

tal press have, as a rule, interpreted the protest in this spirit. In a few cases, as was to be expected, the attempt has been made to interpret the action of the Secretary of State as another sign of American aggression and insolence; but these interpretations spring either from the old-time inability, now fast passing away, to understand American character and American policy, or from a desire to make political capital.



The Highest Gift

"Silver and gold have I none," said one of the greatest teachers of religion the world has ever known, "but such as I have I give unto thee; . . . rise up and walk." The words and the act in which they bore fruit had a deep meaning to the men who heard and saw what Peter said and did, but they have a deeper meaning to-day; they bring home to a generation absorbed in pressing activities and dealing with immense wealth the fundamental truth that even in his gifts man is transcendently more important than his possessions. It is one of the wholesome signs of the times that as men become richer they become more generous, and that the vast wealth rapidly piling up in the modern world not only stimulates luxury, but feeds the springs of the higher life. The care of man for man was never before so impressively expressed in noble provision for the weak, the unfortunate, the ignorant. The resources of the higher life in the machinery of education, the instruments of investigation, the provision for searching the qualities of matter and the secrets of nature to protect men from danger and cure them of disease, were never before so abundantly cared for. The old rivulets of charity have become great and deep streams of beneficence. The record of gifts to education during the past few years, as shown by President Thwing in an article in this number of *The Outlook*, has not only marked a new scale of generosity, but a fresh perception of the significance of education and of the social obligation which it lays upon men and women of means. It is a noble record, and it is but a preface to the nobler record of the future.

And yet it remains true that money in

the largest amounts in which it can be computed can never be the greatest, the highest, or the finest gift which men can bestow upon one another. The value of a gift depends not on its bulk but on its quality; not on its amount but on its spirituality. The divinest force in the world is the spirit of man; in comparison with it wealth is the merest dross. The divinest gift which can be made is a man's self, not his wealth. A great leader of civilization, who broadens and enriches life and makes his fellows love it for its resources of spiritual living, is in quite another class from the greatest organizer of finance, the most brilliant and successful manager of affairs. It is idle to underestimate the importance of the great men of business genius, and it is the most shortsighted folly to denounce wealth as a thing inherently evil. Much of the current talk about money is meaningless, because it is unintelligent. It is as foolish to denounce money as it would be to denounce the tools with which miners, engineers, farmers, mechanics, do their work. Money is a tool, and is good or evil as men use it for good or evil ends. Great wealth means the command of the best tools in abundance. These very simple truths must be kept in mind in a time of much loose and idle talk.

But man is always greater than his tools, no matter how perfect they may be nor how well adapted for their uses. The genius of the architect transcends the building which he devises and builds, the soul of the workman is supreme in importance above all the tools he uses, the spirit of man is of so much greater value than his wealth that the treasure of the world is dross in comparison with it. The country will be absorbed during the next few years in talking about trusts, combinations of capital, colossal fortunes; but that which will give this discussion its highest dignity, its deepest meaning, is the fact that at the bottom the whole agitation is an attempt to keep money in right relation to man, to maintain a scale of spiritual values, and to intrench the immortal spirit of man securely against the temptation of a prosperity in things material such as our fathers never dreamed of. It is a new phase of the eternal struggle to preserve the soul and maintain its supremacy.

President Roosevelt at Cincinnati

From a Staff Correspondent

September 20, 1902: Cincinnati: Fourth Street, Vine Street, other streets. At the edge of the sidewalks the avenues are roped. Behind the ropes stands and is squeezed a dense crowd, miles long. Never has Cincinnati seen so large a crowd—the populations of three valleys are represented: the Ohio, Miami, and Licking. In front of the ropes, every few feet, stands a policeman. Others, mounted, guard a landau rapidly approaching. It passes. There are two men on the box and four men behind. One of the men raises his hat. The crowd of street gamins, up-country farmers, Kentucky negroes, foreigners from “over the Rhine” (the muddy, some might think pestiferous, canal dividing Cincinnati) comments in such phrases as follow: “It’s ‘im.” “Teddy de terror.” “What’s thay mattuh wif Cinsnattuh, suh?” “Wal, neaow, he looks jest like his pictur.” “‘E’s a tippin’ of ‘is ‘at.” “Luk at d’ neck on ‘im.” “He’s the bye to soak them bosses.” This last statement may be said to reflect the general opinion out-of-doors in Cincinnati on this twentieth day of September.

The afternoon is hot, close, muggy, apparently as trying a day as we have experienced this summer. Like the interior of St. Peter’s during the heated season at Rome, so the temperature of the vast auditorium of the Cincinnati Music Hall is in grateful contrast to irritating conditions outside. The seating capacity of the auditorium proper, of over five thousand, is tested to the utmost; in addition there are a thousand men from the Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce and from the Cincinnati Business Men’s Club occupying seats back of the Presidential party on the great stage, and the aisles on the floor and in the galleries are packed with one to two thousand more of humanity. One sees at a glance that here are people really waiting to be instructed, though many a strong face gives evidence of opinions tenaciously held. Though representative of varying views in politics, it is a loyal crowd; there is a compelling

ring in the warmth of its reception to one who promptly declared himself “President of all the United States, without distinction of party.” Saturday afternoon is an appropriate time for such a talk as, judging from certain New England addresses, the audience instinctively feels may again be expected from the President. The week’s work has stopped with Saturday noon, and it seems now almost as if Sunday had begun—an impression deepened by the organ music in progress. Never has “America” sounded nobler than it does, pealed forth by the deep tones of the giant instrument which fills the end of this great hall.

The orator of the day arrives, accompanied by prominent political officials representing this region in the councils of State and Nation. The Lieutenant-Governor, in welcoming the President, indulges in much complacent glorification of the material prosperity and importance of Cincinnati. The President rises to respond. He pays a proper tribute to the material prosperity of Cincinnati and of the entire Ohio Valley, and declares that the improvement of the Ohio River will take place coincidentally with the work on the Isthmian Canal—a statement which provokes instant applause, especially from Senator Foraker, who has for many years labored toward this end. The approval of the audience thus gained, the President proceeds immediately to the real aim of his address. He says:

In speaking of your material prosperity, do not think that I forget for one moment the fundamental fact that it rests upon the intellectual and moral fiber of the men and women back of it. . . . This fiber remains the same, though methods change. . . . Thomas and Sheridan were differently armed from the men who followed Washington. Back of the material, and greater than the material, lies the moral. We have achieved the material success that has raised us so high through the development of the individual character of the individual citizen. Intellect is a good thing; bodily strength is a good thing; but what counts in the long run is character—character into which enter as the fundamental elements, honesty, courage, and common sense.

As the last phrase rang out—a phrase which is now familiar by reason of com-