

THE MAKING OF THE SOUL

J. Pierpont Morgan, the greatest trust organizer in the world's history, gave to Harvard College more than one million dollars. The announcement of this gift was cheered by the students and the alumni of Harvard, and Mr. Morgan was the recipient of many compliments given by the newspapers of the country.

John D. Rockefeller, the leading spirit of the most powerful trust in existence, recently gave to education \$32,900,000; he has also given perhaps \$40,000,000 to the University of Chicago and to other funds. Upon the occasion of Mr. Rockefeller's visit to the university, which although it does not bear his name, is known as his school, he was accorded a great ovation by the students. Referring to the demonstration a New York newspaper said:

"It is possible for a student to go through the University of Chicago and know little Latin and less Greek, but he will come away with a very clear comprehension of the fact that a man who can build a trust and monopolize a gift of nature is worthy of all admiration and reverence, if he give a trivial part of his gains to a college."

The donations made by Andrew Carnegie to the libraries that bear his name, to the pension fund for disabled teachers and to other institutions, are well known to the reading public. Several years ago Mr. Carnegie said that, "he who dies rich dies disgraced," and he added that the men of old had a habit of retiring, late in life, from business and engaging in what they called, "the making of the soul." The reading public understood Mr. Carnegie to mean that in the distribution of his great wealth he was "putting his house in order." A New York citizen was so impressed with Mr. Carnegie's generosity that he sent to a New York paper an article entitled, "How to honor Carnegie." In that article this New Yorker said:

"Naturally every human mind is today asking itself this question: What adequate recognition can be given to Andrew Carnegie, the great Scotch born American, for living up so superbly to the life rule which he made for himself and so boldly proclaimed, 'He who dies rich, dies disgraced.' No set of resolutions, no monuments, no possible political recognition—for he is foreign born—is adequate. Is it possible to successfully answer the question?"

In the first place it must be said that every gift of money for a worthy purpose is deserving of generous and intelligent recognition.

Charity is the greatest of all the graces. But wherever it happens that, in the view of an intelligent public, charity is permitted to cover a multitude of sins, public interests suffer and private interests do not obtain compensation adequate to the public injury.

We live in an age of money. One moment we see a handful of men acquiring the wealth of the country, and the next moment we hear of one of these men bestowing what to us seems a liberal sum upon a public library, a church, university or a great college. Gratitude being an American characteristic, we are prompted to give at once not only the credit due for these benefactions, but to bestow that credit so lavishly that men close their eyes to the methods whereby the wealth has been obtained and forget the evils the public has suffered in the presence of what seems to be a generous gift.

One need not be unmindful of generous acts when he requires himself to consider candidly and intelligently the contributions now being made by enormously wealthy men. One of the great evils confronting the American people today is presented in these enormous contributions made by abnormally wealthy men. The evil rests in the fact that we are so ready to pay tribute to the giving of these gifts that we are apt to close our eyes to the methods which make them possible.

Mr. Carnegie's, "he who dies rich dies disgraced" has become famous. A more absurd proposition was never presented by an intelligent man. It is not a disgrace to be wealthy; it is not a disgrace to die wealthy, always provided the wealth was acquired by taking just recompense for the industry, intelligence and ingenuity of the man. There is, however, a limit to wealth. No man has ever lived, and no man will ever live, who can with due regard for the rules of honesty, with decent concern for the rights of others pile up the enormous fortunes accumulated by the Carnegies, the Rockefellers and the Morgans. There have always been men and there always will be men, who, partly because of greater ingenuity, partly of more skill, are able to acquire more than their neighbors. But the wealth that may be honestly acquired will be estimated in

relation to the manner in which the great mass of people live. If every man who is willing to work can obtain the opportunity to work, and for that work can obtain sufficient recompense with which to rear and educate his family, then the general conditions would make it possible that the men who naturally incline to wealth, and to whom wealth seems naturally to incline, may obtain reasonable fortunes. Under these conditions there is no law made wealth. The fortunes of the Carnegies, the Rockefellers and the Morgans were made possible by special privileges under the law—privileges which these men of millions enjoy to the disadvantage of the great masses of their countrymen.

The man who dies wealthy does not die disgraced if in the first place he has "lived honestly, hurt nobody and given to everyone his due." He has not lived honestly if he has paid out his money for the election of congressmen and public officials who will give him special privileges. He has not avoided hurting anybody if he has been the beneficiary of a law which gives to the few enormous advantages at the expense of the many. He has not given everyone his due if he has taken under a law, made for his special benefit, privileges that operate to the disadvantage of his countrymen.

If this "making of the soul" phrase means anything then it means that Mr. Carnegie—or Mr. Rockefeller—feels the necessity of restitution. If he is making restitution then it is not necessary that we should build him a monument. It is not proper that we should go into ecstasies over any or all of his acts of restitution.

Until recently Omaha, Nebraska, counted among its distinguished citizens, a man who died rich—but he did not die disgraced. His name was John A. Creighton and his life was so devoted to good deeds, that it might almost be said of him:

"Even children follow'd with endearing wile,  
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile."

He did not seem to concern himself as to "the making of the soul;" but for years to come the memory of John A. Creighton will go marching on through the hearts of the men, women and children who were the beneficiaries of his loving kindness. Some of his wealth this good man inherited; much of it has been due to successful investment on legitimate lines; none of it was acquired through any laws enacted for his special benefit. It seemed that he could not give away his money fast enough to keep pace with the accumulations that came through honest business ventures—gold dropping into the hands of one well able to handle it for the benefit of society. One of the greatest of western universities has been the beneficiary of his generous impulses; one of the greatest of western medical colleges stands as a monument to his enterprise and liberality; one of the greatest hospitals in the world is a monument to his great heart; a great law school, well equipped with permanent dwelling place and magnificent library, will serve as a reminder of this gentle man. Recently Mr. Creighton celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday by giving one million dollars to the charitable and educational institutions, which already owed so much to him.

These gifts, known to the public, are, however, but a small part of the benefactions of this man. Hundreds and hundreds of men, women and children have been aided and helped and comforted by Mr. Creighton's generosity. The world has never known of his gifts except where the character of those gifts were such as to make secrecy impossible. As a rich man he did not rank among the Carnegies, the Rockefellers or the Morgans, and yet his gifts amount to several millions. None heard John A. Creighton worrying lest he should die rich and thus die "disgraced." Whatever wealth he possessed, whatever wealth he acquired his conscience was clear. He knew that none of that wealth was made possible by the purchase of public officials, by the employment of congressmen as his agents, by the acquirement of special privileges at the expense of the masses of the people. Of that wealth he has given nobly and abundantly in many practical ways.

Souls are not made by the restitution of ill-gotten gains in a manner that wins the plaudits of the world. A hundred libraries towering to the skies will be as ineffective in the righting of grievous wrongs as was the tower of Babel in providing a thoroughfare by which a sinful world could reach heaven.

Restitution is a good thing, but in itself it should be complete and effectual, and even then is purely an experiment in the "making of the soul." Benefactions prompted by the generous impulses of men who delight in giving for the sake of giving—by men whose conscience does not smite them for wrongs committed against a people, but whose intelligence and goodness bids them to scatter seeds of kindness—these are the

things that aid in the preservation of the soul.

The man who discharges this duty, although he may die rich, will not die disgraced. His memory will be enshrined in the hearts of his countrymen and his future will be secure in the hands of his God.

RICHARD L. METCALFE.

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"ONE OF THE BOYS"

He is 'way beyond fifty, his hair's turning gray,  
But still he can laugh in the jolliest way;  
He hasn't forgotten the fun in a jest;  
He tells the old stories with heartiest zest,  
He knows all the new ones; he likes lots of noise—  
Somehow he has managed to stay with the boys.

Why, he can get up in the gray of the dawn  
And be out on the road ere the others have gone,  
With his pole and his line—and he laughs long and deep  
At the ones who say morning's the best time to sleep.  
He is out with the boys, and not one of them peers  
At the wrinkles and crow's feet that tell of his years.

He is ready to romp, or to hunt, or to ride—  
He has never sat silent and moody, and sighed  
Over vanishing youth or the days of his past,  
For he says that the days of the boytime can last  
Just as long as we will, that we never need part  
With the wonderful thrill that they give to the heart.

He will lie on his back in the shade of the trees  
And declare that he knows what is sung by the bees,  
And he mimics the whistles and calls of the birds,  
Which, he says, if he liked, he could put into words.  
He would rather spend hours on the banks of the brook  
Where the berries are red, than be reading a book.

He is 'way beyond fifty, and folks think he ought  
To devote lots of time to more serious thought—  
But they wonder at him, and they envy him, too,  
For he's living today all the days they once knew;  
He has never lost touch with the chiefest of joys,  
He has kept a young heart—he is one of the boys.  
—Wilbur D. Nesbit in the Chicago Evening Post.

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