

PART IV.—Christ's Church in Chicago.

CHAPTER I.

THE CHURCHES OF THE SECTS.

I shall never forget the almost overpowering sense of sympathy and sorrow which overwhelmed me on the morning of the conference in Central Music Hall. I had been discussing, until long past midnight on Saturday, with policemen, saloon keepers, gamblers and keepers of houses of ill fame what Christ would think of them and of us in this city of Chicago. I had heard their unconventional exclamations as they were suddenly confronted with this unwonted suggestion. I had seen the brutalization of men by drink and vice until the human, let alone the Divine image, had almost disappeared, and the still sadder sight of women who were somebody's daughters continuing a life of vice from the terrible conviction that there was no escape.

A feeling of sorrow for these people—a feeling of bitter heartache at the thought of my own inability to do them any good or give them any relief, was after a time completely swallowed up by a new emotion which took possession of me almost in spite of myself. I felt so sorry for Christ! I have never been able to indulge in these devout but sombre meditations on the actual facts of our Lord's passion with any sense of real anguish. It was hard no doubt—all that wandering down the dolorous way, and cruel, brutally cruel, the martyrdom of the Cross, but it happened a long time ago. The halo of supernatural glory which surrounds His tragic death cannot disguise the fact that so far as mere physical pain was concerned His suffering could not compare with

that of uncounted myriads of His brethren who had gone down to the invisible world amid protracted agonies of torture, compared with which the way of the Cross was a comparatively swift and easy relief. But when I had this fresh realizing sense of the greatness of the sorrow which he came to relieve and which still remains unstanched and of the maimed souls crushed and mangled out of all semblance of the Divine image, the sense of failure of it all, the thwarting of the great aspiration came home to me with a freshness almost inconceivable, considering how long I have been familiar with some of the saddest sorrows of the world. Was it for this He came to earth? Is the 19th precinct of the 1st ward with its poor girls in the Fourth Avenue houses, and its toughs and the crooks down the levee, the fruit which He might expect to find after nineteen hundred years? If I felt it so much, having but seen for a few moments one infinitesimal shred of the world's garment of mourning and heaviness, if I, all flawed and faulty as I am, yet feel the iron enter my soul, what must He have felt, who has heard the dropping of their tears in heaven these nineteen hundred years?

It is this which is the real passion of our Lord! The unabandoned sin, the unstanched tears, the abounding bitterness of the human heart, these are the real crown of thorns which the world has crushed upon His wounded brow.

Long ago, Darwin's *Descent of Man*, gave me a similar sense of the immanence of God. Until then, in a vague sort of way, I had had the feeling, common I suppose to most of us, that the world had been created long ago and that creation was as much a past event as the Norman Conquest, or the war of the American Independence. But Darwin made me see that the creative work is going on today as much as at any previous time in the history of the world, for we stand in the very work shop in which the Eternal is from day to day fashioning the world in which we live. So in the

bitterness of that dreary night I felt that our Lord's passion and crucifixion was no longer a bygone instance in the history of the human race. The Passion and the Cross are for us day by day and hour by hour, moment by moment. Nor will He cease from dwelling amongst us—the living word made manifest in flesh—as long as men and women live, and love, and sin, and suffer, and go down forlorn into the pit.

There was sadness and anguish in the thought, but there was also a great consolation, and a wonderful stay and solace in this new realization of the omnipresence of the Cross. And then there came the comforting thought in the midst of it all, that He who saw it all from the beginning never lost heart, never struck sail to a fear, never doubted even when the sky was blackest and hope seemed dim, that God was love, and that in the end we shall see as He saw that even those things will work out for those who suffer and those who bleed a far more exceeding weight of glory.

At present we must work by faith and not by sight, and if Christ came to earth His first instinct would surely be to seek out those who are called by His name, if only to ascertain how it was that these things were so after all these years, and what they were doing to banish evils which banish love from the lives of so many of his brethren.

Of all the churches in Chicago the first place to which He would turn his steps, would be the Catholic Church, over which Archbishop Feehan presides as the representative of that Vicar of Christ, whose seat is in the Eternal city. Archbishop Feehan is a good and saintly man, ascetic in habits of life, devoted to his offices and the punctilious discharge of all the duties of his high office. Behind him there is all the spiritual authority derived from the traditions of the Roman Church and their vital connection with a hierarchy which encompasses the world.

Under him as spiritual chief and director general of

the forces of the Catholic Church, there are two hundred and fifty celibate priests. Some of them zealously enthusiastic, humble and devoted saints of God, working with a zeal that never tires, and with a self-sacrifice of which the world knows little or nothing in order to maintain Christian law and Christian discipline within the polyglot host which worships in the one hundred churches over which the Archbishop has supreme control. Every Sunday in these churches they gather together from as early as four in the morning twice as many citizens of Chicago as attend all the other churches of all the other denominations put together.

Five hundred thousand of the inhabitants of Chicago believe more or less implicitly that Archbishop Feehan is their divinely appointed commander-in-chief in the great campaign that is ever being waged against the forces of evil.

But while recognizing the perfection of discipline and drill which the Catholic host has attained by the daily or weekly maneuvers on the ecclesiastical parade ground, while doing glad homage to all that is high and noble and self-sacrificing in the great communion with its saintly sisterhoods, its enthusiastic orders and its consecrated priests, I must admit a sense of bewilderment that a power so great should be lodged in hands so feeble, and that the army maintained at so great an expense, both of money and labor, should have so little influence on the civic life of Chicago.

Much is said, and foolishly said, by persons who hate Rome much more than they love anything in heaven or earth, against the intrusion of the church in politics. But if the church be the divinely appointed instrument for the reconstruction of society in accordance with the law of God, if in short the church be the chosen organization, as, presumably, Archbishop Feehan believes, by which the mandate of God is to be established here on earth among men, it cannot keep out of politics excepting by delivering them over to the devil. That is what seems

to have been done in Chicago, nor has the Evil One shown any lack of alacrity in accepting the charge.

But if Christ came what would He say concerning the organization called by His name offering Him constantly sacrifice of prayer and praise, and the sacrament of the mass, but which refuses to lift a finger or stir a hand in the great struggle for honesty, justice and righteousness in the government of Chicago?

The A. P. A's., or the modern Know-nothings, who call themselves the American Protective Association, probably because most of their members are not Americans but Canadians or Britons, whose reason for protecting American citizenship is not quite apparent, assert that the Catholic Church is only too active in politics in Chicago, and in proof thereof they parade the following tabulated statement of the offices which are held in Cook County by Catholics.

The Catholics of Chicago have:

The Mayor.
The Chief of Police.
The Chief of the Fire Department.
The Postmaster.
The City Attorney.
Clerk of the Circuit Court.
Clerk of the Probate Court.
Clerk of the Superior Court.
A number of the Judges.
Forty-five of the sixty-eight Aldermen.

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Ninety per cent of the police force, eighty per cent of the members of the fire department, and sixty-seven per cent of the school teachers are Catholics, while eighty per cent of the pupils are Protestants—as half the Catholic pupils go to priests' schools.

Mr. Hopkins is the first Catholic Mayor the city has ever had, and had it not been for Protestant support he would have been ignominiously defeated. His majority was made up of 75,000 Catholics and 38,000 Protestants. Both the Chief of Police and the Chief of the Fire Department were in office before his election, and by general consent are the fittest for the post what-

ever their religious belief. The fact that the Catholics predominate in the police and the fire departments is more due to the fact that they are Irish than because they are Catholics. The alleged preponderance of the school teachers has nothing whatever to do with politics. Every teacher is appointed after an open examination, conducted by Protestants, and if sixty or seventy per cent. are Catholics it would seem to indicate the intellectual superiority of the Catholics who go in for teaching. This is surprising, but it is in no way due to the political influence of the Catholic Church.

Still these figures are sufficient to show what an enormous interest the church has in the administration of the city. And the fact that the Catholics preponderate so largely in the City Council ought to rouse the church to spare no effort to rid the City Hall of the reproach under which it at present labors.*

But to use the influence of the Church merely to get jobs for Catholics is a conception that reeks of the Ring. For the church to go into politics for the spoils would be a church that had gone into politics not for the kingdom of God, but for the boodle, and would be morally on the same level with Alderman Powers and other distinguished but unhonored members of the City Council.

The evils which afflict the city as the result of our forgetting God fall with heaviest weight upon the poorest citizens. The majority of these belong to Archbishop Feehan's flock. Yet so far as they are concerned, he

*Archbishop Hennessey, of Dubuque, who preached in Chicago in December, spoke words which ought not to have fallen on deaf ears. He said: "There is a tradition, brethren, that 900 years before the birth of Columbus this country was colonized by a band of Irish people. It was called the Great Ireland of the West. I can see in a vision the future of America and the Catholic Church wherein it will be again called the Great Ireland of the West. What are you doing? There are half a million communicants in the church in this city. Chicago is the most Catholic city of America in proportion to its population. All nations of the earth are here represented, and there is a multitude of societies. Take my suggestion and work for the future of the church of Christ. Build up your schools, make them commodious and ample, make them free schools, so that the children of the poor may enjoy their benefits. Elevate the standard of education to the plane of the government of God's divine church. Marshal your forces, and you shall become the center of the Catholic Church in America."

might as well be the Archbishop of Timbuctoo as Archbishop of Chicago. *

No one would dream that the Catholic Church in Chicago should sully the purity of its sacerdotal garments by arraying itself on the side of corrupt republicans or corrupter democrats. Partisanship of that kind is alien to the spirit and contrary to the whole conception of the church. But not less hostile to the whole traditions of the church are the lethargy and callous indifference with which the Archbishop and his advisors have seen this half Catholic city plunged into the mire of corruption without one word from the Archbishop to warn the faithful as to the sin which they were bringing upon their city and the danger which would follow to their own souls and to those of their children after them.

It was said of old time in one of the early writings of the Christian Church, "If the neighbor of an elect man sinneth, the elect man has sinned himself." How much more then must the sin of the Catholic boodlers in the council and the corruption of the Catholic wards in the city lie at the door of the Catholic Archbishop in Chicago! He sees things going from bad to worse under the very shadow of the spires of his churches but has he ever said a word or done a deed to rally the forces under his com-

* Some people complain of the Pope's interference in American affairs. It is much to be regretted that he cannot intervene much more than he does in Chicago. Leo XIII would have very little patience with such inertia in face of the present social crisis as prevails in this Diocese. That is to say if we may assume that he meant what he said in his recent Encyclical. The Pope is not a mere preacher or letter-writer. He is a general or commander of a great black-coated army of ecclesiastics all over the world. He reigns over the Empire of the Confessional, as England reigns over the Empire of the Sea. When he says that the Church ought to concern itself with the solution of the Social Question, he practically asserts that every Catholic priest everywhere should do his uttermost to bring to bear the teachings of the Encyclical upon the community in which he lives. For political questions tend to become more and more social questions, and in all social questions the Pope tells us the influence of the Church is essential to their right solution. If, therefore, the Church stands apart from their consideration, she makes their right solution impossible.

The Encyclical deprives Archbishop Feehan forever of the excuse of Cain. At present, when a strike or an agrarian revolt breaks out, there are many members of Christian Churches who shrug their shoulders, saying, "It's no affair of ours. Am I my brother's keeper?" "Yes," replies the Pope, "you are your brother's keeper, and his blood will I require at your hands." Henceforth, whenever any social question disturbs the community, the Catholic priests will feel that they have failed in their duty if they have not in some way or other made their influence and their teaching helpful to the solution of the problem.

mand in support of the cause of honesty, justice and fair dealing with the poor?

When Gregory the Great was told one day that a solitary unknown beggar had been found dead from starvation in the streets of Rome, he excommunicated himself for having allowed such a thing to happen in a city under his rule. For days he abstained from communion, shutting himself up in his silent cell, to make atonement by tears and penance for his sin of omission towards that poor starveling.

If the Archbishop of Chicago had but something of the heart and soul that was in St. Gregory, the sufferings and privations of this last winter would not have left him unmoved.

If Christ came to Chicago would he find a greater disappointment anywhere than the spectacle the greatest of all His churches doing ecclesiastical goose step in the parade ground, but refusing to go forth to battle against the powers of wickedness in high places, and against all the tyrannies which oppress the poor, because, forsooth!—it might endanger the church and create difficulties even with some of its own members. As armies exist in order to fight so churches are founded in order to encounter dangers and to face difficulties. Nor would there have been an Archbishop in Chicago to-day had earlier archbishops been as timid and incapable of rising to the height of great opportunity as Archbishop Feehan.

Turning from the Catholic Church to the non-Catholic churches in the community which number in the whole city about 200,000 members, and having an attendance every Sunday which is probably not more than 100,000 and sometimes considerably less, we have spiritual forces which at least are free from the paralysis of a commander in chief whose ideal of strategy is to keep his army out of the field. In the non-Catholic sections of the church of Chicago there exists great diversity with no unity. The spirit, however, of co-operation exists and at the conference held this winter representa-

tives of the various parties expressed a great desire to co-operate so as to take more effective action in the campaign against the evils which afflict the city.

The various churches are wealthy, comfortable, served by able and zealous ministers and sung to by choirs of ecclesiastical nightingales. Very few are as fruitful in good works in the shape of institutional side-shows as we are accustomed to in England but here and there you will find a church that reaches out on all sides to minister to the wants of the community.

The Salvation Army lives among the poorest people, works with them, gathers them together every night and contributes a valuable element to the building up of saner and sounder citizenship than that which yet prevails in many precincts of Chicago.

But the Protestant churches for the most part, judging by the complaints which are heard from inside the church rather than from the outsiders, has succumbed largely to the temptation of "being at ease in Zion." The Methodist ministers were told somewhat rudely by a speaker recently that men were needed who would do more than make faces at the devil from behind the pulpit.

And the most enterprising of their number are at present considering whether they could not establish some mission resembling that of Mr. Price Hughes in the west of London in some of the spiritually destitute districts of Chicago.

The growth of Epworth Leagues and Christian Endeavor Societies is a sign of progress in the right direction, but I do not know of any church in Chicago which utilizes the whole of its ecclesiastical plant as vigorously as do some of the leading churches of England. Two services a day on Sunday and a prayer meeting, possibly once or twice a week, can hardly be said to be making the best use of an investment in real estate which is estimated to amount at least to \$13,000,000. All money sunk in church buildings is God's trust

money. If it belonged to anyone else and were invested by trustees so as to yield interest only one day out of seven the trustees would either be sent to the penitentiary or the lunatic asylum. They would certainly not be held to have used the trust to the best advantage.

As it is with the church buildings so it is with the membership. Instead of regarding the church members as saved souls come together for the purpose of saving others, the tendency is too much to regard them as the members of a select club, meeting together for their spiritual edification, and for harmless æsthetic indulgence.

Some ministers have roundly asserted that many of the richer churches in the city are nothing more nor less than social clubs, which are quite out of touch with the masses of the people. They represent not so much sacred dynamos for the generation of spiritual force capable of lighting the whole district, but huge fly-wheels driven at great expenditure of coal without any driving belt. It is too much in the fashion to lay the blame for all this on the ministers. Some ministers are to blame, no doubt, but the responsibility lies at least as much at the door of the congregation and especially at that of the trustees.

In America the Erastian theory of a church under the influence or domination of the state is scouted and rightly scouted, but Erastianism is very much like Mother Nature. Even if they expel it with brute force it will find its way back again after a little delay.

Each of the churches is free. It represents in theory a spiritual power entirely free from the control of the world, but as many a minister knows full well he is very effectually tethered by the secular power in the shape of a trustee or a liberal contributor to the collections. It has been said to me repeatedly that the devil has a mortgage upon many of the pulpits in Chicago, and he will promptly foreclose if ministers are to presume too much upon the liberty of prophesying.

On the last occasion on which I addressed an audience in Central Music Hall I made some observations on this point which I venture to reprint here:

I have talked a great deal to ministers of religion of all denominations, since I came here. Some of them shrug their shoulders and say "Well, it is all very well talking, but if I were to denounce a man whom I knew to be a scoundrel who was standing for alderman I would offend some very influential members of my congregation and that would not do for the interests of religion." But if the Church of God exists for anything in this world is it not in order to raise men and women who are prepared to take a little risk for God and his Christ, and if the ministers of religion think it is sufficient answer to any appeal made to them to enter into a campaign for righteousness that it might offend some members of their congregations, then there is a great need for a revival of religion among ministers of religion.

I have spoken, also, to other ministers. They say "We are with you heart and soul and to the best of our ability we have preached in this sense. We have laid righteousness to the line, and justice to the plummet, and we have endeavored to stir up our congregations but they do not like it." Said one eminent minister in the city recently, "When I preach a sermon like that to my people they are not pleased. They do not come to the church to hear that, they want to hear a sermon which would make them feel good. They want to be told concerning the good people of old times and have Christian doctrine expounded, and they wish to have a blissful future portrayed to them of the place where they will go when they die. I am of a very sympathetic nature and I have never felt unsympathetic to anyone who wishes to feel good—feel comfortable, I mean. I have a great deal of sympathy with those good men and women who have been toiling and moiling through the week and who wish to get into a place where the world and all its cares would be shut out, and where they could sit down and sing their souls away to everlasting bliss." It is very natural but it does not follow that it is right because it is natural.

I will take you to another scene which is also very natural and which appeals even more strongly to many men and women than the seductive influence of a fashionable church and congregation. Go with me down the Levee. Go along until you come to a down stairs dive. You go down the steps and knock on the door in a peculiar kind of a way. A long pigtailed heathen comes to the door. You then find yourself in an opium joint of which there are a good many in that quarter fulfilling many useful offices among others tending to enable our hard worked police to increase their perquisites. The atmosphere is not incense laden, but through the dim light you see reclining on tressel beds or bunks persons, each of whom has a pipe and is carefully engaged in putting a little pill of opium into it in order that they may smoke it. You sit down a while and talk to that Chinese and after a time you begin to find out that there is a most wonderful spiritual resemblance between the opium joint and the fashionable church. Because the poor wretch who is lying there wishes to get away from the world and its cares and the turmoil and troubles of

this evil life and he likes to smoke himself away for a brief season into everlasting bliss into a realm which is not a real realm and which has no bearing upon real life. That man feels good and I sympathize with him. He feels that for half an hour or so he gets away from all his troubles and cares into another region, a more exalted region it seems to him, and there is just about as much religion in it as there is in the other one. Perhaps there is a little bit more, for the man with the pigtail does not sing hymns protesting all the time he is pleasing Jesus Christ who resents faithful preaching urging present duty because they prefer to be lulled into pleasant imagining of a blissful future or a miraculous past. Those people are just like the habitués of the opium joint. It is not religion. It takes them away from the duties of religion and leaves them in a region which is neither heaven nor earth but is betwixt and between, and which from the point of view of citizenship is precious little good.

I hope it is not necessary for me to protest that I have no wish to underestimate the amount of sincere religion that exists in every church. It is not because I disbelieve in the church that I appeal so strongly and protest so vehemently against the misuse of the immense power which the churches could wield if they were to but concentrate their forces with ordinary common sense, upon the redemption of the city. But if we endeavor to place ourselves in the position of our Lord, were He to visit Chicago, to see what progress had been made towards the establishment of His kingdom in this city, is it not obvious that His heart would be saddened by the present condition of the churches called by his name?

Instead of finding each of these congregations, which gather together for worship every Sunday, in His name, working hard to get His law fulfilled and His brethren saved from the wicked injustices to which they are now subjected under the existing city government, they are comfortably assembling once or twice a week, for the purpose of hearing a good talk about Him and of having their senses thrilled by choirs who offer the service of praise in the hearing of the congregation.

Is it uncharitable to say that of all the disappointments caused by the comparison between the real and the ideal the greatest disappointment which Christ would find in Chicago would be in his own church?

The sectarian churches, whether they be of Rome or against Rome, are not in touch with the whole community. They have no close direct bearing relations with every householder. There is no system in the ecclesiastical organization corresponding to the ward and precinct organization which enables the municipal government to cover the whole town. Although the churches may fraternize and their members be on visiting terms with each other, ecclesiastically as well as socially, there is no attempt to create a central executive empowered to wield the united force of all the churches against the common enemies of all. It is something gained that they should be civil to each other. Some of them are not even that. Yet there is in the more advanced churches a genuine desire to enter into closer relations with each other. Of this the recent formation of a Ministerial Federation is a hopeful sign.*

Once more let me conclude with an extract from the Gospel according to Russell Lowell, for the great American puts the truth more forcibly in verse than we can express it in prose. In no poem has he uttered thoughts as to the non-ecclesiastical church more thrillingly than in "The Search." In this poem Lowell tells us how he went to seek for Christ, "for Christ, I said, is King." He searched for him in the solitude of nature, and found him not; and then, "'mid power and wealth I sought, but found no trace of him." The churches had become the mere sepulchre of their risen Lord, and divine service a mere formal mustering, as for roll-call, of men in the empty tomb:—

And all the costly offerings I had brought
With sudden rust and mould grew dim:
I found His tomb, indeed, where, by their laws,
All must on stated days themselves imprison,
Mocking with bread a dead creed's grinning jaws,
Witless how long the life had thence arisen;
Due sacrifice to this they set apart,
Prizing it more than Christ's own living heart.

* See Appendix. The Federation of Ministers of Religion.

If Christ Came to Chicago.

The poet-seeker then turned to the heedless city,
where he came, led by fresh-trodden prints of bare and
bleeding feet, and found his quest:—

I followed where they led,
And in a hovel rude,
With nought to fence the weather from His head,
The King I sought for meekly stood;
A naked hungry child
Clung round His gracious knee,
And a poor hunted slave looked up and smiled,
To bless the smile that set him free;
New miracles I saw His presence do—
No more I knew the hovel bare and poor—
The gathered chips into a woodpile grew,
The broken morsel swelled to goodly store.
I knelt and wept; my Christ no more I seek,
His throne is with the outcast and the weak.

CHAPTER II.

THE CHURCH CATHOLIC AND CIVIC.

If Christ came to Chicago and sought to discover His church He would not be likely to mistake any of the existing ecclesiastical sectarian institutions for the society which he founded for the purpose of carrying on the work of the redemption of the world.

Where then would He find it? To answer that question it is necessary for us to ask ourselves what Christ meant by the church and what as a matter of fact the church was and did in the early days of the Christian era. If we further consider the evils which exist in Chicago, which must be exorcised if the city is to be won for Christ it is obvious that the church militant must be the organization which can combat those evils. The church in every age has been an association of those who endeavor to do Christ's work and make Christ's will supreme among men. "Thy will be done in earth as it is in Heaven." If we keep those two ideas steadily before us we shall not be far wrong in coming to the conclusion that if Christ came to Chicago, the City and County administration would seem to Him to be more like the church which He founded nineteen hundred years ago than any other organization lay or ecclesiastical which exists in Chicago at this moment.

Considering the iniquities that are permitted under the rule of the City Hall it is a somewhat startling paradox to assert that Christ would regard that as the cathedral of his church in Chicago. But the temple in Jerusalem was none the less the temple of Jehovah because false incense was sometimes burned on its altars to false gods. So although the council chamber is packed with boodlers nevertheless it is the Council and the County Commissioners which are doing most of the work that the Chris-

tian church in the early ages regarded as its distinctive function. The City Hall is more faithful than any of churches to certain of the great ideals of Christ, and it is only through the City Council and the Town Commissioners that Satan's invisible kingdom can be effectively attacked.*

If we look at things as they are, resolutely refusing to allow ourselves to be blinded by their labels, we shall not be long in discovering that the City government, both in theory and in practice, much more closely resembles the ideal Christian Church than any of the existing ecclesiastical churches. To begin with in the Apostolic times there was one church for one city. There was the Church of Thyatira, the Church of Philadelphia and so forth. In Chicago there are 500 churches but there is only one city government.

Secondly the fundamental principle of the Christian Church was that of a brotherhood so broad as to include men of all ranks, of all conditions, of all nationalities. The City government more than any of the churches is based on just such a recognition of human brotherhood. In the citizenship of Chicago as in the old Christian Church, there is neither Greek, nor Jew, bond nor free, Barbarian or Scythian, all are one before the ballot box. Only in one respect does it fail to come up to that Christian ideal. Chicago is not yet sufficiently civilized to recognize the citizenship of women so that part of the

*It cannot be too often insisted upon that however great may be the shortcomings of the city government the churches cannot dis sever themselves from a large share of responsibility in the matter. What is the use of lamenting the absence of a strong sense of civic religion if the official ministers of religion seldom or never preach or teach the religious aspect of municipal or social duties? What is the use of deploring the indisposition of competent and leisured men to undertake the irksome and uncongenial work of municipal administration when those whose special duty it is to rouse the conscience of the community never preach the dedication of the citizen to municipal work as one of the most important and most sacred means of helping to bring in the kingdom of Christ on earth? What conception of civic religion is possible to the ordinary man if on the eve of municipal elections the church takes not the slightest pains either to urge the best men into the field, or even to impress upon her congregations the importance of electing the best men from the candidates before them? If the churches are the divinely appointed instrument for carrying out the divine will in the affairs of this world in Chicago, it would seem as if either God had forsaken His church or His church had forsaken Him.

text which says "in Christ neither male nor female," does not apply here.

Thirdly, the City government recognizes as does no other organization in Chicago, the great truth that the community is one body of which we are all members and that if one member suffers, all the other members suffer likewise. This sense of interdependence results from the fact that the evolution of the social organism is much further advanced on the municipal side than on any other. The conception, however Christian, has made more advance under the ægis of the municipality than under the dome of any Christian temple in Chicago. Those who doubt this should compare for the moment the different way in which a material evil is handled by the municipality and a moral evil by the various churches. Nothing is more inspiring than to see the way in which the conception of the unity of the social organism operates under the city government. It is tested by the outbreak of a fire. A drunken tramp drops a match in the outhouse of some miserable shanty in the outskirts of Chicago. The straw alights and the fire blazes up. The nearest patrolman who sees it hastens to his patrol box and sends in a fire alarm. Instantly in every police station, and newspaper office throughout the 190 square miles within the city limits that alarm is reproduced and almost before the patrolman has quitted the patrol box the fire engines are clattering along the streets from the nearest stations to extinguish the fire. Should the wind be high and the flames baffle the efforts of the local force, fresh alarms are sent in and instantly more fire-engines and firemen are dispatched, until in case of need the whole resources of the city in apparatus and in men will be concentrated upon the point of danger. There is no question as to rich and poor, no discussing in police stations or at the fire department as to whether or not the locality was a long way off or what might be its ratable value or anything else. There is fire and there is need and that is

enough. The whole machine splendidly equipped in perfect discipline, acts almost automatically on any appeal from any section of the community.

Contrast this, where we have the social organism functioning at its best under municipal guidance and direction, with the way in which the ecclesiastical churches act, when some moral pestilence which it is no exaggeration to compare to an outbreak of hell-fire, takes place in any quarter of the town. To begin with there is no special patrolman to give the alarm, and if there were, there is no arrangement by which the cry could be heard, let alone be heard instantaneously throughout the churches of Chicago. But supposing that by some telepathic miracle, the spiritual watchman could sound his warning note in the ears of all the churches, how many of them would respond? Some would shrug their shoulders and say it was outside their parish, others would remark that it was among the Catholics and not for their people, others again that there were no Catholics in the region, but they were all Jews and that they ought to look after themselves. As a result of this refusal, born not of selfishness or of cruelty, but due simply to the fact that the evolution of the Christian ideal of the unity of the social organism has not yet attained so high a point in the churches as it has done in the municipality.

Fourthly, the City government is organized upon the simple democratic basis which was natural to the company of fishermen whom the carpenter of Nazareth selected as the nucleus of His church. Whatever may be the faults of the City government, it is simple and it is close to the people. No social and ecclesiastical hierarchy stands between the common people and their elected representatives any more than there was between the early believers who gathered together after the day of Pentecost and those whom they appointed to dispense charity and to serve tables. The poor man, the laborer rude and uncultured feels more at home in the City Hall

than he would in most of the wealthy churches in the city of Chicago.

This it may be said is only theory. But the fact is, that the City government is much more like that early Christian Church than the existing Christian churches which claim to be its direct descendants. This is largely due to the success with which the early Christian Church and its medieval successors Christianized the whole conception of secular government.

The moment you begin to study the state from a historical point of view, and trace the origin of the institutions which we now possess, you are brought sharply face to face with the fact that the modern state, especially the modern municipality, is very largely the heir and acting legatee of the mediæval church. That is to say, many of the functions which the City Council has to perform were in old times the exclusive work of the church. Not many centuries ago it would have been blank heresy in the eyes of churchmen, and absurdity in the eyes of statesmen, to assert that much of the work discharged by the City Council could possibly be entrusted to any body excepting the religious orders, the monasteries, and other ecclesiastical authorities. That is to say, according to the old conception of the functions of church and state, the City Council, and the County Commissioners, from the work which they perform, are quite as much Church as State, for they perform duties and accept responsibilities which for centuries were regarded as the exclusive prerogative of the Church.

Take, for instance, the care of the poor. This was in early times regarded as the province of the church. Pure religion and undefiled was defined by the apostle as consisting in the first place in providing for the fatherless and the widow. This function, however, is no longer entrusted to the ecclesiastical organizations. The fatherless and the destitute today, are sent to Dunning, or to some other institution, which, whether it is governed by the City Council or the County Com-

missioner, is a secular institution doing distinctively Christian work.

Take another instance. The hospitals were founded by the church, and for hundreds of years were exclusively maintained by the church. Today there are still hospitals in connection with various churches, but the greatest hospital of all is a County institution, and its management is in the hands of the elected representatives of the people. The same is true concerning prisoners whether it is in the Bridewell, the Penitentiary or in other places wherein these wards of the state who have forfeited their liberty are kept in temporary servitude. The work of redeeming and reclaiming those wandering ones is left to the state, it is no longer the prerogative of the Church.

Education is another great department which in early times used to be regarded as much the right and duty of the Church, as the conducting of divine worship is today. That also has passed into the hands of a secular board appointed by the Mayor, who is elected by the citizens of Chicago. Another institution—the Public Library—which mankind has come to regard as indispensable, formerly had no existence save in the monasteries. Now it is domiciled in the City Hall, and cared for by the civic authorities.

Cleanliness which is next to godliness, has entirely passed under the control of the City which supplies the water, superintends the drainage, and is responsible for the removal of those physical causes which contribute so much to the moral degeneration of the people. In fact, the more closely it is examined, the more clearly will the facts stand out that if any of the great saints, who, a thousand years ago Christianized and civilized Europe, were to come to Chicago, they would, after surveying the whole scene, decide that three-fourths at least of the work which they did was in the hands either of the City Council, the Mayor or the County Commissioners, and that not more than one-fourth remained in

the hands of the clergy and their so-called church. The state, or rather the city, has become the executor of the church for three-fourths of the work which the church was instituted to accomplish. This is right enough, for it is the duty of the church ever to press forward, and when it has Christianized the community sufficiently to entrust any of its own duties to the elected representatives of the people, there is always more work to be done further afield. But the responsibility for the due discharge of all these functions of which it has relieved itself remains with it intact yet.

But unfortunately no sooner does the church rid itself of the onerous responsibility with which it was formerly saddled, than it seems to abandon all care or interest in what used to be its own special work, and what was heretofore regarded as distinctly Christian work, is often handed over to men who have not the slightest trace of Christian principle. In this respect the church behaves not unlike the unfortunate mother of an illegitimate child, who, finding it irksome any longer to maintain her offspring, hands it over to a baby farmer, and thanks God she is well quit of her brat. Everyone knows what results follow when the baby farmer is substituted for the mother as the custodian of the infant. Much the same results follow in the secular sphere when the moral influence of the Christian Church is withdrawn from the bodies to which it has been handed over the duties formerly discharged by the church.

Yet it is not only the theory of its constitution and the actual work with which it is entrusted that the City government would lead the steps of our Lord to the City Hall. He came to earth to seek and to save those who are lost, to deliver the oppressed and redeem mankind from the evils which afflict them. In His progress through this city many sad and grievous sights must have afflicted Him whose eyes are too pure to look upon iniquity; but when He had made his sad pilgrimage through our streets, and considered how best to deliver the

least of these His brethren from the afflictions with which they are encompassed, He would find no agency in the whole city which was capable of coping with the evils in question, excepting the City government. The ecclesiastical churches, even if they were filled with His love and inspired by His spirit, could no more remove those evils than a sunbeam can drive a locomotive. What are these evils? There is the injustice by which the rich, who are strong, and are able to bear the burden of taxation, transfer hundreds of thousands of dollars to the shoulders of those who are poor, and not able to support so heavy a tax. That can only be dealt with through the legislature, and by the elected representatives of the people. There is the evil of corruption established as monarch in the center of the civic administration, while aldermen like servile courtiers fawn around his throne for sops which are purchased by stealing the heritage of the poor. That evil also can only be attacked at the primaries and the ballot boxes. Whether we are dealing with the tramp or with the willing but workless worker it is by politics, through politics and in politics that the work of redemption must be wrought. Gamblers, open their trap doors to perdition in our streets; it is the duty of the police to close them. The insanitary precinct, where the children of the poor are reared under conditions which defraud them of their natural inheritance of health, and the prospect of happiness belongs also to the municipality. The predatory rich can only be kept in order by the same agency. In fact the way of deliverance from most of the evils which afflict the community, must be sought through the City Hall, rather than through the direct agency of any of the churches of the town.

Hence I think that from whatever point we approach the question we shall arrive at the same conclusion, if Christ came to Chicago, the center from which He would work to establish His kingdom here and now in the city of Chicago, would be the City Hall.

CHAPTER III.

MAYOR HOPKINS.

Few things impress a visitor from England more than the dearth of leaders. Next to the distrust which people have of each other, this phenomenon impresses the stranger most unfavorably. The lack of leadership is, perhaps, the natural Nemesis of a people which has forgotten how to trust. But the conditions of society are rapidly compelling even the most indifferent of these Anarchists of Comfort to see that society will not get on much longer without leadership. Hero worship is innate in the human mind. Not even the feverish temperature of the Board of Trade can banish that original instinct from the heart of man, although the ambition to lead is singularly absent among the natural leaders of the Democratic society.

Nevertheless, here as elsewhere, in the wise leadership of the preoccupied many by the capable few lies the hope for the future. The majority of men or women, whether in democracies or aristocracies, do not think for themselves. They have not the mind in the first place and would not take the trouble if they had the mind. The wise, the thoughtful and the men of character and initiative are always in a very small minority, but it is that minority which rules, and must rule if the state is not to drivel down to a heap of ruins. The supreme merit of Democracy is not that of permitting every Tom, Dick and Harry to steer the ship according to the untrained unwisdom of the fore-castle, but because it gives the one capable man, whether he be in the fore-castle or in the fore-cabin, a chance of proving his capacity and obtaining possession of the helm.

Conspicuous among those who have arisen to do battle

in the popular cause against the tyranny of the corporations and the scandalous corruption which honeycombs civic life in America, is a sturdy New Englander, who is now serving for the third time as Mayor of Detroit. Hazen S. Pingree, like most of the men who have contributed largely to the building up of the middle and western states, is from the east coast. He did not come over with the Mayflower, for the historic vessel had made her epoch-making trip fourteen years before Moses Pingree settled in Massachusetts. England was at that time just foam-fretted from end to end with the beginnings of a civil war which was not to end until Charles Stuart's head fell beneath the headsman's axe, and Moses Pingree brought over with him the Puritan hatred of tyranny and all unrighteousness. Hazen Pingree, the present Mayor of Detroit, was born on a farm in Maine in 1842. When fourteen he left the farmstead and began to serve his time in a shoe factory in Massachusetts. When the war broke out he was twenty years old and was the first volunteer from the village in which he was working. They talked of buying him off, but he laughed the proposal to scorn. "Who would not give a farm to be a soldier?" he said, a saying which, being repeated, passed from mouth to mouth and acted as one of those potent suggestions kept up the morale and re-enforced the ranks of the Army of Emancipation. Pingree, who possessed a strong constitution, fought through the whole war from Bull's Run to the collapse of the Confederacy with the exception of six months which he spent as a prisoner of war in Andersonville.

After the war was over he came to Detroit and resumed work in a shoe factory. After a time he saw an opportunity of beginning business on his own account in a small way, and from that moment he never looked behind him. Keen business instincts, united with a sterling honesty which was universally recognized by his customers, and the rapid growth of the north-

western states, combined to make him the owner of the largest shoe factory west of New York. He settled down, married, and became a comfortable citizen, full of restless energy. He built up a considerable fortune and furnished a mansion, every room of which bears testimony to the culture and refinement of the Detroit cobbler. Notwithstanding his business he made time for travel, visiting Alaska on the one hand and all the picture galleries and museums of Europe on the other. His drawing-room contains some of the gems of European art, trophies of his continental expedition, while the library is full of choice and well-thumbed books.

There was great dissatisfaction in Detroit in 1889 owing to the corruption and mismanagement which prevailed in the municipality. An influential deputation of citizens waited upon Mr. Pingree and begged him to accept a nomination to the mayoralty. Up to this time he had been engrossed in business and had given but cursory attention to the management of the municipal affairs. He hesitated, then refused, but finally was induced to stand. He threw the whole of his irresistible energy into the campaign and was elected by a majority of 2,318. He is a Republican, but he speedily made it known that in the City Hall, partisan politics were to be severely subordinated to the public good. As soon as he entered office he saw that it would be impossible to do anything in the perfunctory fashion which had previously prevailed. The Mayor of Detroit in those days did not come down to the City Hall till half past eleven, where he spent half an hour in signing documents and then for the rest of the day went about his private business. Mayor Pingree changed all that. He went down immediately after breakfast and stayed there till six at night. He ran the city in the same businesslike fashion in which he had previously managed his shoe factory.

As soon as he grasped the situation he found that he was confronted by a corrupt Council, whose members re-

garded their position as chiefly valuable for the opportunity which it afforded for selling public franchises. He found the streets practically handed over to the domination of the street railway companies, while the murderous grade crossings of the steam railways were increasing and multiplying to the peril of the citizens and the continual interruption of public traffic. The tax-dodger flourished and by so doing laid the greater proportion of the burden of taxation on the poorer classes. The town was being spiderwebbed with wires, notwithstanding an ordinance which had been passed, but never enforced, compelling the electric lighting, telegraph and telephone companies to place their wires under ground. The gas company was in full possession of the municipality, it charged the consumers \$1.50 per thousand feet and acted in the usual high-handed fashion of gas companies in similar positions. Valuable franchises were given away without compensation. The electric light company rendered shamefully inadequate service; and in short, Mayor Pingree found Detroit suffering from all the evils which afflict Chicago and most American cities. The city, instead of being governed in the interests of the citizens, was practically farmed out to corporations who were about as honest as the farmer generals in France before the French revolution, and who had as much regard for the welfare of the people as distinguished a hungry Roman proconsul just appointed to fatten upon the wealth of a conquered province in Asia. Seeing which Mayor Pingree took off his coat, turned up his sleeves and set to work.

It is not necessary to describe here the details of that great fight which began in 1890 and is still going on. It is a campaign in which all the glory and most of the triumph has been on the side of the Mayor. He is a silent man of as much pertinacity as the taciturn general who led the armies of the Union in triumph to the rebel capital. In his first message he announced that the time had come for the city to assume control of the public

lighting and own and operate its own plant, in order that it might escape the caprices of tyrannous corporations. After a prolonged struggle with the city railway companies he brought them to their knees, and only this year he has achieved a brilliant, although not decisive victory in the law courts to which he had appealed against their franchise. The net value to the city of the judicial decision, if confirmed by the Supreme Court, is not less than \$5,000,000. This, although the latest, was by no means the first of his encounters with street railway companies. He had given them a taste of his quality by refusing to call out the militia to shoot down their employes in a strike which took place soon after his election. Instead of calling out the militia he wrote a strong letter to the company counseling a resort to arbitration. His advice was followed under duress and the strike ceased. The principle of arbitration then established has been in operation ever since, and when I was in Detroit this year arrangements were being made for the reassembling of the Arbitration Board for the settlement of a question which had arisen as to a proposed reduction in wages.

He fought the gas companies and compelled them to reduce their rates from \$1.50 to \$1, with a prospect of a still further reduction to 80 cents. The quality of the gas was improved, meters were protected against fast running, and no extra charge was to be made for their use. The gas company was not allowed to destroy the pavement in laying its pipes, as all gas pipes had to be laid in alleys whenever possible, and gas mains were to be extended on the petition of one consumer for every 100 feet. Detroit, like Chicago, is debarred by its charter from owning its gas plant and the gas companies were not brought to their knees without a severe fight, in which the police, acting under orders of the Mayor, arrested the gas men who were tearing up the streets in defiance of the city authorities.

The most sensational incident which attended his fight needs to be told at a little greater length. From his

first entering office the Mayor had set his heart upon municipal electric lighting. After infinite trouble in getting permission from the Legislature for the municipality to operate and own its own electric light plant, he was disgusted to find that the corrupt members of the City Council, disregarding the permission given them by the State, had passed an ordinance handing over the electric lighting of the city to a private corporation in almost as cynical a fashion as the majority in the Chicago Council passed the Watson Gas Ordinance. The Mayor promptly vetoed it with as much emphasis as Mayor Hopkins. The boodlers of Detroit had either more nerve or were in greater need of money than those of Chicago, for a two-thirds majority was prepared to pass the ordinance over the Mayor's veto. Mayor Pingree was in despair. But light arose in the midst of darkness. An hour or two before he had to go down to the City Council to assist as an impotent spectator at the triumph of the boodle, an Alderman presented himself at the Mayor's house. He stated that an agent of the electric light company had just been to see him. They were rather anxious about their majority and they wanted another vote. The Alderman replied he was not going to vote for the ordinance. The agent assured him that they would make it worth his while to pass the ordinance over the Mayor's veto. On asking what he meant he was told that if he voted for the ordinance he would receive \$800, in proof of which he handed him there and then \$200 on account in hundred-dollar bills. The Alderman, wisely dissembling, accepted the money, thanked the gentleman and hurried down to the Mayor, in whose hands he placed the \$200.

With a light heart, notwithstanding the fire which burned within, and with victory in his eyes, Mayor Pingree drove down to the City Hall. The Council was assembled. The ordinance was about to be passed over his veto. Just before the roll was called the Mayor rose. Amid the dogged and mutinous silence of the boodlers the Mayor, as his habit is, plunged into the

middle of his subject. "Before you vote for the ordinance I wish to inform you that I am well aware that illicit means have been employed to secure your votes. In fact I hold in my possession two hundred dollar bills which were this very day handed over to an Alderman whose vote the electric light company wished to purchase in support of this ordinance. This \$200 was a twenty-five per cent instalment of the total sum to be paid for that vote." A murmur of alarm ran through the Council and one or two of the bolder members ventured to cry, "Name! Name!" "Yes," said the Mayor, "I can name him: he is Alderman so and so," naming his informant. "He will testify that it is true. Here are the \$200 which he has handed me. It is impossible to believe that he is the only Alderman who has been approached. Now gentlemen, let us call the roll." Consternation is a mild word to express the dismay which was depicted on the faces of the boodlers. The blow struck by the Mayor hit the Aldermen between the eyes and when the roll was called they simply bolted. The Mayor's veto was sustained, and as a result Detroit expects to be the best and most economically lighted city in the whole of the United States. Success was gained in this case by the opportune discovery of legal provable facts as to the boodling that was practiced in the Council. From that time forth the Mayor has gone on conquering and to conquer.

He is bent at the present moment upon giving the inhabitants of Detroit free water, founding a citizens' street railway company which is to construct and operate street railways in certain streets in Detroit under conditions the most onerous which the wit of man can devise. The franchise is to be forfeited whenever any of these conditions are ignored. Girder-grooved rails have to be used. The roadway between the tracks is to be repaved. No overcrowding is to be permitted in the cars, which have to be of the most approved design for service and for comfort. The fare is

to be twenty-five cents for eight tickets, carrying right of transfer within the city limits. The street railway company is to pay from \$1,500 to \$6,000 a mile on tracks paved and railed by the city, and the corporation is to deposit \$10,000 in cash as a security for the completion of the trolley system. The City Council is to have the right to purchase it at valuation to be fixed by arbitration at the expiration of fifteen years, or to take over the whole plant, exclusive of rolling stock, free gratis and for nothing, at the end of twenty-five years.

I went over to Detroit in order to see this champion of the rights of the common people against corporate tyranny. I found Mayor Pingree a solid, stalwart, resolute man, who has established a reputation of being as immovable as the Rocky Mountains in all cases where public interests conflicted with the claims of private speculators. No one can move him when once he sees his objective and he goes for it with an irresistible dash and keeps up the momentum of the charge until his enemies are scattered like chaff before the wind. He is a terror, is Mayor Pingree, a terror to evil-doers and hated accordingly by all that class. Notwithstanding the opposition of all the monopolists and all the corporations he has twice been re-elected, and each time by a larger majority. If ever there was a man who sits firm in the saddle and rides his steed with a steady hand Mayor Pingree is that man. Senator Palmer, whose family has been so long connected with the city, said that there was no doubt that Mayor Pingree was absolutely incorruptible and that he was consumed with an unquenchable zeal for the public service. "There is no doubt," said Senator Palmer, "that he has succeeded in making a stand which has given him a position very few men hold in the Union; and I am not afraid to say that if the Republicans are likely to have a hard fight for the next presidential election Mayor Pingree might be the strongest candidate whom they could put into the field. He is a strong man who stands for a principle which is likely to come to

the front more and more and I am not by any means sure that his nomination would not be good party policy."

Into such lofty regions I do not venture to intrude. All that I know is that Mayor Pingree is an honest man, fighting a heroic battle against immense odds, and encompassed by a host of enemies who have spared no effort in order to ruin him both financially and politically. The extent to which this is carried may be inferred from the fact that last year an Alderman in the City Council, who had supported the Mayor's reforming policy, was waited upon by an influential deputation, including, I am sorry to say, some leading members of St. John's Episcopal Church in Detroit, who gave him to understand, without ceremony, that he must either quit supporting the Mayor, or abandon his seat in the Council or make up his mind to be ruined. The Alderman was a plumber with one of the best businesses in Detroit. As a high-class plumber his business connection lay chiefly with the rich people, and on looking into the matter he saw that the members of the deputation were perfectly able to make good their threat in case he did not oppose the Mayor or abandon his seat in the Council. The Alderman came down to Mayor Pingree with tears in his eyes and told the story. "What can I do?" he said. "I am over 60 years of age, my business is worth \$25,000. I shall lose it all if I remain in the Council and support you, as I must if I sit there. The only thing that I can do is to resign." And resign he did. It is a curious instance of the modern tyranny of the predatory rich that not one paper in Detroit would publish the truth about this Alderman's resignation for the information of the citizens.

Mayor Pingree is a Republican, who has no bitterer enemies than some of the Republicans in Detroit. Mayor Hopkins, who was elected last December as the successor of Mr. Carter Harrison in the mayoralty of Chicago, is a Democrat, and unless all appearances are

misleading, is likely to find his worst enemies among men of his own party. That, however, is all in the day's work and must be expected. But just as Mayor Pingree has made reputation for the Republican party in the Union at large, so Mayor Hopkins may become one of the elements which contribute to the national strength of the Democratic party. Mayor Hopkins has the advantage of Mayor Pingree in being a younger man. He is the youngest Mayor that Chicago has had, with one exception, and he was elected by the heaviest vote which Chicago ever cast for a chief magistrate. There is much in his career to fascinate the imagination, and if he should continue to progress as rapidly as he has done up to the present, the story of his early life and his rapid rise is likely to figure in the school books of the English-speaking race side by side with the story of how Abraham Lincoln from a rail splitter became President. To an Englishman the possibility of so sudden a promotion from the ranks to one of the foremost positions in the Republic is one of the few elements of romance and of charm in American politics. The fact that the man who, the other day, was working as a lumber shover or a day laborer, should now be autocrat of the capital of the New World, is a distinct contribution to the romance of contemporary history. The Arabian Nights element is always the most interesting in history of nations and individuals and there is a great deal of the Arabian Nights element in the rapid rise of Mayor Hopkins.

John Patrick Hopkins was born in Buffalo. He was educated in the common school, and was the third son of a family of twelve. His father and his brothers are dead, and when quite a boy his sisters had to take to dress making in order to keep the family in bread and butter. As soon as he left school, which he did at a comparatively early age, he set to work to earn his living. His first place he found for himself. He started in life by heating rivets in an iron foundry.

From there he went to work in the Evans elevators and by the time he was twenty had established a good enough reputation for regularity and industry to be appointed weighmaster of the place. When he was twenty-one he came to Chicago, the city which fourteen years later was to elect him to the highest office in its gift. For four months he looked around. He fixed up his sisters in dressmaking business, and then started out to look for work for himself. He was not quite twenty-two when he went down to Pullman and asked the superintendent of works for a job. In reply to the question of what he could do, he replied that he would do anything. Being asked if he meant what he said he was taken at his word. The superintendent was rather pleased at his determination to try his hand at whatever turned up, and sent him to shove lumber down in the yards. There he worked as an ordinary laborer for some months, until he had satisfied the management that he had good stuff in him which could be better employed elsewhere. Whatever may be said concerning the autocracy which Mr. Pullman has established in the city which bears his name, no one can deny that the autocrat and his agents have a keen eye for capacity, at least up to a certain point. Mr. Hopkins' career illustrates this. In August, 1880, he was called into the store-keeping department. The April next year he was appointed timekeeper in the store; in the following August he became general timekeeper. Two years later he was made paymaster by Mr. Pullman.

But notwithstanding his rapid promotion and the responsible position which he occupied as paymaster of the great industrial army which recognizes Mr. Pullman as its captain general, Mr. Hopkins was singularly independent. It used to be said of him in those days that he was the only man in Pullman who dared to call his soul his own. He was a Democrat, although Mr. Pullman was a Republican. He was young, a comparative stranger, without capital or resources of his own, but

not content with his position of salaried employe, he went into business on his own account in the Arcade. A friend of his who knew him at Pullman, and to whom I applied for some information of those early days and of the struggles by which Hopkins established his reputation, wrote me as follows :

This Arcade is one of the original and peculiar institutions of the little manufacturing city of Pullman, which is now, much against Mr. Pullman's will, part of the great metropolis of Chicago. It is a big, red structure with passage-ways running north and south and east and west throughout and on either side booths and shops. In the upper stories there is a small theater, a public library, offices and flats. In one corner of the main floor is the Pullman Savings Bank, through which the pay-roll runs and which is ready to care for the deposits of the workingmen. There is no other place in the settlement where shops other than groceries and markets can be kept, and those are for the most part centered in one great market building, modeled after the same plan. It is possible for the company to dictate in these matters, as it controls every inch of the ground, and not even the streets have been dedicated as public highways. It has its own hotel, which has always lost money for the company, but which is sustained for the convenience and gratification of the officials and especially Mr. Pullman. Even the church is the property of the company. The Catholics were indeed after a long time permitted to build on consecrated ground, but before they were given a deed it is said that a priest who had espoused the laboring men's side in a great strike had been compelled to resign. However that may be, it is sure that the reverend father without any apparent reason did fold his tent and desert his flock against their protests and despite their tears, leaving another to finish the church which he had begun.

This was before I came to Pullman, and I speak therefore only by hearsay. But John Hopkins had been the companion of the reverend father in guilt and his resignation had been demanded as a punishment for the crime of openly sympathizing with the workingmen. It was forthcoming without a murmur, and after a little time spent in silence and without either suing for restoration or complaining, the young man was invited to return and his demand for a largely increased salary was granted. It was Pullman's first surrender. But the fact was that it was not easy for any one to fill young Hopkins' place ; he knew Ole Olson in the brick-yard and Ole Olson in the foundry, and he never forgot either or mistook one for the other. So much of his work was in this way personal that the conveniences for a merely mechanical system of paying were not at hand and his successor made a sad botch of it. Besides, the absence of swagger or bitterness on the young man's part was a strong recommendation for a new trial ; but, state it as you will, it was a great victory for the mayor-to-be, then little more than twenty-five years old. A similar victory was afterwards scored by a young man named Harper, who served as chief accountant, and was discharged for insubordination

and requested to return after a time to straighten out a set of books which some of the best experts in Chicago had failed to decipher. He was really a wonderful accountant, whose equal I have never known; and what because of this and what because of a fellow-feeling for him, Mayor Hopkins has chosen him to unravel the muddle at the City Hall, a task which he seems to be performing with perspicuous ability and great dispatch. But though Mr. Pullman restored both of these gentlemen to their positions without requiring an apology and with increased salaries, he did not fail to place persons with them to learn the work so as to supplant them, and each found a short shift for himself as soon as the powers felt able to dispense with his services. Perhaps this may have been apparent to John Hopkins all along, and may have had much to do with his indifference.

Politics was the cause of war. If there was anything which Mr. Pullman could not endure, it was stiff-necked rebellion politically. Like so many American manufacturers, he had come to think protection a necessity to his business, support of it loyalty to his interest and that of his employes, and voting the wrong way in some manner a treachery unpardonable. But the imperturbable paymaster merely smiled in his usual confident and provoking way, and proceeded to do his best to carry Pullman for the Democratic ticket.

It was not an easy thing to do. The people were accustomed to subserviency, and yet more so since the unsuccessful strike referred to in the foregoing. But Hopkins was indefatigable, and he knew Ole Olson in the brick-yards and Ole Olson at the foundry—in short, he knew them all. To be sure, they worked for the Pullman Company. Doubtless largely because of their admiration for the brave fellow who had stood unabashed and victorious before the company, they did give a considerable Democratic majority in spite of the ever-increasing rumors of official vengeance. Really, by his words, his magnetic presence and, yet more, by his example, Hopkins brought manhood and courage to the surface in men who never gave any signs of either before and have since lapsed into the old, lack-luster, subservient mode of life.

This was too much, and the brilliant young paymaster had to get out without ceremony: and (whether as a fearful warning or not, I cannot say) fourteen hundred others, to a man Democratic voters, were sent out too. The reason assigned was lack of work. As a Republican victory had been scored in the nation, this could hardly be ascribed to their future votes. But to an outsider it seemed as if the company, by one fell blow, thought to make such things impossible for the future. Not only was the leader but the flock as well this time driven out of the gates. As before there was not a word of complaint from the imperturbed young paymaster, who only entered a formal protest when the rent was suddenly and greatly increased on the store-rooms occupied by himself and partner in the Arcade. Amid the sneers of the company and its satellites, he prepared to remove his business to Kensington, and for that purpose pushed, with true Chicago enterprise, the construction of a new store building.

He established himself in "Bumtown," on the outskirts of Pullman, which had been abandoned to saloon keepers

and disreputable houses. His advent changed everything. His store was a wonderful success. His wagons delivered goods in Pullman, for the autocracy of the company could not be stretched so far as to prevent its late paymaster from using the public thoroughfare. Mr. Hopkins is still in litigation with the company to recover the exorbitant rent exacted from him. He has also had more than one opportunity since becoming Mayor of making it even with his adversaries. Not that there is any trace of bitterness in him; no one could be more smiling, affable or debonair. But he has not lost a chance since he arrived of reminding the public of the seamy side of the Pullman administration, whether in gas or in water or of the district containing 100,000 population on the boundaries of Pullman which has not yet been provided with a common sewer, owing to the opposition of the owners of real estate in the neighborhood.

Mr. Hopkins was always a politician but he was twenty-seven years old before he was appointed to an office. The position which he held was that of Treasurer to the village of Hyde Park. Two years later he endeavored to obtain the nomination to the National Democratic Convention. As usual with young aspirants he had to fight his way to recognition. He was defeated in 1888, but he made so plucky a fight against Mr. Green that his standing in the party was recognized without further hesitancy. He was placed on the committee and in the presidential campaign Pullman was delivered over to his hands by the Democrats. It was Mr. Hopkins who first startled the Republican close borough by a torch light parade through the streets and by this and other electoral sensations he achieved a victory which startled everyone. The next year he followed it up by a municipal success quite as notable, for as Chairman of the Annexation Committee he played a leading part in adding 225,000 population to Chicago. Among the towns annexed, Hyde Park was one of the most important, and the Pullman Company had the chagrin to see their estates annexed to the city

of Chicago against their opposition. After this he became President of the Cook County Democracy. He took the boys down first to Springfield and then to Washington. His name was first coupled with the mayoralty in February, 1890, when with a thousand members of County Democracy Marching Club he went down to Des Moines to attend Governor Boies' inauguration. Hopkins, who has an extraordinary memory for names, resembling therein the Queen and Mr. Gladstone, who are said never to forget a name they have once heard, presented each member of his thousand marching Democrats, and it is said that he never made a mistake in the name of a single individual. Mr. Hopkins having complimented Governor Boies on his gray hair, the Governor replied, "By the time you have hair like mine I trust you will be Mayor of Chicago." Not a single streak was visible on the Mayor's glossy raven locks when Governor Boies' prediction was fulfilled. Mr. Hopkins went everywhere with the marching club. "He would always wear a plug and carry a cotton umbrella like the rest of us," said one of the members, "he never made an enemy in this club." He was never absent from one of the fifteen funerals which occurred during his membership and he was just as punctual in attending inaugurations, ratifications and celebrations of all kinds; indeed, the County Democracy Marching Club may be said to have been the creation of Mr. Hopkins. It is remarkable that he should have held his own as its chief and trusted captain, for he never drinks, and many of the marching Democrats need to be well primed before the parade. He was always pleasant and genial to everyone, never forgot anyone's name and was always in his place when expected. All this time he was building up a big business. He entered upon other work, dealing with street cleaning and street work, and he had become a very substantial citizen. All his mind was concentrated on business and politics. He took no part in society, although he belonged to several clubs. He spent most of his time in

his store or at home with his mother and sisters. He dressed well and kept in well with the influential people, including President Cleveland, who last year appointed him receiver of the Chemical Bank, the duties of which responsible post he discharged with the vigor and dispatch which characterize all his actions.

When Carter Harrison was shot and the election was ordered to be held for the appointment of his successor, there was no intention on the part of the official gang in the County Democracy to run Hopkins. They would willingly have nominated one of themselves, but Mr. Hopkins came in and said he wished the nomination, and all opposition went down before him. He does not owe anything to the party managers unless it may be a few grudges, which he will probably pay off in due time. He refused absolutely to make any pledges or to bind himself to any course, but insisted on having his hands free in case he were elected. With many a wry face his rivals bowed to the inevitable and Mr. Hopkins entered for the campaign against Acting-Mayor Swift. It was hot and furious while it lasted, but so far as Mr. Hopkins was concerned the contest was not characterized by any asperity, nor did he commit himself recklessly in his election pledges. The policy of the party was defined in a manifesto which compared very favorably with the singularly barren and jejune production which emanated from the Republican Committee. His portrait was in every saloon and in a great many other places besides; for Mr. Hopkins is a presentable looking young man, whose countenance is good to look upon. In the end he was elected by a majority of over 1,200.

No sooner was the Mayor in the saddle than he began a campaign which bore the strongest resemblance to that of Mayor Pingree in Detroit. He addressed himself to the elevation of the grade crossings, ordered a list of the killed and wounded to be made up and read to the Council at their meetings. He prepared himself for a battle royal with the boodle element in the Council,

which he saw would endeavor to use the attempt to elevate the tracks as a means of levying blackmail on the railways in order to embarrass him in his enterprise. Finding the city hopelessly behind in its finances he cut his own salary ten per cent and insisted on a general reduction all round. He surrounded himself with competent and public-spirited advisers and began a systematic inquiry into all the abuses which have disgraced the city. Comptroller Ackerman drew up a report upon the scandalous system of assessments, which is the disgrace of Chicago, and the report was published to the dismay of all the tax dodgers of the community. He took energetic measures against the street railways to compel them to fulfill their obligations in repairing the tracks, in paying the license duty and in discharging the other obligations which they owed to the city.

His first battle with the Council took place over the Northwestern Elevated Railway Ordinance, which the Aldermen had passed, it is said, in return for \$1,000 a vote, for making an elevated railway to the northwest. The Mayor vetoed the ordinance because it did not secure any return to the city in the shape of a percentage upon the gross receipts. His veto was sustained. The ordinance as amended provides that the city shall share in the gross profits of the railway. A committee was appointed to inquire into the unauthorized encroachments on the public domain by steam railways, with results which are not a little surprising to the public and disagreeable to the railroads. He stopped the disgraceful system of levying fees for inspection. He waged war against the system of collecting and retaining the taxes by which collectors were able to pocket scores of thousands of dollars which ought to belong to the public, and generally set on foot an investigation of the shady places of the city administration. By a ukase he peremptorily suppressed the raids for revenue upon houses of ill fame, which have been the scandal and the disgrace of Chicago for

many years, and ruined at least for a time the business of the professional bailer and the justice of the peace. In dealing with the police his avowed policy has been to remove the police from politics, but the temptation to avenge himself on his adversaries was too strong to enable him to carry out that programme in its entirety. Captain Shippy disappeared, Captain Mahoney was reduced and Inspector Ross compelled to resign. There was no attempt to justify these acts, other than upon political grounds.

Mr. Hopkins' great fight, however, was waged with the boodle gas ordinance. For a whole week the victory was in dispute, nor did anyone know to which side it would incline. At the Council meeting Mayor Hopkins launched one of the strongest messages which has ever been addressed to such a body. His veto was sustained, although forty-two members of the Council voted in its favor while only twenty-two voted against it. He was saved from defeat by the defection of a certain number of Republican Aldermen. The Democratic boodlers stood firm, with the result that the Mayor's next task is the ridding of the City Council of the presence of the corrupt members of his own party.

Personally Mr. Hopkins impressed me very favorably, partly, I must admit, at first on account of his resemblance to Cecil Rhodes, the Prime Minister of South Africa. Cecil Rhodes is the ablest man in the British Empire from the administrative point of view, and if Mayor Hopkins is anything like Cecil Rhodes he will not stop far short of the presidential chair. He is, however, younger than Mr. Rhodes and of a more nervous temperament. When he presides over a Council meeting his fingers are continually playing with his mallet, and at times even this method of disposing of his surplus energies fails and he gets up and walks backwards and forwards like a caged lion on the raised dais on which the mayoral chair is placed. He may get over this when he grows older, otherwise it will wear him down,

for the Aldermen are a tough crowd and he has a very long row to hoe before he gets to the end of his job in Chicago. He is a demon for work, and his constitution, which has not been impaired by any excess either in drink or tobacco or other forms of dissipation, will stand a much greater strain than would ruin the strength of most of his opponents. There is a joyous elan about him which will stand him in good stead. He has not been elected three months, but he has established a reputation in Chicago which no other man possesses, and it is admitted reluctantly, even by those who are opposed to him, that if he were to stand on an independent ticket he would be elected Mayor at present by a majority of three to one. "He has a spine like a telegraph pole," exclaimed a banker, admiringly, after reading the message on the boodle ordinance. It would be difficult to describe more picturesquely the kind of backbone which is needed by a man in Mayor Hopkins' position.

Mr. Hopkins is not an orator, but if he were to take a little more trouble he would be able to excel as much on the platform as he does in administration. There is a bonhomie about him which is attractive to the masses, and he is quite Bismarckian in the reckless candor with which he expresses his opinions. He is not a scholar nor a student of books. He reads the newspaper, and he lives in the midst of his fellow men. His vernacular is expressive and at times vigorous. When it was told him that Andrew Foy, a City Hall employe, was refusing to support his wife, who, had borne witness against him and Coughlin in the Cronin trial, he told him he would have to quit if he did not support his wife. "I will be d—— if I will have a man in the employ of the city who will not support his family." Mr. Hopkins is perhaps a trifle vindictive, but in the campaign on which he has entered if he will but qualify his vindictiveness by a large magnanimity he may find that part of his nature an element of strength. He has got an Augean stable to clear out and many of the other

labors of Hercules to put through. He will need all his youth, all his strength and all his good temper and all the support of the honest citizens. His experience at Pullman shows that he is capable of fighting a winning fight against apparently hopeless odds. He will have against him every scoundrel who is fattening on the plunder of the poor. He will also have to face the determined opposition of the so-called respectable citizens who have profited and are now profiting by the success with which they have avoided the proper share of their civic obligations. But as Mayor Pingree said to me, "I could never have succeeded if I had not thrown myself upon the people, and at every crisis in the struggle appealed to the people to support me in the campaign, and they have never failed in Detroit." Neither will they in Chicago if Mayor Hopkins but sticks to his guns and trusts the people to help him to carry their cause to victory.

CHAPTER IV.

BISHOP BRENNAN AND HIS SECULAR CLERGY.

"Give me control of the police force," said Commissioner of Police Sheehan of New York, "and I do not care a tinker's damn who has the majority of votes." I was told much the same thing in Chicago. "Do not make any mistake," said one of the leading business men in the town, "Mr. Hopkins may be mayor but the people who run the town are the police. They are on deck when the captain is in the cabin and it depends upon them far more than upon him what kind of government we have got." Government by police is hardly an ideal system of administration, but it would not be so bad if it were not permeated through and through by the influence of politics. The policeman is a good servant but a bad master, and he has all the faults of the tyrant and all the vices of the slave when he at the same time lords and tyrannizes over the people and is compelled to cringe before the pull of the political boss.

One of the planks of the Democratic party which carried the mayoral election for Mayor Hopkins was that the police should be taken out of politics. It can be done no doubt, but the process is very much like taking a man out of his skin, and so far there does not seem to be very much evidence that the operation has begun. The first act of Mayor Hopkins was to dismiss Inspector Ross, who was supposed to have been Mr. Swift's candidate for the chieftainship of the police. His second was to reduce Captain Mahoney because, as the aggrieved officer put it in his letter to Mr. Hopkins, "At the special election for mayor I exercised my right as an American citizen, entitled to the suffrage in voting for the choice of my party, and in my humble opinion,

for the best man for the position." Captain Mahoney said he failed to see how Mayor Hopkins was fulfilling his pledge to take the police out of politics by reducing him in position. That is because Captain Mahoney is somewhat dull of perception and fails to appreciate the humor of a position which is really very humorous although it was somewhat tragic for him.

I asked Farmer Jones what he thought of the way in which Mayor Hopkins was fulfilling his election pledges in this matter of the police. "He is all right," said Farmer Jones, "there is nothing the matter with him." "But," I said, "he is only firing out Republicans; and is that not a rather peculiar way of divorcing the police from politics?" Farmer Jones looked at me curiously and then said with somewhat of his old smile lingering in the corner of his eye: "It is all right. This is one of the first steps which must be taken towards that end. You see that the Democrats believe that the police can be divorced from politics, the Republicans do not, therefore the Republicans will do all they can to make the experiment of a non-political police a failure. To give it a fair chance therefore it is absolutely necessary to clear all the Republicans out of the force in order that the police divorced from politics may be worked by those who believe that there ought to be no politics in the police force, that is to say by Democrats. Otherwise this reform would have no chance at all." Farmer Jones, it will be seen, has in him the making of a famous casuist, but the Mayor, fortunately, has shown no sign of going to the lengths which Farmer Jones' apology would justify.

The ideal before Mayor Hopkins, as indeed before everyone else in Chicago, is the Fire Brigade. Fire Marshal Swenie has remained in command of the firemen for many years and the administration of the department has been conducted on business principles, with results in efficiency which are a standing reproof to every other department in the city. As the necessity

of rescuing at least one department of the administration from the all pervading pestilence of party politics was burned into the mind of Chicago by the great fire it almost seems as if it would require a similar cautery to brand upon Chicago a similar conviction in relation to other departments. Even with the memory of the fire fresh in the minds of the citizens Mayor Cregier was so unmindful of it that immediately after his election he proposed to replace Fire Marshal Swenie by a creature of his own. The way in which he was restrained from doing so was told me by Mayor Hopkins. As soon as it was known in the city that the Mayor was going to apply the spoils system to the fire department, a deputation of fire insurance men waited upon Mayor Cregier. Their communication was brief and to the point. They said, "Your Honor, we are only citizens engaged in the fire insurance business, we have nothing whatever to do with the distribution of the mayor's patronage, and if you dismiss the Fire Marshal that is your business with which we cannot interfere. Our business is to make rates at which we are willing to take risks on the insurance of property against fire. The moment the Fire Marshal goes the rates upon all descriptions of fire risks will go up 25 per cent." The deputation then withdrew but the Fire Marshal retained his position.

Chicago appreciates an argument which can be stated in percentages payable in dollars. Chicago is not yet sufficiently alive to arguments which relate to the administration of justice, to the prevention of crime and to the repression of vice. These things are important, no doubt, but negligence in their enforcement does not entail an immediate money fine upon the respectable citizens. Were it not so they would make their police as non-political as their firemen.

The Chief of Police in any city corresponds more nearly to the early ideal of a Christian bishop than any modern prelate. If his manifold functions are looked

into it will be found that there are few people who deserve to be regarded as the true episcopus or overseer than does Chief Brennan. His jurisdiction is limited to the prevention of sin in the comparative and superlative degree; when sin becomes vice or develops into crime then it demands the attention of the Police Bishop of the city. Day by day in the New World as in the Old the tendency is more and more to saddle the police with ever increasing duties, responsibilities and obligations, thereby increasing the resemblance which the police bears to the medieval bishop. Indeed the moment the idea is suggested to anyone analogies crop up in all directions. Chief Brennan does not wear a mitre or grasp a crozier. He does not even wear a helmet and his uniform is the reverse of conspicuous, but in his inner sanctum he reigns like a prince-bishop of the olden times over the whole of his diocese of Chicago. His inspectors are his suffragans, his captains are his deans, his lieutenants his canons, while the patrolmen who every day and night keep ceaseless watch and ward over the city constitute his secular clergy, sturdy and stalwart specimens of the church militant containing as is wont with all human institutions a fair share of recruits from the Devil's Brigade.

It is a thousand pities that a force which should be allowed to perform its arduous and responsible functions with a single eye to the enforcement of the law and the maintainance of order should be perpetually interfered with by the politicians. It is quite incredible—the extent to which this system is carried. Over and over again I have had to ask myself whether I was really in an American city or whether I had been spirited away and dropped down in some Turkish pashalik so entirely has the very conception of impartial justice died out in the police courts of Chicago. That is a strong statement to those who do not know Chicago but those who know the city will only wonder and be surprised that I should regard it as a subject interesting

enough to be talked about. I might as well discuss the rising or the setting of the sun or the order of the equinoxes. These things happen they say, but as no amount of talking will stay the equinoxes, or delay the rising and the setting of the sun so no amount of discussion or denunciation can cause justice to be administered in Chicago without fear or favor. The mayor, the aldermen, the saloon keeper, the heeler, everybody in fact who is anybody or anything in Chicago has got a "pull" when justice is to be administered excepting that abstract entity justice herself. Justice has no "pull."

There is no secret about this in the force. The men talk quite freely about it on their beats and as it is with the patrolman so it is with those much higher in station. There is no secure reward for ability and the most faithful service counts for nothing compared with the ascendancy of the spoils system. As Major McClaughry the late Chief of Police in Chicago said bitterly to the chiefs of police assembled at Bloomington:

If the policeman resists all the temptations which beset him he has in most cases, under our admirable system of city government, the prize set before him of being abused and hounded and misrepresented, and of being turned out to graze the moment there is a change of administration, either in the ward in which he resides or in the city government, of which he forms a part.

But it is not worth while dwelling here upon the way in which the spoils system spoils the men who administer it. That is an old story. What is not so familiar is the extent to which politics interfere not only with patronage but with the actual administration of justice from day to day. One night as I was returning from Harrison Street police station to my hotel I ran across an elderly policeman who belonged to the first precinct. The conversation which took place left a deep impression upon my mind. I had said something about the infamous system by which the professional bailer and the justice of the peace drew fat revenues by levying legal blackmail on the unfortunates in the streets. The policeman said, "There are no

greater robbers in Chicago than you will find at the police stations."

He said they were all robbers at the police station, the justices, the bailsmen and everyone else. But he added, "That is not the worst of it, politics are in everything and they poison everything. The police department and the administration of justice ought to be taken clean out of politics altogether. It just tires us out seeing how everything we do is brought to naught by politics."

I asked "How?"

"Well," he said, "every justice is a political man and he is under the thumb of the alderman and the politician. The bigger the thief the greater the politician and the more influence he has in Chicago. A tough who is always prominent at ward meetings and fights for the candidates of his party gets the protection of his party. Hence we may arrest him red-handed and take him to the police station; in a very short time he will march out having the laugh on us."

"How is it done?" I asked.

"Oh, the charge will be reduced from larceny to disorderly conduct by discretion of the judge who will then fine him \$50 or \$100 but before our backs are turned he will suspend the fine, that is to say he will remit it. The whole system of suspending or as you would say remitting fines is bad. It is simply that a fine which is imposed according to law is taken off according to politics. Politics rule everything and no one in the force dare go against an alderman. If I saw a man commit a robbery now and I arrested him and if that man were in politics I would be a fool not to let him go, because he would at once appeal to an alderman who would see that he got off. Some men are so dull-headed they cannot take a hint. I thought once that it was my duty to arrest a thief even if an alderman were his friend but I always found that I got the worst of it in the long run. It is that which spoils us. When you have a clear good case against a man and work hard to get

him to the police station you are horribly discouraged when you find that all your labor is thrown away because your prisoner is in politics. It is politics everywhere and justice takes a back seat to politics. For instance if an alderman came along here and struck me across my face with his fist I would be a fool to arrest him unless I wanted to be fired out of the force."

Repeating this conversation in another police station on the other side of the river an officer who was present said he thought the patrolman had exaggerated somewhat, for his part he remembered that an alderman was once arrested in Chicago.

"When?" I exclaimed.

"Well," said he, "it was a very long time ago," so long indeed that he was not able to settle a date. I asked the policeman from the first precinct whether he would give me specific instances. "Instances!" exclaimed he, "oh, every Tom, Dick and the devil know about that. Go down any day and see it for yourself."

Without for a moment admitting that the whole administration of justice in the justice courts of Chicago is as hopelessly rotten, the chances of the conviction of a political offender in Chicago are slender enough indeed. The law, even when it is honestly administered without its being rendered unworkable by the interference by people with pulls is very faulty. The system of taking appeals is simply licensed larceny, for this the law is to blame not the police or the justice. For instance: Jacob Mendelsshon, late chief clerk in Justice Foster's court, said last winter:

"If the legislature would amend in some way the law relating to appeals in city cases it would do good. For instance, if a thief is fined \$100, \$11.50 will get him out of the trouble. He appeals from the decision of the justice, puts up \$11.50, has a bond signed and then is on the streets again, and this is the last of the case. Only yesterday two women were fined \$100 and costs each for nearly stabbing a man to death because he would not give them any money. They appealed the case, paid \$11.50, and were at liberty again in ten minutes. The justices are not to blame for this state of affairs.

Under the circumstances it is a marvel that there is so

little serious crime in the city. Over and over again when I have reflected upon the way in which justice is outraged in her very courts, and when I see how the administration has been poisoned with political prejudice and twisted everywhere by the zeal of faction, I have marvelled that society does not show a much greater demoralization. Nearly everything happens that ought not to happen, and yet things go on fairly well. The administration of justice is carried on in a hugger-mugger fashion in a hurley-burley almost inconceivable to those who are accustomed to the graver and more serious methods of the Old World. I sat on the bench at the Harrison Street police station beside Mr. Justice Bradwell for an hour one morning, and could not help smiling at the rudeness of the accommodation which was provided for the magistrate and his assistants, and the extraordinary way the accusers and accused were thrust almost like a flock of sheep into a pen in front of the bar of the court.

As might be expected perjury is regarded as a very venial offense by many policemen in Chicago. This is the besetting sin of the police all the world round. There is a tendency in every policeman to hold that the end justifies the means, and when a police officer is quite sure that he has got hold of a crook he feels that it would be almost a mortal offence not to strengthen his evidence by a little hard swearing if the occasion demands it. A prosecution of a policeman for perjury would be almost inconceivable in Chicago.* To such an extent has this been carried that one judge in Chicago, Goggin, by name, has on more than one occasion astonished the court by dismissing all prisoners against whom there was nothing but police evidence.

*Writing on this subject the *Chicago Herald* of December 29 makes the following emphatic assertions: "The courts of Chicago have been defiled by repeated police outrages. Wherever members of the force have had a personal or factional interest in causes undergoing judicial scrutiny it has been repeatedly shown in evidence that officers tampered with witnesses, secreted or distorted or manufactured testimony, conspired for or against a defendant, and did not hesitate at rank perjury to accomplish an unjustifiable end."

On January 25, on releasing a man on habeas corpus, Judge Goggin said:

"The carelessness and irregularities in procedure observed by the Police Department are very great. Many of the officials are either entirely ignorant of the first element of law or else do not take the trouble to proceed in a legal manner. I am inclined to think that the members of the city prosecutor's staff who attend the police courts are not careful, or else I would not have continually to release prisoners."

The fact of the matter is, as Judge Goggin very well knows, the police are a law unto themselves, and have the very scantiest respect for any law which they can evade without getting themselves into trouble. One great cause of this is that the city ordinances are so far in advance of what is attempted to be done that a policeman naturally feels that he can pick and choose. The Municipal Code is very strict. Section 1790 runs as follows:

"Any member of the police force who should neglect or refuse to perform any duty required of him by the ordinance of the city or the rules and regulations of the department of police, or who shall in the discharge of his official duties, be guilty of any fraud, extortion, oppression, favoritism or willful wrong or injustice, shall forfeit and pay a penalty not exceeding one hundred dollars for each offence.

Under this ordinance every policeman might be fined \$100 every day from the highest to the lowest for there are municipal ordinances by the dozen which are never enforced at all. Whether it is in relation to the saloon, or the gaming house or the house of ill-fame every member of the police neglects to perform the duties required of him by ordinance and therefore he has very little of the reverence which policemen in other countries imperceptibly absorb for a law which is inexorably enforced. Every policeman has more or less discretionary power to suspend the law in individual cases, just as a justice of the peace has to suspend a fine at his own caprice. The way in which this works is obvious, it works directly in the levying of black mail.

Hence the duty of the police in Chicago is two-fold. He is a representative of the majesty of law and he does not bear the sword, or to translate it

into the vernacular, his staff, in vain. He is also the representative of his own interests and of the *modus vivendi* which has been established between the disorderly classes and the authorities. In his first capacity he has his duty clearly marked out for him, he must be upright, incorruptible, just and vigilant in the enforcement of the law, but in his second capacity he is left to the resources of his own mother wit. The policeman divides his time in unequal proportions between keeping a sharp eye upon every evil doer whom he must arrest and in winking both eyes hard when he comes across those other evil doers who have either in money or in "pull" established their right to be invisible to the patrol. Such a position is enough to demoralize a saint and although the majority of the Chicago Police are recruited from the Isle of Saints, the family of Saints, as Mark Twain said of the descendants of Washington who could not tell a lie, "has dwindled much of late."

There are refinements in the black mailing trade which are not suspected by the public. Take for instance the following story told by Mr. Supt. Byrnes of New York as to the way in which certain policemen under his control are blackmailing the peddlers who sell fruit, fish and vegetables in the open market which is held in Hestor street at the east side of New York:

It seems each of the several policemen employed an agent, and the latter informed the peddlers that every Friday they would have to pay him 50 cents or \$1 or more, according to the location of their push-carts. The policemen on post demanded these sums, the agent averred and if the peddlers desired to do business they would have to pay for the privilege. Then, when Friday came around, the agent would start to make his rounds. The policeman was sometimes a yard back of him, but as often alongside, walking with him. From one peddler to another they would go, the agent taking the cash and the policeman counting it. Sometimes a peddler would refuse to be blackmailed, and then his stand or cart would be kicked into the street, sometimes all its contents—the poor fellow's stock in trade—being overturned and destroyed by falling into the mud.

If that can be done to peddlers who are driving a legitimate trade, it can fairly be assumed that every immoral resort, whether it be a low drinking saloon, an

opium joint or a house of ill-fame, yields a steady revenue to the policeman on the beat. Nor is it only the patrolman who levy irregular fines upon the outlaws of society, the captains at the police stations have a touch upon the houses and collect their money in large sums. They have had great trouble at the Harrison Street police station, I was assured at police headquarters by the way in which the superior officers had succumbed to the temptation of feathering their own nests in this fashion. A captain who had plundered the district very badly was removed and one who was supposed to be a reformer was placed at his desk. As often happens the little finger of the reformer was heavier than the loins of the unregenerate whose place he has taken. The new man levied blackmail so constantly and in such large quantities that human nature could stand it no longer and the Madames of Fourth Avenue rose up and protested against being bled so unmercifully. "D— you," said the officer, when he received their complaints, "what are you made for but to be plundered?" That is the police theory stated with cynical brutality and acted on more or less constantly day in and day out every 24 hours in the 365 days in this year of grace.

Another mode by which the police augment the slender income of \$1,000 a year allowed them by the city, is by going shares with bondsmen. A young lawyer in the town told me an incident in his own experience which brings out the *modus operandi* very clearly. I do not give his name, but he is personally known to the mayor and may be found any day at the City Hall. My friend was one of a party making the round of the opium dens under the guidance of a couple of detectives in the district where they are thickest, that is to say between Michigan Avenue and Clark Street in the neighborhood of 12th Street. They had gone from one house to another, seeing a great number of American citizens in various stages of opium intoxication. As they were rounding up their tour their

guides decided to take them to just one more joint before they went home. On entering it the detectives discovered to their surprise a well known crook whom they had been seeking for in vain and whom they had now found quite inadvertently. The doors were instantly guarded, the patrol wagon was called and the whole joint was raided. Every individual from the proprietor downwards was put in the wagon and carted off to the police station. There were more than would fill one wagon so they had to wait for it to return when they were all taken to the Harrison police station, including the two detectives and my friend. On their way the detectives stopped and roused up a professional bailer. The man got out of bed and came down. He was told he was wanted at the station as they had just raided a joint. "All right," he said, "I will come along directly," and leaving him to complete his toilet, the party arrived at the station where they promptly lodged their captives in the cells. Soon after in came the professional bailer and bailed out all those who could put up any money for their bail bond. As soon as the little ceremony was over and the justice had profited to the extent of a dollar a head on the issue of the bonds and the professional bailer had pocketed his money he went back to his saloon accompanied by the two detectives and my friend who wondered somewhat at what was to happen next. He did not have long to wait, for no sooner was the party ensconced in the saloon than a vehement discussion arose as to the extent to which the detectives were to share in the bail money. The controversy waxed hot and my friend had no difficulty in hearing the whole of the discussion. Ultimately a divide was agreed upon. Each of the detectives received \$10 for his share in the raid while the bailer kept the rest. This kind of thing goes on constantly wherever there is discretion left in the hands of the police officer as to whether or not the law shall be enforced. Out of that discretion the policeman coins money.

The policeman has many privileges in Chicago, including many other things a discretionary right to kill. In the equipment of a Chicago policeman, one indispensable item of expense is \$11 which he must pay for a first class service revolver, and this revolver is bought for use and not for show. It is his own property, and he has a right to do with his own what he likes, even to the extent of firing promiscuously at any citizen who does not choose to obey his summons to halt. Chief Brennan assured me that the shooting was greatly exaggerated, and that a great many more shots were fired at the police than what they returned. There is a good deal of shooting, however, anyway, as was brought pretty forcibly to mind the other day, when one of the best known officers in the force was shot by his comrade who was endeavoring to allay a drunken brawl in a disreputable dance house.

Chief among the great temptations which confront the policeman are the allurements held out to him by the saloon-keeper, the courtesan, the dishonest pawnbroker, the shrewd gambler and the cunning thief.

It is difficult if not impossible to devise any expedient whereby this vice can be eradicated. Indeed if the policemen of Chicago flourish upon black mail, it is not because he is driven to it by poverty. There is no salary paid in the whole force under \$2.00 per day and as soon as the officer becomes valuable as a patrolman, he receives \$1,000 per year; out of which, he pays 1 per cent to the Pension Relief Fund, and 2 per cent more to the Benevolent Association, which provides for him in case of sickness.*

*New York has 41 $\frac{3}{4}$ square miles of territory and 3,800 men. They are paid: Chief, \$6,000; inspectors, \$3,500; captains, \$2,750; sergeants, \$2,000; roundsmen, \$1,300; patrolmen, first year, \$1,000; second year, \$1,100; third year and thereafter, \$1,200.

In Boston 906 men police 58 square miles of territory. There the patrolmen are paid \$1,000 the first year, \$1,100 the second year, \$1,200 the third. Brooklyn has 26 square miles of territory and 1,225 men. Brooklyn patrol men are paid \$900 the first year, \$1,000 the second year, and \$1,100 the third year and thereafter.

In San Francisco the police territory covers 41 $\frac{3}{4}$ square miles and is guarded by 457 men. The chief receives \$4,000 a year; captains, \$1,800; clerks, \$1,800; detectives, \$1,500; sergeants, \$1,500; corporals, \$1,404; first class patrol men, \$1,224. From his salary \$2 per month is deducted for the pension and relief fund.

The policemen in Philadelphia, St. Louis, Cincinnati and Denver, are paid as in Chicago, but in those cities the uniforms are furnished.

This compares disadvantageously with the salary of policemen in other great cities of America; more especially as the policeman in Chicago has to provide his own uniform. One outfit costs him close upon \$100. The force is unprovided with police surgeon, and if he is sick he is docked of his pay. His hours are longer than those which are put in by the New York police, for the eight hours system has not yet been adopted by the Chicago police. At night he puts in nine hours; by day he puts in twelve; whether by night or day he always puts in seven days per week.

The City Authorities in Chicago in drawing up the regulations for the police have evidently arrived at the conclusion that Col. Ingersoll should revise and extend his lecture "On the Mistakes of Moses" in order to draw special attention to the great mistake made by the Hebrew Law-Giver in insisting upon one day's rest in seven. The Chicago authorities know better than that. Moses may have been right about the Jews of his time, but the patrolman, who is constantly on his beat in the "Windy City" stands in no need of Sunday rest!

Considering the immense expense of territory that is patrolled by the police, and considering the nature of the population that is congregated into the heart of the city, it must be admitted that Bishop Brennan and his secular clergy have their diocese very well in hand. Mr. Brennan declares that there is less crime in Chicago than any other city in proportion to its population, and you may certainly wander unmolested through the league-long avenues and boulevards, and also through the more disreputable districts in the first ward without being conscious of the near proximity of some of the dives and crooks with whose exploits the police reporters keep the public so well informed.

If the police were divorced from politics, and if Chief Brennan were to show that he would prove as capable in his own department as Marshal Swenie was in the campaign against fire, the force might enter upon a

new and happier era as a result of the election of Mayor Hopkins. But Mr. Brennan is an anxious, somewhat timid man who is mistrusted by many on account of his connection with the Clan-na-Gael, and it is yet to be proved that he is quite equal to the exigencies of the situation, which would try the resources of the ablest man, who ever wore a uniform. Still we can hope for the best, and Mr. Brennan, if he is allowed a free hand, will probably do a great deal better than even an angel from Heaven if the angel were liable to have his wings pulled every now and then by the Mayor on the one hand and the Aldermanic Hierarchy on the other in the interest of political partisans.

CHAPTER V.

HOW THE ORACLE IS WORKED.

"*Vox populi, vox Dei*," is an old adage not much respected in great American cities, where Lincoln's noble prayer at Gettysburg for the success of the great experiment of government of the people, by the people and for the people, does not seem to elicit a loud "Amen." Leading citizens in Chicago have repeatedly assured me that there is no hope and no future for the city of Chicago under the system of popular government. To abolish the whole system of administration, stock, lock and barrel, and to place the city under a federal triumvirate, appointed from Washington, who would govern Chicago as Washington is governed, is one favorite specific. To make the Mayor a Democratic Cæsar is another proposal. Universal suffrage is roundly declared to be a failure, and the whole hope of improvement is said to be the abandonment of the Democratic principle and the adoption of some form or other of one man power.

All that is of the devil, and those who think to make a short cut to the millenium by using the scepter of the despot are on the broad road that leadeth to destruction. Democratic institutions are all right, and would work all right if the people who are talking about their future would only take ordinary trouble to see that they worked right. The people's instincts are sound, and their interests are those of the community. But in order to give them a fair chance, they should not be left to the uncovenanted mercies of the boss and the heeler. Those who have principle, education and wealth should go into politics and consult the oracle themselves, instead of leaving the divine voice to be misinterpreted by thievish

hierophants of that polling place, that modern cave of Delphos.

The custody of the Delphic cave is left to two sets of partisans, respectively known as Republicans and Democrats, who instead of really desiring to know what the sovereign people have to say, concentrate all their efforts upon the supreme duty of working the oracle so as to make each deliverance tell against their adversaries and in favor of themselves. That is all they care for the welfare of the city. The future of the millions it will contain are as dust in the balance compared with the great object of getting an advantage honestly or otherwise over the other side. Thus there has come into existence in the party organizations a new and hideous dual form of the old plague of legitimate right. No Bourbon was more sure of his right divine to govern wrong than an American party manager is of his right to subordinate every consideration, divine and human, to the interests of his faction.

The result works out very disastrously in the cities when the welfare of the greatest of modern communities is sacrificed remorselessly to the exigencies of a national policy absolutely foreign to the questions which are of life and death to the people of Chicago.

One of Tom Moore's familiar fables for the Holy Alliance describes how a Scythian Philosopher who strayed into the temple of Memphis—

“Saw a brisk blue-bottle Fly on an altar,
Made much of and worshipped as something divine;
While a large, handsome Bullock, led there in an halter,
Before it lay stabbed at the foot of the shrine.”

Surprised at such doings, the Philosopher inquired why such a useful and powerful creature should be thus offered up to a blue-bottle fly. He was told—

“That Fly on the shrine is Legitimate Right,
And that Bullock the people that's sacrificed to it.”

If our Scythian could come to Chicago to-day he would see the same marvelous sight, but in this case there are

two flies on the shrine, and they are the rivals Republicanism and Democracy. Opposed to each other in every point, they agree in demanding the sacrifice of all other interests before the shrine, where they keep up their eternal feud.

What is wanted for Chicago is the election of the best men regardless of party strife. Whenever votes are given to the worse candidate for the city because he belongs to the better party from the point of view of the nation, the bullock is offered to the blue-bottle fly. Chicago's good government, Chicago's welfare should not be subordinated to the interests of the party caucus.

Here in Chicago, for instance, the looseness of the registration laws, the reckless facility with which anybody and everybody is registered as a citizen, is a direct encouragement to those vulgar Catilines to aspire to pack not a primary or a ballot box, but the register of the electorate. To put matters simply, registration in Chicago is a farce. Any naturalized citizen can vote, and anybody and everybody can be naturalized as a citizen if they are males over twenty-one years of age. All the careful stipulations of the laws to insure a due term of residence and an acquaintance with the principles of the American Constitution * are brushed to one side as so many spider webs. I am unfortunately not able to remain in Chicago till the April election. Had I done so, I am assured by an ardent politician that he would guarantee to qualify me if I would be a safe vote for Bath House John. I do not see why every English-speaking man should not be recognized as being naturalized by virtue of his speech wherever he is on English-speaking land. But so long as the distinction is kept up between the subjects

*A story which Americans love to tell as illustrating the process of naturalization, is as follows: An Irish politician brought in a foreign voter to be naturalized. In reply to the question whether the applicant had read the American Constitution, his sponsor admitted that he had not. "Until he has read it," said the judge, "we can not make him a citizen." Pat retired with his candidate for citizenship, but in five minutes they were both back before the judge. "Well," said the ruler, "has he read the Constitution?" "Indade, he has, your honor," said Pat, "and he thinks it a damned fine document." Naturalization followed as a matter of course, but in this case possibly Pat's assurance may be held to have deserved it.

of the Queen and the citizens of the Republic it would be more seemly to make the process of naturalization something more than a premium on perjury. The process of registration is almost as great a farce as the process of naturalization. The list of voters registered in a precinct in Chicago may have as little connection with the ward in which they are registered as Boss McKane's gang of rowdies had with Coney Island.

The most amusing tales are told concerning the frauds practiced by politicians in registering electors. Tramps and nondescripts of every description, raked together from anywhere and everywhere, can be registered under any name and with any address, so as to swamp the resident electorate. In Chicago in one ward on one occasion, the registration agents falling short of names and lacking the imagination of a novelist, registered as citizens of that ward every man whose name was printed on the familiar print representing the prize fight between Sayers and Heenan. None of these worthies had ever been in the ward, few of them had ever been in the country, many of them were dead; that was immaterial. The politician had registered them all as citizens, and when polling day came he had his obedient drove ready, who voted punctually as Tom Sayers and J. C. Heenan or any other of the ornaments of the British prize ring of thirty years ago.

The only chance of exerting any influence for good on a primary is by what may be described briefly as incipient mugwumpery. That is to say, if before the primaries, the better elements of each party meet together, mustering as strongly as possible, and were to let it be distinctly understood at the headquarters of the respective parties, that this section would bolt the ticket unless good candidates are selected, this would in most cases result in preventing the nominations which at present are a disgrace to the city. In default of such organizations honest men are practically disfranchised.

As long as party leaders know that if they nominate

the devil himself, the sworn Democrat or Republican will vote the party ticket rather than turn to the archangel Gabriel if he were nominated by the other side, they will simply consult their own convenience, which in nine cases out of ten consists in taking the line of least resistance by pandering to the ugliest and most aggressive members of their own party. But once let it be known that each party has its sworn contingency of honest men who will put up honesty before party, and who would rather defeat their own side than be accessory to the election of a thief or a boodler, and we shall see a great change for the better. Even the toughest and most unmanageable of the heelers of the ward politicians would bow to the inevitable, and recognize that it was no use trying it on with any man who was not up to what might be regarded as the mugwump standard.

However natural it may be to an Englishman to compare American election methods with those with which he is familiar in the old country, it is almost impossible for an American to conceive of elections conducted under the strict rules of the English Corrupt Practices Act. Whenever I described to citizens of Chicago the penalties exacted under that Draconian law, they declared with one consent that if it were put in force in America there is not a single candidate who could not be unseated on petition for the acts of his agents. Yet any one who has any regard for the purity of elections, and for the checking of this Saturnalia of corruption and debauchery which prevails in contested elections in America, as it formerly prevailed in Great Britain, can hardly refrain from sighing for the Corrupt Practices Act in the United States.

That measure is the most unique illustration of a law which cuts up by the roots one of the most deeply rooted cancers in the electoral system at a single stroke. Its provisions are simple but searching. Every candidate, on the eve of election, is compelled by law to nominate an agent through whom alone all expenses in-

curred by the candidate must be paid. These expenses must not exceed a certain statutory maximum, and at the close of the election a full account of all moneys expended must be returned within a certain limited period. If during the course of the election the candidate, his agent or any of his subordinate agents were to pay any elector any sum of money, no matter how small, or even to defray the cost of his railway fare or recoup him for the loss of time on voting day, that act in itself is sufficient when proven before an election judge to vitiate the election. That is to say, if a candidate gave an elector a dollar to pay him for his loss of time and railway fare in order that he might register his vote, that act would be sufficient to vitiate the election even if the candidate had a plurality of thousands of votes. Nor would he be allowed to stand again when unseated, for that constituency during the existing legislature. The law is equally strict, although the penalty is not so severe, as regards the disqualification of a candidate, in case of treating or intimidation.

Citizens of both political parties have assured me repeatedly that were such provisions enforced in the United States, there is not a representative of the people, from the President down to the Constable, who would not be unseated when the conduct of his election was made matter of inquiry before an impartial judicial tribunal, taking evidence on oath on the spot.

The practice of treating is carried to what seems to our English ideas an absolutely ruinous extent, and candidates of both parties might well welcome legislation which would reduce such irregular claims upon their purses.

Chicago is in the throes of what for the want of a better name may be called a Civic Revival. The good men and women of all parties have begun to realize how disgraceful to the city is the condition of its municipal administration. The Mayor has placed himself at the head of a movement directed against the worst vices of

the system of organized boodle, which has so long had everything its own way in the City Council. The financial exigencies of the city treasury, the extreme suffering occasioned by the lack of employment throughout the winter and many other things have combined to prick the conscience and arouse the moral sense of the community. Flagrant instances of corruption have occurred in the City Council on the very eve of the elections, and we are justified in turning to the April polls with the hope that they will show that Chicago has at last wearied of being represented and governed by the vilest of her citizens. It is fortunate that no national issue has arisen to complicate the question which will be submitted to the people. The April election is simply to select new Aldermen, Town Assessors and Collectors. It is likely to be fought out from first to last on municipal grounds. This is as it should be.

Even if the pending fight should result in a brilliant victory for the forces of reform, the campaign will not be over. The enemy never sleeps. The forces of corruption exercise an influence as permanent as the law of gravitation, whereas the reformers act by fits and starts. There is an inevitable tendency on the part of all well-to-do citizens to go to sleep politically the day after they have recorded their votes. The system of checks and counter checks, which the Americans have borrowed from the English Constitution as it was when George the Third was King, tends directly to encourage this sluggard tendency on the part of the citizens. An English city like Chicago would have no limitations upon its powers of taxation, nor would the Mayor have any veto upon the decisions of the City Council. With us the Mayor is simply the Chairman elected by the City Council. He is nominally the chief magistrate, but his vote counts for no more than that of any other Alderman in the Council. In Chicago the Mayor counts for more than two-thirds of the Aldermen minus one, and his veto is relied upon as the sole effective check against exces-

sive corruption, to which the Aldermen, as their votes prove, would otherwise be prone.

If the citizens of Chicago felt that there was no limit to the taxation which the Aldermen could impose, and that there was no check upon the City Council in the shape of the Mayor's veto, they would, perforce, be compelled to see to it that their representatives in the Council were honorable citizens. As it is, what with limitations here and vetoes there, the citizens for the most part lull themselves to sleep with the feeling that the Alderman cannot do very much harm after all, and that they can afford to allow them to play tricks within the limited area allotted to them. But no city can afford to allow their representatives to ignore honesty and good faith.

CHAPTER VI.

THE WATCHMEN OF THE CITY.

"Son of Man," came the word of the Lord to the Hebrew prophet, "I have made you a watchman unto the House of Israel." The same word might well be applied to the editors of the press of Chicago. They are the watchmen of the house of our local Israel. They stand on the battlements keeping watch and ward while the citizens sleep, and upon them, first and foremost of all men, lies the responsibility and warning and rousing of the community as to the perils which encompass it. Chicago, prolific in all things, has been exceptionally so in the production of journals. It gives you the headache merely to read the list of the periodical publications in the directory. Of the great majority of these, however, it may be said as it was said bitterly of one of the ancient churches, "they have a name to live but indeed they are dead." There is no place in the city where all of them can be purchased, and as it would take a long day's march to make a pilgrimage to all their publishing houses they remain unknown to the majority of the citizens. Its periodicals are as polyglot as its inhabitants, and even its newspapers are printed in seven different languages. For practical purposes, however, the newspapers which do watchmen's service for the whole of the city are printed in English with the exception of Mr. Hesing's *Staats Zeitung* the only non-English paper which is on evidence at the book-stalls. There are several other daily papers in Chicago which no one outside the office where they are published seems to see. Omitting all these we may compare for practical purposes the watchmen of Chicago to the staff of the ten English papers, five of which appear in the morning and five in the evening.

The *Record*, which is published at one cent, has the largest circulation of the morning papers, while the *Tribune*, the *Herald* and the *Inter-Ocean* in the order named circulate over or under 100,000 copies a day. The *Times*, the remaining paper, belonged to the late mayor, Mr. Carter Harrison, by whom it was valued more for its influence than for its dividends which were usually represented by a minus quantity. Of the evenings, the *Daily News*, which when Mr. Melville Stone was connected with it, attained the phenomenal circulation of 200,000 per day in a city of less than a million inhabitants, still has the largest circulation of all the evening papers and by far the greatest advertising revenue. The *Evening Post*, the afternoon satellite of the *Herald* is as much in advance of all its evening contemporaries in ability and influence and general quality of make up and appearance as the *Daily News* is ahead of them in circulation and advertisements. The *Journal* is an old established paper with fine crusted prejudices of the olden time concerning Catholics and "sich" which its editor expresses with refreshing vigor. The *Mail*, judging from its appearance, has more ability, than capital, and more assurance than either. The *Dispatch*, the drunken helot of journalism, is the only remaining paper. Its character can best be judged from its advertising columns which are stuffed with advertisements of houses of prostitution and of assignation. Like attracts like.

With the exception of the *Dispatch* and perhaps of the *Mail*, the other Chicago dailies are conducted as respectably as any newspapers in the world. They are all owned and controlled by men who have sunk thousands of dollars in their journalistic investment, and who do not mean to get left if they possibly can help it. The internicine war which exists between the newspapers in some towns does not exist in Chicago where all the respectable journals have combined for regulating their business

on common lines. Neither with the exception of the *Inter-Ocean* and the *Evening Journal* can they be said to be fanatically partisan. The *Tribune* is Republican, but it is national Republicanism with its protective adjuncts which excite its devotion; it is reasonable and impartial in relation to city affairs. The papers as a whole and the men who write them are good average press men without any very great enthusiasm for their profession, doing the best they can from day to day. They turn out readable copy and manufacture scare heads to the best of their ability which is not inconsiderable and which appears all the more conspicuous when the material to be operated upon is as dull as ditch water. Chicago journalists are good business men. Since Mr. Melville Stone left the *Daily News* there are not many editors who take their position seriously. They seem to feel that it is more important to build up a great property than to exert a great power. Mr. Medill, of the *Tribune*, on one famous occasion laid down the doctrine that a journalist was not a teacher, he was not a leader, he was simply a huckster whose duty it was to supply whatever articles his customers required without allowing his own convictions to interfere with the conduct of his journalistic shop. Fortunately, Mr. Medill's practice is much better than his precept, otherwise he would have deserved the retort which was made at the time that if he were right, Dana, Greely and Bryant and all the greatest men in American journalism had mistaken their vocation. The *Tribune* has often shown that it was more than a shop where hucksters sold news or traded opinions according to the demands of their purchasers, but all the newspapers are more or less under the influence of the commercial theory of journalism. To lead public opinion may be glorious but it is not always profitable. The true policy, according to the counting house theory is to be just a little behind public opinion rather than ahead of it and for the most part

the newspapers live down to that conception of their duties.

That is an abdication of the position of power which in a free democracy they ought naturally to occupy. In a democracy the newspaper is or ought to be chief scepter of power and to degrade an instrument of government to the mere level of a corner store—and sometimes to the level of a corner saloon—is not worthy our high calling and not calculated to help either journalism or Chicago. The ambition to lead, to direct, to educate and to act as the uncrowned kings of the American democracy does not seem to exist among a majority of newspapers, which really often seem to have no other ambition than to heap up an immense fortune and fatten on their gains. I wish sometimes that newspaper proprietors of the present day had as much of the fear of God before their eyes as the old medieval robber-baron. It is not, perhaps, a very lofty idea, but it is not one which is lived up to by the newspaper proprietors. In the old days when a man, who was stouter, or shrewder, or more cunning than his neighbors, raised himself above the level of the common fighting herd and succeeded after a time in carving out for himself a domain, in the center of which he built his castle, from being a mere filibuster, a militant adventurer, fighting for his own profit or for such of his neighbors' goods as he could seize, he often developed under the pressure of the spiritual power wielded by the old church into something like a civilized ruler. Having "made his pile," he used it in order to govern and civilize and educate the people in the midst of whom he had established his castle. But there is no such recognition of responsibility on the part of many newspaper proprietors nowadays. Instead of regarding the wealth which they have acquired by the success of their journals as merely giving them a starting point from which they might be able to civilize and educate and humanize the conditions of life in the midst of the people whose support has

given them their wealth they live self-indulgent, self-centered lives. This system can be changed only by bringing back into existence the real live church. The old medieval baron would probably have been no better than the modern newspaper proprietor if it had not been for the spiritual power which, by a judicious use of hell-fire, succeeded in scaring him into something like humanity and decency. We want to substitute nowadays something for the old church, and I do not at present exactly see where it is to be found, except in the gradual growth of a healthier public opinion on the part of the newspaper men themselves and an unsparing and unflinching use of the newspaper as a social pillory.

Unfortunately the effectiveness of the newspaper from this point of view has been impaired by the continual straining after exaggeration and emphasis which is equivalent to an incessant bawl kept up in private conversation. If you always howl through a speaking trumpet you find it difficult to attract attention when you have something really important to say. This straining after effect and the unsparing use of the superlative all tends to weaken the influence of the pointed word which, like everything else in the world needs to be used with reserve if it is to be used with power. When newspapers denounce every political opponent as if he were the incarnation of every crime, people learn to take every invective as merely a journalistic method of indicating their dissent from the opinions which he holds. Sometimes, however, the need arises when the journalist should speak with emphasis and some great evil is to be prevented, they find it difficult to arouse the attention of the public which is so accustomed to being scare headed that it can hardly be roused to more than a languid interest even if the capitals in the scare head were printed six inches long.

The papers are all in line this spring. But they have all been united before when they all fought Carter Harrison, with the exception of the *Times*. But he was returned

at the head of the poll by an overwhelming majority. Carter Harrison was an astute man, who knew how to minimize the influence of the newspapers. He represented himself as being the victim of a newspaper trust, as the other papers had never forgiven him on account of his ownership of the *Times*. As the allied papers were weighted with a very undesirable candidate, Mr. Harrison's victory was complete. The result has made the Chicago papers think twice or even thrice before they commit themselves to a similar enterprise. They had gone forth to battle and were beaten, and felt very sore about it. They are once more in battle array, and they certainly do not lack enemies against whom to direct their shot.

Newspapers can do more good by bringing facts to light than by the most Ciceronian invective. It was this which led me to address the following appeal to the press at my last meeting in the Central Music Hall:

I have been for twenty years a pressman, and I am proud of my profession. It has always seemed to me that the newspaper editor was the descendant of the spiritual power which in the medieval times exercised so great and salutary an effect over the barbarians who overran Europe. I regard the modern editor as in the direct spiritual succession to all the prophets and all the spiritual teachers who have ever lived, and, therefore, in dealing with those who need to be revived, if the community is to be revived, I begin with the representatives of the spiritual power, the press first, and then the pulpit.

Think of it! Every day, and in Chicago, I am sorry to say, seven days a week, the newspaper editor has to speak out what he thinks to be true, and what he thinks is necessary for the welfare of his readers to know. He has that opportunity, which no other man has, of impressing such truth as there may be in him upon his fellow men. Yet somehow or other our newspaper editors do not seem to feel ashamed and disgraced by the existence of such a state of things as there is to be found at present in the City Hall.

Has it ever occurred to your confreres, editors of Chicago newspapers, that the shame and the disgrace of this state of things lies more at your door than at the door of any other class of citizens in the community? I know that some have done all they can, and I know that others would have done a great deal more if they had not been hindered by the influence that comes from the counting room and the advertising columns rather than from the editorial sanctum. But taking it broadly, without laying any blame on any individual, is it not a right and true thing to say to the editors in this city of Chicago, where you have some of the most prosperous and enterprising

papers in the world, that it is a disgrace to the newspapers that they cannot clean out your City Hall? They advise the electors for whom to vote, they criticise the city fathers, and they proclaim the gospel day by day as they see it, and you see the result before you.

Over in the old country, pressmen and the general public believe two things firmly about American newspapers. It is a tradition with us that the American newspaper man is one of the smartest and sharpest and most indomitable of all men, and that Argus with his hundred eyes was not in it compared with an American newspaper reporter; that if there was anything in the whole world which was covered and hidden, that would be the one thing which an American reporter would unearth and publish to the world. That was one belief of mine which, I am sorry to say, has been rudely shattered since I came to Chicago. There was another idea, and that was, that after an American reporter had got the facts and verified them there was no power on this earth that could prevent an American editor from publishing it. This is also a delusion. I suppose we got that idea from several what you would call remarkable journalistic "beats" which were done by American press people, chief among which was the well-known instance when James Gordon Bennett sent Stanley to find Livingstone in the heart of Central Africa. You remember how Livingstone had disappeared, no one knew where he was, and then an American editor said to an American reporter: "There is the map of Africa; Livingstone has got lost somewhere in the middle of that continent. Go and find him." Mr. Stanley, nothing loath, packed up his things and went through the wilds of Central Africa, regarding all the perils through which he had to pass as all in the day's business, until the day on which he took off his hat and said: "Dr. Livingstone, I presume." That has given the American press a great prestige. But alas for the illusions of our childhood! When we come to this city of Chicago, we learn that there is a work which is as important, and more important to you than that which Stanley undertook. When he had to find Livingstone, the only direction given him was Central Africa, somewhere near the equatorial lakes. If James Gordon Bennett would send a Stanley to Chicago to discover the boodlers and name them, I think he would not have such a wide area to go over as Central Africa. He would say, "Go to the City Hall and you will find them somewhere in the neighborhood of Powers and O'Brien's saloon." I know that there are men on every Chicago newspaper who would be only too delighted to take the commission to find the boodlers and get legal evidence, but then they are held back.

There is a secret which has been diligently cloaked up so that nobody can get at it. You ask how many people know the secret? There must be at least thirty, forty or fifty who know the secret, and yet this secret, which is of so much importance to all of you in this city, is too much for the Chicago newspapers to find out. James Gordon Bennett can send Stanley to the heart of Central Africa, but the Chicago papers, either individually or collectively, cannot find out who it is that boodles in the City Hall.

It is one of the most wonderful things I ever heard of. Here are four or five of the brightest newspapers with millions behind them,

and there is the City Hall just across the way. They all admit corruption. And yet, when I ask who it is that gets that money, and who it is that pays that money, no one can tell me, no, not even a Chicago newspaper.

The boodler has not yet been run to earth, but he obligingly came forth from his retreat and displayed his boodle-branded forehead unabashed before the community. There are 42 of them, of whom Mr. Powers of the 19th ward seems to be the chief. All the newspapers, always with the exception of the *Dispatch*, seem to be vigorously impressing this upon the attention of the public. While wishing them all God speed in this work, it seems to me that the Civic Revival would be powerfully helped if it had a distinctive organ of its own, and this without any disrespect to the daily papers, who indeed would find such an organ an invaluable auxiliary. In addition to newspapers which are properties and run for profits, there might exist one journal which might aspire to be a power and a prophet, even if it were run at a loss. It is somewhat odd that in the midst of all the periodical publications of Chicago there is no one weekly newspaper in the English sense; that is to say, there is no weekly two cent paper which the citizen can read who has neither the money nor the time to read the daily press. The consequence is that a great many people have all the daily papers on their tables and are constantly failing to read things they ought to see and want to see. They cannot see the wood because of the trees. There is such a mass of printed matter laid before them, without much perspective, that the weightier matters relating to the good government of the city get overlooked or are thrust into the background by the more sensational happenings of the hour. A newspaper which would survey the progress of the city from week to week, summarizing everything that was of permanent importance appearing in the press from day to day, and which would preach civic reform, would have a distinct mission in Chicago.

Were such a journal to be established and distributed

to every household in the city every week, either by the aid of the churches or the help of the post, it would be an organ of incalculable influence in the town. Everything of course would depend upon how it was edited and the nature of its contents. Bright enough writers, however, could be found to turn out a weekly journal whose advent would be looked for impatiently and whose non-delivery would be resented sharply. Such a distribution could be provided for either by endowment or by the sale of advertising space.

In order to give a little more substance to this suggestion I ventured to draw up a preliminary prospectus of such a newspaper. An appropriate title would be simply, "Chicago," with the motto, "I will Thy will." Here is the draft :

"CHICAGO."

On the first Saturday in ——— there will be published the first number of a weekly paper entitled "Chicago," the aim and object of which is indicated by its motto. "I will Thy will.

The aspiration of its conductors is to familiarize every citizen of Chicago with the conception that this city should be made and can be made, the ideal city of the world.

To achieve this end every resource of journalism, poetry, romance, prophecy, art, prizes, etc., will be employed to quicken interest and to concentrate attention upon this civic ideal, and for the first year at least a copy of this paper, which will be published at two cents, will be delivered at the door of every family in Chicago.

Nothing short of this regular weekly distribution to every household, regardless of nationality, religion, color or station, can suffice in so cosmopolitan a community to bring the great ideal adequately before the whole body of the citizens.

The aspiration, born of the World's Fair and its congresses, to make Chicago worthy of its position as the first city in the United States has already brought about what may be described as a civic revival whose influence may be perceived in many directions.

The new weekly will chronicle the fruits of this civic revival, will encourage the citizens to fresh efforts by the record of successive advances made towards a better social state, or rouse them to more earnest action by emphasizing the lesson of occasional reverse and, in short, will endeavor to be the popular gazette of the campaign for the realization of the ideal Chicago. There is nothing Utopian or revolutionary about this programme of "Chicago." It is severely practical and persistently opportunist. While recognizing as the ultimate the fulfillment of the petition "Thy will be done in Chicago as it is Heaven," every step, however faltering, in the right direction will command our support. To refuse to do anything until you can

do everything is to do nothing. Our policy will be to do what you can as soon as you can, wherever you can, with whatever instruments are within reach in order to make life happier, healthier and more human for every man, woman and child in Chicago.

To achieve this, no new patent nostrum of a social specific is required. All that is needed is the intelligent and resolute use of the existing civic organization as the natural and constitutional instrument for securing for the citizens of Chicago the best of everything which exists in the world.

If Chicago is to be the Capital of Civilization, it is indispensable that she should at the very least be able to show that every resident within her limits enjoyed every advantage which intelligent and public spirited administration has secured for the people elsewhere. Only in this way can Chicago vindicate her right to the position to which she aspires, and it will be the constant endeavor of the conductors of "Chicago" to call attention to the flaws in her social armor, to describe improvements which have been made in other communities and to indicate the ways and means by which such improvements can be most easily secured for the city.

"Chicago" will not be a party paper, neither will it be identified with any religion save that which finds expression in the Service of Man. Its constant aim will be to promote the union of all who love, for the service of all who suffer. Instead of seeking for points of difference as for hid treasure, it will endeavor to discover points of accord and, therefore, a basis of possible co-operation among parties and sects which are most opposed to each other. To see each other as we appear to those who love us at our best moments is more profitable than to dwell constantly upon the gloomy portrait painted by those who hate us when we are at our worst.

"Chicago" starts with the promise of hearty co-operation in distribution and in support from many organizations never before united in the promotion of a common enterprise. It will combat as the common enemy all that breeds distrust whether of nationality or of sect, and will constantly seek to promote the growth of a hearty brotherly comradeship among all the citizens of this great city. Its great ideal which will ever be presented before its readers will be such a transformation of the conditions of life that no one's child in the poorest district of Chicago will be doomed to miseries, temptations and wrongs which we should regard as intolerable for our own children.

To succeed in arousing a sense of the responsibilities and opportunities of citizenship it is necessary to present the issues involved in civic questions in such popular fashion as to enlist the sympathies of all—especially of the women and children. Hence, while "Chicago" will endeavor to give every week a summary and a survey of all that has been published during the week relating to the improvement of the city, it will have special features of its own in the shape of short tales, stories from real life in Chicago, ballads based on the events of the week, character sketches of leading citizens, and other articles which will enable the reader to understand the inner human and therefore the divine element that underlies the dry and uninviting discussions of public questions.

To stimulate public interest in all classes in the questions of the city prizes will be offered every week for contributions bearing upon the improvement of the conditions of life in Chicago, and every effort will be made to develop the growth of a civic literature in prose and poetry.

So far from being the rival of any existing periodical "Chicago" hopes to become the supplement or auxiliary of all, and will rejoice if it is able to co-operate with each of them in helping to realize the great aim of all in making Chicago the ideal city of the world.

Such a journal, once well established, would do more to give the cosmopolitan heterogeneous mass of the residents of Chicago a sense of the unity of their city and greatness of its destinies than any other scheme which could be devised. Some such paper seems to be much needed in every great city. The churches of the sects have their weekly organs, but for this city, in which there are a million and a half of human beings, there is no organ and no pulpit from which the whole of the citizens can be reached. What an audience would hear that prophet voice, and, as Russell Lowell said, with "never as much as a nodder even among them."

And from what a Bible can he choose his text—a Bible which needs no translation, and which no priestcraft can shut and clasp from the laity—the open volume of the world, upon which, with a pen of sunshine and destroying fire, the inspired present is even now writing the annals of God! Methinks the editor who should understand his calling, and be equal thereto, would truly deserve that title which Homer bestows upon princes. He would be the Moses of our nineteenth century; and whereas the old Sinai, silent now, is but a common mountain stared at by the elegant tourist, and crawled over by the hammering geologist, we must find his tables of the new law here among factories in this Wilderness of Sin (Numbers xxxiii. 12) called Progress of Civilization, and be the captain of our Exodus into the Canaan of a truer social order.