

IF CHRIST CAME TO CHICAGO!

PART I.—Some Images Ye Have Made of Me.

CHAPTER I.

IN HARRISON STREET POLICE STATION.

“In the name of that homeless wanderer in this desert of stone and steel, whose hopeless heart lies leaden in his bosom, whose brain grows faint for want of food—in the name of that unnecessary product of American freedom and prosperity, the American tramp, I bid you welcome to the Imperial City of the boundless West.” So spoke William C. Pomeroy, Vice-President of the Trade and Labor Assembly, on behalf of the labor unions of Chicago, to the convention of the American Federation of Labor which assembled at Chicago in last December.

He but expressed in his own vivid way some of the bitterness of discontent which all men felt in Chicago last winter.

Among “the images which ye have made of Me,” the tramp is one of the most unattractive, and in December he was everywhere in evidence. The approach of winter drove him from the fields to seek shelter in the towns, which were already overburdened with their own unemployed. Like the frogs in the Egyptian plague, you could not escape from the tramps, go where you would. In the city they wandered through the streets, seeking work and finding none. At night if they had

failed in begging the dime which would secure them a lodging they came together in three great herds, presenting a sad spectacle of squalid misery and forlorn manhood. These nocturnal camps of the homeless nomads of civilization were all in the center of the city. Of these the most wretched was that which was pitched in Harrison Street Police Station.

The foot-sore, leg-swollen tramp who had wandered all day through the city streets, looking more or less aimlessly for work or food, sought shelter at night wherever he could find a roof to shelter him and warmth to keep the frost out of his bones. Some kenneled in empty trucks on the railway sidings, rejoicing even in a fireless retreat; others crept into the basement of saloons, or coiled themselves up in outhouses, but the bulk of them were accommodated in the police stations, in the Pacific Garden Mission and in the City Hall. Such improvised shelters were all the appliances of civilization which Chicago in the year of the World's Fair had to offer to the homeless out-of-works.

There is something dreary and repelling about a police station even in the least criminal districts. But Harrison Street Station stands in the midst of darkest Chicago. Behind the iron bars of its underground cages are penned up night after night scores and hundreds of the most dissolute ruffians of both sexes that can be raked up in the dives of the levee.

The illuminated clock of the tower at the depot shines dimly through the frosty smoke-mist, as a kind of beacon light guiding the tramp toward his destined haven. Down Harrison Street, trailing his weary, shambling legs over the dirty snow, he crosses in succession the great arterial thoroughfares through which the city's miscellaneous tide of human life runs loud and fast, until he sees the road barred by the horizontal pole and the spot of green light which arrests traffic across the grade crossing of the railway. The bell of the locomotive rings without ceasing, keeping up its monotone as if

relays of sextons were tolling for the victims who that day, as every day, had been slaughtered on the tracks. A patrol wagon full of officers and prisoners drives up to the brick building at the corner of Harrison Street and Pacific Avenue and begins to unload. The occurrence is too familiar even to attract a passing loafer. The cold and frost-keen wind makes even the well clothed shiver. The tramp hesitates no longer. He pulls open the door of the station and asks for shelter.

Harrison Street Police Station is one of the nerve centers of criminal Chicago. The novelist who had at command the life story of those who, in a single week, enter this prim brick building surrounded by iron palings, would never need to draw on his imagination for incident, character, plot, romance, crime—every ingredient he could desire is there ready to hand, in the terrible realism of life. For the station is the central cesspool whither drain the poisonous drippings of the city which has become the *cloaca maxima* of the world. Chicago is one of the most conglomerate of all cosmopolitan cities, and Harrison Street Police Station receives the scum of the criminals of Chicago. It is also the great receiving house where the police and the bailsmen and the justices temporarily pen the unfortunate women who are raided from time to time "for revenue only," of which they yield a goodly sum to the pockets of the administrators of "justice."

The cells, if they may be called such, are in the basement, half underground. They resemble the cages of wild beasts in a menagerie. There are two short corridors into which the cages open on the right and left, while the remaining corridors have only cages on one side, the other being the stone wall. The floor is of stone. In each cell there is one bench on which the first comers can sit while the others stand. An open gutter at the back provides the only sanitary accommodation. One policeman and one police matron are in command. Each of the corridors is closed by an iron barred gate.

The place is lit with gas and is warm, but the atmosphere is heavy, sometimes fetid, and the cages and corridors reek with associations of vice and crime.

Into this criminal stock pot of the city the homeless tramps were thrown to stew in their own juice together with the toughs and criminals and prostitutes, the dehumanized harvest nightly garnered by the police of the district.

It is true that the tramps were not mixed indiscriminately with the criminals. The women, for instance, were kept in their own corridor. The prisoners were in the cages behind the barred gates, the tramps slept in the corridor between the cages and the wall. There was, however, nothing to hinder the freest possible communication between the arrested men and the casual lodgers. Conversation went on freely between the tramps and the toughs and occasional interchange of papers and tobacco went on easily through the bars of the cages.

The place had a weird fascination about it. It is not a locality where a very sensitive psychic could live, for its cages have witnessed the suicide of desperate prisoners who, while the jailer's back was turned, hanged themselves to death from the bars behind which they were imprisoned. Murderers red-handed have lodged there, maniacs have battered their heads against the iron gates, for there is no strait waistcoat or padded cell in Harrison Street; women shriek and wail in hysterics, and, saddest of all, little urchins of ten and twelve who have been run in for some juvenile delinquency have found the police cell the nursery cradle of the jail. Sometimes when the Justice needs dollars, and raids are ordered in scores that the bail bonds may be paid, there are two hundred women crowded into the cells. Many of them are drunk before they come in, others get drunk after they arrive, having carefully provided for that contingency before they mounted the patrol wagon; all of them, the novice in the sporting house, as well as

the hardened old harridan who drives the trade in human flesh, are herded together promiscuously with thieves and shoplifters.

They smoke, they drink, they curse, they yell obscenely, and now and then one goes into a fit of hysterical shrieking which rings through the gloomy corridors like the wail of a damned and tortured soul.

One night when I was there a French woman was brought in with her man. There had been a quarrel; her face was streaming with blood, she had been drinking and was in violent hysterics. I have seldom seen a more squalid specimen of human wretchedness. When they separated her from her companion, placing them in separate cells, she began to shriek at the top of her voice—and a shrill voice it was. She clung to the bars of the cage shrieking for Jacques, only stopping when she had to wipe away the blood that was flowing from her mouth and temple. She was shrieking and wailing with unabated energy when I left. The police matron told me that she kept it up for some time before she sank exhausted to sleep. Early in the morning she woke and at once began again the agonized cry and kept it up for two hours. Such was the music and such the companionship which were allotted to the lodgers at Harrison Street.

That was bad enough. But if the city had provided adequate accommodation for her lodgers even in this underground Inferno, there might be less to be said. Unfortunately, however, there was no accommodation other than the stone floor of the corridor and there the casuals were pigged together literally like herrings in a barrel. The corridor was some hundred feet long and ten feet broad. I shall never forget the moment when I first saw it with its occupants. From the outer iron gate to the further wall, nothing could be seen but a pavement of human bodies. The whole corridor was packed thick with this human compost. They lay "heads and tails," so that their feet and legs were inter-

mingled. At either end some favored ones propped themselves against the wall or the gate, drowsily slumbering. The majority lay on their sides with their heads on their arms; some had taken off their coats; many had prepared their bed by spreading an old newspaper upon the stone floor; other mattress they had none, neither had they pillow, bed clothes, or opportunities for washing or for supper. The city, like a stony-hearted step-mother, provided for her children nothing but shelter, warmth and a stone bed.

The spectacle of these human beings massed together along the corridor floor, recalled vividly to my memory a picture in an old Sunday School book, representing the Caliph of Islam riding over the prostrate forms of his devoted followers. But in the Moslem there was the enthusiasm and ecstasy of self sacrifice, the joy of the disciple at being made the causeway of the Commander of the Faithful. Here there were the bodies indeed, but there was no joy of surrender, only a sullen stone-broke resignation as they bowed themselves and laid down and let the iron-shod hoofs of *Laissez Faire* and *Political Economy* trample them to the dust. It was an ugly sight.

Only once had I seen anything like it outside the picture book. It was when I was in one of the worst prisons in St. Petersburg. The officials demurred rather to let me enter, but ultimately gave way and with many apologies allowed me to see the inmates of the House of Detention, where the riffraff of the capital were herded together to await the weekly clearing which dispersed them to Siberia or to the four winds of heaven. Only in that Russian prison had I even seen men crowded together as beasts are crowded in cattle trucks. But in Russia they were more merciful than in Chicago. They at least provided a sloping wooden bed with straw pillows for their prisoners. But what Russian humanity deemed necessary even for criminals, the city of Chi-ago

did not vouchsafe to the honest workman tramping around in search of a job.

The curious thing to a stranger was the apathetic indifference of the sufferers themselves. They made no audible or articulate complaint. Their patient endurance, their passive acquiescence in treatment against which English tramps would have blasphemed till the air was blue, was very strange. Everything that was subsequently done to improve their condition was done from the outside, and was received by them with the same apparent passivity. They did not even make a demonstration or frame an appeal.

Another remarkable thing was the apparent indifference of the better-to-do citizens, not merely the rich, but the employed working people. When, immediately after my arrival in Chicago, I ventured to tell the Trade and Labor Assembly that the workingmen of London would not tolerate the treatment to which the tramps were subjected at Harrison Street, and urged them to take action in the matter, this was the way in which a leading evening paper thought it right and safe to refer to the subject:

In this self-respecting city of the West, the "cause of humanity" stands in no need of advice from British fanatics who base an argument upon the analogy of the London pauper system. The American tramp is *sui generis*. He would not work if work were offered him. He deserves not the tear but the lash. We know how to deal with him. Mr. Stead does not. The toe of a boot by day and a cold stone floor by night—these be the leading courses in the curriculum by which we would educate into self-respect such tramps as are capable of it. The tramp is a pariah and we ought to keep him such.

It was on the eve of a contested election, but the editor, although a keen partisan, never seemed to dream that his language might be used to the detriment of his party when the polls were opened.

As a matter of fact no electoral use was made of this utterance by the other side. And as a matter of justice I should add that the same paper after a few weeks' further agitation became so strenuous in its demands for more liberal charity in dealing with these outcasts as to

leave far behind it even "the maudlin sentimentalism of the Stead school of philanthropists."

The doctrine that the American tramp is a pariah and that he ought to be kept such is not often formulated so bluntly, but it embodies the underlying doctrine of the American method in dealing with the tramp. We have in England made so many failures in our attempts to deal with the sturdy vagrant that we have no pretention to teach others. But we have at least learned from our failures sufficient to see that to refuse to deal with the tramp excepting as a temporary human nuisance, to be hustled on to the neighboring town with the utmost dispatch, is the worst possible way of solving the question. For even if the tramp is the spawn of the devil, as it is constantly assumed, instead of being a son of God and brother of Christ Jesus, to persist in a practice which entails of necessity the quickest possible dissemination of the spawn aforesaid over the widest possible area of territory is of all courses the most fatal. But when anything is proposed either by way of reclamation or of redemption, there is an outcry against "pauperizing the citizen." So the work of criminalizing him goes on apace.

"Oh, he's only a bum!" was the cry which at first met all efforts to arouse a Christian sentiment in Chicago. That was supposed to settle all things. A bum was outside the pale of human sympathy. A bum was supposed to possess all the defects of human nature and none of their virtues. He was declared to be an incorrigibly idle loafer, a drunkard, a liar and a reprobate. The grim old Calvinistic doctrine of reprobation seemed to be revived expressly to make his damnation irrevocable. And yet nothing was being done to prevent the steady degradation of the honest willing worker to the level of the bum.

As a genial speaker at the Presbyterian Social Union remarked, even the most respectable of men, if compelled to tramp about for a week without change of linen or

opportunity to wash, would feel he was becoming very bummy. There is of necessity, in every period of depression, a considerable number of men who are thrown out of work. These men take to the road, are driven to it because they have no means of transporting themselves from a place where there is no work to a place where work may be had. If the present system or no system goes on, they will tend irresistibly to gravitate to the bum pariah class, and the practice of massing them together in herds in Harrison Street and the City Hall accelerates the process.

Take but one instance, the impossibility of keeping clean or free from vermin under the present conditions. "You can always tell the bum," said a justice, "by his smell. There is an ancient stink about him which you can detect in a moment."

There is no greater barrier between man and man, and still more between woman and woman, than that raised by the sense of smell, with its suggestion of the presence of filth. Most people can put up more readily with a criminal than with a filthy man. But how can the willing worker or tramp keep clean when he is pigged together with a foul-smelling herd on the floor of a prison?

One night at Harrison Street I witnessed a strange Rembrandtesque scene. In the center of the corridor allotted to the tramps at Harrison Street, the men had made a bonfire of old paper. It was not quite so crowded as it had been before, and there was room in the center. They were diligently feeding the fire with shreds of paper. The blaze illuminated the dark and forbidding surroundings of the prison, casting a flickering glare upon the dirty, careworn faces that surrounded it. I asked the officer in charge whether he thought it was safe to allow a mob of men to make a bonfire on the floor of the station. "I don't blame them," said he, shortly; "I don't blame them. An old bum got in there who was literally alive with vermin. When they found it out we fired

him out, but the few papers he had been lying on were lifting with lice, so that is what they are burning. And I don't blame them," he repeated: "what else could they do?"

For one man who is so verminous that the very paper on which he lay lifted with the insects dropped from his rags, there must have been scores and hundreds more or less haunted by the unpleasant habitues of uncombed hair and unwashed bodies. Their tendency is constant to multiplication. The longer a man goes unwashed, the denser becomes the colony of parasites; and the more closely he is compelled to herd with his neighbors, the more widely does the loathsome contagion spread. Hence the willing worker, forced into contact with the idle and shiftless and worthless bum, becomes himself bummier and bummier until at last he is branded as one of the pariah class and "he must be kept such!"

The Harrison Street Police Station, although the most conspicuous sheltering place of the outcast wanderer, held by no means the largest crowd. The Pacific Garden Mission, at Van Buren and Clark Streets, accommodated a larger number of homeless ones than the police station. The spacious hall of the mission was turned into a dormitory, where, night after night, some five or six hundred persons occupied chairs till morning. Every evening there was a religious service, after which the attendants were free to remain all night. The place was warm and orderly, and it had the advantage over Harrison Street Police Station of enabling each man to sleep by himself. But, as a Cheshire man told me, who had crossed the Atlantic many times as stoker on the transatlantic ferry boats and who had for some months past been firing steamers on Lake Michigan, it is little sleep you get unless you can lie down flat. The poor fellow's story was very simple; he had spent three nights in the mission and four days tramping round hunting work. He was out every morning before seven, and on his feet till after nine at night always meeting with the

same response. "When you're on your feet all day," he said, "and cannot get a lay-out at night, your legs swell almost to the knee. You become lame and cannot even go hunting the job no one seems able to find." He was a stalwart, strapping fellow, who literally wept when a little friendly help was given him. But in process of time that man would also become a bum, unless he could be arrested on the down grade along which he was being hurried by no fault of his own.

The great sleeping place of the tramp, however, was neither in Harrison Street Police Station nor in the Pacific Garden Mission. The heart and center of Chicago is the huge pile of masonry which reminds the visitor by its polished granite pillars and general massive and somber grandeur of the cathedrals and palaces of St. Petersburg. The City Hall and Court House form one immense building, in which all the city and county business is transacted, both judicial and administrative. The peculiar system under which Chicago is administered makes the City Hall, in a peculiar manner, the center of the floating unemployed population. I have never seen a city hall so thronged by loafers during the day time. The politician out of a job, the office-seeker waiting impatiently for his turn, the alderman and his strings of hangers-on, the ex-official, the heeler, the jobber swell the throng of those who do business until the air in the corridors is heavy with smoke, and the pavement is filthy with the mire of innumerable boots and stained with the juice of the tobacco plant—for not even the American allowance of spittoons can suffice for the need of the citizens in their Civic Hall. This court and reception room of the sovereign people—where Coughlin was being tried for his life on one side, and the multitude were being vaccinated in droves on the other, while all the multitudinous wheels of municipal machinery revolved between—was selected as the chief camping-ground of the nomadic horde.

The City Hall cost five million dollars to construct.

It is the solitary municipal building of any pretensions in the city. In it are kept the city archives, the records of the courts, and all the documents relating to the registration of property and the due transaction of public business. Here is the headquarters of the best equipped and most efficient fire department in the world, and high overhead is the accumulated wealth of the public library of Chicago. In this building, crammed with invaluable documents, the seat and center of the whole civic machinery, for want of any better accommodation, there were housed night after night, through the month of December, from one to two thousand of the most miserable men in Chicago. Most of the men were penniless; almost all of them were more or less desperate; many of them were smoking. As they used newspapers as mattresses, the corridors were littered with paper, amid which a single lighted match might have made a blaze which might not easily have been extinguished. Yet the risk was faced perforce for want of a little care, a little forethought, and a little necessary expenditure.

The tramps were not accommodated in the Council Chamber or in any of the offices. They were allowed to occupy the spacious, well-warmed corridors, and make such shift as they could upon the flags. No one was admitted to the upper stories, but every stair up to the first landing was treated as a berth by its fortunate occupant. Less lucky lodgers had to content themselves with a lay-out in the corridor. They lay with their heads against the wall on either side, leaving open a narrow track down the center. Down this track came reporters, messengers to the fire department and other offices, followed before many nights were over by curious philanthropists, university professors, ministers of religion, and then by the representatives of the Federation of Labor, all of whom marveled much and said many bitter things about the contrasts of the great city where "Mammon holds high carnival in its gilded

palaces, while little children hunger, mothers grow faint for food and die, and strong men weep for want of work."

But after a time that narrow pathway was choked up, and even reporters could not elbow their way through the crowd; for the City Hall corridors were very warm; the midnight air was nipping keen, and when all sleeping room was filled men preferred to stand in the warm, close air, rather than shiver in the frost and snow. It seems strange, but it appears to be undisputed that the habit of allowing the homeless to shelter in the corridors of the City Hall is no new thing in Chicago. Indeed the only new thing last winter seems to have been the limitation of the area of improvised casual ward to the ground floor and the first flight of stairs. It was not till the 12th of last November that wire doors were placed on the stairs, and all access to the upper part of the building shut off. This necessary precaution was taken not in order to avoid peril by fire or pillage, but simply because the lodgers quarreled so fiercely among themselves for favorite locations that for the sake of peace and quiet they were stalled downstairs. There they were quiet enough, smoking, sleeping and doing a little talking in an undertone. But for a floating population with the reputation of the bum, the crowd was singularly quiet, patient and well behaved. In the Pacific Garden Mission the superintendent reported the presence of 500 sleepers every night had been attended by so little disturbance, that the upstairs tenants were never conscious that there was a crowd below. The officer in charge at Harrison Street declared that the genuine bum was in a greater minority than had ever been observed before. Most of his lodgers were hard-working men, honestly anxious to find work.

It was, of course, impossible to do more than sample the mass of human wretchedness thus caged up nightly in a few centers, but Professor Hourwitch, with a band of students from the university, subjected 100 of the crowd of 2,000 odd to a searching analysis. His report is

very interesting. Only ten of the 100 selected at random from the lodgers in the City Hall belonged to labor unions. Only two had worked for less than a dollar a day. More than half, sixty-four out of 100, had earned from \$1 to \$2 a day, twenty from \$2 to \$3. Almost all classes and conditions of men were represented in the motley crowd — except millionaires. Fifty-nine were native-born Americans, forty-one foreigners. Of the latter the first place was taken by the Germans, followed by the Irish and the Scotch in the order named. Most of the men were in the prime of life, from twenty to forty-five; only one was below twenty, and four over fifty. Their professions or occupations, as stated by themselves, were as follows: Common laborers, 33; teamsters, 6; painters, 6; waiters, 5; molders, 4; bakers, 4; miners, 3; cooks, 3; rolling millers, 3; sailors, 3; machinists, 2; cigarmakers, 2; shoemakers, 2; carpenters, 2; wood finishers, 2; while a brickmaker, a clerk, a glass packer, a plumber, a florist, a varnisher, a brewer, a druggist, a glazier, a draftsman, a wood carver, a cooper, an upholsterer, a boxmaker, a stove polisher, a chair factory man, a steam fitter, and a salesman completed the list.

Several of the men were well educated. One was a graduate of the University of Nebraska. Most of them had come to Chicago from other towns seeking work, and none of them could find it. Of all the disheartening occupations that of seeking work and finding none is one of the worst. The curse that in the Old Book is said to have followed the Fall is often in the New World an unattainable boon. It was a quaint but true conceit of Mrs. Browning's that "God in cursing gives us better gifts, than man in blessing." But whether malediction or benediction, work was what these men wanted, and work was the one thing they could not get. If they only had been horses there would have been men eager enough to claim them to feed, to lodge and to care for them. But, alas, they were only

men! Even then, if they had been slaves, liable to be sold at the auction mart, and whipped to work on the plantation, this army of 2,000 able-bodied wanderers in the prime of life would have probably brought at least a million dollars at the auction block. But as they had the misfortune to be free men, free citizens of the great republic, none would give even a nickel for their services or provide a bed in which they could shelter.

It was a composite industrial army, capable of doing much good work if only it could but find leadership and tools and rations. All were wanting, the first most of all. For the loyal confidence of man in man, which is the tap root of all true leadership, does not spring up easily in the camps of the unemployed. The nomads of the prairie and of the steppe have more of that element than the nomads of civilization. Hence, if they are left to themselves they threaten to gravitate ever downward. From poverty and homelessness comes despondency, loss of self-respect follows on enforced dirtiness, and the undescrivable squalor of filthy clothes. Work being unattainable, they beg rather than starve, and if begging fails they steal. Thus by steady inevitable forces, as of adverse Destiny, the dislodged unit gravitates downward, ever downward into the depths of the malebolgic pool of our social hell. Industry, honesty, truthfulness, sobriety are rotted out of the man, and at last the only remnant of the soul that aspires is visible in the craving after drink. In his cups, at least, he may drown his regrets for a vanished past, and may indulge for some brief moments in brighter visions of the unattainable tomorrow. For in the utterly demoralized tramp, the only symptom of the God within is often that very passion for drink which, by its sore intensity, testifies to the revolt of its victim against the injustices and abominations of the present. Yet, of him, also, let us remember what Lowell wrote of another lost unit of the human family :

The good Father of us all had doubtless intrusted to the keeping

of this child of His certain faculties of a constructive kind; He had put in him a share of that vital force, the nicest economy of every minute atom of which is necessary to the perfect development of humanity. He had given him a brain and heart, and so had equipped his soul with the two strong wings of knowledge and love, whereby it can mount to hang its nest under the eaves of heaven. And this child, so dowered, he had intrusted to the keeping of his vicar, the State. How stands the account of that stewardship? The State, or Society (call her what you will) had taken no manner of thought of him until she saw him swept out into the street, the pitiful leavings of last night's debauch, with cigar ends, lemon parings, tobacco quids, slops, vile stench and the whole loathsome next morning of the bar-room — an own child of the Almighty God! I remember him as he was brought in to be christened, a ruddy, rugged babe; and now there he wallows, reeking, seething — the dead corpse, not of a man but of a soul, a putrifying lump, horrible for the life that is in it. Soon the wind of heaven, that good Samaritan, parts the hair upon his forehead nor is too nice to kiss those parched, cracked lips; the morning opens upon him her eyes full of pitying sunshine, the sky yearns down to him, and there he lies fermenting. O sleep! let me not profane thy holy name by calling that stertorous unconsciousness a slumber! By and by comes along the State, God's vicar. Does she say, "My poor forlorn foster-child! Behold a force which I will make dig and plant and build for me." Not so, but—

let us hustle him out of the town and thank God we are rid of the nuisance of his presence!

But with at least fifty thousand able-bodied tramps in ordinary years patrolling the country at an estimated minimum cost of ten million dollars per annum for means of subsistence, making no estimate of the indirect damages to property and morals, it is beginning to be increasingly doubtful whether the popular expedient is paying in the long run. Of course, so long as each city or village or township bases its policy on the question of Cain, nothing can be done. But even in Russia, which so many affect to despise as semi-barbarous and inhuman, they do better than that. For there they christen their tramp a pilgrim and by brotherly kindness and generous hospitality convert every wandering brother into a means of grace.

CHAPTER II.

MAGGIE DARLING.

Christ was a man. It is therefore easier to conceive of him as a pilgrim tramp, footsore and hungry, resting his weary limbs among the bums in the police station than to conceive of his marred image in a female shape. But the woman-Christ like the child-Christ, either as the Christ of the Dolorous Way or as the redeeming and regenerating Saviour is a conception which must never be lost sight of.

The Christian Church, which for more than a thousand years has consecrated its proudest temples to the memory of the Magdalen, is a witness throughout the ages to the indestructibility of the divine element in every woman even when she has sunk so low as to make merchandise of her sex. The image of God in woman remains indelible even when in Lecky's words, which it is impossible to read without a shudder, she becomes "the eternal Priestess of Humanity blasted for the sins of the people." But although the publicans and harlots in His time welcomed the wandering eccentric from Nazareth, who shared their meals and sympathized with their sorrows, the conventional sentiment of this day would stand aghast at any such intermingling of the Messiah with the lost women whom He came to seek and to save.

In Chicago some people have gone even further. One of the most zealous and faithful of the saintly and devoted women who have dedicated their lives to the service of the fallen told me with a heart sore with the anguish of thwarted sympathy, that so far from her efforts being supported by the Church, they were regarded as a development not to be encouraged.

"It was this way," she said. "I have given myself up to this work. I visited constantly in the levee and knew most of these women as friends. Now and then I would come upon one or another girl who would long to escape from her sad life. When I found such I took them into my own house, loved them, labored with them, and I rejoice to know that several of them became happy and converted Christians. I was pleased, my pastor was pleased. The penitent Magdalens were received into the church and we were glad to see their simple faith and Christian life. But a deputation of the leading residents and church officers waited upon my pastor to protest against this kind of thing. They did not want their daughters to associate with harlots even though they were repentant. Besides the presence of these women would lower the character of the neighborhood and the social standing of the church."

"That is incredible," I said abruptly, "to wish to close the doors of Christ's Church on the penitent Magdalen—that would be not the act of Christian but of devil!"

"It was what they did," said my friend. "Fortunately my pastor is a good Christian and he refused to yield one single jot to the pressure brought to bear upon him. But the opposition was great. The respectability of the church must not be endangered by the admission of lost women, even when they have been found and are anxiously and prayerfully seeking to enter in to the fold."

Here was a revelation indeed! Such a church may be respectable as Thurtell the murderer was declared to be respectable—because he kept a gig; but its respectability will not save it from going down, with all its conventionalities, into perdition, nor will it have far to go. For the abode of such is nigh unto the gates of Hell.

Swinburne's bitter lines came back to me as I listened to this good woman's story of some Chicago Christians and heard its confirmation from others in other churches.

Surely your race it was that He
Beholding in Gethsemane,
Bled the red bitter sweat of shame,
Knowing the name of Christian should
Mean to men evil and not good.

And assuredly in the long roll of the anti-Christian acts of the conventional church there is no blacker record than that which deals with the lost women of our streets. Nothing can exceed in revolting injustice the conventional mode of treating the weaker and the most tempted as a moral leper, while her guiltier partner occupies the highest places in the synagogue.

Justice is at least as holy a thing as charity and the injustice of the world's judgment which the church has countersigned is as loathsome as the selfish immorality of the man which it condones as a kind of offset to the Draconian severity with which it avenges the faults of the weaker sinner.

The lost women, these poor sisters of Christ Jesus, the images in which we have fashioned a womanhood first made in the image of God, are as numerous in Chicago as in any other great city. The silent vice of capitals abounds here at least to the same extent that it prevails in other cities of the million class. Where there are a million inhabitants it is probably an under estimate if it is assumed that there must be at least a thousand women who make their living, not intermittently but constantly by means of prostitution. These regulars of the army of vice constitute the solid core or nucleus of a host far more numerous of irregulars, who, either from love of license or from need of money, give way to a temptation which is always at hand. The inmates of the sporting houses, so called, are probably not one-tenth of the total number of women who regard their sex as legitimate merchandise.

Both sporting houses and "roomers" may be found in all parts of the city, but there is no section in which they are so concentrated as in the district between Harrison and Polk and between Clark and Dearborn streets. It

was there in the center of the heart of Chicago that I found Maggie Darling in the house of Madame Hastings.

Madame Hastings is a familiar figure in the alsatia of more than one city. She is famous in Chicago courts as having been the defendant in the case which led to the practical ruling that the police could not arrest anyone they pleased on a warrant made out against those mythical personages, Richard Roe or John Doe. Before she contested that case, strange though it may appear to those who are unfamiliar with the Turkish methods of Chicago "justice," a policeman armed with a warrant charging Richard Roe with an offense against the law could, on the strength of that document, arrest anybody at his own sovereign will and pleasure. Mary Hastings, being raided on such a warrant, appealed to the higher court, which as was to be expected, promptly decided against the validity of the Richard Roe warrant, and Mary's name became famous in a leading case.

Apart from this excursion into the law-making region, Madame inspired some awe, if not respect, by the vengeance she wreaked upon certain police officers, who, having a grudge against her, smashed her furniture during her enforced absence from her property. She reported them to Mayor Harrison in person, and their offense being proved, three policemen and one sergeant were dismissed the force; from which it may be seen that the name and fame of Mary Hastings are as familiar to the administration as to the lawyers. Her establishment is not a very large one beside the double house of Vina Fields, which almost immediately adjoins it, and the extensive premises of Carrie Watson on Clark Street. Madame Hastings' house is rather crowded when it contains twelve girls. Madame, who is Belgian, bred and born, owns another house at 2004 Dearborn Street, and in course of a somewhat adventurous career has seen much of the seamy side of life, both married and single, in Canada and the United States. She has plied her calling in Toronto, in British Columbia, in Denver, Port-

land, Oregon, in San Francisco, and has a wide and varied experience with the police wherever she has wandered. In San Francisco she was in prison for six months for conduct too scandalous even for Californians. On the whole she has the greatest terror of the police of the Dominion. "When the English say you're to git, you've just got to git and that's all there is to it," she said mournfully, "you can't do anything with them; with our police it is different."

Of which there is no doubt. For as big Pat the Tarrier, the policeman, went his rounds in Fourth Avenue, he seldom failed to look in upon Madame at supper time, or indeed, at any time when he felt thirsty. Pat was one of the four custodians of law and order whom it was necessary for Madame to square. The relations between the sporting houses and the police on their beats is intimate, not to say friendly. The house is at the absolute mercy of the officer, who can ruin its business by simply keeping it under constant observation, or he can, if he pleases, have it "pulled" every day in the week if his moral sense or his desire for vengeance should so prompt. The keeper of the house, if she is to live and thrive, must make friends with the policeman, and there is usually not the least difficulty in doing so. Tariffs vary in Fourth Avenue as in Washington, but Madame had succeeded in securing virtual protection at a blackmail scale of \$2.50 per officer per week with free drinks, and occasional meals whenever the "cop" felt hunger or thirst. As there were four of them on duty, two by day and two at night, and they were often thirsty, it may be taken that this police "protection" cost the house \$15.00 a week or \$750 a year.—an irregular license fee paid to private constables for liberty to carry on. This of course does not include the further fees levied by superior officers, the fines, the money paid to bailsmen, and other incidental expenses, which fall heavy upon the houses of ill-fame.

"Ye ould ———s," said the Tarrier, one evening, as

he marched in at the back door, "and wat kind o' soup hev ye's today? An' shure, and pass me the whusky, and for shame to ye, Maggie," he added, seeing one of the girls emptying a wine glass, "for shame to ye, to think that ye are Oirish and a drinkin' wine! It's whusky ye should drink."

He was not an ill-natured man, was Pat, and as he sat down and drank the whisky and tasted the soup in the midst of the scantily attired women, his good nature beamed on his fat face and he became confidential :

"Now, I's tellin' ye," he said. "Be shure and look out, for I am going on another beat for the next month, and the cops that's coming are mean divils, and if ye don't take care it's pulled ye'll be, so look out for yourselves."

Sure enough, the next day there was a new patrolman on the beat, and the girls were more cautious in their hustling. The routine of the day at Madame Hastings was monotonous enough. In the morning, just before 12, the colored girl served cocktails to each of the women before they got up. After they dressed, they took another refresher, usually absinthe. At breakfast they had wine. Then the day's work begun. The girls sat in couples at the windows, each keeping watch in the opposite direction. If a man passed they would rap at the window and beckon him to come in. If a policeman appeared, even if it were their fat friend, the curtains would be drawn and all trace of hustling would disappear. But before the officer was out of sight the girls would be there again. They went on duty fifteen minutes at a time. Every quarter of an hour they were relieved, until dinner time. At five they dined, and then the evening's business began, with more drinking at intervals, all night through, to the accompaniment of piano playing with occasional step-dancing, and adjournments more or less frequent, as customers were more or less plentiful. About four or five in the morning, when they were all more or less loaded with drink, they would close the doors and go

to sleep. Next day it would begin again, the same dull round of drink and hustling, debauch and drink. A dismal, dreary, monotonous existence broken only by quarreling and the constant excitement supplied by the police.

For a day or two the girls were discreet, but finding no harm came they relapsed a little, and "Redhead," the new policeman, saw them hustling at the window. So a warrant was sworn out at the police station and at five o'clock at night a posse of nine policemen sallied forth to "pull" Mary Hastings. The pulling of a house of this description is one of the favorite entertainments of the district. It attracts the floating and resident population as much as a first-class funeral draws the crowd in a country town. All unsuspecting the fate in store for them, the girls were preparing to sit down to dinner. Maggie was mixing the absinthe when the bell rang. Bohemian Mary—for here as elsewhere in Chicago, there are people of all nationalities under heaven—opened the door. A policeman placed his foot so the door could not be closed in his face and demanded Madame. When she came he produced his warrant and eight other officers filed into the house. Every door was guarded. There was no escape. Had there been but a few minutes warning the girls could have fled down the trap doors prepared for such an event, which led to the cellar from whence they could escape to a friendly saloon which frequently received them into its hospitable shelter. But it was too sudden. "Oh——!" said Maggie, running up stairs, "we're pulled!" "Yes," said the officer, "and you'd better dress yourselves and make ready to go off to the station.

As Maggie was hastily putting on her dress one of the officers who had followed her to her bed-room touched her on the shoulder. "Would you mind making a date with me?" he said. The girl's appearance pleased him. "And though he was on pleasure bent," like John Gilpin, "he had a frugal mind." Policemen get

their women cheap, and when you are arresting a woman she cannot haggle about terms. So Maggie said, "For sure." "Well," he said, "I am on Clark, can I meet you there some day next week?" "Certainly," she replied, "send me a message making the date and it will be all right."

By this time they were getting ready to start. Madame had thrust a roll of 300 dollar bills into her stocking. The girls, not less mindful of contingencies, had stuffed into their stockings small bottles of whisky and cigarettes and made ready to accompany their captors. There were six altogether. The housekeeper, the cook and one of the girls, a newcomer who was passed off as a servant, remained behind. Madame and her family of five stepped out amid the curious crowd which watched for the patrol wagon. "It makes a girl feel cheap," said Maggie, "let's start for the station." No sooner said than done. Bohemian Mary set off at a run followed by her cursing, panting custodian; then came the other girls, while Madame brought up the rear. It was no new thing to her. The house had been pulled only two months before and it was all in the day's work.

When they arrived at the police station they were taken down stairs and locked up all together in one of the iron barred cells. The police found a bottle of wine in a French girl's stocking and drank its contents to the immense indignation of its owner, who gave him in her own vocabulary "blue blazes." He only looked and laughed. "Here's to your health, Frenchie!" said the policeman as he drank the last drop. Madame in the meantime had dispatched a trusty messenger for a bondsman and as soon as he arrived she was bailed out. The girls in the cell amused themselves with shouting and singing and cursing and drinking, while Maggie and another tested their agility by climbing like monkeys up the iron bars of their grated door.

It was more like a picnic than an imprisonment. They had drink and cigarettes and company. They

were as noisy and more lively and profane than if they had been at home.

In about an hour Madame bailed them all out, putting up \$10 a head for their punctual appearance at the police court on Monday morning. Then the half dozen, more drunk than when they were pulled sallied out in triumph and resumed business as usual in the old premises as if nothing had happened.

Five or six hours afterwards, about midnight, I made Maggie Darling's acquaintance. I had been around several of the houses asking their keepers and their inmates to attend my meeting at the Central Music Hall the following day. A strange pilgrimage that was from house to house, to discuss what Christ would think of it, with landladies whose painted damsels in undress, were lounging all around! At last, well on to midnight, I came to Madame Hastings. The excitement of the "pulling" was still visible; Madame was indignant. She knew who it was that had put the "cops" on to her and she cursed them accordingly. Maggie was flushed and somewhat forward; both her eyes were blacked, the result of a fight with a French inmate of the house.

"I don't want anything," I said to Maggie. "Why can you not talk decently once in a while? Sit down and let us have a good talk."

Maggie looked at me half incredulously and then sat down.

"I want you to come to my meeting tomorrow night," I said, "at Central Music Hall."

"Yes," she said, "what kind of a meeting is it?"

"Oh, quite a new kind of meeting," I answered. "I am to speak on what Christ would think of all this, and I want you know it all, to come to the meeting."

Maggie became serious; a dreamy look came over her face.

Then she said, "Oh, Christ! He's all right. Its the

other ones, that's the devil." Then she stopped. "Its no use," she added, shortly.

"What's no use?" I asked, and after a time she told me the story which I repeated in brief at Central Music Hall next day.

It was a grim story; commonplace enough, and yet as tragic as life, that was told to me at midnight in that tawdry parlor. The old Jezebel flitted in and out superintending her business; the jingling piano was going in the next room where the girls were dancing, and the air was full of the reek of beer and tobacco. Maggie spoke soberly, in an undertone so that Madame might not hear what she was saying. Her narrative, which she told without any pretense or without any appeal for sympathy or for help, seemed a microcosm of the history of the human race. The whole of the story was there; from the Fall to the Redemption; from the Redemption to the Apostacy of the church, and the blighting of the hopes of mankind. I give it here as a page, soiled and grimy it may be, but nevertheless a veritable page torn from the book of life. Maggie Darling is a human document in which is recorded the ruin of one of the least of those of the brethren of Christ. It illustrates many things in our social organization, from the ruthless sacrifice of childhood, due to the lack of factory laws, to the murderous brutality of conventional Christianity, aping the morality without the heart of its Lord.

"No," said Maggie coldly. "Its no use! Don't commence no religion on me. I've had enough already. Are you a Catholic?"

"Why?" I asked. "No, I am not a Catholic."

"I'm glad," she said, "you're not a Catholic. I have no use for Catholics. Least of all for Irish Catholics. I will never go near any of them any more, and if I could do them any harm, I would travel a thousand miles to do it."

Maggie was excited and troubled. Something in the past seemed to harass her, and her language was more

vigorous than can be quoted here. After a little she became more restrained, and by degrees I had her whole history.

She was born of Irish-American parents, in Boston, in 1870. Her father was a carpenter by trade. Her mother died when Maggie was a mere child. Shortly after her death the family crossed the continent to California, where her father married again. He was a drunkard, a gambler and a violent tempered man, much given to drinking, and inclined to treat his children with great brutality. Maggie, after spending a year or two in a convent school in San Francisco, left before she had learned either to read or to write, and began to make her own living, at nine years of age. She was employed in a shoe factory, where she made from \$4.50 to \$7 a week at piece work. There were several children of only seven years of age in the factory. These infants were employed in picking shavings. They started work at six o'clock in the morning, had half an hour for dinner, and were dismissed at five. At the factory Maggie learned to read out of the newspapers, by the aid of her companions, and when she was eleven was sufficiently smart to obtain a situation as companion and reader to an old lady, who was an invalid, at \$15 a month and her board. The place was comfortable. She remained there until she was eighteen.

From that situation she went as chambermaid to a private family in Golden Gate Avenue. She was eighteen, full of vigor and gaiety. She was a brunette with long dark hair, a lively disposition, and with all the charming audacity and confidence of inexperience. She fell in love. The man was older than she and for a time she was as happy as most young people in their first dream. Of course she was going to be married. If only the marriage day would come! But there are twenty-four hours in every day, and seven days in every week. Her betrothed, not less impatient, hinted that after all they were already united, why could they not

anticipate the ceremony. Did she not trust him? He swore that it was all right, that everybody did it and they would be so much more to each other.

But why repeat the oft told story? At first Maggie would not listen to the suggestion. But after a time when he pressed her and upbraided her and declared that she could not love him if she did not trust him, she went the way of many thousands, only to wake as they have done with the soft illusion dissipated by the terrible reality of motherhood drawing near, with no husband to be a father to her child. When she told him of her condition, he said that it was all right; they must get married directly. If she would leave her place and meet him next day, at the corner of a certain street, he would take her to a church and they would be married. In all trusting innocence, relying upon his word, she gave up her situation, put up such things as she could carry and went next day to the trysting place. Of course the man was not there. After waiting till heartsick she went to make inquiries; she soon discovered the fatal truth. Her lover was a married man, and he had skipped the town followed by the brother of another of his victims.

Imagine her position! She had exactly fifteen cents in her pocket. If she had gone home her father, fierce and irascible as he usually was, would have thought little of killing the daughter who had brought disgrace upon the family. She dared not return to her old situation which she had left so suddenly. She had no character from her mistress and no references. Besides in six months she would be confined. What was she to do?

Her position is one in which some thousands of young women find themselves all over the world at this very moment. She was in the position of Eve after she had eaten the forbidden fruit and had been cast out of the Garden of Eden. It is a modern version of the Fall, and as the Fall led down to destruction, so it was with Maggie Darling. She seemed to be shut up to sin. She wan-

dered about the town seeking work. Finding none all that day she walked about in the evening. She kept walking aimlessly on and on, until night came and she was afraid. When it was quite dark and she found a quiet corner she crouched upon a doorstep and tried to sleep. What was she to do? She was lonely and miserable; every month her trouble would grow worse. Where could she hide? She dozed off, only to awaken with a start. No one was near; she tried to sleep again. Then she got up and walked a little and rested again. When morning came she was tired out and wretched. Then she remembered the address of a girl she knew who was living in the neighborhood. She hunted her up and was made welcome. But her friend had no money. For one night she sheltered her, but all her efforts to find work were in vain.

What was to be done? On the third day she and her friend met a man who asked them if they wanted a job. They answered eagerly, yes. He gave them the address of a lady who he thought could give them something to do. They went there and found it was a house of ill-fame. The woman took them in and told them they might stay. Maggie hesitated. But what was she to do? She had lost her character and her place, and she had no friends. Here she could at least get food and shelter, and remain till her baby was born. It seemed as if she were driven to it. She said to herself that she could not help it, and so it came to pass that Maggie came upon the town.

Two years she remained there, making the best of it. Her baby fortunately died soon after it was born, and she continued to tread the cinder path of sin alone. This went on for three years, and then there dawned upon her darkened life a real manifestation of redeeming love. One day when she had a fit of the blues, a young man came into the house. He was very young, not more than twenty. Something in her appearance attracted him, and when they were alone he spoke to her so kindly that she marveled. She told him how

wretched she was, and he, treating her-as if she were his own sister, encouraged her to hope for release. "Take this," he said, as he left her, giving her five dollars. "Save up all you can until you can pay off your debts and then we will get you out of this."

He came again, and yet again, always treating her in the same brotherly fashion, giving her five dollars every time, and never asking anything in return. After she had saved up sufficient store to pay off that debt to the landlady, which hangs like a millstone round the neck of the unfortunate, her young friend told her that he had talked to his mother and his sister, and that as soon as she was ready they would be delighted to take her into their home until such time as they could find her a situation. Full of delight at the unexpected deliverance, Maggie made haste to leave. The young man's mother was as good as her word. In that home she found a warm welcome, and a safe retreat. Maggie made great efforts to break off the habit of swearing, and although she every now and then would make a bad break, she made such progress that at length it was deemed safe and prudent to let her take a place as a general servant. The short stay in that Christian home had been to her as a glimpse into an opening paradise. Hope sprang up once more in the girl's breast. She would be an honest woman once again. Thus, as we have seen her reproduce the Fall, so we see the blessed work of the Redeemer. Now we have to see the way in which His people, "the other ones," as she called them, shuddering, fulfilled their trust.

Maggie went to a situation in Oakland, Alameda Co., Cal. Her new mistress was a Mrs. McD—, an Irish Catholic of very devout disposition. She was general servant at \$10 a month. She worked hard, and gave every satisfaction. Even the habit of profanity seemed to have been conquered. Gradually the memory of her past life with its hideous concomitants was becoming faint and dim, when suddenly the past was brought back

to her with a shock. She was serving at table when she suddenly recognized in one of the guests a man who had been a customer in the old house. She felt as if she were going to drop dead when she recognized him, but she said nothing. The "gentleman," however, was not so reticent. "Where did you get that girl from?" he asked Mr. McD—. "Get her," said Mr. McD—; "why, she's a servant in our house." "Servant," sneered her guest; "I know her. She is a — from San Francisco."

How eternally true are Lowell's lines :

Grim-hearted world, that look'st with Levite eyes
On those poor fallen by too much faith in man,
She that upon thy freezing threshold lies,
Starved to more sinning by thy savage ban,
Seeking that refuge because foulest vice,
More God-like than thy virtue is, whose span
Shuts out the wretched only, is more free
To enter Heaven than thou wilt ever be!

Thou wilt not let her wash thy dainty feet
With such salt things as tears, or with rude hair
Dry them, soft Pharisee, *that sitt'st at meat*
With him who made her such, and speak'st him fair,
Leaving God's wandering lamb the while to bleat
Unheeded, shivering in the pitiless air :
Thou hast made prisoned virtue show more wan
And haggard than a vice to look upon.

But in this case it was even worse. The lamb which had sought shelter was driven back into the wilderness.

Mr. McD— would not believe it, but said that he would tell his wife. Mrs. McD— at once sent for Maggie. "If only I'd been cute," said she to me when telling the story, "I would have denied it, and they would have believed me. But I thought I had broken with all that, and that I had to tell the truth. So I owned up and said yes, it was true, I had been so, but that I had reformed, and had left all that kind of life. But the old woman, d— her! she would listen to nothing. 'Faith, she would not have the disgrace of having a — in her house!' that was all she said."

"Have you anything against me?" said Maggie.

"Have I not done your work for you ever since I came?"

"No," was the reply, "I have nothing against you, but I cannot have a person of your character in my house. You must go."

Maggie implored her to give her a chance. "You are a Catholic," she said, "will you not give me a helping hand?"

"No," was the inexorable reply. "That does not matter. I cannot have a ——— in my house."

Feeling as if she were sinking in deep water, Maggie fell on her knees sobbing bitterly and begged her for the love of God to have mercy on her and at least to give her a recommendation so that she might get another place.

It was no use. "I cannot do that, for if anything went wrong I would be to blame for it."

"Well then," said Maggie, "at least give me a line saying that for the four months I had been here I have worked to your satisfaction."

"No," she said.

"The old hound!" exclaimed Maggie to me. "My God, if ever I get the chance I'll knife the old she devil. Yes, if I swing for it. What does it matter? She's blasted my life. When I saw it was all no use, I lost all heart and all hope and I gave up there and then. There's no hope for such as me. No, I had my chance and she spoiled it, God d—n her for a blasted old hypocrite. And now it is no use. No use, never any more. I have taken dope, I drink. I'm lost. I'm only a ——— I shall never be anything else. I'm far worse than ever I was and am going to the devil as fast as I can. It's no use. But ——— me to blue blazes if ever I come within a thousand miles of that old fiend if I don't knife her if I swing for it. When I think what I might have been but for her! Oh, Christ!" she cried, "What have they done with my life?"

What indeed? After the Fall the Redemption, after the Redemption the Apostacy, and now as the result, one of

The images ye have made of Me!

CHAPTER III.

WHISKY AND POLITICS.

It was in Brant Smith's saloon where I first met Farmer Jones. Brant Smith is the Democratic captain of the Ninety-first Precinct of the Hundredth Ward. Like many other Democratic captains in Chicago and in New York, he combined the political duties of leader of the precinct with the commercial calling of saloon-keeper. In his district there is no more respectable saloon than that of Brant Smith. It is a marvel. To the left and to the right of it there are saloons which are frequented by the toughest characters in Bum Street. A little further down are saloons which are merely annexes to so many houses of ill-fame, overrun with loose women who hang about in all stages of dishabille, endeavoring as best they can to attract the attention of customers who drop in for a drink or for a cigar, to their faded charms. There is nothing of all this in Brant Smith's. You may go in, as I have gone, at any hour of the day or night and you will not see any of that class of women; indeed it is a rare thing to see a woman at all either at the counter or at the billard table which occupies the most conspicuous position in the rear of the saloon.

During my stay in Chicago Brant Smith's became one of my favorite resorts, partly because of its situation—it was an oasis of cleanliness and light in the midst of a district which was decidedly tough—partly because of Brant Smith himself, who is one of the most intelligent and interesting politicians I have met in Chicago, and partly, and perhaps most of all, because Brant Smith's was the hang-out of Farmer Jones. Farmer Jones is a remarkable man. I made his acquaintance during my first visit to Chicago and renewed it when I

returned. It was, however, not until the night on which Mayor Hopkins was elected that I fully appreciated the significance and the value of my new acquaintance. I think, on the whole, Farmer Jones had done more to reassure my faith in the future of Chicago, and to give me the clue to its secret than any other man in the city. Yet when I walked along the street with Farmer Jones on one occasion and passed a doctor who had for many years practiced on Bum Street he deemed it his duty to send a special messenger to warn me to take care, as the man I was with was one of the toughest of the toughs in the slums. Farmer Jones' appearance at that time, it must be admitted, was rather against him. There was an ugly wound on his right cheek which was partly concealed by sticking plaster, his chin was covered with the stubbly growth which indicates that the barber is three days behind his time, his eyes were bloodshot and restless, while for his hair,—well. It is said in Chicago that Mayor Hopkins was elected by the silkstockings on the one hand and the short hairs on the other; Farmer Jones was emphatically not a silkstocking dude and he was as conspicuously one of the short hairs. He stood about five feet ten or eleven, somewhat spare in his build, with a slight slouch and a curious amble in his gait caused by a lameness in one of his feet. You usually saw him with a billy-cock hat on his head and a cigarette in his mouth, and his clothes, to put it mildly, were somewhat the worse for wear.

When I did my day on the streets with the broom and shovel brigade Farmer Jones was kind enough to accompany me. It was from him that I had borrowed my working clothes. They had been lying for twelve months in a locker in Brant Smith's saloon. They were pretty dilapidated, but when I was fully equipped and I sallied forth together with Farmer Jones and took our places in the street cleaning brigade we were as pretty a pair as there was to be found in Chicago. Yet

this tough denizen of the slums, with his stubbly beard and bloodshot eyes, was, by universal consent of all who knew him, one of the smartest men in politics. It was only whisky that was the matter with him, that was all. But then, it must be admitted, there is a good deal in whisky, especially when it is applied internally at pretty frequent intervals from morning till night.

The first time I met Farmer Jones I was so busy talking to Brant Smith that I did not hear much of what he had to say. But on the second occasion I well remember what he said. It was the first night of the registration for the mayoralty election, and, as was to be expected under the circumstances, Farmer Jones had celebrated the occasion by such frequent libations that it was somewhat difficult for him to maintain his equilibrium. By holding on to the counter, however, he was able to explain with some considerable triumph the number of Democrats whom he had registered that day. There was a gain on the total number and there was great joy in the saloon over the result of the first day's innings. When Farmer Jones saw me, he steadied himself for a moment by the counter and said:

"I want to talk to you, Mr. Stead. I want a long talk with you. But not now."

"Why not now?" I asked.

"I have a great deal to say to you," he continued, "but I cannot say it to-night."

"But why not?" again I asked.

"Because," he said, as he looked at me very solemnly as he swayed to and fro, with a curious owlish look in his eyes, "because, Mr. Stead, my head is rather muzzy—and my tongue—is so thick—and to tell you the truth, Mr. Stead," he said, as he gave a lurch towards me, "to tell you the truth—I am half drunk."

There could be no doubt as to his condition, although there might have been some dispute as to the fraction. But he had still enough sense to know what he was driving at. After a time I got him persuaded to en-

deavor to use his thickened tongue in order to explain what he wanted to say to me. He had evidently been impressed by the way in which I had spoken about the saloons at the Central Music Hall. The saloon people in Chicago have been so accustomed to receive nothing but vitriolic denunciation from every person who speaks in public on temperance or morality that they could hardly believe their ears when they found that for once they had been treated with ordinary justice.

He said, at last, "If you want to do any good in this town begin a crusade against the indecent saloons. You will do no good at all if you go against all the saloons, but you should distinguish between the decent and the indecent saloons."

"But what do you mean by an indecent saloon?"

"A saloon like this is a saloon and nothing else; but a saloon to which I could take you a few doors from this is not so much a saloon as it is the door to a house of ill-fame. There is a field where every honest man will support you. Why do you not stick to that and let us have in Chicago saloons that are saloons and not saloons that are sporting houses and gambling hells as well!"

I agreed with my friend that this was a practical policy; but he was hardly in a condition to go into details, so we adjourned the conference until a more convenient time.

That time did not come until the day of the mayoralty election. When my son and I walked over to the saloon after dinner we found Brant and his friends in a state of great jubilation. It was just after eight o'clock and sufficient number of returns had come in to show that Hopkins' election was all but assured. There was a crowd of men in the saloon. Brant, as usual, was behind the counter, as sober as a judge, while far back, in a state of complacency which often accompanies the early stages of befuddlement, sat Farmer Jones.

"Hopkins is in all right," said he to us, "there are only two more precincts to come in and his majority is over

a thousand. But come," he said, "sit down and I will tell you all about it."

He led the way into the back of the saloon and setting himself against the wall placed chairs on either side of a small wooden table and proceeded to unfold the true inwardness of electioneering methods in the Ninety-first Precinct of the One Hundredth Ward in the year of our Lord 1893. It was extremely interesting, instructive and full of suggestion.

The scene of the narrative was in appropriate keeping with the nature of the story which was unfolded. The saloon was well filled with a number of men who seemed to consider that the importance of the occasion and the significance of the victory demanded continual relays of drinks. As for Farmer Jones himself, he found it necessary at intervals throughout the evening to lay in stores of hot Scotch whisky; this, he explained to me apologetically, was owing to the fact that his extremities got so very cold, he needed just a little something to keep up the circulation. Beer was the general drink, but although every now and again a free and independent citizen who had been vindicating the rights of the people by voting for Mr. Hopkins would require a little slumber after his exertion, there was no quarrelling, and there was a great deal of good nature. Outside in the street in front of the saloon a great bonfire was blazing. Some luckless garbage boxes from the back yard and all the available timber that was lying loose was pressed into service in order to celebrate the Democratic triumph. Farmer Jones took no part in building the bonfire, contenting himself with giving words of command to the gang of men who tramped backwards and forwards through the saloon, carrying fuel to the flames. Most of the men wore the white silk badges of the Democratic party, while some of them carried a card with the portrait of Hopkins in their hat. The bard of the occasion was one Brennan, an Irishman, who became so effusively hilarious as the hours stole on towards midnight, that,

after having sung an indefinite number of songs, many of his own composition, and executing step dances to the music of an accordion; he insisted upon decorating me with a Hopkins card. Farmer Jones protested. He said I was a stranger and a visitor and not a naturalized citizen and that I ought not to be compelled to wear the Hopkins card, but the bard insisted, and by midnight my son and myself might have been mistaken for two of the staunchest of the Democratic citizens who had exercised their right of citizenship by returning Hopkins at the head of the poll.

"You see," said Farmer Jones, as he settled himself to his hot Scotch and looked at me through his cigarette smoke, raising his voice slightly so as to be heard over the drone of the music and the laughter that followed each verse of Bard Brennan's song, "you see we have done our part in this precinct. It is a black Republican precinct and we polled a majority of ninety for Hopkins. I took most of them to the poll myself," he said with some degree of justifiable pride. "Yes, I polled ninety votes in this precinct for Hopkins, and it did not cost me more than half a dollar a head, whereas the Republicans had to pay their men \$3 each before they could get them to the poll."

This inside glimpse into the finances of voting somewhat startled me. "But," I said, "do you mean to say that the Republicans paid \$3 a head for their votes? That was rather high, was it not? The Democrats in the 170th Ward were only paying their men \$2 a head."

"They paid \$3 in this precinct," said he. "There was any amount of money going on Swift's side. Why, I was offered \$100 myself if I would only stay at home on election day and do nothing."

"But who offered you that?"

"The Republicans, of course. They have been spending money all round. They sent me word that if I would go down to the Central Committee I should have \$100 merely to stay at home. They tried that on

all round. Why there was Skippen—you know Skippen, that infernal scoundrel! Why, he went round trying to bulldoze the lodging house keepers in this neighborhood. When he found that he could not frighten them by telling them he would put crape on their doors if they did not help to elect Swift, he offered them any amount of money merely to keep citizens from voting. They would not do it, not they. He had to get out of that pretty quick I tell you. Oh, Skippen, he is a son of a gun, he is!"

"What is the matter with Skippen?"

"Why, Skippen is a U. O. D."

"What in the name of mischief is a U. O. D.?" I inquired anxiously.

"Well," he said, "a U. O. D. is short for a member of the United Order of Deputies; that is the most powerful secret society which exists in America at the present time, and its object is to prevent anyone having anything in politics or anywhere else that was not born on American soil. But I reckon," said Jones, complacently, "that Skippen will not show his head in this precinct again."

"Why?" I asked.

"Do you know what we did as soon as the polls opened this morning?"

"No."

"We simply fired Skippen out of the polling booths."

"Fired him out! How did you do that?"

"We told him he had to git and he got."

"But how could you do that?"

"Don't ask any questions," he said. "They know what it is that is meant. Skippen would have been killed, that is all I can say."

"But who told him so?"

"There was no need to tell him. There is no need to say such things. They did not take long to clear out and leave us alone."

"Well," I said, "supposing he had refused?"

"Well, we should have had to use arguments with him. We should have convinced him, never fear. We might have been sorry to use them but he wisely did not force us to use them. It reminds me," said Farmer Jones, "of a story that used to be told about Mr. Hamlin. He used to travel with a circus up and down the country. It was a habit of his always to ride ahead of his show to make the business arrangements. One day he was riding along in Virginia and he came to a plantation. He rode into the front yard where he saw an old gentleman sitting upon a stoop. 'Stranger,' said he 'are you from the North?' 'I am,' said Mr. Hamlin, whereupon, before he knew what was going to happen, the old gentleman picked up a rock and flung it at him so that it struck his head and fetched the blood. Thinking he had had enough of the conversation Mr. Hamlin rode away until he came to a trough by the wayside, where he dismounted and began to wash away the blood which was streaming down his face. While he was so engaged a negro came riding up in hot haste and said 'Are you de gentleman dat de colonel threw a rock at?' 'Wall,' said Mr. Hamlin, wondering what was the matter, 'I guess I am.' 'Oh,' said the nigger, 'I have come from the colonel, and a bery fine gentleman he is—a bery fine gentleman indeed—a perfect gentleman; he wishes to apologize—he says he is bery sorry he hit you with a rock, sah, he is bery sorry, bery sorry indeed, sah, and he sent me to ride after you, sah, to give you his best respects and his compliments, and say to you, sah, that he never would have hit you with a rock if he had had any other weapon handy!' So," said Farmer Jones, when he had finished his story, "Skippen understood and took the hint in good time."

"Well," said I, "when you got the polling stations in your hands, what did you do?"

"Voted our men, of course."

"And the negroes, how did they vote?"

"They voted as they ought to have voted. They had to."

"But," said I, "the ballot is secret enough, how could you compel those people to vote against their will?"

"They understood, and besides" said he, "there was not a man voted in that booth that I did not know how he voted before he put his paper into the judges' hands."

"And your own men, you say it cost you half a dollar a head?"

"Well," said he, "I had not to pay more than half a dollar for any of them. My total expenses today for everything is only \$45 and I voted many for a drink and some voted for quarters, but no one got more than half a dollar. You know," he said with a smile, "we have some curious experiences on polling day, and sometimes they get a laugh on a fellow. For instance, I went into a stable this afternoon and I found nine citizens who had not voted and it occurred to me that they were very thirsty. So I borrowed a pail and went into a saloon and got it filled with beer, which cost me 35 cents. I took it to the stable expecting that when they had quenched their thirst they would be capable of the exertion of going to the polls and voting for Hopkins. But it did make a fellow feel cheap when they took that pail of beer and gave it to one of the horses."

"Then you did not vote them after all?"

"Oh yes I did, but it cost me half a dollar a head."

"How did the foreigners vote?"

"I voted fifty-four Italians all in a block and I had not a cent to pay for them. You see," said he, "the Italians are great believers in Democratic principles."

I said I thought it would be rather difficult for them to know the difference between Republican and Democratic principles.

"No, you will find that they are all devoted admirers of Democratic principles and Republican institutions," he said with emphasis. "These Italians voted all right because I made them citizens. They would not have had

a vote but for me. Not one of them could speak a word of English, either, what is more." Then waxing wroth as something came to his mind, he said, "We have got some judges in Chicago who need to be removed. Think of that Judge Gibbons! I took those Italians down to naturalize them as citizens—fifty-four as fine men as ever you set eyes on, all residents in this ward and all good Democrats. When I brought them in Judge Gibbons asked me if they could speak English. I said, 'No, your honor.' He asked me if I could answer for them being good citizens. I said I knew they were great believers in American institutions, and then that judge absolutely refused to naturalize them."

"What did you do?"

"I thought it was time to take a change of venue. So I went to another judge. This judge he said to me, 'Now Jones, what do you want to do with these men?' 'I want to make citizens of them.' 'Can they speak English?' 'No, not one of them.' 'Can you speak Italian?' 'Not a word.' 'Then how can you answer for them?' 'I can answer only for one.' 'Which one is that?' 'This one,' I said, 'he can speak a little French and I can speak French, and I can answer for his allegiance to American institutions. I will answer for him, and I want you to enroll him as a citizen.' The judge did so. Then that man answered for another and so on until the whole fifty-four were American citizens. I voted them to the last man for John Patrick Hopkins."

"But," I said, "Jones, I do not understand how you get hold of those fellows."

"I work 'em," he said. Then, replenishing his hot Scotch he raised his hand to about four feet above the floor, and added, meditatively. "She is just about that high, a little bit of a thing just about eight years old."

"What do you mean?"

"It was a little Italian girl helped me or I could never have done anything."

"Do explain what you mean," I said.

“Well,” said he, as he lit another cigarette, “two years ago I noticed that a friend of mine who lives down the block had a bright little girl who was beginning to go to the public school. He was an Italian and a very fine man although he could not speak much English. I kept my eye on that little girl and whenever I went to see her father I always took her a pound of candies or a toy tortoise or a snake or anything of that kind, even if to do so I had to borrow a quarter. So I quite got hold of the little girl; she thinks I am her best friend in the world and she will go anywhere with me and do anything I want. When the elections come round I just go to her with a bag of candies and we go canvassing together. She can speak both Italian and English; so she goes with me and translates anything I have got to say. I have got great hold over the Italians here and it is all through that little girl.”

Up to this point I had been more or less scandalized, but now I began to get interested — interested as a man is interested when, after a long search in a great ravelment of odds and ends and thrums and tatters, he comes upon a skein which may possibly give him a clue to the confusion. This story of the way in which Farmer Jones had roped in the Italian girl as his go-between and interpreter, so as to enable him to get hold of the non-English-speaking Italians and made them his friends and voted them for the Democratic candidate—here was something which made me inclined to cry “Eureka!” Here at last was something like a clue to the agency which has worked this great conglomerate of rival nationalities into one homogeneous whole; here in a low and rudimentary state, no doubt, but with vigorous vitality in it, there was the principle of human brotherhood and the recognition of human service. There was religio—a real religion—or the linking together of man to man. Which of all the churches, I wondered, would take so much trouble for so long a time merely in order to get hold of a little Italian girl to work into their organization this rough unas-

simulated hunk of Italianism which Farmer Jones had got hold of in order to strengthen the Democratic party?

Farmer Jones, however, did not see anything in it, but was more intent upon pursuing the thread of his own meditations.

"Stop a minute," said he, "I want to show you something." With that he disappeared. Making his way more or less unsteadily across the saloon, he presently returned, bringing with him a black hat through the rim of which a jagged hole was punched near the right temple.

"You see that," said he. "Do you know what made that?"

"No," I replied.

"A knife, and it nearly cost me my life. But it would not have happened if I had taken a hint from my little Italian girl. I got it from an Italian, the ungrateful hound."

"Tell me about it."

"You see," said Jones, "It was that scoundrel Billerot, the ungrateful dog! But never mind, I will be even with him yet. It was only this year that we were having the elections for constables. Billerot was put up for election. I did not like the fellow and voted against him at the first ballot. We had to vote again. He came to me and said, 'Oh, Jones, me wants two votes to be elected. Me a good fellow, Jones, do give me your votes.' 'No,' said I, 'I don't like you, I won't vote for you.' 'Oh, me very good fellow,' said he, and he went on so that I had compassion for him and, against my own judgment, I voted for him and got him five votes. He was elected, the son of a gun," said Jones, betaking himself to his hot Scotch with an assiduity which made me fear that his tongue would again become so thick as to preclude the possibility of my receiving the end of his interesting discourse.

"Well," said I, "what about Billerot?"

"He is an ungrateful wretch. The other day we had a meeting of Italians in the ward for Mr. Hopkins. So

I went for my little girl to go with me to the lodging houses to get my men. Who should I find at the first lodging house but Billerot. I said to him, 'Well, Billerot, are you going to come to our meeting?' 'What meeting?' asked he, and before I could answer the little girl twitched the side of my trousers and I saw that I was in the wrong box. 'Why, Mr. Hopkins' meeting,' I said. 'Me no go, me no for Hopkins.' 'What!' I said, 'you no for Hopkins and I got you to be constable?' 'Oh, you good fellow, Jones, but me no like your alderman. Me no like Hopkins.' 'Well,' I said, 'all right. I will go and see the Italians.' 'No,' said he, 'you no go in, me no let you go in. No vote for Hopkins, me don't like your alderman.' "

"Then," said Jones to me, "you know I am rather hot tempered and I sometimes say things I ought not to say, but I cannot help it, and I just bent forward to him and said, 'Billerot, you remember there are some people in this town who are in a secret society, that killed Dr. Cronin, and they are called the Clan-na-gael; and there are other people in this town of all manner of nationalities except Italians, and they blew up the policemen at the Haymarket; and,' I continued, looking him full in the face, 'there is another set of men in this town and they call them the Mafia.' I had hardly got out the words when as quick as lightning he flashed out his knife and struck at me with all his force. I dodged the knife and instead of splitting my head open as he intended it went through the brim of my hat and cut open my cheek. The little girl was standing close by us, otherwise he and I were alone. The blood streamed down my face, but the moment he struck at me I grabbed my gun and began blazing at him. But he quit fast as soon as he saw he had missed me, and the blood was so much in my eyes that I could not see plainly to hit him. I went across to see some of his countrymen and they said 'Did you call him a Mafiote?' 'Indeed I did,' said I.

'Well,' said he, 'I am not suprised that he tried to knife you, for it is God's truth.'

Jones stopped. Then he added, complacently, "I think that man's political career is ended."

"What will they do with him," I asked.

"I don't know, but no good, I reckon. No doubt he will lose his constableness next election, and there is no future for that man in Chicago."

Jones remained quiet for a time. He had told the story with a vivid realism that made it stand out like a picture by one of the Dutch masters of the interior of a tavern or a camp—a vivid little thumbnail sketch, as it were, of the realities of politics and electioneering in the first ward: the Mafiotte with his knife stabbing madly at the American with his gun, whose one regret was that the blood in his eyes rendered it impossible for him to shoot his fellow citizen, and consoling himself with the thought that by his political pull he would be able to blight the Mafiotte's rise in the political hierarchy of the American Republic. Here at least were realities and not theories.

After another song from Brennan, "What a genius," he said, meditatively, "what a wasted genius; that man will sing from morning till night. As long as he has his beer he never seems to tire. But here," said he, "is another citizen who would not have voted but for me." So saying, he introduced a tall, somewhat melancholy man who was doing odd jobs about the saloon. "Here is my friend Dafton, who has been unfortunate. He has just come out of the penitentiary in Indiana, where he had been sent for two years." We made room for the gentleman at the table and soon he was quite sociable and friendly.

His story was rather a sad one. He was a teamster in good work in Chicago, whose wife had proved unfaithful to him, and feeling discouraged he had gone to work on a railway in Indiana. When there he had taken care of the swag of a fellow workman who was lying dead

drunk at a strange saloon. He got drunk himself before he could explain matters and was arrested for stealing his comrade's money. He was sent to jail for two years. On coming out he came to Chicago but would not have been allowed to vote but for his friend Jones. He wrote to the chaplain of the jail in Indiana, who replied in high terms of the behavior of Dafton while in custody. Armed with this credential Jones had been down to the election commissioner and received from him a certificate which entitled his friend to vote at the election. Dafton was an interesting man, who had seen hardship and who, in his melancholy, saturnine way, was somewhat of a mournful philosopher and a good Democrat all the same, so he was welcomed to the fraternal bond which united us all that night in celebrating the return of Mr. Hopkins.

After hearing of his intervention to get Dafton his right to vote, I said laughingly to Farmer Jones that he seemed to be kept quite busy in the ward.

He put down his cigarette, looked at me and said bashfully, "Well, I reckon that I get more people into the County Hospital and more people out of the police station than any alderman in the city. Yes, I am kept quite busy. I think I get one man a week into the County Hospital, and—let me see—about two and a half every week out of the police station. That is not all, either," he added, "I have to bury a good many of them also."

"Bury them, what is that for?"

"Well," he said, "I know a good many Irishmen, fine fellows, and when they die I have not the heart to let them be buried by the county. I have got eight freehold lots in Oakwood Cemetery in my own possession, and the ninth is nearly ready."

"What on earth have you to do with burying them?"

"Well, I have got something inside of me here," he said, laying his hand upon his breast, "which causes me a great deal of trouble. I cannot see a fellow creature

suffering without trying to help him if I can. When these poor fellows have died I go round to the hotels, and to my friends, and beg the money, and I have never failed yet in raising all that is necessary."

"How much is necessary?" I asked.

"I will tell you," said he. He went over item by item pretty much as follows, "There is \$10 for a lot in Oakwood Cemetery, \$3 for moving the corpse from the morgue, \$16 for the coffin, \$5 for the shell, and I always take down four or five pall-bearers and bring them back again. I also pay \$2 for an itinerant preacher to say service over the grave. Altogether it comes between \$45 and \$50. They are buried properly and never a doctor's knife in any of them."

"But about the County Hospital?"

"There is sometimes trouble about getting a man in. So if any of my friends need to be attended to I go with them. They know me at the hospital and they must take him in if I go with him."

"How is that?"

"Well, if they object to take him in I sit there until they do or until they send him to Dunning. It saves the man trouble and gets over a good many obstacles which are made to a man being received."

"I can understand that, but how do you get the people out of the police station?"

"Oh," he said, "that is not difficult. You see I have got a pull and anyone who has got a pull can do a great deal."

"Supposing I were your friend and had been arrested, what would you do?"

"Supposing one of my friends were locked up tonight for being drunk, I would go to the police station and see the cop who had run him in and I would tell him that I could answer for that man, that he was a good man and that he was all right."

"But supposing he was not all right?"

"Oh, but then he is all right," said Jones. "You can

not say that it would be good for a man to be locked up with thieves and criminals because he took a glass too much."

"But supposing he was a thief?"

"That would be a different matter; I would do nothing for a crook. Neither would I do anything for a man who kept on making a beast of himself. He had better go to the Bridewell. But when a good fellow gets overtaken once in a way I get him out."

"But supposing that the police will not let him out?"

"Well, then there would be nothing for it but to bail him out and see if I could not get him off the next morning. The justices know me. If I could not get him off, then I would get his fine suspended."

"What do you mean by suspended?"

"Why, suspended! It means that the fine is taken off, and you do not pay it."

"But," I said, "when a fine is imposed, is it not collected?"

"Not when it is suspended, and you can usually get your fine suspended when you have a pull. I had a little experience of my own that way."

I begged him to tell the story, and, nothing loath, he began.

"It was once when I was very discouraged. I had been employed by a corporation, and another corporation was jealous of me, and they had me fired out. I was so discouraged that I got drunk for two days. It was a very big spree, and at the end of two days I felt very bad. I thought I had had enough of it, and I wanted to be sent to the Washingtonian Home to be cured. So I went down to the police station, and asked them to lock me up and send me to the Washingtonian Home. But the cop who was there was my friend, and he said, 'Jones, I could not lock you up; I could not do such an unfriendly action to you.'"

"'But I want to be locked up.' But he said, 'I could not do it, Jones; you have not done anything.' 'Yes, I

have,' I said. 'I am drunk, and I want to be sent to the Washingtonian Home in the morning.' 'No,' said he, 'I would not do it for a friend.'"

"'Well,' said I, 'you will have to lock me up if I commit a crime.'"

"'But you would not commit a crime, Jones?'"

"'I will if I am driven to it. I want to get to that home. I will one way if I can't get there another.'"

"'Oh, nonsense,' he said, and he laughed."

"I went out and I felt that it was too bad that I could not get locked up without committing a crime, but as I had to commit a crime I thought I might as well take it out of the corporation which had lost me my situation. I went down the street and stood opposite the window. It cost \$100 and I kicked my foot through it and then took a stone and in a few minutes there was not much left of that window. There were two men inside the office, but they were afraid to give me in charge, so I marched up and down the street to a cop and gave myself up. I said 'I want you to arrest me for malicious injury to property.' He took me to the police station. When I got there I said, 'Now you must take me in charge, as I have committed a crime.' The cop said he did not know what to enter on the charge sheet. I told him to put me down 'malicious injury.' So he took me down to the cell and locked me up; I was very tired and I felt as if my head were three feet long, but I got to sleep."

"The next day I did not feel so discouraged and I did not want to go to the Washingtonian Home any more. When they brought me into court, who was there but my old friend Justice Jennings. The plate glass insurance people were there and the corporation also. I looked at the justice, and you know," said he with a half bashful smile, "there is somehow or other an odd smile on my face which comes when I cannot help it. I no sooner stood up before the justice than my old smile came back upon my face. The justice said, 'What

are you doing here?' I said, 'I have been on a drunken spree and I have done some mischief but I would like to pay for it.' The window cost \$100 and I had not a red cent to pay it with. I said I would go out and collect the money if he would release me for a time. The plate glass insurance people, however, objected; they said that it was a scandalous case and that the utmost rigor of the law must be insisted upon. So the justice went into the case. When he had heard it he fined me \$7 and \$1 costs. I said, 'Will you give me time to raise the money, your honor?' 'Wait a minute,' said the justice. So I waited until the insurance man and the corporation people had gone. Then the justice said that the fine was suspended if I paid the dollar costs. A detective, a friend of mine, lent me the dollar and I paid the costs. Then I borrowed a dollar and paid the detective back and we all had a drink together. I have not been to the Washingtonian Home yet, and now I think I had better have another hot Scotch before going home," he added.

To most people, possibly to every one who reads this chapter, such an inside glimpse of the practical working of the Democratic machine in Chicago would fill them with a feeling of despair. This, they will say, is the outcome of Democracy, the latest triumph which Republican institutions have achieved in the New World! What a picture! Bribery, intimidation, bull-doing of every kind, knifing, shooting, and the whole swimming in whisky! Yet it is from that conversation I gained a clearer view and a surer hope for the redemption of Chicago than anything I had gained from any other conversation I have had since I came to the city. Here at least I was on the bed-rock of actual fact, face to face with the stern realities of things as they are. Yet here, even in this nethermost depth, was the principle of human service, there was the recognition of human obligation, set in motion, no doubt, for party reasons, and from a desire to control votes rather than to save souls. But whatever might be the motive, the result was unmistakable.

ble. Rough and rude though it might be, the Democratic party organization, and, of course, the Republican party organization to a less extent in the same way, are nevertheless doing the work which the churches ought to do. They are stimulating a certain number of citizens to render service and discharge obligations to their fellow citizens and so are setting in motion an agency for molding into one the heterogenous elements of various races, nationalities and religions which are gathered together in Chicago. In its own imperfect manner this rough, vulgar, faulty substitute for religion is at least compelling the heeler and the bartender and the tough, whom none of the churches can reach, to recognize that fundamental principle of human brotherhood which Christ came to teach.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CHICAGOAN TRINITY.

Chicago, though one of the youngest of cities, has still a history, which begins, like that of more ancient communities, in blood. That royal purple has seldom been lacking at the beginning of things. Whether it is Cain and Abel, Romulus and Remus, or the massacre of the garrison of Fort Dearborn, the baptism of blood fails not. In the New World, as in the Old, the same rule holds true, and every visitor to the capital of the Western World is naturally taken to the historic site of the event with which the history of Chicago may be said to have begun.

On the rim of the shore of Lake Michigan, on a spot then a desolate waste of sand hills, but now crowded with palaces, stands, leafless and twigless, the trunk of an old cottonwood tree, which marks the site of the massacre of the garrison. Four score years and more have passed since the thirsty sand drank the life-blood of the victims of that Indian war, but still the gaunt witness of the fight looks down upon the altered scene. In 1812, when the British were at war with the French in Europe, our Canadian representatives were busy fighting and diplomating against the French and their allies on the great lakes. The Americans had struck in on their own account on the side of the French, and the British had just whipped them out of Detroit and Michigan, which had a narrow escape of becoming a Canadian province. War is war, and British and Americans fought on, each using as best it could the Indian tribes which swarmed in the unsettled country. The British made allies of Tecumseh, the great chief of the Potawatomes, and

Fort Dearborn, the American outpost at Chicago, became the immediate objective of the allies after the Americans had been driven out of Detroit and Michigan. The officer in charge, Captain Heald, a weak incompetent, decided to evacuate by arrangement with the Indians. Whether this decision was right or wrong, he carried it out in the worst possible way. He first summoned the Indians to a council and promised them all the goods in the fort, including the ammunition and fire-water, and then broke his word by throwing all the powder and shot down a well, and emptying the liquor into the river. The Indians, furious at this breach of faith, waited until the little party had reached the open, a good mile distant from the fort, when they attacked and massacred all but twenty-five soldiers and eleven women and children. The scene of the massacre is marked by the venerable trunk of the cottonwood tree, while close by the genius of a Dane has commemorated, at the cost of a millionaire, the evacuation and the massacre, in a spirited group surmounting a pedestal with bas-reliefs.

The sculptor by a happy inspiration has selected as his motif the one incident of that bloody fray that possesses other than a gory interest. While the Pottawatomies were scalping and tomahawking the pale faces, regardless either of sex or age, Mrs. Helm, the daughter of Mr. Kinzie, the patriarchal settler of early Chicago, was rescued from imminent death by Black Partridge, an Indian chief, who had long known and loved her father. The group on the summit of the pedestal represents Mrs. Helm desperately struggling to seize her assailant's scalping-knife, while the splendid chief, Black Partridge, intervenes to snatch her from her impending doom. The surgeon who was slain is receiving his death blow at her feet, while a frightened child weeps, scared by the gleam of the tomahawk and the firing of the muskets. The bas-reliefs, which are not in very much relief, tell the story of the evacuation, the march, and the massacre,

and enable the least imaginative observer, as he looks out over the gray expanse of the lake, to picture something of the din and alarm of that bloody August day, and to recall, too, something of the elements of heroism and of humanity, which redeemed the grim tale of India war.

With the mind full of the Pottawatomies and their tomahawks, pondering upon the possibilities of latent goodness surviving in the midst of the scalp knife savagery of the redskin tribes, you tear yourself away from the traditions of Black Partridge, the Kinzies and the rest, and find yourself confronted by the palaces of millionaires. Mr. George M. Pullman's stately mansion stands in the shade of the cottonwood tree, his conservatory is erected upon the battle field, and he lives and dines and sleeps where the luckless garrison made its last rally. Prairie Avenue, which follows the line of march, is a camping ground of millionaires. Within an area of five blocks, forty of the sixty members of the Commercial Club have established their homes. Mr. Marshall Field and Mr. Philip Armour live near together on the east side of the avenue a little further south. Probably there are as many millions of dollars to the square inch of this residential district as are to be found in any equal area on the world's surface. It is the very Mecca of Mammon, the Olympus of the great gods of Chicago.

What strange instinct led these triumphant and militant chiefs of the Choctaw civilization of our time to cluster so thickly around the bloody battle field of their Pottawatomie forbears? "Methinks the place is haunted," and a subtle spell woven of dead men's bones attracts to the scene of the massacre the present representatives of a system doomed to vanish like that of the redskins before the advancing civilization of the new social era. Four score and two years have hardly passed since the braves of Tecumseh slew the children in the Dearborn baggage wagon, but the last of the Pottawat-

omies have long since vanished from the land over which they roamed the undisputed lords.

Long before four score years have rolled by the millionaire may be as scarce as the Pottawatömie, and mankind may look back upon the history of trusts and combines and competitions with the same feelings of amazement and compassion that we now look back upon the social system that produced Tecumseh and Black Partridge. How the change will come we may not be able to see any more than the Pottawatömies were able to foresee the value of the real estate on which Chicago was built. They parted with it in fee simple for three cents an acre, and did not even get that. But the Pottawatömie passed and the millionaire will pass and men will marvel that such things could be.

Chicago, though nominally Christian, does not concern itself particularly about the Trinity, whose nature and attributes are so carefully and precisely defined by St. Athanasius. So far as Chicago men are concerned St. Athanasius might have spared himself the trouble. They have a trinity of their own of whom they think a great deal more than they do of Father, Son and Holy Ghost. In abstruse theological dogmas, modern Chicago takes little stock. But it subscribes with both hands to any thing that is undersigned by the three Dii Majores of Prairie Avenue, Marshall Field, Philip D. Armour and George M. Pullman. These three millionaires are the real workaday deities of modern Chicago. They have the dollars and more of them than anyone else. Therefore, they of all men are most worship-worthy. They are the idols of the market place. Not that there is much of reverence in the popular homage. Chicago, like the Hindoo, is quite capable of scourging its idols once a year and throwing them into Lake Michigan. But worship in the real sense does not necessarily imply genuflections, kowtowing and chin-chinning oriental fashion. You worship what you consciously or unconsciously set before yourself as the ideal toward which you aim, the model

according to which you endeavor to fashion your life. That is real worship. Incense burning and prayer drill and hymn singing and sermon hearing may or may not have a close and living connection with your religion. But that which a man really worships he honestly imitates as the manifest expression of the best conception he has of the will of God.

Interpreted in that sense there is no doubt that the members of real working trinity of Chicago are Field, Armour and Pullman. The young man of Chicago has one aspiration. He would like to be as successful as they. Each of them in his own way is a beau ideal of triumphant money-making. The honors which the French paid to their Louis the XIV or the first Napoleon, which Italy paid to Michael Angelo and Raphael, or which England paid to Shakespeare or to Gladstone, Chicago pays to the supreme money-getters of their day. "Marshall Field," says one citizen, "has made \$40,000,000 in twenty years;" and all other citizens, metaphorically speaking, act as did the subjects of the Chaldean monarch when the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut and psaltery and all kinds of music summoned them to fall down and worship the golden image that Nebuchadnezzar, the king, had set up. Chicagoans, being practical, dispense with the musical instruments. The chink of the silver dollar is enough.

"As their gods were so their laws were," and as our gods are so our lives are. Millionaires are some of the images into which society has modeled human clay out of the semblance of Christ. They are specialists whose whole existence is devoted to one purpose, and that the acquisition and the accumulation of gold. Carlyle, you remember, draws a weird and ghastly picture of a man who, living solely for the gratification of his gluttonous appetite, becomes in the end merely an appendage to an enormous stomach. Millionaires have all of them a constant tendency to drivel and shrivel up into mere patent safes for the custody of their gold. Fortunately for Chicago, her

millionaires have made their money, they have not inherited it. The real significance of the millionaire who works to build up his fortune will not be seen or appreciated until we have the millionaire who inherits it.

Marshall Field, the first of the greater gods in the Pantheon of the West, is a born trader. He comes of the true Yankee breed, and he has made his fortune by being quick to perceive that the day of the great store had arrived. What the Louvre and Bon Marche are in Paris, what Whiteleys and Shoolbreds are in London, Marshall Field & Co. are in Chicago. Their wholesale store is one of the sights of the city, and the guide books tell with admiration that "Richardson, the eastern architect, received \$100,000 for the plans of this stupendous pile." The floor space devoted to the wholesale trade covers twelve acres; the building is 130 feet high, there are thirteen elevators and in this huge hive of industry 1800 employes are constantly employed dispatching the largest wholesale dry goods business in America. In their retail establishment on Wabash there is what is probably the perfection of business capacity directed to the facility of distribution. As the latest finishing touch to the conveniences of this gigantic bazaar, sixty pneumatic tubes, ramifying into all parts of the building, convey cash and return change with almost lightning-like rapidity. A brigade of some 3,000 men and women are employed behind the counters, and the universal testimony is that the management is far in advance of that of most dry goods stores in Chicago or elsewhere. Merit is readily recognized; promotion comes so rapidly, that the present head of the retail establishment, is still quite a young man. There is none of the scandal, such as rumor has persistently associated with other dry goods houses in Chicago and elsewhere. They do not use up extreme youth by employing juvenile cash girls, neither do they pay their female assistants rates of wages which suggest, if they do not enforce, the necessity for supplementing their earnings elsewhere.

Marshall Field & Co. is familiar as a household word throughout the city, and it is readily recognized that wherever money is required in public benefactions an appeal is seldom made to Mr. Field in vain. He and his partners were leading members of the syndicate of millionaires which ran the World's Fair, and although much has been said, and little printed, concerning the jobbery which prevailed in that select circle, there is no doubt but that they acted with a lavish munificence which contributed immensely to the success of the Exhibition. It was Mr. Marshall Field also whose bequest of a million dollars led to the establishment of the Art Palace as a permanent memorial of the great exhibition. Mr. Field therefore is undoubtedly a high class specimen of the public-spirited millionaire, and to this extent Chicago is fortunate in having him at the apex of her social system.

Regarded from the standpoint of business Marshall Field's career undoubtedly offers much that is attractive and tempting. If, in these days of competition, the man who can go one better than all his other competitors and clear the field of all other rivals is to be considered as having reached the ideal of a business man, then Marshall Field unquestionably stands near the top of the tree, if not at the very top. His partners say with pride that there is not a dollar of the forty millions he has made which is not clean money gained in legitimate commerce. That is more than can be said of a great many of the money kings of the present day. But after all this is admitted, the estimate in which the Marshall Fields and all that class are held very closely resembles that with which we regard the Hannibals, the Tamerlanes and the Napoleons of history. They loom up before the eyes of their fellow men because they have succeeded in ascending a pyramid largely composed of human bones. They represent the victor in the warfare of their time. They have gone out to battle, taking their chances as other men, and they have come out uppermost ; but for

those who have gone under even history can shed her tributary tear.

Old residents in Chicago have told me how when each fresh department was added to Marshall Field's stores it was as if a cyclone had gone forth among the smaller houses which were in the same line of business. When Marshall Field opened any new department, say of cutlery or hardware or millinery, jewelry, etc., or what not, he would run it at cut rates so as to give him the command of the field, contenting himself with the profits of the other departments. Against such a power, so concentrated in turn against each detachment of the enemy, or the competitor, nothing could stand. The consumer is loath to pay a nickel more to an old tradesman for what he can get for a nickel less down town. So it has come to pass that Chicago is honeycombed from end to end with elderly men who twenty years ago had businesses of their own in retail stores by which they expected to make a living of their own and to have a comfortable competence on which to retire in their old age. They reckoned without their Marshall Field, however, and others of his class who have passed through the streets of Chicago with much the same effect upon the smaller stores as that which the angel of the Lord had upon the besieging host which surrounded Jerusalem under Sennacherib.

He breathed but a breath on the camp as he passed

And the little store put up its shutters and the place which knew it once knew it no more. All this, of course, was legitimate business, just as the campaigns of Caesar and Gustavus Adolphus were legitimate warfare. Mr. Marshall Field has no explosive bullets in his locker. What he has done to others, others were allowed to do to him, if they could. All the same, although it may be necessary and inevitable, no one who knows the devastation which is wrought by each successive triumph of centralization in distribution, no one who sees the changes which are wrought when a dozen centers of supply are merged into one great concern, when the

store keepers become only retail clerks depending for their existence upon the caprice of their manager, can refrain from sighing that the gain should be purchased at such cost. The merging of all the distributing centers in a few great stores can only be regarded with the mixed feelings with which German patriots look back upon the unification of Germany. It was necessary, and the advantage outweighs the loss, but the process was cruel while it lasted and the ultimate gain is not yet in sight.

Marshall Field is a silent and reserved man, who very seldom commits himself to a public utterance. Even the ubiquitous interviewer seldom obtains from Mr. Field more than a succinct sentence. The ornamental as well as the oratorical part of his marvelous business he leaves to his partners. He does not give the impression to those who know him well that his immense wealth has been a source of joy and gladness which most men think can be purchased for cash down. Marshall Field, like other men, has found that the most triumphant success before the world may be accompanied with bitter disappointments, to avoid which he would have done well to have bartered many of his millions, but alas, in matters of life and death and health and home what the gods give is given, what they withhold is withheld, nor can they be tempted to change their gifts by all the wealth of Croesus.

Mr. Field probably rejoices to believe that in the conduct of his own business he has never stooped to anything which would conflict with his own idea of right and wrong. But it is not surprising that his conception of duty as a business man, and the conceptions of those who are not weighed down by his responsibilities, or hardened by the life of struggle in which a business man spends his days, do not altogether coincide. Mr. Field can hardly be said to be living up to the highest conceivable standard of social excellence. The great millionaire is currently reported, for I cannot find any public

utterance of his to that effect, to look with scant sympathy upon the tentative efforts of the social reformer to shorten the hours of labor, and put an end to the curse of sweating. Neither does he acquiesce joyfully in the restrictions which the interstate railway law places upon the tyrannous strength of great trusts and corporations. Sweating, of course, he would consider to be an unavoidable evil. If it is possible to suppress it in Illinois he can still get sweated goods supplied from other states where the wage-earning class has not so much of a pull over the legislature. This may be so, but Mr. Field might consider whether it had not better be met by urging the other states to level their legislation up to the Illinois standard than to use the example of the backward legislatures in order to break down the bulwark which Illinois has erected for the protection of the sweated worker.

The second person of the Chicago trinity, Mr. Philip Armour, is probably the best of the three. Those who know him well declare that in many respects he is an ideal man of business, full of brawny common sense. He is a Scotchman, and he might have been nurtured from infancy on the Book of Proverbs, which is said to be responsible for much of the business instinct which enables the Scotch to freeze out the Jews, an achievement which entitles them to a first rank among the nations. Mr. Armour is the head of the most gigantic butchering establishment in the world. He is a kind of mythic genius presiding over the transformation of beeves and swine into extract of beef and canned meats.

He is generous and open-hearted and many stories are told of his liberality in relieving individual distress. Some of these stories may be legendary and many no doubt are apocryphal, but they all point in one direction and indicate that the lord of the packing trade is a man liberal of hand and soul who thoroughly enjoys bestowing largess upon those who are in need of his bounty. As a man of business he is methodical, industrious and

untiring. No clerk is more punctual at his desk than the head of the great packing establishment which last year did nearly one hundred million dollars of business. No galley slave is more closely chained to his oar than Mr. Armour is to his desk. He is the first man to arrive at the office, between six and seven every morning, nor does he leave it till late in the afternoon, when everything has been attended to and all the innumerable questions arising in the dispatch of his world-wide business are left shipshape. Mr. Armour is one of the few men who live up to Benjamin Franklin's wise saws and eschew the use of midnight oil. "Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise," is an old saw which may be said to have fulfilled itself so far as wealth is concerned in the case of Philip Armour. He is said to be in bed every night by nine o'clock and has had his beauty sleep before midnight. He is up with the lark and by the time most of his competitors are having their breakfast he is already half through his day's work. He began this long ago when he was a young man and it has become to him a habit from which he cannot break away even if he would.

A Chicago journalist one time said to Mr. Armour, "Why do you not retire? You have made far more money than you know what to do with. Even if you slept round the clock money would still come in, more money than what you could use. Why cannot you get out of it all and leave the field to younger men? Why not give them a chance? You overshadow everything, monopolize everything in the place, and we have only one great butcher in the place of a thousand little ones. You have made your pile, why not clear out?"

Mr. Armour listened patiently, as he always does, and answered, "Because I have no other interest in life but my business. I do not want any more money; as you say, I have more than I want. I do not love the money; what I do love is the getting of it, the making it. All these years of my life I have put into this work and

now it is my life and I cannot give it up. What other interest can you suggest to me? I do not read, I do not take any part in politics, what can I do? But in my counting house I am in my element; there I live, and the struggle is the very breath of life to me. Besides," he added, "I think it is well for me to remain in business in order to set an example to younger men who are coming up around me."

Set an example he certainly does, an example which, so far as business habits are concerned, punctuality, dispatch, close attention to affairs, leaves nothing to be desired. But whether such a life is beneficial, that leaves the man who pursues it no other interest in the world excepting the mere struggle in the competitive arena, is a point upon which there will not be much difference of opinion. To live for only one interest, and that the struggle for victory, whether on the battle-field with the sword and cannon or in the market with the no less potent weapons of the modern capitalist, is a life that is dwarfed and deficient in most of the elements which make men truly men. They come to judge everything in the world only from the point of view of money.

Of this a curious illustration was told me in connection with Mr. Armour by Mr. Onahan. Some time ago the papers were full of their periodical fits of anxiety as to the welfare of the Pope. Leo, it seems, was declared to be profoundly uneasy in the Vatican and to be meditating seriously a flight across the sea to some retreat where he could find a shelter more to his mind than that of the Vatican. The Pope was going here, he was going there, he was going to Malta or Spain. Each correspondent had his own story and the air was filled with a babel of voices as to the future seat of the Holy See.

"What is this?" said Mr. Armour to Mr. Onahan, "what is this I see in the papers about the Pope? Do you think the Pope will leave Rome? Where do you think the Pope is going to?"

Mr. Onahan said he did not know that the Pope would

go anywhere, but if the revolution broke out in Italy he might be compelled to take refuge with some friendly power.

"Why should he not come to Chicago?" said Mr. Armour.

When Mr. Onahan told me this I was much interested, because I used to hold up the prospect of coming to Chicago before the monsignori of the Vatican as a kind of terrible looking forward to of punishment to come. When I went to Rome in 1889 one of my objects was to ascertain whether or not the Pope contemplated a flight from the Eternal City, and in that case to suggest that he had better come to London or to Chicago. Chicago was too far afield for him to go at one flight, but if the Holy See is to regain the leadership of the world which it held when the barbarians overran the Roman Empire the Italianization of the papacy must come to an end and its English-speaking era be close at hand. I well remember the shudder that passed over the Archbishop of Ephesus as that octogenarian prelate pictured himself and the Sacred College shivering in a blizzard on the shores of Lake Michigan. Such a change would undoubtedly have quickened promotion among the higher ranks of the Catholic hierarchy. I was naturally much interested in hearing that the idea of bringing the Pope to Chicago had apparently occurred simultaneously to Mr. Armour.

Mr. Onahan continued his story. "I explained to Mr. Armour," he said, "that the Pope was not a meer individual, but he was a spiritual sovereign with departments of state and that it would be impossible for him to transfer himself to Chicago as easily as if he were a Cook's tourist. He would require great administration buildings."

"I don't see that that makes any difference," said Mr. Armour. "It is all a question of money, is it not? Why could we not form a syndicate, some of us, and take up a large plot of land, as large as you like, and put up

buildings and make everything ready for the Pope so that he could come and settle here with all his cardinals and congregations, and then," said Mr. Armour, with a twinkle in his eye, "we should make more money by selling what was left of the land than we spent in buying the original tract."

Here was a disillusion indeed. I had imagined that Mr. Armour was sharing my dreams of the future of the papacy and of a reformed and English-speaking pope acting as director general of the moral forces of the world from his new throne on the shores of Lake Michigan, when, lo, the only thought at the back of Mr. Armour's mind was the number of dollars which might be made if the Pope were duly exploited by a Chicago syndicate with a view to a speculation in real estate!

It is perhaps only natural for Mr. Armour to look at political changes through financial spectacles. The beginning of his colossal fortune was laid by the prescience with which he was able to divine the effect which politics had on prices. It was in the spring of 1865, when Mr. Armour was still only a junior partner in a pig killing firm at Milwaukee, that he made his first million. The author of that interesting volume, "The World's Fair City," tells the story as follows :

The price of pork was gradually rising, owing to the great demand created by the army, until the spring of 1865, when it was selling at \$40 a barrel. New York dealers became greatly excited, and believing that it would go up still higher, bought eagerly all the pork they could grasp. Mr. Armour looked upon the situation in a far different light. He foresaw that the war was nearly ended and that pork, instead of rising in value, would suddenly collapse. Mr. Armour at once started for New York and made a great sensation in Wall Street by selling pork short for \$40 per barrel. Then came the news of the fall of Petersburg; a change was produced in the pork market. Richmond was taken and the Confederate army surrendered. Then Mr. Armour bought the pork for \$18 that he had sold for \$40 before he owned it. This was his first great success in speculation; it made him a millionaire.—Dean's *World's Fair City*, p. 353.

It would, however, be a mistake to regard Mr. Armour as entirely immersed in his business. Within the last two or three years he has gained a new interest in life. The

foundation of the Armour Institute, that magnificent technical college in which young men and young women of all classes meet together on a common footing to equip themselves for the battle of life, has been a great benefit to Mr. Armour if to no one else. It is his toy, his plaything. Dr. Gunsaulus is its president, but Mr. Armour never ceases to brood with paternal care over the institution which his liberality has brought into being. The institute is a great success, so great indeed that already the cry is for more of a similar kind. Mr. Armour endowed this institute with well nigh two million dollars, but not even that magnificent donation has been able to provide accommodation for all those who have sought it eagerly this year.

There is nothing that delights Mr. Armour more than to be able to help a promising youth who has got the capacity in him to succeed, but who finds it impossible to take advantage of the course of study provided at the institute. In such cases Mr. Armour's generosity is characterized by the delicacy and tact of a generous and sympathizing heart. Nothing is more remote from his nature than an attempt to make those who profit by his bounty feel indebted to him. Everything, indeed, is done, to make them feel that they are on a footing with the rest of the students. Not that he is indifferent to the use which is made of his benefactions; on the contrary, he keeps the sharpest lookout upon the recipients of his bounty, and if they prove unworthy their allowance is speedily stopped.

If the interest which he takes in the institute and its students is a growing interest, instead of it being, as is to be feared, somewhat of a toy of which its owner will get tired as soon as its novelty has worn off, there may be great things in store for Mr. Armour and for Chicago. But at present business is still Mr. Armour's absorbing occupation and even his beloved institute is but a subordinate consideration compared with the fierce joy and rapture of the strife which fills Mr. Armour's heart when

bulls and bears are in conflict over the price of wheat or there is a speculation about the coming hog crop for the season.

In thinking of Mr. Armour, as of Mr. Field, even when we contemplate the lavish generosity with which he endows an institution which bears his name, it is difficult to forget the ruin of the small tradesmen. Mr. Armour feels no compunction, say in conducting a campaign against the butchers of Joliet, or any of other town in Illinois or elsewhere, where by the aid of preferential railway rates and his enormous wealth he is able to drive into the bankruptcy court the tradesmen who refuse to deal with Armour. But it is not surprising that the tradesmen who have fought a losing battle and have been beaten out of the field regard Mr. Armour's ascendancy with feelings the reverse of pleasurable. Mr. Armour, however, would contend that he only did on a large scale what they were trying to do on a small. He kept strictly within the laws of the game and if the weaker went to the wall was that any of his lookout? Is not *viæ victis* the law all over the world?

Indirectly Mr. Armour and his class have played a very considerable part in the social revolution which is going on in Great Britain. Lady Henry Somerset lamented the other day that Armour was rendering it difficult for the small farmers on her Gloucestershire estates to obtain paying prices for their cattle, and there is no doubt that the immense development which Mr. Armour and his allies and rivals have been able to give to the American meat exporting trade has had a very powerful effect upon British politics. The rise or fall of a penny in the pound in the price of beef makes all the difference between prosperity and penury to the grazier in Ireland. The price of Irish cattle is influenced largely by the ruling prices in the Chicago market, and much of the strength of the Home Rule agrarian agitation in Ireland was due to Mr. Armour and others of the same class in facilitating the dispatch of American beef to the

English market. If many of our aristocrats are little better than splendid paupers, as one of their number recently declared, and if Home Rule is within measurable range of being obtained, these results are chiefly due to Mr. Armour and his class.

Mr. George M. Pullman, the third member of the trinity, is a man of different make. He has made the Pullman car a household word in every land for its convenience, its comfort and its luxury. Unlike Mr. Field, who is said to be a leap year politician, voting only once in four years when a president is to be elected, Mr. George M. Pullman is an active Republican politician well known in Washington, and much esteemed by party treasurers to whose campaign funds he has been a liberal contributor. Mr. George M. Pullman, in addition to many acts of private charity, is notable among the millionaires of Chicago as the man who, taking a hint from Krupp, endeavored to found a town in his own image. The town of Pullman, which was named after the author of its being, is a remarkable experiment which has achieved a very great success.

Unlike Mr. Field or Mr. Armour, Mr. Pullman has built up his fortune without resorting to the more ruthless methods of modern competition. Indeed, his career is notable as an instance of competition by high prices rather than by low. Mr. Field wiped out the retail storemen, and Mr. Armour the small butchers, by underselling them. Mr. Pullman has undersold no one. He has always succeeded, not by producing a cheaper article but by producing a dearer, but the higher priced article was so much better that Mr. Pullman succeeded in establishing a virtual monopoly of one of the most highly specialized businesses in the world. This is the more remarkable because Mr. Pullman was not originally a mechanic. He was merely a man of reflective mind, of native ingenuity and of great persistence. The inconvenience of a journey on the cars before the Pullmans were invented turned his attention to the possibility of

making the sleeper as comfortable in the cars as in a hotel. The moment he set to work to realize his idea he was confronted with the fact that it could not be done "on the cheap." Nothing daunted, he decided it should be done at a high price if it could not be done at low. The first Pullman car which he constructed and put on the rails cost \$18,000 to build, as against \$4,000, which was the price of the ordinary sleeper. Railway men shrugged their shoulders. It was magnificent, they said, but it was not business. A palace sleeping car at \$18,000 could not possibly pay. Mr. Pullman refused to be discouraged. "Let the traveling public decide," was all he asked, "run your old sleepers and the new one together; I will charge half a dollar more for a berth in the Pullman and see which holds the field." The verdict of the public was instant and decisive; everyone preferred the Pullman at the extra price, and the success of the inventive car builder was assured. He has gone on step by step, from car to car, until at the present moment he is said to have a fleet, as he calls it, of nearly 2,000 sleepers, which are operated by the Pullman Company. They have besides 58 dining cars and 650 buffet cars. Altogether the cars which the company operates number 2,573.

Other competitors have come into the field, but Mr. Pullman deserves the distinction of having placed every railway traveler under an obligation by acting as pioneer of commodious, luxurious and safe railway traveling. After building his cars in various parts, Mr. Pullman decided finally to centralize in the center of the American continent. Carrying out his decision, he naturally fixed upon Chicago as the site for his works. The Pullman Company was incorporated with a capital of \$30,000,000, the quotation for which in the market to-day is twice that amount. He took up an estate of over three thousand acres round Lake Calumet, which is fourteen miles from the center of Chicago, and which was at that time far outside the city limits. There, following the example of Messrs. Krupp at Essen, he set to work to construct

a model city in his own image. The car works were, of course, the center and nucleus of all. In these gigantic factories, where 14,000 employes work up 50,000,000 feet of lumber every year, and 85,000 tons of iron, they have a productive capacity of 100 miles of cars per annum. Their annual output, when they are working at full stretch, is 12,500 freight cars, 313 sleeping cars, 626 passenger cars and 939 street cars.

Mr. Pullman's ambition was to make the city which he had built an ideal community. In order to do so he proceeded in entire accordance with the dominant feeling of most wealthy Americans by ignoring absolutely the fundamental principle of American institutions. The autocrat of all the Russias could not more absolutely disbelieve in government by the people, for the people, through the people, than George Pullman. The whole city belongs to him in fee simple; its very streets were the property of the Pullman Company. Like Tammany Hall and various other effective institutions in America, not from the broad basis of the popular will, but from the apex of the presiding boss. Mr. Pullman was his own boss. He laid out the city, and made the Pullman Company the terrestrial providence of all its inhabitants. Out of a dreary, water-soaked prairie, Mr. Pullman reared high and dry foundations, upon which, with the aid of his architect and landscape engineer, he planned one of the model towns of the American continent. Here was a captain of industry acting as the city builder. With his own central thought dominating everything the city came into existence as a beautiful and harmonious whole. He achieved great results, no doubt. Before long the increment of the value of the real estate on which Pullman is built is expected to amount to as much as the whole capital of the Pullman Company. Every house in Pullman is fitted up with water and gas and the latest sanitary arrangements. Grounds have been laid out for recreation and athletics; there is a public library, school house and popular

savings bank, theater, and a great general store where the retail distribution is carried on under the glass roof of a beautiful arcade building. It is a town bordered with bright beds of flowers and stretches of lawns which in summertime, at least, are green and velvety. It has its parks and its lakes, and its pleasant vistas of villas, and, in short, Pullman is a great achievement of which not only Chicago but America does well to be proud.

It was not a philanthropic, but a business experiment, and none the worse on that account. The great principle of *quid pro quo* was carried out with undeviating regularity. If every resident of Pullman had gas laid to his house, he was compelled to pay for it at the rate of \$2.25 a thousand feet, although the cost of its manufacture to the Pullman Company was only 33 cents a thousand feet. Ample water supply was given, with good pressure, but of this necessary of life the Pullman Company was able to extract a handsome profit. The city of Chicago supplied the corporation with water at 4 cents a thousand gallons, which was retailed to the Pullmanites at 10 cents per thousand, making a profit large enough to enable the corporation to have all the water it wanted for its works for nothing. Thus did the business instinct of Mr. Pullman enable his right hand to wash his left, and thereby created at the very threshold of Chicago are object lessons as to the commercial profits of municipal socialism. But between municipal socialism, representing the co-operative effort of a whole community voluntarily combining for the purpose of making the most of all monopolies of service, and the autocratic exploiting of a whole population of a city, such as is to be found in Pullman, there is a wide gulf fixed.

As a resident in the model town wrote me, Pullman was all very well as an employer, but to live and breath and have one's being in Pullman is a little bit too much. The residents in the city, he continued, "paid

rent to the Pullman Company, they bought gas of the Pullman Company, they walked on streets owned in fee simple by the Pullman Company, they paid water tax to the Pullman Company. Indeed, even when they bought gingham for their wives or sugar for their tables at the arcade or the market-house, it seemed dealing with the Pullman Company. They sent their children to Pullman's school, attended Pullman's church, looked at but dared not enter Pullman's hotel with its private bar, for that was the limit. Pullman did not sell them their grog. They had to go to the settlement at the railroad crossing south of them, to Kensington, called, because of its long row of saloons, "bumtown," and given over to disorder. There the moral and spiritual disorder of Pullman was emptied, even as the physical sewage flowed out on the Pullman farm a few miles further south, for the Pullman Company also owned the sewerage system, and turned the waste into a fluid, forced through pipes and conducted underground to enrich the soil of a large farm. The lives of the workmen were bounded on all sides by the Pullman Company; Pullman was the horizon in every direction."

All this provoked reaction and a feeling of resentment sprang up in the model city against the too paternal despotism of the city builder, and so it came to pass that the citizens by a vote annexed themselves to Chicago, of which it is now part and parcel. This was a sore blow and a great discouragement to Mr. Pullman. But no annexation can destroy his control over the town. It is still the property of the corporation of which he is the chief and controlling mind.

But in the civic life of Chicago Mr. Pullman takes no part. He may reply that he has done enough for duty and more than enough for glory in creating what is a model suburb of the city, and if every employer had done as much Chicago would have been a very different place from what it is to-day. That may be admitted, but the fact remains, so far as the administration of Chicago

is concerned, Mr. Pullman is almost as much of a non-entity as Mr. Marshall Field or Mr. Philip Armour. Where Mr. Pullman can be autocrat he is willing to exert himself; but where he must be one among a multitude, although he might be if he chose *primus inter pares*, he will do nothing, no, not even although a little exertion he might do everything. He lives in Chicago. His house is one of the best built mansions on the lakeside. Compared with his lordly pleasure house the residences of Mr. Field and Mr. Armour dwindle into homely insignificance but at the City Hall we look in vain for any trace of the influence which has revolutionized the traveling accommodation of the world.

Mr. Pullman in Chicago is something like the mediatized sovereigns in Germany. He is not exactly in the sulks, but he has about as much direct influence in the city administration as the King of Hanover had in the North German Confederation when his kingdom was absorbed against the will of its monarch. Field, Armour and Pullman, these three each supremely successful in his own respective lines, each superbly generous and liberal in the matter of private benefaction, all three industrious, hard working men of business, they are in many respects not unworthy to occupy the summit of the local Olympus. They all take life seriously, perhaps a trifle too seriously. They have each fashioned for themselves and their families a luxurious home, but what have they done for the city? What have they contributed to the good government of Chicago? If Christ came to Chicago would these men of many talents be able to show a good account of their stewardship?

Let us see. What Chicago is suffering from, as a city, a want of probity, an almost total lack of ordinary business honesty in the transaction of the city's business. These men, are upright and inflexibly honest, how comes it that their honesty has no more influence in the City Hall than the sickly smile of a December sun has upon an Alpine glacier? These men are among the greatest finan-

ciars in the world, the smartest, shrewdest, brainiest men to handle dollars and cents whom the United States has provided. But the city finances are all in a snarl, the city treasury is empty, and Chicago with nearly two thousand millions of taxable property has only two hundred and fifty millions that can legally be taxed. This is but a poor showing as the net outcome of the way in which their lives have been lived. For the city is suffering from the lack of those very qualities of which the trinity have been gifted in superabundance beyond all their fellows. The spectacle is a sorry one. It reminds us of those detested regraters in famine times who stored million of quarters of wheat in their granaries and watched the people perish of sheer starvation at their gates, waiting callously until wheat reached its highest point. Is it not even worse? The speculator for a rise at least sells when the price suits, but the garnered harvest of financial experience, the ripened fruits of fifty years business management, which these men have, will perish with them. In that the city has no share.

This surely, is not an ideal condition of things. In America and the New World, under the generous stimulus of the Democratic idea, we have a right to look for something at least as good as that which is attained in the monarchical and aristocratic systems of the older world. But instead of being better the plutocratic system as it prevails even at its best in Chicago is worse than the results obtained by the aristocratic system which prevails in England and Germany. I do not for a moment mean to say that the English plutocrat is not as selfish a creature as his American brother. I am not speaking of the plutocrats so much as of the territorial aristocracy. The principle of noblesse oblige is recognized by the aristocrat as it is not by the plutocrat. The obligations of property are recognized and acted upon even by a very third rate landlord to an extent to which the ordinary holder of consols or of scrip would stand aghast. He may be a scamp, sometimes he is ; he

may be dull and stupid, that he very often is; but take him as a whole there is more sense of the stewardship of wealth and responsibility of personal service among the English and German aristocrats than in the monied class either in the Old or the New World.

I suppose that in London the Duke of Westminster corresponds somewhat to Mr. Philip Armour, so far as wealth and social position is concerned. The Duke of Westminster is one of the few nobles that Mr. Philip Armour has not helped a long way towards the bankruptcy court. The Duke of Westminster does not draw his revenue from beef, or pork, or wheat, he is a ground landlord in London. Some time ago Lord Meath said to me: "You do not know how hard the Duke of Westminster works; he has hardly an afternoon or evening to himself. I went to see him a month or two ago in order to get him to take the chair at some philanthropic society. He looked over his note book and said, 'I am afraid that I have not a spare evening or afternoon which I could let you have.' "But I do not want it this week,' said Lord Meath."

"I am speaking for the whole of this season," the said, turning over the leaves of his note book again; 'but I find I have one afternoon, and I ought not to have kept that back, I admit. But I have reserved that afternoon to see Clevedon.' (Clevedon is one of the Duke's country seats in the neighborhood of London.) 'I have never seen it this year,' he said, 'and I had reserved that afternoon to go and just take a look at it. But I will give that up and take your meeting.'"

That is only a little thing; nobody thought about it or talked about it. It was all in the days work of an ordinary duke.

There is a good deal of trouble in all this, but it is toil and trouble for which there is an ample reward, not merely in the security which it gives to the system that is based upon the consciousness of service rendered to the people, but also in the immense multiplicity of inter-

ests which it gives to life. The Duke of Westminster may not be an ideal citizen, but he at least is in no danger of degenerating into a mere money-rake. He faces life at many points and he is compelled to share it with his fellow men. He has other interests than the perpetual scheming to anticipate a rise or fall in the price of wheat or pork, and so it would be with every one who did the same amount of work for his fellow men.

The ancient Greeks had a keener appreciation of the virtue of this altruistic service than the Christian Democracy of the present century. As Frederick Harrison has recently reminded us, in the republics of ancient Greece the Democracy did not think it safe to rely upon what may be called the voluntary altruism of their wealthy neighbors. If in Athens, for instance, or in any of the other Greek cities, a citizen had grown wealthy and multiplied his estates, it was considered well within the prerogative of the community to saddle that gentleman with the duty of contributing both in purse and person for the general welfare. He says:

At Athens, the liturgies were legal and constitutional offices, imposed periodically and according to a regular order, by each local community, on citizens rated as having a capital of more than a given amount. As magistrates and ministers certain men of wealth were charged with the cost and production of the public dramas, choruses, processions, games, embassies, and feasts. In times of war they were called on to man and arm a ship for the fleet * * * It always remained a *public service*, an honorary distinction, a coveted office, a duty to be filled by taste, skill, personal effort, and public spirit. No millionaire ever seems to think of giving his fellow-citizens a series of free musical entertainments, a historic pageant, much less a free dramatic performance," as did the liturgists of Greece.

No Anarchist or Communist is working so desperately" to hurry on their abolition as are the rich men themselves.*

If some such institution as the Greek liturgies were established in Chicago, it would be opposed as a tyrannical interference with the rights of the private property and of individual freedom. But at present no one suggests such a thing. Even the mild and tenta-

* "The Uses of Rich Men in a Republic," by Mr. Frederic Harrison, *Forum*, December, 1893.

tive proposal of an income tax, now being discussed at Washington, has excited a whirlwind of indignation on the part of the wealthy classes, who are going great lengths in their efforts to persuade the masses of the people that the income tax is class legislation and therefore repugnant to American principles!

All that is asked is that, instead of setting an example before the coming generation of business men in Chicago of cynical neglect of civic duty and indifference to the responsibilities and obligations of citizenship, Messrs. Field, Armour and Pullman should do their duty to the city.)

Some four years ago, when the first London County Council was about to be elected, Mr. McDougall, a chemical manufacturer in the east end of London, had arrived at a point in his business career when he could retire from the manufacture of chemicals or renew his partnership with every prospect of doubling his fortune. He was in the prime of his life and had amassed a moderate competence, not probably a hundredth part of the fortune of Mr. Field, but still enough to enable him to live comfortably until the end of his days. There was great need for capable citizens in the London County Council, and after a long and prayerful consideration Mr. McDougal decided that his duty both to God and man demanded that he should give up his business and devote the rest of his life to the service of the city. He did so, and was elected to the County Council. For the last four years he has worked steadily in the Council for six hours a day every week in the year as hard as he formerly worked in the counting house at his chemical works. Whereas he formerly worked for himself, he now works for the city. With this result among other things:

Among the multifarious duties which the London County Council has inherited from the churches, the care of mentally afflicted is one of the greatest. The Council stands *in loco parentis* to 11,000 insane persons, who are housed in great asylums scattered round the

metropolis, every one of whom absolutely depends for their daily bread upon the city authorities. Mr. McDougall, who is a humane man, was appointed to the Asylums Committee, and he dedicated to the task of alleviating the miseries of these afflicted ones all the energy of his nature. It is largely due to his exertions that the percentage of discharges has risen from forty-five per cent to fifty-two per cent. That is to say, as the direct result of the improved administration in asylums, brought about by the self-denying labors of such men as Mr. McDougall in the London County Council, from seven hundred to eight hundred lunatics were discharged cured last year, who would still have been in the asylums if the old system had prevailed and Mr. McDougall had gone on making an increased fortune in chemicals instead of dedicating the rest of his life to the service of his fellow citizens. There is ample work of a similar kind waiting to reward the genius of Mr. Field, Mr. Armour and Mr. Pullman, if they would but consecrate the remainder of their lives to the service of the city to which they owe so much.

It is not so much by the direct abuse of the power which money gives that the millionaire of to-day will be weighed in the balance and found wanting; it is not so much the sins of commission as those of omission which lie piled at his door.

Great wealth, unless greatly used, will not be left long in the administration of individual men. If it be true that the getting and hoarding absorbs the whole of the gray matter in the millionaire's brain, then we shall not have long to wait before we shall see the crystallizing of the inarticulate unrest of the suffering multitude in the conviction that there should be a division of labor, and that while the millionaire should be allowed to get his millions, the elected representatives of the Democracy should decide the way in which it should be spent and distributed. The millionaire would thus be relieved of the burden of looking

after his millions, and could devote the whole of his time and energy to the more congenial task of amassing them.

No necessary work can long be left neglected, and if millionaires will not distribute their own wealth and use their great position with great souls and hearts, they will find that they will come to be regarded by the hungry and thirsty Demos much as compensation reservoirs are regarded by the inhabitants of the cities who have constructed them to replenish the stream which their thirst would otherwise drink dry. These great fortunes of \$70,000,000 and \$100,000,000 and \$300,000,000 will come to be regarded as the storage service upon which mankind draw in seasons of scarcity and drought. That is the use which society will make of its millionaires, if millionaires do not anticipate the inevitable by utilizing their millions. Some people imagine that the progress of Democratic Socialism will tend to discourage the accumulation of these huge fortunes; it is more likely that Demos will regard his millionaires as the cottager regards his bees. These useful insects spend the livelong summer day in collecting and hoarding up in their combs the golden plunder of a thousand flowers, but when the autumn comes the bee wishes to take its rest and enjoy the fruits of its summer toil. But the result does not altogether correspond with the expectations of the bee.

The supreme test of every institution is not how does it help the few who are inside, but how does it help the million who are outside. Christ's test, "the least of these my brethren," is the one eternal test. That which does not help the common man and the common woman to make their lives human, at least, if not divine, stands marked as a brand for the burning, whither have been hurried by the inexorable destinies the noblesse of the *ancien regime*, by road of the guillotine, and the slave-holders of the South, by way of Gettysburg and Appomattox Court House.

That is what I meant when I said that the millionaire would go the way of the Pottawatomies, and as Black Partridge is remembered for his kindly and grateful rescue of the Kinzie's daughter, when all the rest of his tribe are forgotten, so it may be that the memory of the Field Museum and the Armour Institute and the Pullman city will be fragrant in the mind of men long after the last millionaire has joined the last of the Pottawatomies in the happy hunting grounds of the Summerland.

CHAPTER V.

WHO ARE THE DISREPUTABLES?

If Christ came to Chicago he would find that many of the citizens have forgotten the existence of any moral law apart from that which is embodied in the state or municipal legislation. The idea of the law of God as distinct from the statute book seems to have largely died out in the hearts of many men. In their opinion it is sufficient that their conduct is legal. If it is legal it must be right. When I was at Detroit I had a very interesting conversation with an alderman, a German who had been educated for the priesthood, but who had forsaken the sacred calling, and had become an out and out freethinker. He argued strenuously that there was no need for any other law whatever beyond the state law or the municipal ordinances; that they covered the whole area of human action, and that other law there was none. Religion, he said, was only ceremonial. If a man obeyed the state law he did his whole duty to his fellow men. The same from this sentiment has sprung the prevailing conviction, especially in commercial and political circles, that anything that does not land a man in the penitentiary is permissible. There is a wide region within which conduct may be legal but nevertheless supremely wrong, but this does not seem to have made its way into the moral consciousness of many American citizens. The law of God is exceeding broad. It is in vain with the man-made yardstick of human ordinances to endeavor to supply a substitute for this invisible, impalpable, all-pervading higher law.

It is not thirty years since in this very state of Illinois, as Governor St. John told me the other day, he

was prosecuted for the great and heinous crime of giving food to a black boy under the so-called Black Act which was then on the statute book. Illinois legislative wisdom endeavoring to formulate the eternal truth and the divine law into a human statute, decreed in its wisdom that any person who fed a negro, excepting under such circumstances as were by statute provided, could be sent to the penitentiary for a minimum term of two years, with an additional fine. Governor St. John, who was the last prosecuted under this act, cleared that iniquity from the statute book. But with such evidence on every hand as to the absolute antagonism between divine law and human statutes, it is marvelous to hear good people, as well as bad, talking as if the mere compliance with written law was sufficient to justify a man in any course of iniquity which he may chose to pursue. "It is not my business to look into the questions of right or wrong; that is for the law to do," is a formula which is frequently heard in the city.

The citizen who argued this point most strenuously was a man who owned property used as a house of prostitution in the levee district. I sent him a circular calling his attention to the fact that he was guilty of an offense in allowing his premises to be so used. He first of all said that he was thoroughly convinced that some one was behind me and that there was a deal in real estate somewhere or other in connection with that circular. I assured him that there was nothing of the kind, and then we went on to discuss the question. He denied that he knew anything of the character of her tenants; then he said he was perfectly willing to let the house to a church for the purpose of a Sunday School if it would pay him as much rent as he received at present. "You see," said he, "they pay me about twice as much as I could get from anybody else."

"Well," I said, "that may be. But if they are using it for purposes of vice?"

"I have nothing to do with that," he replied. "That

is not my business, if there is anything wrong it is for the city to look after that. What I have to do is to see to it that I receive my rent."

"Without any regard as to the character of your tenants?" I asked.

"Without any regard as to the character of my tenants. Why should I look into those things? That is not my duty. If there is anything wrong with them the authorities must do their duty. I will do mine—that is to look after my rent."

"But," I said, "let us leave the question of prostitution out of the question. Supposing that these people were thieves and that they used your house for the purpose of storing their stolen goods?"

"If they would pay me \$3 where I would only get \$1 from honest tenants certainly I would let them have it."

"Would it not then make you a partner with the robbers?"

"No," said he, "I am simply a landlord, and my concern is with the dollar. Questions of right and wrong such as you are raising are for the city, not for me."

"Well," I said, "let us go a little further. Supposing that these were murderers and your premises were made the headquarters of a gang of thugs, who sallied forth every evening to murder the citizens and bring back their gory scalps to your house. Would you, knowing what they were, let them the house?"

"If they would pay me \$3 in the place of \$1 which I could get from an ordinary tenant, certainly, I would let it to them directly. I am after the dollar, as every one else is, if they would only say so. As long as I keep within the law that is enough.

Here we have asserted, in its baldest and plainest form, the working principle on which the smart man of Chicago acts. Everything that is not illegal is assumed by him to be right, no matter how dishonorable it may be, no matter how infamous it may be, or

cruel it may be; so long as it is permitted by law, or so long as they can evade the law by any subterfuge, they consider they are doing perfectly right. They believe in the state; they have ceased to believe in God.

A man is considered honest, no matter how great a scoundrel he may be, so long as he keeps within the limits of the law. In like manner a woman is considered respectable and of good repute, no matter how false, vain, idle and selfish she may be so long as she refrains from publicly advertising her loss of chastity. A man may be a thief, all the same, even though his plunder is legalized by an ordinance, and a woman may be disreputable, although she may move in the first set of the four hundred. These two elementary truths seem to have startled many people in Chicago when I enunciated them, as if they were heresies, not to say blasphemies, against the social order. Heresies and blasphemies though they may be called, they are sacred truths, and if Christ came to Chicago, and were still of the same mind that he was when he walked in Judea, He would probably have said the same things with much greater emphasis.

It is very odd to see how there has risen up a kind of descendant of the noxious weed of the right divine of kings to do wrong in the shape of the social idea that a rich man must necessarily be "respectable." As a matter of fact rich men and women are often, owing to the temptations which beset them, the most disreputable members of the community; and it is one of the heaviest indictments against the millionaire class, when it is not steadied by responsibility and alive to its obligations, that it tends inevitably to produce a class of mortals which any well-regulated community would be justified in sinking in the nearest bog until the breath had left their body. Such was the treatment to which the ancient Germans resorted when their tribe was disgraced by a coward. Such is the treatment which might fairly be resorted to when a community breeds such social abor-

tions as the idle and the vicious rich. They are the social cancers of modern civilization, and it is they, not their hard-working fathers who have built up their fortunes, who will bring the class of millionaires to destruction. In the previous chapter I have referred to the trinity of Chicagoan millionaires, who represent the merits of their class. Unfortunately, as the sunlight is accompanied by a shadow, so over against the Chicago trinity there must be placed a companion picture, the diabolical counterpart of the benevolent and the public-spirited rich. Field, Armour and Pullman and their class, millionaires who regard themselves more or less as "God Almighty's money bags," who accept the stewardship of the money which has been intrusted to them, and who honestly desire to make the best use of their millions, constitute a class which, notwithstanding their shortcomings from the civic point of view, is worthy of considerable admiration. But side by side with those men, are others who use their inherited wealth for the worst purposes. These constitute what may be called the diabolism of Chicago. They can be conveniently divided into two classes, the predatory and the idle rich.

Concerning the predatory poor, all are agreed. It does not matter what temptation the man has been under or how severe the physical pressure under which he is put, if a man is a thief in the ordinary acceptation of the term that is the end of it. No conditions of extenuating circumstances are allowed to stand in the way of instant and ruthless condemnation of society. "He who takes what isn't his'n, when he's kitched is sent to prison," is the rule acted upon almost automatically by all civilized society in the Old World and the New. But the theft must be from an individual, otherwise the moral sense which is so prompt to vindicate the rights of private property does not assert itself. The old rhyme in England which contrasts the severity of the punishment of those who stole a goose from the

common while nothing whatever was done to those who stole the common from the goose is as applicable as ever in the new conditions of the Western World.

This is partially due to a deficiency of the imagination, and also to the well-known fact, that what is everybody's business is nobody's business. A man who robs me of a dollar inflicts a wrong upon a definite individual, which leads me to actively resent the theft, and if possible to secure the speedy punishment of the thief. But if the theft is committed, not on a definite John Smith or William Jones, but on a million such, and if the loss falls not upon a private purse, but the collective purse of a whole community, the indignation is so diffused as to be unappreciable as a force. There is no public prosecutor for thefts committed upon public property. The common weal is left to take its chances and as a result it fares very badly. Hence, the predatory classes in the community are naturally attracted to property which can be filched with impunity. This is equally true of all thieves, whether they be rich or poor. As a rule, however, property that is held in community is not of a kind that can be easily appropriated by the poor thief. To rob the city demands capital. And when brigandage is to be organized on a great scale the enterprise is usually above the means of the ordinary pickpocket or burglar. But the man does not cease to be a thief because his robbery is conducted on a great scale, and still less deserves to be freed from the opprobrium attaching to dishonor because his robberies are conducted by means of a conspiracy and a corporation. Indeed, the more closely the matter is looked into, the more clearly will it be perceived that, while the garrotter and the foot-pad are poor enough specimens of humanity, they are, for the most part, infinitely less to be condemned than the wealthier scoundrels who wear broadcloth, pay pew rent and show an unfaltering front as respectable men. It would be unfair to hold the individual personally responsible for every crime against society of which

they are themselves to a certain extent a product. There are wide tracts of territory even in Europe where brigandage is regarded as an honorable profession. In some parts of Italy and Sicily it used not to be uncommon for the brigand to regularly attend the confession to be shriven once a month or once a quarter, as the case might be, when he found time to spare from his more exciting avocations. It was not so very long ago when piracy was regarded as a laudable profession for an English gentleman, and in still more recent times, pious, humane and God-fearing merchants saw nothing contrary to the moral law in equipping vessels for the slave trade. So it would be uncharitable and unjust to condemn the traffickers in public franchises, the trespassers on public property and the rest of the horde of wealthy brigands who are at this moment wallowing in the enjoyment of immense fortunes which they have plundered from the people, as if they were consciously as guilty as their poorer brethren, who, from time to time, are entertained at the expense of the city in the Bridewell or the penitentiary. But their offense is infinitely greater. When the slave trade was defined as the sum of all villianies, many estimable church members were sorely scandalized by the definition, which implied that they were the supreme villians of their time. Their own descendants to-day would not object to the statement. So in fifty years the grandchildren of many public robbers will admit that their fortunes were founded on acts of spoliation morally as indefensible as any of those that are treated as penitentiary offenses.

Regarded from the standpoint of an erring fellowman, there is a great deal to be said in extenuation of the offenses of many of the predatory poor which cannot be alleged in defense of the predatory rich. Take for instance the case of an ordinary crook who is at present serving his time in Joliet.

He may be, and very often is, the son of a ne'er-do-well, perhaps born of a nameless father on the highway;

hunted from his infancy by society, regarding the "copper" as his natural enemy. He grows up half educated or not educated at all. If he reads anything, it is probably detective stories, which form so large a part of the current literature of the English-speaking world on both sides of the sea. He robs for his living—gets sometimes one dollar, sometimes a hundred. Every now and then he is run into the police station and sent to the Bridewell or perhaps to the penitentiary. When he comes out he is still more of an outlaw. He is a jail bird and there is no place for him in the ranks of order and industry. So some day, down on Michigan Avenue or one of your other fine avenues, he crouches in the shade and holds up one of the citizens of Chicago and relieves him of his pocket-book. He is bad enough and ought to be laid by the heels in jail. There is, however, one good thing about him: he knows that he deserves to be so dealt with and so does everybody else in the community. There is no cant about your thief. He does not talk learnedly about the blessed law of competition or of political economy. He does not lay as salve to his conscience texts more or less misapplied, he simply takes his gun and holds a man up.

Take another class of men. These are not so bold; they are what we call in England area thieves. They are sneak thieves who wait until they can get hold of some man servant, or servant girl, and by promises of sharing the plunder, induce them to help them to the silver plate. He also knows that he is a thief and that if he is caught he will be sent to prison, and it will serve him right.

It is bad to rob your fellowmen on the street, but it is worse to rob your fellowmen of a whole street. It is bad to get hold of a servant girl and either by promises of plunder or by threats to induce her to guide you to the place where the silver spoons lie; but that dwindles into a comparative insignificance compared with what

is done continually in Chicago by wealthy men, who bribe aldermen to give them franchises which belong to the citizens.

Of the predatory rich in Chicago there are plenty and to spare, but there is one man who stands out conspicuous among all the rest. He may not be a greater sinner than the rest of his neighbors, but he has succeeded in doing with supreme success what a great number of his fellow citizens have done or tried to do and failed. I refer to Mr. Charles T. Yerkes. Mr. Yerkes is a notable product of the present system. Of course, though Mr. Yerkes at an early stage in his career, before he was launched upon Chicago as a financier and street railway magnate, had served in a Pennsylvania penitentiary, I would not for a moment suggest that in his operations in Chicago he has brought himself within the clutches of the law. He who is once bit is twice shy, and the period of seclusion which he passed in the state establishment in the Eastern seaboard probably sufficed to convince him of the necessity for keeping strictly within the law of the land. But as a matter of fact Mr. Yerkes himself would be the last to complain of being classed among those who have become wealthy by the adroit appropriation of public property. Mr. Yerkes practically owns two systems of Chicago's street railways, the West and the North. Both the franchises, which make each of those lines worth more than most of the gold mines now worked in the States, were acquired by him without the payment of any adequate consideration to the city. No doubt the ordinances by which the franchises were originally granted were strictly legal and duly conveyed to Mr. Yerkes the privileges which are worth to him and his corporation millions of dollars per annum. But without questioning for a moment the legality of his title, even the most charitable of his friends shrug their shoulders when asked how it was the City Council showered such lavish generosity upon this immigrant from a Philadelphia pen-

itentiary. It could hardly be for love of his beautiful eyes, nor can we suppose that Mr. Yerkes exercised any hypnotic power or fascination over the city fathers in the City Council. All that we know is that franchise after franchise was conferred upon Mr. Yerkes without any adequate consideration being paid for them. Two tunnels which the city had constructed under the river at an expenditure of millions of the city's money were handed over to him for equivalents which did not amount to more than twenty-five cents on the dollar. It is not too much to say that the City Council has given Mr. Yerkes and Mr. Yerkes' companies from time to time franchises, tunnels and monopoly rights which, if put upon the market to-day, could not be worth less than \$25,000,000. Mr. Yerkes would certainly not be disposed to sell for less than that sum. But we may search the records of the city treasury from end to end without finding that the citizens received from him in return five per cent on the whole of this gigantic sum. What everyone in Chicago asserts is that the city fathers were bribed at so much a head to grant the franchises. No one can say that Mr. Yerkes bribed them; of that there is no legal proof—as little as there is that they were bribed. But if the mistress of a stately mansion in Prairie Avenue were to find her most valuable diamond ring on the finger of an Italian organ grinder who had been observed on terms of suspicious intimacy with her lady's maid, she would not hesitate to suspect that lady's maid very strongly; neither would she admit for a moment that the impecunious organ grinder had obtained possession of her diamond by any legal means. Just so in this case of Mr. Yerkes. The franchises are in his possession at this moment; of that there can be no doubt. Equally indubitable is the fact that the citizens with whose property these franchises make free have received no adequate consideration therefor. They were obtained by the votes of aldermen notoriously corrupt and from those three indubitable facts it cannot be said

to be an uncharitable or far-fetched conclusion to assume that Mr. Yerkes has no reason to complain of being awarded a very conspicuous place in the ranks of the predatory rich. As the man said when asked if the fox had stolen the goose, "I would not like to say what I cannot prove, but I saw a good many feathers around his nose as he left the yard." Mr. Yerkes' nose is well feathered, indeed.

Rightly or wrongly, the citizens have an incurable suspicion of Mr. Yerkes, and whenever a franchise is going for a railway, surface or elevated, the immediate suggestion is that Mr. Yerkes is behind it. "I want to know if Mr. Yerkes owns Chicago," asked an indignant speaker at a meeting recently. Mr. Yerkes does not own Chicago. He only owns the greater part of it that is worth—well, not stealing, but conveying, the wise call it. Hence, when you ask a citizen if Mr. Yerkes is to be trusted to deal honestly with the city on matters of franchises the reply is almost invariably couched in similar terms to those with which the negro witness baffled the too searching inquiry of a judge as to whether the accused was or was not a notorious chicken thief. "Well, Massa," said Sambo "I don't know about that, but if I were a chicken and saw that darky loafing around, I would take care to roost very high."

Mr. Yerkes, having acquired so many millions from the city of Chicago, graciously deigns, now and then, of his munificence to throw a sop or two to the public. It was he who put up the electric fountain in Lincoln Park, which, however, might be regarded as a very shrewd business speculation, for the greater the attraction in Lincoln Park the more dense was the packing in Mr. Yerkes' cars. He, also, in his benevolence offered prizes for competition to the pupils in the public schools—prizes which, on the principle of not looking a gift horse in the mouth, were graciously accepted by the Board of Education. This form of benevolence was,

however, discontinued after some of the school children had ventured to petition the autocrat for a slight improvement in the provision made by the street railway for conveying them to school. By way of diverting the attention of inquisitive eyes which would keep squinting into his franchises he gave \$250,000 for the construction of the largest telescope in the world, of which the University of Chicago is to be the proud possessor when finished. It is much better for people like Mr. Yerkes that the scrutinizing gaze of the public should be turned to the heavens than to the scandalous manner in which he neglects his obligations to the people. It is probable, however, that Mr. Yerkes, grown insolent by the impunity with which he has ridden roughshod over the people of Chicago, has overreached himself. Had his railways been up to the standard of street car conveniences, had he used the power which he so mysteriously obtained in order to meet the necessities of the traveling community, he might have continued in unmolested possession of his monopolies. Freebooters in olden times were able to acquire a certain degree of popularity even among those whom they plundered, by the genial free-handedness with which they would scatter largess among the crowd. Mr. Yerkes may repent too late of his indifference to the welfare and convenience of the public.

Mr. Yerkes is a significant sample of the class to which I refer. He lives in style, and apparently does not find it difficult to obtain the assistance of the gentlemen of Chicago in the managing of his companies. There are too many like him on a smaller scale. You can not drive a mile in any direction in Chicago without coming on instances of public plunder, only less heinous than those that are associated with the name of Mr. Yerkes. It is notorious that the franchises which have enabled the railway companies to lay no less than 1,900 miles of track through the heart of the city have been in many, if not most, cases due to corruption. Rich corporations

have used their wealth, as a brigand uses his carbine, in order to possess themselves of their neighbors' goods. And this system of public plunder will continue unchecked until the principle that the receiver is as bad as the thief is applied to all holders of franchises for which no adequate equivalent has been paid to the community, as well as to the fraudulent pawnbroker who acts as the banker of the light-fingered gentry who convey the watches of the citizens to the keeping of their "uncle."

The second division of the disreputables, and who are even more disreputable and a greater danger to the community than the predatory rich, are the idle, frivolous and vicious rich. Chicago has hitherto been spared the presence of many of these social cancers. This is due to the fact that the city is so new that it has not yet had time to breed an idle crowd. Again and again Chicago has been swept by national and public calamities, and most of her citizens have been constantly employed from the foundation of the city until now. The war, the great fire, the financial panic of 1873, have in turn swept away much of the realized wealth of the community and compelled successive generations to give their whole attention to the garnering of the golden grain. But a new generation is springing up of men and women born in the lap of luxury, shielded from childhood from all the rude blasts of adverse fortune, and endowed neither by precept or example with any idea as to their duties to the community in which they live.

The young noble in Europe enters upon a public career almost as soon as he is out of college. His course at the university finished, he steps at once into public service of one kind or another. He stands for Parliament, or the County Council, and he takes a seat on the bench. He is initiated into the administration of his estates. In a thousand ways he is reminded, not so much by precept as by the way in which the social machine works, that he has to take his place and do his duty in the exalted sphere in

which it has pleased Providence to place him. The plutocrat's child is shut out from this beneficent ministry of service. If, as usually happens, the son conceives a positive distaste for the ant-like hoarding up of money, he is left without an object in life. Here and there, perhaps, a few studious young men devote themselves to science or literature, but they are few and far between. For the most part they scout a public career. It is bad form for a well-to-do citizen and member of the Chicago four hundred to enter his son for the position of alderman. To be an elected representative of the city of Chicago in the municipal council is counted a disgrace and it is even worse to sit in the State legislature. A story is told of a pupil in the public schools who resented as an insult the imputation that his father was an alderman. A youth without an object, without an ideal beyond that of mere social success, and with wealth beyond the dreams of avarice at his disposal, is in a position perilous indeed.

Long ago in Switzerland I was much impressed by the remarks made to me by Herr Boss, the veteran Alpine climber, who managed the great hotel of the Bear at Grindelwald. Sitting on the stoop one evening looking out over the great expanse of the Bernese Oberland and talking of the workings of Democracy in Switzerland, Boss suddenly exclaimed, "Do you know what is the secret of the success of the Swiss Democracy? Do you know what it is that has enabled us to keep all these years a free republic, independent and strong, in the midst of monarchical Europe?" I suggested their schools, their popular system of government, and other things which naturally occurred to the mind. "No," said he, "it is none of these. The secret of the strength of Switzerland lies in this: we have realized that any citizen who is not employed in some responsible work for the community is a bad citizen, and a source of danger to the republic. For instance," he said, "in this valley of Grindelwald you will not find a householder

who has not some duty to perform for which he is personally responsible. It may be a very small duty, but it is a duty, and its performance is exacted by local public sentiment finding expression in the Commune. When a young man is finishing his course at college or at the gymnasium, and is about to return to his village and build a house for himself, the elders of the Commune come together and discuss what he shall be given to do. It may be only the supervision of a village pump, or the looking after the water course that comes down the mountain side, or the custody of the fire engine. It does not matter what it is, but before that young man returns from college and begins life as a householder in the little village there is a distinct duty set apart for him which he is expected to discharge. It is essential," said Boss "An unemployed citizen who had no duty laid upon him would be an irresponsible critic and fault finder. He would not feel himself attached by any binding tie to the community, and in a very short time he would become a center for all that is bad. The prevention of that is the secret of the success of the Swiss Democracy."

Boss's words often recurred to my mind when I saw in Chicago how many young, rich, cultured men, dowered with endless opportunity for serving the city, did nothing and cared nothing for its welfare.

This is the plague spot in Chicago which eats far more deeply into the vitals of the community than fifty sporting houses or one thousand saloons. It is impossible not to be moved with compassion in contemplating the monotonous round of the social treadmill in the sacred circle of Chicago society. When you have got money and got plenty of it you have arrived, and you cannot get any higher except by getting more money. And if you have no taste for piling up a monstrous pedestal of dollars, there is singularly little to excite interest. The machinery of dissipation which has been organized for centuries in such capitals as Paris and Vienna is only in its rudimentary state on the shores of Lake Michigan.

There are social jealousies no doubt as keen between pork butchers and hotel keepers as between dukes and princes of the blood. It is sad to see the same snobbery and "tuft hunting" which have been the laughing stock of all sensible men in aristocratic Europe reproducing themselves in a new society, where the distinction between those who are in the first file and those who are in the last is almost indistinguishable to the uninstructed eye of the casual observer. But there is no doubt of the power of the desire to obtain a foot-hold and to climb a little higher up than the social stratum in which you were born. Newspapers in Chicago have been named whose proprietors are so swayed by the desire of their wives for social distinction that it is impossible to rely upon them for an unhesitating and unsparing attack upon municipal or social abuses which command the approval of the keepers of the keys of the social paradise.

Many tales, more or less malicious, are told of some of the wealthy men of Chicago. Disraeli long ago described the English aristocracy as barbarians, who never read books and who live in the open air. The first part of that remark may be applied to many of the wealthy men who have the means to establish themselves in palaces on the Chicagoan avenues. The story is told of one such, that when he furnished his house he ordered as part of the furnishings so many yards of books. It was necessary, he heard, that books should form a part of the upholstery of his palace. So he ordered them by the yard and paid for them accordingly. Another of the same kind, when showing his library to an English visitor, asked whether the bindings suited the furniture, "Because," he said, "I don't know anything about books, but if you don't think the binding suits the furniture, I will have them all rebound at once." These stories do not apply, however, to the younger men, who are for the most part supplied with the best education that the colleges can furnish. Culture,

however, even when combined with wealth, does not supply the saving grace of the enthusiasm of humanity. Neither does it give its possessor a passport to that healthy and varied existence which can only be reached when one lives in the close and constant contact of service with his fellow men. Infinite boredom reigns in many a luxurious home, and millionaires, wearied and sated with the narrow range of their amusements, turn with languid interest to any one who will invent a new toy. It may be a yacht, a race horse, or a new form of gambling. Anything is welcomed as a means of escape from the intolerable monotony of a listless life.

In this connection it may not be amiss to refer briefly to a commotion, chiefly confined to the columns of the newspapers and the drawing-rooms of one or two ladies of Chicago, by a short speech which I made to the Chicago Woman's Club. This club had done excellent work all through the winter in relieving distress among women and children. Its president, Dr. Sarah Hackett Stevenson, is one of the salt of the earth; public-spirited, energetic and self-sacrificing, a capable leader, whether of men or women, in any good work to which she puts her hand. I was invited to attend the meeting summoned by the Woman's Club, which I afterwards learned was composed largely of the women of the various relief committees in the city. I arrived late. Almost immediately after entering the room I was called upon to address the women present. I refused, saying I preferred to wait, nor did I wish to speak unless there was some practical question upon which I could say a few words that might be a help. After two or three speeches had been made I was again called upon, and seeing before me a great expanse of fashionable ladies, I spoke as the spirit moved me: simply, honestly and without the slightest intention of producing any effect beyond that of arousing the minds of some of those who were present who had no adequate realization of the situation to a sense of the need for exerting themselves. As my

remarks were ridiculously misrepresented I venture to reproduce them here.

I am glad to have an opportunity of addressing you and to meet those who have been doing such good and active and self-sacrificing work in relieving the distress of their fellow citizens. At the same time I feel as if it were quite unnecessary for me to say anything to you, for those who are among the poor, working among them from day to day, know far better than I what they need and what should be done. But I think it may be useful for me to speak, because there are probably some sitting side by side with the active workers before me, and certainly many who are not here, but whom my words may reach through the press, who are among the most disreputable people in Chicago. Nothing is more obvious to any one who pays attention to the teachings of our Lord than the fact that the conventional judgment about the reputable and disreputable is foreign to the Christian ideal. Who are the most disreputable women in Chicago? They are those who have been dowered by society and Providence with all the gifts and all the opportunities; who have wealth and who have leisure, who have all the talents, and who live entirely self-indulgent lives, caring only for themselves, thinking only of the welfare of their brothers and sisters in the midst of whom they live. Those women who have great opportunities only to neglect them, and who have great means only to squander them upon themselves, are more disreputable in the eyes of God and man than the worst harlot on Fourth Avenue.

Among the many sad aspects of the present distress, the saddest is the way in which it presses upon women. More than ever before at times like this do I feel able to join in the old Jewish prayer, in which, every Saturday, man thanks God that he was not born a woman. For man in the midst of his misery and destitution is not tormented by the temptation to regard his virtue as a realizable asset. That is the supreme misery of a woman. Therefore I am glad to think that you women are bestirring yourselves for women. If you go down into the depths and come face to face with the actual facts of human life you will find that at this moment in the city the economic difficulty confronts you at every turn. This very morning I received a letter from the widow of a soldier who fought in the wars, who is in debt and difficulties and in danger of being turned out into the streets, but who is offered a shameful alternative by her debtor. "What have I to do?" she asks. "If I cannot raise \$60, I must either give in or lose my home." Only the previous day I met a poor girl who is willing and anxious to leave the life she was leading. Yet when it is proposed to remove her there at once was the difficulty of a debt of \$64 which she owed. So it is all around the chapter. If all of those present were to rouse themselves as many of them are doing, then this great trouble and affliction would be a blessing, a blessing by no means confined to those whom they would help, but a blessing which you stand in need of yourselves. For unless all the teaching of all the religions is false it is better for a man to lose his life and be miserable and poor and tormented than be comfortable and the possessor of all things and lose his own soul. None are in such danger of losing their souls as

those who are wrapped up in their own selfish comfort and who forget the necessities of the brothers and sisters of the Lord.

No reporters were present. I left the meeting to fulfill another appointment immediately after I spoke. I went up afterwards at the close of the meeting and talked to some of those present, among them Dr. Stevenson and Madame Henrotin and others, nor did I gather from any one with whom I spoke that they misunderstood what I said. Unfortunately, however, half a dozen ladies present felt hurt and one of them confided her indignation to a newspaper reporter. Instantly it was evident to the sensationalists who manufacture scare heads for the Chicago papers that there was an admirable opportunity for working up a commotion. When Dr. Stevenson arrived home that night she found her servants in a state of alarm and the house surrounded by a band of reporters who were waiting to interview her, while the domestics feared the house was about to be attacked by burglars. Everyone who was present was cross-examined as to what I said, and as to what I didn't say, and as a result it was telegraphed throughout the whole land and across the Atlantic that I had grossly insulted the ladies of Chicago by declaring that they were the most disreputable of their sex. Nothing could have been farther from my thought than insulting anyone. I simply stated a truism, and those who argue that I was mistaken in assuming that some mere fashionable society ladies were present at the philanthropic meeting must be singularly unaware of the habits of the creature in question. When slumming or philanthropy is the fashion she is always foremost in the swim. Anything for a new sensation. Anything for a fresh thrill to break the ennui of a blasé existence. And I cannot regret that for once they should have received a somewhat stronger shock than they expected. There was so much discussion of the subject, and the phrase "disreputable" was so much discussed that I received an invitation to speak at the People's Institute in order to set forth what I

meant so that even the most perverse might not misinterpret my meaning. Here is an extract from my speech :

There are worse people in the world even than the predatory rich. When a man is preying upon his fellow men he is at any rate doing something. It is better almost to be at work in sin than doing nothing at all. "The idle rich!" I was reminded last night by a friend of Ruskin's terrible phrase when he said: "Every man belongs to one of two categories: he is either a laborer, that is a worker in some way, or he is an assassin." Laborer or assassin! Carlyle said the same thing, although not so strongly, when he said "whenever you find a hand that is not busy working you will find a hand that is picking and stealing." The idle rich! What has been the salvation of the people of Chicago in spite of all the City Councils? It is this—that heretofore you have been extraordinarily fortunate in not having had the opportunity of breeding idle rich. In consequence of war, conflagration and panic your rich people have had all to work and hence they have not been such demoralized rascals as those who abound on our side of the water. But you are breeding them fast; and it is because they are still only in the germ, as it were, that there is hope, if you will turn your attention to it promptly, you may be able to prevent the multiplication of the species. It is difficult indeed to find language adequate to express the sense of shame, of disgust and humiliation with which we look upon those whom a bountiful providence and a kindly society has showered all the wealth of the world. They have all their hearts can desire and they use all these blessings merely in order to gild their own styes and to increase the quality and improve the flavor of the swill upon which they fatten. It is difficult to speak calmly of such people or to express the degree of confusion and sorrow and indignation which that class of self-indulgent women excite in the mind of any intelligent person. I have been denounced because I said that the frivolous, self-indulgent women of fashion and woman of society was worse, infinitely worse, than many a harlot. It was a true word well spoken, and I am glad to know that it has reverberated throughout the world.

I will ask you to take two typical cases. There is a poor girl come up from the country to this great city, and who is alone and friendless. She is good looking and gets a position as saleswoman or as a stenographer. Her health gives way and she is laid up. When she comes back her place is filled and she is out of a berth. She goes from place to place seeking work, and you who have never had to do so do not know how hard it is to seek for work day after day and find none. In the midst of her trouble, when she is nearly at her last cent, someone comes along. He likes her looks, and proposes to her with more or less preamble that she should go and live with him. That is the way they usually begin. She has no friends, she has no money, and the man at least seems kind and sympathetic, which is more than most of them are. She must live. She sees starvation before her. Her poverty, not her will, consents. She becomes his mistress. After a while he tells her to go and do as the others do. She is now down Fourth Avenue, loathing the life she leads and drowning her thoughts with drink and often wishing that when she lies

down to sleep she may never rise again. That is a common type. There is another type, a woman who is young and strong and healthy, pretty and lazy. She does not want to work if she can help it. She sees that if, in the bloom of youth, she makes a market of herself she can earn more money in a week than what she could earn in a month by hard work. She sells herself accordingly. She says, "I suppose my body belongs to myself, and I do not see why I cannot do what I like with my own." So she does what she likes and makes a living out of it. That is another type. Both types are confounded under the common cognomen of fallen women and prostitutes. There is all the difference between them that there is between the fixed stars. I have given you both in order that you may compare them to their counterparts among the idle rich. There is a woman, she is young, she belongs to the cream of the cream of your society, she has all the education which wealth can secure her, she has carriages to bear her to and fro so that she will never have to put her dainty foot to the pavement. She thinks of nothing except pleasing herself, and uses her wealth to minister to her vanity and her glory. She uses her carriages solely for her own gratification, and uses that priceless and peerless influence which a good and cultivated woman can exercise upon her acquaintances to increase the excitement and frivolity of society. She does what she likes with her own. She uses it all for herself, but, having some self-respect, she draws the line at her carcass which the other does not. Between the two what is the difference? Each one uses what she has received to minister to her own gratification, her own vanity and her own excitement. Upon one society showers all its condemnation. Press, pulpit and women all unite in hurling the severest anathemas upon her who is often more sinned against than sinning, while they have nothing but adulation and praise for the pet of society who has never spent a single thought excepting upon herself. That is bad. It is not our Lord's way of judging.

Unfortunately there is even worse than that. Some of your wealthy women do not even draw the line at their carcass. There is one thing which strikes us over in the old country with a certain amazement—how the women reared in this great republic, the daughters of your millionaires, who have been born with every blessing which American civilization can give them, instead of taking pride in their American citizenship are ready in their lust for vainglory and their mad desire to outstrip, if only by a hair-breadth, some rival, to sell themselves as much as any harlot on Fourth Avenue to the most miserable scion of European nobility.

I remember one of our dukes who bore an ancient name. He was divorced on the charge of cruelty and adultery. On one occasion when I was editing the *Pall Mall Gazette* he wrote a letter for publication in the paper, which discoursed upon the subject of bimetallism. I sent it back. I wrote him I did not wish to publish that letter or any other letters in that controversy now. But I told him I should not be frank if I did not tell him that the reason why I sent the letter back, however, was not because of its subject, but because of its author. "Rightly or wrongly," I wrote, "you have the reputation of ruining women for your own pleasure, and therefore, in my opinion, you are infinitely worse than if you cut throats for hire; therefore I return you

your manuscript." Shortly afterwards he went to the United States and married an American woman of wealth. What do you think of your women if they allow themselves to be disposed of in this fashion? In feudal times when an estate was made over to a purchaser the contract was not complete until at the same time the seller took a handful of dirt from the estate and gave it to the purchaser. Your American beauties and American heiresses are no more than that handful of dirt which marks and accompanies the transfer of their fortunes to our stone-broke nobles.

You ask how can you help it? Well, at least, when one of them makes merchandise of herself, instead of filling your papers with eulogistic comments about her and her good fortune, you might speak the truth and say what you think. The idle rich have no moral sentiment. Their one law is to please themselves, and they will not touch with their little finger this burden which weighs the masses down. But were the idle rich created for that? They have education, leisure and great opportunities for influence or usefulness. They have received much and therefore they should render much. If they are higher than their fellows, therefore they should make themselves lower in order to be their servants and to help them. Is that not true Christian teaching? Is that not what our Lord and Master would say to those people?

In conclusion I would venture to appeal to those unfortunate sons and daughters of millionaires who are being brought up as idle gentlemen and idle ladies. They had better have been brought up saloon keepers. They had better have been brought up police constables a thousand times. But it is their misfortune that they have wealth and leisure without need to work and without stimulus to service. I would say to them, here in Chicago is the scene for your energies, here in Chicago where your fathers made their money, honestly or otherwise. In Chicago there are whole districts of your fellow citizens who have no conveniences of civilization, who have no opportunities of friendship. Why should your young men and women waste their lives and the divine enthusiasm of youth simply in their own gratification, and why should they give all these to wine and to women and to all the methods of fashionable debauchery when there are men and women and children at your very door whom you can help, and for not helping whom you will have to answer at the Day of Judgment? I do not ask you to deliver tracts, or to pray at prayer-meetings, but I do ask you to love your brother man. Why, instead of wasting your time and your life in idleness, why not devote yourself to the service of some precinct in this city and go and live among them? Do not act as high-toned, silk-stockinged gentlemen, but as a simple brother who is willing to go and live among men to help them to live a more human life than they are living now. You will then have many opportunities of usefulness and will be in brotherly union and living intercourse with hundreds of your fellow men, and then you will find that when you thought you had given up your position by going and living in the slums you have really found your soul and found your Lord.

I said all this at the People's Institute. It was toler-

ably plain speaking, but so far from exciting anything of the hubbub occasioned by the much milder address to the ladies, one editor went out of his way to remark concerning the moderation I had displayed in the second discourse! The commotion which the first speech occasioned was interesting if only as illustrating how much need there is for the gospel to be preached where heathendom in high places is masked by conventional homage to Christianity.

The graver offenses which spring from idleness and wealth have not been specially alluded to in this chapter. They need not be dwelt upon. It is a painful subject, and every one can supply details for himself. Human nature is the same all the world over. Exempt man or woman from the necessity of daily labor, let no religious or humanitarian enthusiasm bind them over to the service of their fellows, and there can only be one result. That result is making itself manifest more and more in Chicago. There is work of every kind waiting to be done; there are multitudes of more or less untaught, unkempt, uncivilized human beings to be brought into some kind of human relationship, to be guided, to be instructed, to be comforted. There are all the interests, sorrows and sufferings of the helpless poor lying unattended to while the idle rich are racking their brains in devising fresh means of excitement or new varieties of self-indulgence with which to pass away the time. It is not asked of them as it was asked of the young man in the gospel to sell all that they have and give to the poor, but they might at least give tithes of their time and of their substance to those who have received so little and who need so much.

CHAPTER VI.

THE NINETEENTH PRECINCT OF THE FIRST WARD.

It is impossible to describe Chicago as a whole. It is a congeries of different nationalities, a compost of men and women of all manner of languages. It is a city of millionaires and of paupers; a great camp of soldiers of industry, rallying round the standard of the merchant princes in the campaign against poverty. This vast and heterogeneous community, which has been collected together from all quarters of the known world, knows only one common bond. Its members came here to make money. They are staying here to make money. The quest of the almighty dollar is their Holy Grail. From afar the name and the fame of Chicago have gone abroad to the poor and the distressed and the adventurous of all nations, and they have flocked and are still flocking to the place where a few men make millions and where all men can get food.

A scientific study of the city as a whole would be the work of a life time, and when it was finished it would possess only a historical value. For, while the scientist was correcting his statistics and checking his analysis, the kaleidoscope would be changing, and by the time his exhaustive survey was ready for the press, a new generation would have risen up which would not recognize the scenes which he portrayed. I cannot for a moment pretend to put the whole city, or even a single ward under the microscope. But I thought it might perhaps help us to appreciate the nature of some of the tougher problems that confront the reformer in Chicago if we paid a little attention to a single precinct in one of the thirty-four wards into which the city is divided.

For the purpose of this survey I have selected the

nineteenth precinct of the First Ward, not because it is an average precinct, but because it presents in an aggravated form most of the evils which are palpably not in accord with the mind of Christ. If Christ came to Chicago, it is one of the last precincts into which we should care to take Him. And yet it is probably the first precinct into which He would find His way. There are a good many of "the least of these, My brethren," in the nineteenth precinct.

The nineteenth precinct of the First Ward consists of the blocks which lie between Harrison and Polk Streets. It includes both sides of Fourth Avenue, the west side of Dearborn and the east side of Clark. It is easy of access. The Dearborn Street horse car traverses it on one side, the Clark Street cable on the other, while Polk Street station empties its passengers into Fourth Avenue. It contains a fair share, but not more than a fair share, of foreign-born citizens. According to the analysis of the voting at the election of 1892-3, the number of American-born citizens was only just ahead of those who had taken their naturalization papers. The figures are interesting and bring into clear relief the cosmopolitan character of the population of Chicago. I print the figures for the city, for the First Ward and for the nineteenth precinct.

CITIZENS, 1893.

Origin.	Chicago.	First Ward.	Nineteenth Precinct.
New England.....	7,522	410	12
Southern States.....	9,667	1,079	74
New York.....	9,721	822	26
Illinois.....	42,582	682	27
Other States.....	41,570	1,798	64
American.....	131,335	4,791	203
Canadian.....	6,693	143	3
German.....	45,005	477	12
Irish.....	23,578	382	4
English.....	7,844	138	2
Scotch.....	2,555	61	1
Swedish.....	10,838	44	1
Norwegian.....	4,832	19	2
Danish.....	2,333	20	1

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French	643	29	5
Bohemian	5,721	5	...
Polish	4,865	44	1
Austrian	3,280	35	4
Russian	2,903	80	11
Italian	1,032	137	8
Dutch	1,600	20	...
Miscellaneous	1,933	206	5
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	128,812	1,740	60

The advantage of this small precinct organization, which was necessitated by the adoption of the Australian ballot, is that it cuts the city up into manageable proportions. There are in the city of Chicago thirty-four wards which are cut up into 800 precincts. Each of these may be said to constitute a unit of organization with an independent political life of its own.

It will be seen that so far as the nineteenth precinct is concerned that it is not a distinctively foreign precinct. The American-born citizen who barely holds his own in the city as a whole outnumbers the naturalized in the nineteenth precinct by more than three to one. It would, however, be a mistake to regard the population as indigenous to Chicago. More than one-third of the American-born citizens hail from the Southern States; that is to say, are men of color. Only twenty-seven were born in the state of Illinois.

In politics the nineteenth precinct is very evenly divided. Chicago cast a majority of nearly 35,000 for Cleveland in 1892, but his majority in the nineteenth precinct was only ninety-eight votes against ninety-one cast for the Republican. In the election for Governor the Democrats held their own to a man, but three of the Republicans voted the Prohibition ticket and as they were reinforced by another stalwart Prohibitionist the Prohibition vote in the nineteenth precinct is four strong, which, as the total Prohibitionist vote cast in Chicago was only 3,116, was rather more than its fair proportion.

At the mayoral election last December, the precinct

voted 85 for Hopkins (D), and 94 for Swift (R), while three voted for Britzius, the socialist.

If woman suffrage were introduced we should be better able to form an idea as to the constituents of the population. The female contingent would be largely foreign and more remarkable for its variety than its morality.

During the last year a great change has come over the population. The negroes have diminished and the Italians have increased. The large number of lodgers have to be taken into account in every election. They are registered and they vote. Where they come from no one knows; they are a floating, migratory population, but they are voted as any other residents of the ward.

The amusements in the precinct are few. The Park Theatre, a most infamous place of resort, stands within a few blocks, but in the precinct itself, the chief amusement is a little gambling, varied now and then by the excitement of seeing the inmates of an immoral house raided by the police, sometimes accompanied by their male partners. There is no public hall, no concert room in the precinct, and, as everywhere in Chicago, the saloons are the great centers of social intercourse.

This precinct, lying so close to the great arterial thoroughfares of the south and west, offers a tempting field to those who wish to do good to their fellow men. Here in these three blocks are some two or three thousand human beings without any of the civilizing influences which are usually supposed to be indispensable. There are, it is true, two doctors; but there is no resident clergyman, no minister of religion, no city missionary, nobody, in short, who has any moral, spiritual and educational oversight of the people. There is one Jewish synagogue, which is in an upstairs room in Clark Street, fronting a larger synagogue of another Jewish sect on the other side of the street. The Catholics also have a large German church just outside the precinct on the other side of Clark Street. This church stands open all day and every day. When I was present there were three

black-habited nuns engaged in their devotions. The contrast between the garish females on Fourth Avenue and the sober suited nuns in the church was very striking. Men were kneeling before the altar, candles were burning before the central figure and there were, in short, all the indications of devotion on the part of the scattered worshippers that one expects to find in a Catholic country in Europe. It is as an oasis set in the midst of all the vice and squalor and drunkenness of a district in which, despite all, are to be found miracles of human innocence, girls as pure as driven snow, young men leading holy and upright lives, uncontaminated by the vice and filth in the midst of which their lot is cast. That this is so is only another reason why there should be something more done by those who love their fellow men, to supply every such precinct with a center, a human center of helpful friendship.

Near the center of Clark Street, on the western boundary of Fourth Avenue, stands my old friend Hank North's saloon, St. Lawrence House it is called, where at any time of the day Hank may be found dispensing free lunches to all and sundry. How he keeps it up is a marvel, but the free lunch goes on, hot soup with bread, apparently dispensed with equal freedom to those who take a drink and those who do not. There are several other saloons to the right and left, some of them very tough, but all supplying places in which the male denizens at least find a shelter and which are very generally used in the evening as a kind of general drawing-room or front parlor for those who have neither drawing-rooms nor front parlors of their own. Some of the saloons are equipped with billiard tables and other appliances for recreation. During the extreme cold weather one or two of the saloon keepers in the precinct allowed the homeless out-of-work free shelter in the basements of their saloons. The place was warm and the men lay together in any place where they could be out of the cold. Along Clark Street most of the stores are de-

voted to the sale of old clothes and are in possession of gentlemen of Jewish extraction. The pawnbroking business also flourishes, the poor man's banker being able to make a living where other tradesmen starve. The rates of interest charged by pawnbrokers is said to be as much as ten per cent a month or 120 per cent a year. Usury is forbidden by the Illinois statutes, but it is nevertheless levied upon the poor. Neither church nor state in Chicago has as yet risen to the height of establishing a municipal pawnshop, where the poor can transact their financial business at something like a fair rate of interest. It is here, as everywhere, those who are the weakest have to pay the most for the accommodations which they need. Anyone who would found a pawnshop on improved principles in the heart of the nineteenth precinct would be a benefactor to his kind.

An improved pawnshop is only one of the appliances of civilization with which the nineteenth precinct needs to be supplied. A reading room in which could be found books and papers is another institution which is needed but which there seems to be no possibility of procuring. The streets back and front, including Fourth Avenue, with its painted women at the windows beckoning to every passer-by, will continue in the future as they have been in the past, the common playground of the children and the haunts of youth. There is in the whole precinct not one house in which a genial hospitality is shown to the neighbors, where rich and poor can meet and talk over their common interests and their common wrongs. The policeman perambulating the beat back and forth on his rounds is the only human nexus which binds the precinct together, always excepting the political organizations which at least remind men that they are members one of another and are united by common interests and in common concerns. The political life may be low, the motives may be mean, and the antagonism which is excited between Republicans and Democrats may be often irrational, but it is difficult at

present to see, with the melancholy absence of intelligently directed humanitarian enthusiasm on the part of the better-to-do people, how the desired end could be attained better than it is at present. The cultured resident with kindness, sympathy and helpful service is not forthcoming. In his place we have the Democratic and Republican heeler, each of whom is anxious to curry favor with and secure converts among the citizens, not so much for the good of the city as to weaken the other side and to secure a claim upon office. That motive may be poor—it is often sordid, and it works out frequently in gross corruption; but after all it may be compared, like the Kingdom of Heaven, to leaven which goes on leavening the lump until the whole is leavened.

In the nineteenth precinct there are 46 saloons, 37 houses of ill-fame and 11 pawnbrokers. This is an underestimate of the places which are commonly regarded as the moral sore spots of the body politic. Several houses described as stores or offices are more or less haunted by immoral women. The map which is printed in the first part of this volume does not overestimate, but rather gives an unduly favorable impression as to the influences in the midst of which the inhabitants of the precinct grow up. With so many saloons it ought not to be impossible to establish one place of call where visitors should not be expected to drink intoxicants in order to pay their footing and maintain the establishment. But in the whole of the nineteenth precinct, as in all the other nineteenth precincts, you will look in vain for any such place. Neither is there any bath or washhouse where cleanliness, which is next to godliness, can be cultivated; neither is there any public lavatory or public convenience, excepting in connection with the saloons. There are one or two drug stores and one rather imposing hotel, but otherwise the neighborhood is given over to persons who are conducting an arduous struggle against poverty. The only place of amusement is a

shooting gallery in which the marksman can have three shots for a nickel. The only attempt to supply the intellectual needs of the district is made by two booksellers, one of whom was prosecuted some time ago for selling obscene literature, and whose windows still contain a large and varied collection of pornographic literature, together with an assortment of photographs of sitters whose chief characteristic is their absence of clothes.

A large portion of the inhabitants consists of Jews. The Jones public school, which stands just outside the precinct on the east, is the school of the district. I spent a morning going over the establishment and was much interested and not a little saddened at many things which I saw there. The principal of the school told me that forty per cent of the scholars are Russian or Polish Jews; a very large number of the remainder are negroes. The genuine American was in an extremely small minority. The school is large and lofty and on the whole is a commodious building. But the playground is miserably inadequate. It was a sight to see the muster of the little ones in the dusty playground on a bitter January morning for a ten-minute recess. The younger boys huddled up in rows, standing close together as sheep in a flock, waiting motionless until they could return to the warm school-room. The larger boys played and romped as best they could. The little ones crowded together for fear of being knocked over by the larger ones, for there was not room enough for them all to play. In such a crowded district land is perhaps too valuable to be used for playgrounds, but it ought not to be impossible to improvise a playground in pure air out of the dust by simply strengthening the roof and placing a railing round the parapet. Anything would be better than the miserable apology for a playground which disgraces the school at the present moment. Something also might be done to utilize the schoolroom after school hours, as has been done in London and other English towns.

But it ought not surely to be regarded as sufficient discharge of the obligations which the wealthy, leisured, cultured citizens owe to their fellow men that this service should be left to the hard-worked teachers and the more or less interested exertions of the political heelers.

The nineteenth precinct of the First Ward is by no means the only or even an exceptional precinct. When these pages are passing through the press Mr. F. W. Parker, of the Baptist City Mission, described before the Baptist Social Union a district which presents in a large scale the same evil features. Here is an extract from his paper :

There is a section of the city from Stewart Avenue to the river and from Twenty-second to Thirty-ninth Streets with a population of 60,000 people. From Twentieth to Fortieth Streets, along the lake front, is an equal area, with about the same population, rich and prosperous. It has more than three miles of splendid boulevard palatial residences. The river region has no boulevards; it has no lake shore, but instead the stagnant Chicago River. Its death rate is two and one-fourth times higher, and deaths from zymotic diseases are fourteen times greater than in the lake region; it has ten deaths from diphtheria to one in the other districts, and the death rate of infants is six times greater.

In the lake region there are seven hospitals. It has five asylums who help the unfortunate, while there is none in the river region. In the lake section there are six night schools to one in the other; ten kindergarten schools to one in the other; three business colleges to none in the other. The lake region has five sectarian schools, with 700 scholars, while in the river region there are eleven great sectarian schools, with 6,000 scholars. The lake section has ten book stores to none in its neighboring section to the west; the public library has three stations there to none in the other.

At the last city municipal election the lake region gave Mr. Swift 6,600 votes, Mr. Hopkins 3,700. The river region gave Mr. Swift 2,900 votes and Mr. Hopkins 6,900 votes. This illustrates a great difference between the two sections and the lack of political sympathy.

There are three Catholic churches in the lake region and six in the other; twenty-two Protestant churches in the one section and but six struggling Protestant churches in the other. In the lake region is intelligence, wealth, comfort and all that makes life enjoyable; on the other hand is ignorance, want, misery and degradation.

If Christ came to Chicago what would He do with the nineteenth precinct of the First Ward? One thing is certain, He would not pass by on the other side like the

High Priest or Levite. He would much rather regard it as the good Samaritan regarded the man who had fallen among thieves. Here is not one man, but some two thousand brothers and sisters of Christ, who are forced to live their lives here in the levee. Their life is squalid. Life is dreary in this precinct, yet life must be lived, the temptations of life resisted and the joys of life cultivated with such success as may be. But for these two thousand and odd human beings, even if we exclude the unfortunate women who are dedicated to what is called by bitter irony a life of pleasure, there are sufficient to afford a life's work for anyone who endeavors to unite himself by helpful service to his fellow man.

If any man or woman in Chicago to whom Providence and society have given wealth and leisure, without at the same time destroying their generous aspirations after the improvement of the conditions of their fellow creatures, the nineteenth precinct of the First Ward and many another precinct in the city may be commended to them as affording an admirable field in which they can turn their benevolent desires to good result. The gulf between rich and poor which modern society seems to widen can only be bridged in one way, namely, by the personal sacrifice of individuals in personal service to man and woman. The healthy consciousness of human brotherhood and of community of interest and sympathy is in danger of being forgotten when the well-to-do live in stately mansions on boulevards and avenues and the poor are crowded together in more or less noisome districts such as this of the nineteenth precinct.

If Christ came to Chicago, where would He be most likely to take up His abode—in the boulevards or in the slums, in the region of the lake or the region of the river? If so, where is it that those who love Him must seek and find their fate?

Believe it, 'tis the mass of men He loves ;
And, where there is most sorrow and most want,

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Where the high heart of man is trodden down
The most, 'tis not because He hides His face
From them in wrath, as purblind teachers prate :
Not so: the most is He, for there is He
Most needed. Men who seek for Fate abroad
Are not so near His heart as they who dare
Frankly to face her when she faces them,
On their own threshold, where their souls are strong.