficient reason for men's leaving home and kin and risking their lives in strange lands. It was primarily the desire to see that led on the Jew, Benjamin of Tudela, in the twelfth century, Marco Polo in the fourteenth, the great Portuguese and Spanish navigators in the fifteenth century, and their successors in turn down to the present day. How much of Columbus's interest in a shorter route to India and the conversion of its natives was fundamental, and how much was practical argument addressed to the cupidity of financial backers? He had the Unknown Sea to conquer, and he could think of any number of good business reasons why he should make the trial. And essentially the spirit of exploration is still the same. The zoölogist who goes to the Arctic with his knives and preserving

fluids has little hope of bringing back a new breed of domestic animal for the use of man. He wants only to extend or rectify his lists of quite useless species and sub-species. In other words, he is curious.

For the curiosity of the professional explorer, the world, as the *London Times* notes in a recent article, still holds large stretches of unmapped ground. There is, of course, the classic North Polar region, where Peary is now busy, and whither Capt. Amundsen is planning to lead a six-year drifting expedition, largely on the lines of Nansen's famous undertaking. There is the vast Antarctic realm in the partial conquest of which Charcot's French expedition is engaged. In discussing this enterprise, Charles Rabot sums up the case in the *Paris Temps*:

Imagine that in our own hemisphere our geographical knowledge were to stop at the White Sea, at the Siberian coastland, at Bering Strait, and the northern part of Hudson's Bay, and you will have an idea of the regions round the South Pole that still lie hidden from us.

Is not that answer enough as to the "use" of Antarctic exploration? The North and the South Pole are where man has still to draw the complete main outlines of his map. Elsewhere it is largely a matter of filling in—South America, which still holds two million square miles of unexplored territory; Arabia, with nearly half a million; Tibet, which Sven Hedin has not so thoroughly mapped but that there is plenty of work left for others; New Guinea, and Africa. Strange it is that the Dark Continent should come last, far from a dark continent now, and offering opportunity almost entirely for the detailed work of the scientific specialist.

How strong is the pull of the unknown in itself, is shown by the almost complete absence of what we may call the human element in modern exploration. It was not so much strange lands as strange beings that the early explorers went out for to see—foreign peoples, with their odd customs and costumes, their cities and temples, their politics and beliefs. The unknown that waits for the explorer of the present day is an unknown bereft of man. In the jungles of the Amazon, a few thousand aborigines may still be lingering; in the wilds of New Guinea we may come across some odd subdivisions of the Papuan stock; in the Sahara, there