

CIVILIZATION'S INFERNO;

OR,

STUDIES IN THE SOCIAL CELLAR,

BY
B. O. FLOWER,

Author of "Lessons Learned from Other Lives," etc.

"Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless millions mourn."



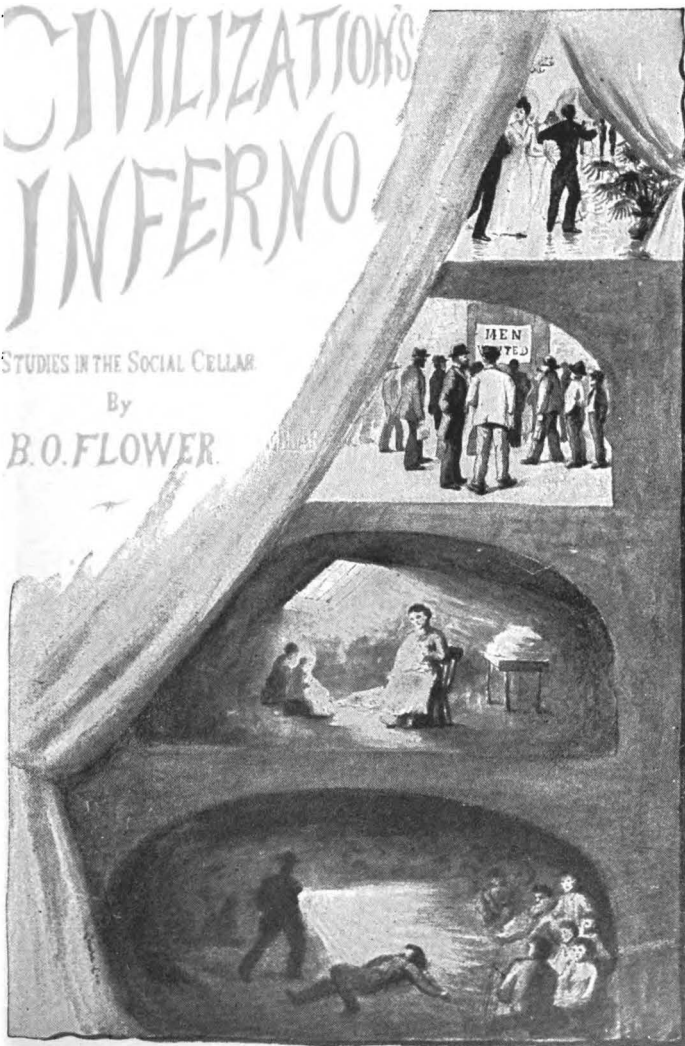
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STUDIES IN THE SOCIAL CELLAR

By

B. O. FLOWER.



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PREFACE.

IN sending out this little work I am actuated solely by a desire to arouse earnest men and women to action by presenting deplorable conditions existing at our very door which are a crying reproach to the Republic.

I appreciate my inability to adequately picture the horrors of the social cellar or to portray the infinite misery which is the lot of tens of thousands of struggling souls in the full blaze of our boasted christian civilization.

It would require a pen far more powerful than my own to properly describe the depths of want, wretchedness and degradation to be seen in the populous slums of cultured, palace-decked, church-jewelled Boston.

My original purpose was to strike out all suggestive hints from the earlier pages and incorporate them in two chapters, one dealing with palliative measures ; the other presenting fundamental social reforms. On mature deliberation, however, I have decided that this treatment, though more artistic, would be far less effective. The suggestive hints thrown out in a few words, while striking object lessons are before the mental vision of the reader, will be more impressive than a longer discussion removed from the suggestive scenes. Again, I believe it is important to reiterate these truths in the presence of each of the various manifestations of misery and social inequality present to-day, as only in this way can we arouse from its lethargy a sleeping conscience which renders such conditions possible. It has not been my purpose to enter into any elaborate exposition of the principles involved in

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PREFACE.

what I am persuaded are fundamental reformative measures or to describe at length the many noble palliative works of which I hint from time to time, as this work is rather a series of informal essays on life in the social cellar, written to arrest the attention and, if possible, to turn the mind of the reader to the many noble and exhaustive works dealing with social problems which have appeared in recent years.

In arranging and enlarging these chapters I have found it impossible to bestow the time I desired to spend upon them, owing to duties which demanded almost every moment at my command, therefore they are not as finished as I could wish. If, however, they touch the heart and kindle a love-fire sufficiently intense to burn up selfishness and awaken the divine spark in other hearts, if they lead even a few persons to consecrate more fully life and love to their fellow-men, I shall be content.

B. O. FLOWER.

Boston, Mass.,
Feb. 1st., 1893.

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INTRODUCTION.

The poor, the poor, the poor ! they stand
 Wedged by the pressing of Trade's hand,
 Against an inward-opening door.
 That pressure tightens evermore ;
 They sigh a monstrous, foul-air sigh
 For the outside leagues of liberty,
 Where art, sweet lark, translates the sky
 Into a heavenly melody.
 " Each day, all day " (these poor folks say)
 " In the same old year-long, drear-long way,
 We weave in the mills and heave in the kilns,
 We sieve mine-meshes under the hills,
 To relieve, O, God, what manner of ills ?—
 The beasts, they hunger, and eat, and die ;
 And so do we, and the world's a sty."

" Silence fellow-swine ; why nuzzle and cry ?
 Swinehood hath no remedy "

Say many men, and hasten by.
 But who said once, in a lordly tone,
 " Man shall not live by bread alone,
 But all that cometh from the Throne ? "

Hath God said so ?
 But Trade saith " No " ;
 And the kilns and the curt-tongued mills say " Go :
 There's plenty that can, if you can't, we know ;
 Move out, if you think you're underpaid,
 The poor are prolific ; we're not afraid ;
 Trade is trade."

Sidney Lanier.

I.

INTRODUCTION.

Dead Sea of nineteenth-century civilization — Appalling facts, illustrating the extent of poverty in New York — Poverty in Boston — The present — its demands on all who are spiritually awakened.

THE Dead Sea of want is enlarging its borders in every populous centre. The mutterings of angry discontent grow more ominous with each succeeding year. Justice denied the weak through the power of avarice, has brought us face to face with a formidable crisis which may yet be averted if we have the wisdom to be just and humane; but the problem cannot longer be sneered at as inconsequential. It is no longer local; it affects and threatens the entire body politic. A few years ago one of the most eminent divines in America declared that there was no poverty to speak of in this Republic. To-day

no thoughtful person denies that this problem is one of grave magnitude. A short time since I employed a gentleman in New York to personally investigate the court records of the city that he might ascertain the exact number of warrants for evictions issued in twelve months. What was the result? The records showed the appalling fact that during the twelve months ending Sept. 1st., 1892, twenty-nine thousand seven hundred and twenty warrants for eviction were issued in the city of New York. In a recent paper* by Mr. Jacob Riis on the special needs of the poor in New York, he says—"For many years it has been true of New York that one tenth of all who die in this great and wealthy city are buried in the Potter's field. Of the 382,530 interments recorded in the past decade, 37,996 were in the Potter's field," and Mr. Riis proceeds to hint at the fact known to all students of social conditions who personally investigate poverty in the great cities that this Potter field gauge, terribly significant though it be, is no adequate measure by

* Forum, Dec. 1892.

which to estimate the poverty problem of a great city. On this point he continues :

“Those who have had any personal experience with the poor, and know with what agony of fear they struggle against this crowning misery, how they plan and plot and pinch for the poor privilege of being laid at rest in a grave that is theirs to keep, though in life they never owned a shred to call their own, will agree with me that it is putting it low to assume that where one falls, in spite of it all, into this dreaded trench, at least two or three must be always hovering on the edge of it. And with this estimate of from twenty to thirty per cent of our population always struggling to keep the wolf from the door, with the issue in grievous doubt, all the known, if scattered, facts of charity management in New York agree well enough.”

In 1890 there were two hundred and thirty-nine suicides officially reported in New York City. The court records are burdened as never before with cases of attempted self-slaughter. “You,” said Re-

corder Smyth, addressing a poor creature who had sought death by leaping into the East River, "are the second case of attempted suicide that has been up in this court this morning; and," he continued, "I have never known so many attempted suicides as during the past few months."

The details of a census of tenement houses published by the New York Board of Health some time ago furnished a melancholy confirmation of oft-repeated statements by thoughtful persons who have personally investigated this problem; in brief they show in round numbers 35,000 front tenements, 2,300 rear tenements, 276,000 families, 1,225,000 inhabitants (an increase of 141,000). There were 850 stables and 4,360 horses in the district to pollute the air.

The night is slowly but surely settling around hundreds of thousands of our people, the night of poverty and despair. They are conscious of its approach but feel powerless to check its advance. "Rents get higher and work cheaper every year,

and what can we do about it?" said a laborer recently while talking about the outlook. "I do not see any way out of it," he added bitterly, and it must be confessed that the outlook is dark if no radical economic changes are at hand, for the supply is yearly increasing far more rapidly than the demand for labor. "Ten women for every place no matter how poor," is the dispassionate statement of an official who has recently made the question of female labor a special study. "Hundreds of girls," continues this writer, "wreck their future every year and destroy their health in the stuffy, ill-ventilated stores and shops, and yet scores of recruits arrive from the country and small towns every week to fill the places vacated by the victims of greed." And let us not imagine that these social hells are peculiar to New York. What is true of the metropolis is to a certain extent true of every great city in America. Most of the studies found on the following pages have been made in Boston within less than an hour's walk of palatial homes on Commonwealth Avenue. Within

cannon-shot of Beacon Hill, where proudly rises the golden dome of the Capitol, are hundreds of families slowly starving and stifling; families who are bravely battling for life's barest necessities, while year by year the conditions are becoming more hopeless, the struggle for bread fiercer, the outlook more dismal. In conversation with one of these toilers, he said, with a certain pathos and dejection, which indicated hopelessness or perhaps a deadened perception which prevented his fully grasping the grim import of his words, "I once heard of a man who was put in an iron cage by a tyrant, and every day he found the walls had come closer and closer to him. At last the walls came so close together that every day they squeezed out a part of his life, and somehow," he said, "it seems to me that we are just like that man, and when I see the little boxes carried out every day, I sometimes say to my wife, 'There's a little more life squeezed out; some day we will go too'."

I recently visited more than a score of tenement houses where life was battling

with death; where, with a patient heroism far grander than deeds of daring won 'mid the exulting shouts of the battle-field, mothers and daughters were ceaselessly plying the needle. In several homes I noticed ✓ bedridden invalids whose sunken eyes and emaciated faces told too plainly the story of months, and perhaps years, of slow starvation amid the squalor, the sickening odor, and almost universal filth of the social cellar. Here one becomes painfully conscious of more inmates than are visible to the physical senses. Spectres of hunger and fear are ever present. A lifelong dread presses upon the hearts of these exiles with crushing weight. The landlord, standing with a writ of dispossession, is continually before their mind's eye. Dread of sickness haunts every waking moment, for to them sickness means inability to provide the scant nourishment which life demands. The despair of the probable future not infrequently torments their rest. Such is the common lot of the patient toiler in the slums of our great cities to-day. On most of their faces one

notes an expression of gloomy sadness, or dumb resignation. Sometimes a fitful light flashes from cavernous sockets, a baleful gleam suggesting smouldering fires fed by an ever-present consciousness of wrongs endured. They feel in a dumb way that the lot of the beast of the field is happier far than their fate. Even though they struggle from dawn far into the night for bread and a wretched room, they know that the window of hope is closing for them in the great throbbing centres of civilized Christendom. Sad, indeed, is the thought that, at the present time, when our land is decked as never before with stately temples dedicated to the great Nazarene, who devoted His life to a ministry among the poor, degraded and outcast, we find the tide of misery rising; we find uninvited poverty becoming the inevitable fate of added thousands of lives every year. Never was the altruistic sentiment more generally upon the lips of man. Never has the human heart yearned as now for a truer manifestation of human brotherhood. Never has the whole civilized world been

so profoundly moved by the persistent dream of the ages — the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. And yet, strange anomaly! The cry of innocence — of outraged justice — the cry of the millions under the wheel rises to-day from every civilized land as never before. The voice of Russia mingles with the cry of Ireland. Outcast London joins with the exiles of all great continental and American cities in one mighty, earth-thrilling demand for *justice*. He who takes the trouble to look beneath the surface will see the explanation of this apparent contradiction. The noblest souls in every walk of life have entered a protest against time-honored wrongs and conditions, and this has given hope to the sinking millions of civilization's exiles, and like a man overboard who sees the coming life-boat, they cry, where a few years ago, seeing no gleam of hope, they were dumb. Increased intelligence also is rapidly changing the slave and vassal into a man who reasons and prepares to act. While on the other side, entrenched monopoly and heartless

greed, beholding the rising tide of discontent and understanding its significance, in many instances grow more arrogant as well as more vigilant and subtle in their persistent efforts to prevent anything which looks toward radical reforms. The present is a transition period. The new is battling with the old. Humanity's face is toward a brighter day. The impulses of the race favor another step in the slow ascent of the ages, but ancient thought lies across the pathway; while monopoly, entrenched behind unjust laws, clings to the garments of progress in the vain hope of checking the inevitable.

The first thing to be done is to make men think, to carry home the horrors of life in the social collars to every heart not already paralyzed by conventionalism. The conscience of civilization must be aroused. The next thing is the two-fold task of saving the sinking of our day, while radical economic reforms are introduced which look toward abolishing injustice and uninvited poverty. To this end all true men and women must lend their energies.

There must be no relaxation. No faltering by the wayside. No halting or wavering. The bugle has sounded, the battle has opened. The issue is clear. Age-long injustice is being assaulted by the forces of the dawn. The ideal of human brotherhood to be realized in the supremacy of justice, liberty and love, is the inspiration of all who are battling for the millions in darkness and chains.

SOCIETY'S EXILES.

Before us dies our brother, of starvation ;
 Around are cries of famine and despair !
Where is hope for us, or comfort or salvation —
 Where — oh ! where ?
If the angels ever hearken, downward bending,
 They are weeping, we are sure,
At the Litanies of human groans ascending
 From the crushed hearts of the poor.

We never know a childhood's mirth and gladness,
 Nor the proud heart of youth free and brave ;
Oh, a death-like dream of wretchedness and sadness,
 Is life's weary journey to the grave !
Day by day we lower sink, and lower,
 Till the God-like soul within
Falls crushed beneath the fearful demon-power
 Of poverty and sin.
So we toil on, on with fever burning
 In heart and brain ;
So we toil on, on through bitter scórning,
 Want, woe, and pain.
We dare not raise our eyes to the blue heavens
 Or the toil must cease —
We dare not breathe the fresh air God has given
 One hour in peace.

Lady Wilde.

II.

SOCIETY'S EXILES.

The Social cellars, the hot-beds of moral and physical contagion—Some reasons why the slums are overflowing with human life—Uninvited poverty—Typical cases illustrating the wretchedness of our worthy poor—Some palliative measures—The Liverpool model apartments—The noble work of Geo. Peabody in London—A word in regard to fundamental reformatiye measures.

IT is difficult to over-estimate the gravity of the problem presented by those compelled to exist in the slums of our populous cities, even when considered from a purely economic point of view. From the midst of this commonwealth of degradation there goes forth a moral contagion, scourging society in all its ramifications, coupled with an atmosphere of physical decay—an atmosphere reeking with filth, heavy with foul odors, laden with disease. In time of any contagion the social cellar becomes the hot-bed of death, sending forth

myriads of fatal germs which permeate the air for miles around, causing thousands to die because society is too short-sighted to understand that the interest of its humblest member is the interest of all. The slums of our cities are the reservoirs of physical and moral death, an enormous expense to the state, a constant menace to society, a reality whose shadow is at once colossal and portentous. In time of social upheavals they will prove magazines of destruction; for, while revolution will not originate in them, once let a popular uprising take form and the cellars will re-inforce it in a manner more terrible than words can portray. Considered ethically, the problem is even more embarrassing and deplorable; here, as nowhere else in civilized society, thousands of our fellow-men are exiled from the enjoyments of civilization, forced into life's lowest stratum of existence, branded with that fatal word, "scum." If they seek to rise, society shrinks from them; they seem of another world; they are driven into the darkness of a hopeless existence and viewed much as

were lepers in olden times. Over their heads perpetually rests the dread of eviction, of sickness and of failure to obtain employment, making existence a perpetual nightmare, from which death alone brings release. Say not that they do not feel this; I have talked with them; I have seen the agony born of a fear which rests heavy on their souls, a fear stamped in their wrinkled faces and peering forth from great pathetic eyes. For them winter has real terror, for they possess neither clothes to keep comfortable the body, nor means with which to properly warm their miserable tenements. Summer is scarcely less frightful, with its stifling heat acting on myriad germs of disease and producing fever, which frequently ends in death, or, what is still more dreaded, chronic invalidism. Starvation, misery and vice, trinity of despair, haunt their every step. The Golden Rule—the foundation of true civilization, the keynote of human happiness—reaches not their wretched quarters. Placed by society under the ban, life is one long and terrible night.

But tragic as is the fate of the present generation, still more appalling is the picture when we contemplate the thousands of little waves of life yearly washed into the cellar of being; fragile, helpless innocents, responsible in no way for their presence or environment, yet condemned to a fate more frightful than the beasts of the field; human beings wandering in the dark, existing in the sewer, ever feeling the crushing weight of the gay world above, which thinks little and cares less for them. Infinitely pathetic is their lot.

√ The causes which have operated to produce these conditions are numerous and complex, the most apparent being the immense influx of immigration from the crowded centres of the Old World; the glamor of city life, which has allured thousands from the country, fascinating them from afar much as the gaudy colors and tinsel before the footlights dazzle the vision of a child; the rapid growth of the saloon, rendered well-nigh impregnable by the wealth of the liquor power; the wonderful labor-saving inventions, which in the

hands of greed and avarice, instead of mitigating the burdens of the people, have greatly augmented them, by glutting the market with labor; the opportunities given by the government through grants, special privileges and protective measures for rapid accumulation of wealth by the few; the power which this wealth has given its possessors over the less fortunate; the spread of that fevered mental condition which subjects all finer feelings and holier aspirations to the acquisition of gold and the gratification of carnal appetites, and which is manifest in such a startling degree in the gambler's world, which to dignify we call the realm of speculation; the desire for vulgar ostentation and luxurious indulgence—in a word the fever for gold which has permeated the social atmosphere, fatally infecting hundreds of thousands of our people, chilling their hearts, benumbing their consciences, choking all divine impulses and refined sensibilities; the cowardice and lethargy of the Church, which has grown rich in gold and poor in the possession of moral energy, which no longer dares

to denounce the money changers, or alarm those who day by day are anæsthetizing their own souls, while adding to the misery of the world. The Church has become, to a great extent, subsidized by gold, saying in effect, "I am rich and increased in goods and have need of nothing," apparently ignorant of the fact that she "is wretched, poor, blind and naked," that she has signally failed in her true mission—that of establishing on earth an ideal brotherhood. Instead of lifting her children into that lofty spiritual realm where each feels the misery of his brother, she has so far surrendered to the mammon of unrighteousness that, without the slightest fear of having their consciences disturbed, men, in their soft-cushioned pews, find comfort while wringing from ten to twenty per cent. profit from their fellowmen in the wretched tenement districts. I refer not to the many noble exceptions, but I indict the great body of wealthy and fashionable churches, whose ministers do not know and take no steps to find out the misery that results from the avarice of their

parishioners. Then again back of all this is the defective education which has developed all save character in man; education which has trained the brain but shriveled the soul. Last, but by no means least, is land speculation, which has resulted in keeping large tracts of land idle which otherwise would have blossomed with happy homes. To these influences we must add the general ignorance of the people regarding the nature, extent and growing proportions of the misery and want in the New World which is spreading like an Eastern plague in the filth of an Oriental city.

It is not my present purpose to dwell further on the causes which have produced these conditions. I wish to bring home to the mind and heart of the reader a true conception of life in the slums, by citing typical cases, illustrating a condition prevalent in every great city of the Union and increasing in its extent every year. I shall confine myself to uninvited poverty as found in cultured Boston, because I am personally acquainted with the condition

of affairs here, and because Boston has long claimed the proud distinction of being practically free from poverty.

I shall, in this chapter, briefly describe scenes which fell under my personal observation during an afternoon tour through the slums of the North End, confining myself to a few typical cases which fairly represent the actual condition of numbers of families in the slums of our prosperous city. I purposely omit, for the present, describing any members of that terrible commonwealth where misery, vice, degradation and crime, are inseparably interwoven. As they belong to a lower stratum; they have graduated downward. Feeling the hand of society is against them, Ishmael-like they raise their hand against society. They complement the ill-starred, but worthy poor; both are largely a product of unjust and inequitable social conditions.

The scenes I am about to describe were witnessed on a sunless, dreary afternoon, the day being strangely in keeping with the environment of the exiles of society who dwell in the slums. The sobbing rain,

the sad, low murmur of the wind under the eaves and through the narrow alleys, the cheerless, frowning sky above, were in perfect harmony with the pathetic drama of life I was witnessing. Everything seemed pitched in a minor key, save now and then there swelled forth splendid notes of manly heroism and womanly courage, as boldly contrasting with the dead level of life as do the full, rich notes of Wagner's noblest creation with the plaintive melody of a simple ballad sung by a shepherd lad. My companion was a hero, old in the service of saving the children of the slums, a noble-minded Christian who imitates the great Galilean by mingling with earth's outcasts to save them.

The first building we entered faced a narrow street. The hallway was as dark as the air was foul or the walls filthy. Not a ray or shimmer of light fell through transoms or sky-light. The stairs were narrow and worn. By the aid of matches we were able to grope our way along, and also to observe more than was pleasant to behold. It was apparent that the hall-

ways or stairs were seldom surprised by water, while pure, fresh air was evidently as much a stranger as fresh paint. After ascending several flights, we entered a room of undreamed-of wretchedness. On the floor lay a sick man. He was rather fine looking, with an intelligent face, bright eyes, and a countenance indicative of force of character. No sign of dissipation, but an expression of sadness, or rather a look of dumb resignation peered from his expressive eyes. For more than two years he had been paralyzed in his lower limbs, and also affected with dropsy. The spectacle of a strong man with the organs of locomotion dead, is always pathetic; but when the victim of such misfortune is in the depths of abject poverty, his case assumes a tragic hue. There, for two years, he had lain on a wretched pallet of rags, seeing his faithful wife tirelessly sewing, hour by hour and day by day, and knowing full well that health, life and hope were hourly slipping from her. This poor woman supports the invalid husband, her two children and herself, by making

pants for leading Boston clothiers. No rest, no surcease, a perpetual grind from early dawn often till far into the night; and, what is more appalling, outraged nature has rebelled; the long months of semi-starvation and lack of sleep have brought on rheumatism, which has settled in the joints of her fingers, so that every stitch means a throb of pain. Thus with one of the most painful diseases enthroned in that part of the body which must move incessantly from dawn till midnight, with two small dependent children and a husband who is utterly powerless to help her, this poor woman struggles bravely and uncomplainingly, confronted ever by a nameless dread of pending misfortune. Eviction, sickness, starvation,—such are the ever-present spectres, while every year marks the steady encroachment of disease, and the lowering of the register of vitality. Moreover, from the window of her soul falls the light of no star athwart the pathway of life.

The next place visited was in the attic of a tenement building even more wretched

than the one just described. The general aspects of these houses, however, are all much the same, the chief difference being in the degrees of filth and squalor present. Here in an attic lives a poor widow with three children, a little boy and two little girls. They live by making pants at starvation wages. Since the youngest child was two and a half years old she has been daily engaged in overcasting the long seams of the garments made by her mother. When we first called she had just passed her fourth birthday, and now overcasts from three to four pairs of pants every day. There, on a little stool, she sat, her fingers moving as rapidly and in as unerring a manner as an old experienced needle-woman. These three children are fine looking, as are most of the little Portuguese I visited. Their large heads and brilliant eyes seem to indicate capacity to enjoy in an unusual degree the matchless delight springing from intellectual and spiritual development. Yet the wretched walls of their little apartment practically mark the limit of their world; the needle their inseparable com-

panion; their moral and mental natures hopelessly dwarfed; a world of wonderful possibilities denied them by an inexorable fate over which they have no control and for which they are in no way responsible. We often hear it said that these children of the slums are perfectly happy; that, not knowing what they miss, life is as enjoyable to them as it is to the young in more favorable quarters. I am satisfied however, that this is true only in a limited sense. The little children I have just described are already practically machines; day by day they engage in the same work, with much of the monotony characteristic of an automatic instrument propelled by blind force. When given oranges and cakes, a momentary smile illumined their countenances, a liquid light beamed from their eyes, only to be replaced by the solemn, almost stolid expression, which has become habitual even on faces so young. This conclusion was still more impressively emphasized by the following touching remark of a child of twelve years in another apartment, who was with her

mother busily sewing. "I am forty-three years old to-day," remarked the mother, and said the good Samaritan present, "I shall be forty-two next week." "*Oh dear,*" broke in the child, "*I should think people would grow so TIRED of living so MANY YEARS.*" Was utterance ever more pathetic? She spoke in tones of mingled sadness and weariness, revealing in one breath all the pent-up bitterness of a young life condemned to a slavery intolerable to any refined or sensitive nature. Is it strange that people here take to drink? To me it is far more surprising that so many are sober. I am convinced that, in the slums, far more drunkenness is caused by abject poverty and inability to obtain work, than want is produced by drink. Here the physical system, half starved and often chilled, calls for stimulants. Here the horrors of nightmare, which we sometimes suffer during our sleep, are present during every waking hour. An oppressive fear weighs forever on the mind. Drink offers a temporary relief and satisfies the craving of the system; besides the environment invites

dissipation and human nature at best is frail. I marvel that there is not more drunkenness exhibited in the poverty spots of our cities.

Among the places we visited were a number of cellars or burrows. We descended several steps into dark, narrow passages, leading to cold, damp rooms, in many of which no direct ray of sunshine ever creeps. We entered one room containing a bed, cooking-stove, rack of dirty clothes and some broken chairs. On the bed lay a man who has been ill for three months with rheumatism. This family consists of father, mother, and a daughter in her teens, *all of whom are compelled to occupy one bed*. They eat, cook, live, and sleep in this wretched cellar and pay over fifty dollars a year rent. This is a typical illustration of life in this underground world.

In another similar cellar or burrow, we found a mother and seven boys and girls, some of them quite large, *all sleeping in two medium-sized beds in one room*; this apartment is also their kitchen. The

other room is a storehouse for kindling wood the children gather and sell, a little store and living-room combined. Their rent is two dollars a week. The cellar was damp and cold; the air stifling. Nothing can be imagined more favorable to contagion both physical and moral than such dens as these. Ethical exaltation or spiritual growth is impossible with such environment. It is not strange that the slums breed criminals, which require vast sums yearly to punish after evil has been perpetrated; but to me it is an ever-increasing source of wonder that society should be so short-sighted and neglectful of the condition of its exiles, when an outlay of a much smaller sum would ensure a prevention of a large proportion of the crime that emanates from the slums; while, at the same time, it would mean a new world of life, happiness and measureless possibilities for the thousands who now exist in hopeless gloom.

In a small room fronting an interior court we found a man whose face bore the stamp of that "hope long deferred which

maketh the heart sick." He is, I am informed, a strictly temperate, honest and industrious workman. Up to the time of his wife's illness and death, which occurred last summer, the family lived in a reasonably comfortable manner, as the husband found no difficulty in securing work on the sea. When the wife died, however, circumstances changed. She left six little children, one almost an infant. The father could not go to sea, leaving his little flock without a protector, to fall the victims of starvation, and since then he has worked whenever he could obtain employment of any kind. For the past six weeks he has been practically without work, and the numerous family of little ones have suffered for life's necessities. His rent is two dollars and a quarter a week.

In an attic in another tenement we found a widow weeping and working by the side of a little cradle where lay a sick child, whose large, luminous eyes shone with almost phosphorescent brilliancy from great cavernous sockets, as they wandered from one to another, with a wistful, soul-

querying gaze. Its forehead was large and prominent, so much so that, looking at the upper part of the head, one would little imagine how terrible the emaciation of the body, which was little more than skin and bones, speaking more eloquently than words of the ravages of slow starvation and wasting disease. The immediate cause of the poor woman's tears was explained to us in broken English, substantially as follows: She had just returned from the dispensary where she had been unsuccessful in her effort to have a physician visit her child, owing to her inability to pay the quarter of a dollar demanded for the visit. After describing as best she could the condition of the invalid, the doctor had given her two bottles of medicine and a prescription blank on which he had written directions for her to get a truss that would cost her two dollars and a half at the drug store. She had explained to the physician that owing to the illness of her child she had fallen a week and a half in arrears in rent; that the agent for the tenement had notified her that if one

week's rent was not paid on Saturday she would be evicted, which meant death to her child, so she could not buy the truss. To which the doctor replied, "You must get the truss and put it on before giving anything from either bottle, or the medicine will kill your child." "If I give the medicine," she repeated, showing us the bottles, "before I put the truss on, he says it will kill my child," and the tears ran swiftly down her grief-furrowed face. The child was so emaciated that the support would inevitably have produced terrible sores in a short time. I am satisfied that had the physician seen its condition, he would not have had a heart to order it.

I thought, as I studied the anxious and sorrowful countenance of that mother, how hard, indeed, is the lot of the very poor. They have to buy coal by the basketful and pay almost double price, likewise for food and all life's necessities. They are compelled to live in frightful disease-fostering quarters, and pay exorbitant rents for the accommodations they receive. When sick they are not always free from impo-

sition, even when they receive aid in the name of charity, and sometimes theology, under the cloak of religion, oppresses them. This last thought had been suggested by seeing in our rounds some half-starved women dropping pennies into the hands of Sisters of Charity, who were even here, in the midst of terrible want, exacting from the starving, money for a church whose coffers groan with wealth. O, religion, ineffably radiant and exalting in thy pure influence, how thou art often debased by thy professed followers! How much injustice is meted out to the very poor, and how many crimes are still committed under thy cloak and in thy holy name! Even this poor widow had bitterly suffered through priests who belong to a great communion, claiming to follow Him who cried, "Come unto me all ye who are weary and heavy laden and I will give you rest," as will be seen by the following, statements given me by my companion, who was personally cognizant of the facts. The husband of this widow was out of work for a time, and being too ill to engage in

steady work, he found it impossible to pay the required ten cents for seats in the church to which he belonged, and was consequently excluded from his sitting. Shortly after he fell sick, his wife sought the priest, imploring him to administer the sacrament, and later extreme unction, which he positively refused, leaving the poor man to die without the consolation of the Church he had from infancy been taught to love and revere.

It is not strange that many in this world of misery become embittered against society; that they sometimes learn to hate all who live in comfort, and who represent the established order of things, and from the rank of the patient, uncomplaining struggler descend to a lower zone, where the moral nature is eclipsed by degradation and crime, and life takes on a deeper shade of horror. This class of people exist on the brink of a precipice. Socially they may be likened to the physical condition of Victor Hugo's Claude Frolo after Quasimodo had hurled him from the tower of Notre Dame. I remember the sickening

sensation produced by that wonderful piece of descriptive work, depicting the false priest hanging to the eaves, vainly striving to ascend, feeling the leaden gutter to which he was holding slowly giving away. His hands send momentary messages to the brain, warning it that endurance is almost exhausted. Below he sees the sharp formidable spires of Saint-Jean-de-Ronde, and immediately under him, two hundred feet from where he hangs is the hard pavement, where men appear like pigmies. Above stands the avenging hunchback, ready to hurl him back if he succeeds in climbing over the eaves. So these poor people have ever below them starvation, eviction and sickness. Above stands Quasimodo in the form of a three-headed monster: a soulless landlord; the slave master who pays only starvation wages; and disease, the natural complement of the wretched squalor permitted by the one, and the slow starvation necessarily incident to the prices paid by the other. Their lot is even more terrible when it is remembered that their fall carries with it

the fate of their loved ones. In addition to the multitude who are condemned to suffer through uninvited poverty, with no hopeful outlook before them, there is another class constantly on the brink of real distress, and liable, at any time, to suffer bitterly because they are proud-spirited and will almost starve before they ask for aid. Space prevents me from citing more than one illustration of this character. In an apartment house we found an American woman with a babe two weeks old and a little girl. The place was scrupulously clean, something very rare in this zone of life. The woman, of course, was weak from illness, and, as yet, unable to take in any work to speak of. Her husband had been out of employment for a few weeks, but had just shipped on board a sailing vessel for a cruise of several months. The woman did not intimate that they were in great need, as she hoped to soon be enabled to make some money, and the portion of her husband's wages she was allowed to draw, paid the rent. A week ago, how-

ever, the little girl came to the Bethel Mission asking for a loaf of bread. "We have had nothing to eat since Monday morning," she said, "and the little baby cries all the time because mamma can give it no milk." It was Wednesday evening when the child visited the Mission. An investigation substantiated the truth of the child's words. The mother, too proud to beg, struggled with fate, hoping and praying to be able to succeed without asking for aid, but seeing her babe starving to death, she yielded. This case finds many counterparts where a little aid bridges over a period of frightful want, after which the unfortunates are able, in a measure, to take care of themselves.

I find it impossible in this chapter to touch upon other cases I desired to describe. The above illustrations however, typical of the life and environment of hundreds of families, are sufficient to emphasize a condition which exists in our midst and which is yearly growing, both in extent and in intensity of bitterness; a condition which is little understood by those who are not act-

ually brought in contact with the circumstances as they exist; a condition at once revolting and appalling to every sense of humanity and justice. We cannot afford to remain ignorant of the real status of life in our midst, any more than we can afford to sacrifice truth to optimism. It has become a habit with some to make light of these grim and terrible facts, to minimize the suffering experienced, or to try and impute the terrible condition to drink. This may be pleasant but it will never alter conditions or aid the cause of reform. It is our duty honestly to face the deplorable conditions and to endeavor while ameliorating the suffering, to bring about radical reformatory measures calculated to invest life with a new and joyous significance for this multitude so long exiled from joy, gladness, and comfort.

We now come to the practical question, What is to be done? But before viewing the problem in its broader aspects, I wish to say a word in regard to the direct measures for immediate relief, which it is fashionable among many reformers

to dismiss as unworthy of consideration. It is very necessary in a discussion of this character to view the problem in all its bearings, and adjust the mental vision so as to recognize the utility of the various plans advanced by sincere reformers. I have frequently heard it urged that these palliative measures tend to retard the great radical reformatory movements, which are now taking hold of the public mind. This view, however comfortable to those who prefer theorizing and agitating to putting their shoulder to the wheel in a practical way, is nevertheless, erroneous. There is no way in which people can be so thoroughly aroused to the urgent necessity of radical economic changes, as by bringing them into such intimate relations with the submerged millions that they hear the throbbing of misery's heart. The moral lethargy of our people is unquestionably due to lack of knowledge more than anything else. The people do not begin to realize the true condition of life in the ever-widening field of abject want. When they know and are suffi-

ciently interested to investigate the problem personally and aid the suffering, then they will appreciate as never before, the absolute necessity for radical economic changes, which contemplate a greater need of justice and happiness, than any measures yet devised. But, aside from this, we must not forget the fact that we have a duty to perform to the living, no less than to the generations yet unborn. The commonwealth of to-day, as well as that of to-morrow, demands our aid. Millions are in the quicksands; yearly, monthly, daily, hourly they are sinking deeper and deeper. We can save them while the bridges are being built. To withhold the planks upon which life and happiness depend, is no less criminal than to refuse to face the question in its broader aspects, and labor for fundamental economic changes. A great work of real, practical, and enduring value, however, is being wrought each year by those in charge of local mission work in the slums, and by individuals who mingle with and study the actual condition of the very poor. The good accomplished by

those persons who are giving their lives to uplifting society's exiles is little understood because it is quiet and unostentatious; yet through the instrumentality of the silent workers, thousands of persons are annually kept from starvation and crime, while for many of them new, broad, and hopeful horizons are constantly coming in view.*

*The extent and character of this work will be more readily understood by noting the labor accomplished by the Bethel Mission in the North End, which is doing more than any other single organization in that section of the city for the dwellers of the slums. Here, under the efficient management of Rev. Walter J. Swaffield, work is intelligently pushed with untiring zeal and in a perfectly systematic manner. From a social and humanitarian point of view, this work may be briefly summed up as follows: [1.] **LOOKING AFTER THE TEMPORAL AND IMMEDIATE WANTS OF THOSE WHO ARE REALLY SUFFERING.** Here cases are quietly and sympathetically investigated. Food is often purchased; the rents are sometimes paid; old clothes are distributed where they are most needed, and in many ways the temporal wants are looked after, while kind, friendly visitation to between one and two hundred very needy families, comprises a portion of each month's work. [2.] **THE SAILORS' BOARDING-HOUSE.** A large, clean, homelike building is fitted up for sailors. Every American vessel that comes into port is visited by a member of the Mission who invites the sailors to remain at this model home for seamen. In this way hundreds yearly escape the vicious contagion of the wretched sailors' boarding-houses of this part of the city, or what is still more important, avoid undreamed-of vice, degradation, and disease by going with companions to dens of infamy. [3.] **SECURING COMFORTABLE HOMES AND GOOD POSITIONS FOR THE YOUNG WHO ARE THUS ENABLED TO RISE OUT OF THE NIGHT**

Let us now examine a broader aspect of this problem. So long as the wretched, filthy dens of dirt, vermin, and disease stand as the only shelter for the children of the slums, so long will moral and physical contagion flourish and send forth death-dealing germs; so long will crime and degradation

AND OPPRESSION OF THIS TERRIBLE EXISTENCE. This, it is needless to add, is a very difficult task, owing to the fact that society shrinks from its exiles; few persons will give any one a chance who is known to have belonged to the slums. Nevertheless good positions are yearly secured for a number of these children of adversity. [4.] THE CHILDREN'S FREE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL IN WHICH THE YOUNG ARE TAUGHT USEFUL TRADES, OCCUPATIONS, AND MEANS OF EMPLOYMENT. In this training-school the little girls are taught to make themselves garments. The material is furnished them free and when they have completed the garment it is given them. [5.] SUMMER VACATIONS IN THE COUNTRY ARE PROVIDED FOR SEVERAL HUNDRED CHILDREN; some for a few days, some a week, some two weeks, as the exigencies of the case require and the limited funds permit. These little oases in the children's dreary routine life are looked forward to with even greater anticipations of joy than is Christmas in the homes of the rich. I have cited the work of this Mission because I have personally investigated its work, and have seen the immense good that is being done with the very limited funds at the command of Mr. Swaffield and his assistants, and also to show by an illustration how much may be accomplished for the immediate relief of the sufferers. A grand palliative work requires labor and money. It is not enough for those who live in our great cities to contribute to such work, they should visit these quarters and see for themselves. This would change many into active missionaries who are indifferent to-day.

increase, demanding more policemen, more numerous judiciary, and larger prisons. No great, permanent or far-reaching reformation can be brought about until the habitations of the people are radically improved. The recognition of this fact has already led to a practical, palliative measure for relief which must challenge the admiration of all thoughtful persons interested in the welfare of society's exiles. It is a step in the direction of justice. It is not merely a work of charity; it is, I think, the most feasible immediate measure that can be employed, which will change the whole aspect of life for tens of thousands, making existence mean something, and giving a wonderful significance to the now meaningless word "home." I refer to the erection of model tenement apartments in our over-crowded sections, such, for example, as the Victoria Square dwelling of Liverpool. Here, on the former site of miserable tenement houses, sheltering more than a thousand people, stands to-day a palatial structure built around a hollow square, the major part of which is utilized as a large

shrub-encircled playground for the children. The halls and stairways of the building are broad, light, and airy; the ventilation and sanitary arrangements perfect. The apartments are divided into one, two, and three rooms each. No room is smaller than 13 x 8 feet 6 inches; most of them are 12 x 13 feet 4 inches. All the ceilings are 9 feet high. A superintendent looks after the building. The tenants are expected to be orderly, and to keep their apartments clean. The roomy character of halls and chambers may be inferred from the fact that there are only two hundred and seventy-five apartments in the entire building. The returns on the total expenditure of the building, which was \$338,800.00, it is estimated will be at least 4 1-2 per cent, while the rents are as follows: \$1.44 per week for the three-room tenements, \$1.08 per week for those containing two large rooms, and 54 cents for the one-room quarters. In Boston, the rents for the dreadful one-room cellars are \$1.00 a week; for the two-room tenements above the cellars, the rent, ranged from \$1.50 to \$2.50;

three rooms were, of course, much higher. The rooms also are far smaller here than those in the beautiful, healthful, and inviting Victoria Square apartments. Yet it will be observed that our landlords receive *more than double* the rental paid in this building for dens which would be a disgrace to barbarism. A similar experiment, in many respects even more remarkable than that recently inaugurated in Liverpool, is found in the Peabody dwellings in London. These apartments have been in successful operation for many years, while the results attending them have been so marked and salutary, that no discussion of this subject would be complete which failed to give some of the most important facts relating to them. I know of no single act of philanthropy that towers so nobly above the sordid greed of the struggling multitude of millionaires as does this splendid work of George Peabody, by which to-day, twenty thousand people, who, but for him, would be in the depths of the slums, are fronting a bright future, and with souls full of hope

are struggling into a higher civilization. It will be remembered that Mr. Peabody donated at intervals extending over a period of eleven years, or from 1862 to 1873, £500,000 or \$2,500,000 to this project of relieving the poor. He specified that his purpose was to ameliorate the condition of the poor and needy of London and promote their comfort and happiness, making only the following conditions:—

“*First* and foremost amongst them is the limitation of its uses, absolutely and exclusively, to such purposes as may be calculated directly to ameliorate the condition and augment the comforts of the poor, who, either by birth or established residence, form a recognized portion of the population of London.

“*Secondly*, it is my intention that now, and for all time, there shall be a rigid exclusion from the management of this fund, of any influences calculated to impart to it a character either sectarian as regards religion, or exclusive in relation to party politics.

“*Thirdly*, it is my wish that the sole qualification for a participation in the benefits of the fund shall be an ascertained and continued condition of life, such as brings the individual within the description (in the ordinary sense of the word) of the poor of London: combined with moral character, and good conduct as a member of society.”

Realizing that little could be hoped for from individuals or their offspring, who were condemned to a life in vile dens, where the squalor and wretchedness was only equalled by the poisonous, disease-breeding atmosphere and the general filth which characterized the tenement districts, the trustees Mr. Peabody selected to carry forward his work, engaged in the erection of a large building accommodating over two hundred persons at a cost of \$136,500. This apartment house, which is substantially uniform with the seventeen additional buildings since constructed from the Peabody fund, is five stories high, built around a hollow square, thus giving plenty of fresh air and sunshine to the rear as well as the front of the entire building. The square affords a large playground for the children, where they are in no danger of being run over by vehicles, and where they are under the immediate eye of many of the parents. The building is divided into tenements of one, two, and three room apartments, according to the requirements of the occupant. There are also nine stores on the

ground floor, which bring a rental of something over \$1,500 a year for each of the buildings. By careful, honest, and conscientious business management, the original sum of \$2,500,000 has been almost doubled, while comfortable, healthful homes have been procured for an army of over 20,000 persons. Some of the apartments contain four rooms, many three, some two, others one. The average rent is about \$1.15 for an apartment. The average price for three-room apartments in the wretched tenements of London, is \$1.45 a week. In the Peabody dwellings, the death rate is .96 per one thousand below the average in London. Thus it will be seen that while large, healthful, airy, and cheerful homes have been provided for over 20,000 human beings at a lower figure than the wretched disease-fostering and crime-breeding tenements of our soulless landlords, the Peabody fund has, since 1862, grown to nearly \$5,000,000, or almost twice the sum given for the work by the great philanthropist. No words can adequately describe the magnitude of

this splendid work, any more than we can measure the good it has accomplished, the crime prevented, or the lives that through it have become useful members of society. In the Liverpool experiment, the work has been prosecuted by the municipal government. In the Peabody dwellings, it has, of course, been the work of an individual, carried on by a board of high-minded, honorable, and philanthropic gentlemen. To my mind it seems far more practicable for philanthropic, monied men to prosecute this work as a business investment, specifying in their wills that rents shall not rise above a figure necessary to insure a fair interest on the money, rather than leave it for city governments, as in the latter case it would be in great danger of becoming an additional stronghold for unscrupulous city officials to use for political purposes. Here is a noble field for men with millions to bless the race by following Mr. Peabody's example. If, instead of willing every year princely sums to old, rich, and conservative educational institutions, which already possess far more

money than they require,—wealthy persons would bequeath sums for the erection of buildings after the manner of the Victoria Square or the Peabody Dwellings, a wonderful transformation would soon appear in our cities. Crime would diminish; life would rise to a higher level; and from the hearts and brains of tens of thousands, a great and terrible load would be lifted. Yet noble and praiseworthy as is this work, we must not lose sight of the fact, that, at best, it is only a palliative measure: a grand, noble, beneficent work which challenges our admiration, and should receive our cordial support; still it is only a palliative.

There are fundamental principles involved in this question which make for justice, and open up the broader aspect of this social problem about which I will have more to say in other chapters. I, therefore, for the present, dismiss it with a word. As long as speculation continues in that great gift of God to man, *land*, the problem will be unsettled. So long as the landlords find that the more wretched,

filthy, rickety and loathsome a building is, the lower will be the taxes, he will continue to make some of the ever-increasing army of bread-winners dwell in his foul, disease-impregnated dens.

The present economic system is being rapidly outgrown. Man's increasing intelligence, sense of justice, and the humanitarian spirit of the age, demand radical changes, which will come immeasurably nearer securing equal opportunities for all persons than the past ages have dreamed possible. No sudden or rash measure, calculated to convulse business and work great suffering, should be entertained, but our future action should rest on a broad, settled policy founded upon justice, tempered by moderation, keeping in view the great work of banishing uninvited poverty, and elevating the great struggling millions to a higher level, without sacrificing that individualism which is essential to growth.

TWO HOURS
IN THE SOCIAL CELLAR.

Slow fades the pageant, and the phantom stage
As slowly filled with squalid, ghastly forms;
Here, over fireless hearths, cowered shivering Age
And blew with feeble breath dead embers; storms
Hung in the icy welkin, and the bare
Earth lay forlorn in Winter's charnel air.

No careless childhood laughed disportingly,
But dwarfed, pale mandrakes, with a century's gloom
On infant brows, beneath a poison tree,
With skeleton fingers plied a ghastly loom;
Mocking in cynic jests life's gravest things,
They wove gay king-robcs, muttering, "What are kings ?"

And thro' that dreary Hades to and fro,
Stalked all unheeded, the Tatarean guests :
Grim Discontent, that loathes the Gods, and Woe,
Clasping dead infants to her milkless breasts;
And madding Hate, and Force, with iron heel,
And voiceless Vengeance, sharpening secret steel.

"Can such things be below and God above ?"
Faltered the king. Replied the genius, "Nay,
This is the state that sages most approve;
This is man civilized, the perfect sway
Of merchant kings, the ripeness of the art
Which cheapens men — the Elysium of the Mart."

— *Bulwer Lytton in King Arthur.*

III.

TWO HOURS IN THE SOCIAL CELLAR.

Further journeyings through the slums — Scenes of misery in the domain of uninvited poverty in Boston — Recent scenes in the social cellars of New York — Illustrations, showing how present conditions foster wealth, and increase poverty — The evils of our system of taxation — Immigration — Speculation in land — Monopoly in transportation — Significant hints.

IT is my purpose, in this chapter, to continue our examination of that part of the social cellar where uninvited poverty holds sway. Later we will descend into a lower zone of life. It must be evident to every thoughtful student of sociology that radical economic changes must be brought about before the rising tide of poverty and misery can receive a substantial check. Few people have any adequate idea of the nature or extent of the sufferings among the very

poor in our great cities ; and, until the facts are generally known, no measures can be brought about which will strike effective blows at the grave injustice which fathers so much misery.

The principal scenes I am about to describe met my view on a bitter winter's afternoon in January* The wind penetrated to the very bone. The atmosphere was charged with moisture, which seemed to herald a heavy snow when the air should become a little warmer. We first stopped at a place I had on other occasions visited, but this time I found a great change for the better. True, the halls were as dark as before, and the omnipresent odor of garbage was as stifling as on former visits, but within this tenement a great change was noticeable ; the walls and ceiling were newly whitewashed and papered, and the place was, in comparison with its former appearance, positively cheery and inviting. I was amazed, knowing the greedy propensities of the Croesuses who own these wretched dens. Had the owner actually

* 1892.

visited these quarters? Had his heart softened? Had he determined to make one home happy and inviting, by the voluntary outlay of a few dollars of his extortionate rent? By no means. My companion* who accompanied me, explained the mystery. It was disease which had brought about the change. A terrible disease—diphtheria—not often considered a blessing in disguise, in this case proved such, as the Board of Health had compelled the landlord to thoroughly renovate, whitewash, and newly paper the rooms. This apartment is occupied by a woman whose husband is an invalid in the Western Islands. She supports herself and two children by working on pants, at what may be regarded starvation wages; but her lot is less pitiable than that of hundreds of others in this section of Boston.

We next stepped up an alley-way leading from one of the principal streets, and found ourselves facing a large rookery, dark, dirty, and uninviting without, but the exterior was far more inviting

* Rev. W. J. Swaffield has accompanied me in all my journeyings through the slums of the North End.

than the interior—halls dark as midnight in a dungeon; air heavy with foul odors, and seemingly devoid of oxygen; the banisters greasy and the stairs much worn, as we could feel rather than see.

Here a succession of never-to-be-forgotten pictures met our eyes, depicting at once the startling inhumanity of wealth and the infinite misery of poverty in the modern Athens. In one room a young woman, with a remarkably bright and attractive face, was busy at her washing. She has six children and a mother to support, during the absence of her husband, who is at sea. She washes and scrubs for a livelihood.

“We do very well,” she said, with a half-uttered sigh and a shadow flitting over her cheerful face, “when we can get work.” “This week,” she continued, “I have been very fortunate, and have been kept quite busy.”

“What rent do you pay for these two rooms?”

“Two dollars and a half a week.”

I was startled. Two dollars and a half

for these wretched dens in the heart of the slums! One hundred and thirty dollars a year for rent! Surely Shylock ought soon to be able to buy a high place in public esteem on such a rich harvest of blood money. Surely he ought to be able to enjoy steam launches and private cars. His children might summer in Europe, and winter in Florida; and how munificent might be his gifts to churches, colleges, and libraries; while, if he owns several such buildings, he would still be able to live in sumptuous luxury.

We visited several tenements in this same building, which told practically the same story, so far as biting poverty and general all-around wretchedness were concerned. At last we reached the attic. Here one small dormer window afforded all the light for the main room. On one side of this window the roof slanted to the floor. In the corner, under this low-bending ceiling, was a pile of rags, upon which lay two half-naked little waifs, suffering with an acute attack of influenza, induced by inability, on the parents' part, to obtain any fuel

when the cold spell set in. The father, being a chronic invalid, the mother has to support the family. In a crib was a seven-year-old child, whose large and expressive eyes wandered from the ceiling to the equally dismal wall, from thence to us, and then to its mother, at sight of whom a visible smile spoke of love and a sense of security. When we entered the room, the mother looked up hastily, and a smile flitted across her sad face as she saw my companion, who is looked upon much as a father by numbers of families in this world of wretchedness. She did not, however, relax her work. After the first salutation, steadily, almost ferociously, she plied her needle, glancing apprehensively once or twice at the slowly increasing gloom without. She seemed greedy for the light. Each moment must be utilized. A dark day at best, night would soon come, and that meant cessation of work or the employment of lights, and lights cost money. To a person who has but a few cents with which to supply life's many demands, even a light means much. Yes, she must improve every moment;

there was a dollar and a half a week rent to pay; there was food to buy. Was it not for lack of money to buy fuel that her children now suffered? And that suffering alone brought more than anxious care; it called for medical advice and remedies. When we laid some oranges on the table, saying we thought the children would enjoy them, again a smile, or rather the phantom of a smile, crept across her face as she thanked us; but in a moment it was gone, and the leathery skin assumed the old expression of profound melancholy. As I studied that face, bronzed and furrowed in the most wearing and terrible battle known to modern times; as my eye fell on that little human register of hope and fear, love and anguish, I could not escape the thought that here, in the compass of a single brain, lay a record of the misery common to millions to-day in the very noon-tide of Christian civilization. I felt that a thrill of unutterable horror would pulsate through the being of every man and woman in society, from the wealthy landlord, to the humble artisan, who yet earns a respect-

able living, if by some marvellous power, that wonderful photo-phonograph, called the brain, could unroll the history of this life, from the time when, an infant, with bright, wonder-lit eyes, she nestled on a mother's breast, until now—a wreck, bent, haggard, old before the time for age to stamp its impress. This poor woman, in the eventide of day and life, typifies the condition of millions of God's children who are the legitimate products of our nineteenth century civilization.

From this attic, after visiting many other quarters scarcely less terrible, and all presenting substantially the same picture of chronic wretchedness, we descended several steps, and found ourselves in a cellar apartment, about half underground. The ceiling was only seven and one half feet from the floor. If these rooms ever contained any salable articles of furniture, they had disappeared; and the woman related to us, with quivering lip and tears starting from her eyes, the terrible fact that for three days they had had no fire. On one of these days the thermometer at the

Blue Hill Observatory had registered two degrees below zero. The husband, who had lost his work on account of sickness, had just succeeded in securing some broken-up wood, in pay for a day's work. Neither the man nor woman had any appearance of being addicted to drink. The man said, with feeling, "All I want is work." The poor woman, in consequence of being thus exposed in this damp and freezing cellar, without a spark of fire, was in agony from rheumatism; her lungs also were affected. Seldom have I witnessed a scene so absolutely hopeless, so dreary, so well calculated to bring a feeling of overpowering heart-sickness to any sensitive soul, as this. Here was a family of seven, apparently sober and reasonably intelligent, only asking for work. The rent paid is one dollar and a half a week, for a den not fit for dumb animals to live in. The atmosphere, owing to the proximity of out-buildings, was horrible beyond description. After relieving the present needs of these sufferers we left the apartment, knowing that the cloud had, for the moment, been

lifted; yet the relief was only temporary. The next month, through sickness or inability to obtain work, they were liable to be in as deplorable a condition as we had found them; and this is a single typical case taken from hundreds who are practically in the same condition. No *charity* work, however wisely carried on, can take the place of *justice*; and though charity, at the present time, is very necessary, it is radical social and economic changes that are urgently demanded. This commonwealth of misery and despair is largely the legitimate product of unjust social conditions. Its inhabitants are victims of human selfishness and greed—prisoners of poverty—driven toward starvation by the merciless lash of law, in the hands of injustice. This is a fact which cannot be too often stated.

Another scene I will touch upon, only to show how extreme poverty crushes the more refined and delicate sensibilities of the human soul, as well as blunts, in a more general way, the moral nature. We found an attic inhabited by a brother and

a sister. The latter had just stepped out; the brother was at home. He seemed about forty years of age and rather below the average in intelligence, even in this district. The apartments gave every evidence of the most abject poverty, containing a single bed for its occupants, a deplorable fact which my friend had mentioned as we were wending our way up the dark stairs. Terrible, indeed, is such a spectacle; but when poverty touches the borders of starvation, we have no right to judge harshly. They may have maintained their virtue even thus; it is not our place to judge individuals, especially in such desperate straits. But this we do say, social conditions which crush people into these extremities are being judged, and the trial will not be over until justice, in a broader acceptation than society has ever recognized it, has been established.

In one cellar, seven and one-half feet from floor to ceiling, we found an American lady who had been accustomed to far different circumstances. She was a person of education and refinement. Her apartments,

though surrounded by filth and squalor, were as clean as if the environment wooed cleanliness and fanned hope. I have never heard purer English spoken than she used. Every word and movement indicated refinement. Her husband died three years before, leaving her with two little girls. For one she had secured a home in New Hampshire. The other, a beautiful though delicate little tot of about five years, remained with her. This child was a veritable rose among thorns, polite and refined in manner. On receiving some oranges, she bowed with easy grace, saying, "Oh, I thank you, sir!" while her dancing eyes expressed the joy that had entered her heart. The mother showed photographs of her dead husband and her elder daughter, who, through the exigencies of want had been compelled to find a home more than a hundred miles away. The little girl brought out a scrap-book, given her by her father, before he died; it was clean and well preserved. I note these facts to show that even here in the slums, in the direst poverty, in a cellar without a sign of fire and with scarcely

any furniture, a mother and her child preserved, against all the crushing influence of environment, their refinement, cleanliness and that sweet spirit which so often dies when hope vanishes.

Such are a few typical pictures of life today in Boston, and the wide area of want and misery is year by year extending its borders.

That my readers may appreciate the fact that these conditions are not confined to any one great city or any single season, I will give a momentary glimpse of scenes in the social cellar of New York, as portrayed by a recent writer in one of the leading metropolitan dailies.*

The reporter thus prefaced his narration:

Such biting cold and such pitiless misery and such sullen, hopeless, shivering poverty has not been felt in the byways of the poor in a score of years. For every joy the snow and ice and clear, cold weather bring to the rich, the poor suffer a pang. To them the coals in the foot-warmers in the sleighs in the park would mean an unknown, luxurious warmth. The east side is

* New York World, Jan. 18, 1893.

suffering. The story of hardships would be a story like that of the famine districts of Russia. The people suffer, but they live.

Here is an extract from his description of life in the tenement region:—

Willett street is not an inviting thoroughfare, but it is typical of east-side tenement streets. It runs from Houston to Grand, and just below the former street was the tenement to which Supt. Blake had referred. It was not originally built as a tenement-house; that was evident. It had the appearance of decayed respectability—as though it had been the mansion of some old merchant who was contemporary with the first John Jacob Astor. It is four stories high—or low—as the floors are not more than eight feet apart. The frontage is not more than thirty feet and the depth not more than sixty feet. And still eighty families live within those four walls! Live? No, exist.

Push open the grimy door. Faugh! The air is fetid. There is a confused murmur of voices, the shrill cries of children, the shouts of quarrelling women, the guttural oaths of drunken men, the jargon of many languages. The narrow stairway is crowded with children; some clothed and some almost naked.

“Does Mrs. Dougherty live here?” was asked. The children became quiet and stared at the

intruder. "I guess so;" said a little chap, "most everybody lives here, but you better ask up-stairs."

There was a dull roar of voices from everywhere. No one answered the knock on the first door the reporter stumbled against. Opening the door, he entered. A woman, who might have been thirty, but who looked fifty years old, sat by a window sewing. There were hard lines in her face, and her eyes were like those of a beaten dumb beast. She showed no surprise at the intrusion.

The floor, that had no covering save dirt, was crowded with children. One toddler was entirely naked and the others were almost so. The furniture of the room consisted of a dilapidated chair, which was occupied by the woman, a wretched kitchen stove, in which there was no fire, and a pile of blankets and rags in a corner that constituted the family bed. On the table was half a loaf of black bread and half a link of liver sausage. Back of the stove was a small pile of laths and fragments of building wood. A small boy was trying to break up the latter with a piece of iron.

The woman said her name was Kehoe. Her husband had left her a year ago. He had also left her six children. Coal? She hadn't seen a lump of coal since last fall. All the fire they had was from wood that Jimmy (the boy with the piece of iron) had picked up in the street. How did she live? She didn't know; she sewed for a "sweater" firm on Houston street, Sullen, hope-

less, she simply waited for death without seeking it.

In the next room was a Polish woman with a numerous brood of half-clad children. She could not speak much English. She was also sewing.

These two rooms were typical of all the other holes in the building.

In another tenement on Attorney street, below Delancey, there are several cases of absolute destitution. A woman by the name of Wilpoff, who has seven fatherless children, has been confined to her bed of rags on the floor for three weeks, and has been kept from starvation through the mercy and charity of her almost equally poor neighbors. The room was as cold as a tomb yesterday, but she smiled and said her neighbors would give her a fire in the evening. There was nothing to eat in the house.

In a tenement on Pitt street, above Delancey, are a score of semi-starving families. In one garret-room is an old man who has been caring for his dead daughter's three children. He was a street fakir until Christmas, when the rheumatism got into his legs, and now he is helpless. As in the other cases, his neighbors, quite as poor as himself, but not so helpless, are caring for him.

Tenements that were visited on Stanton, Delancey, Norfolk and several other streets, all had their tales of woeful suffering.

Such was the condition of thousands

of poor people in the opulous city of New York, in the month of January, 1893, and such is the condition each winter of an ever-increasing army in every great city of America.

Where a few years since there were probably a few hundred lives thus languishing, starving and suffering, now there are thousands; and unless we have radical social and economic changes at an early day, the army will be numbered by the tens of thousands in every great city. About the truth of this statement, there can be no question, because our present economic conditions drive the poor into lower depths of poverty as effectively as Constantine's cavalry drove Maxentius and his cohorts into the Tiber. Upon the prostrate forms of the poor, the privileged classes are rising to greater opulence, and are being enabled to indulge in the gratification of passion, appetite and vanity to a greater degree of prodigality than was ever before witnessed in a government, which retained the form or shell of a republic. All charitable measures, though

humane and noble, are only palliative, only temporary. They relieve in a measure the pain of the moment, but they do not touch the disease. They are at best only loaves of bread thrown to the imprisoned thousands, or single lines by which one in a hundred may escape from confinement. They do not throw open the doors.

The statement that "the poor are growing poorer, and the rich richer," has been so often repeated and so frequently thoughtlessly uttered, that it carries little of its really terrible significance to the average mind, while many dismiss it as an exaggerated utterance of social malcontents. And yet it is a simple statement of a truth which is demonstrable. Everything in our present social condition favors the man who has an abundance of money; everything works against the man who has little. Let us take, for example, life's necessities—those things which all must purchase to a greater or less extent. And to be still more specific, let us notice a single item, fuel, for instance. The wealthy and those in comfortable circumstances, are able,

without inconvenience, to lay in their winter's supply of coal in summer, when it is very low. Thus each householder saves enough money by this single transaction to support the poor man's family comfortably, for several weeks, during the most trying season of the year. These benefits thus derived are denied the very poor. They cannot command sufficient money to purchase, even if they had a storehouse in which to place the supply. Nevertheless, their condition would be less pitiable if, when winter came, they could buy coal by the ton and wood by the cord. But this again is impossible, at least so far as thousands in our great cities are concerned, owing to the fact that their meagre earnings for one week have disappeared before their next pay day arrives; and, moreover, they have no room to store a ton of coal. Thus they are compelled to purchase by the basketful, which in effect is the same as though they suffered a double robbery; as though they had fallen into the hands of two bands of brigands, each levying a tribute. Do not understand me as charging the dealers with

either robbery or brigandage. I merely wish to emphasize the important fact that to the poor man the *effect* is exactly the same as if he were the victim of *individuals* instead of *social conditions*.

Now, in order to bring this thought still more clearly before the reader, I requested the Rev. Walter J. Swaffield, whose church is in the heart of the slums of the North End, to ascertain how much the poor people, who are forced to purchase by the basketful, were paying for their coal. He informs me that, by the basket, coal is selling at twenty-five cents, there being thirty-four baskets to the ton, making eight dollars and a half per ton; while he is buying in twelve-ton lots, to be delivered as per his order, in one-fourth ton lots, at five dollars and a half per ton, a difference of three dollars per ton. Thus Mr. Swaffield, who, when he wrote, had just paid a bill of sixty-six dollars for twelve tons, saved thirty-six dollars. Had he bought as these poor people are forced to do, by the basketful, he would have had to pay one hundred and two dollars. Hence we find the very

people, who can least afford to pay high prices, compelled to pay over one-third more than the rich. On every five thousand dollars' worth at the price these poor people are paying, those able to buy by the ton would save over one thousand six hundred dollars; while those who buy by the wholesale in summer save much more. Here, then, we have a striking illustration of how social conditions to-day favor the privileged classes and crush the poor; but this is only one of many illustrations which might be cited.

Our present laws regulating taxes favor the maintenance of miserable old buildings, for we fine industry and discourage improvements by taxing them. Hence the land-[✓]lord, who understands well that if he builds a clean, wholesome, airy tenement, he will have his taxes doubled or tripled for his pains, allows the old building, with its filth, its disease germs, its death-dealing atmosphere, to remain, knowing that so long as it stands, taxes will be low; while the necessity of the very poor will compel them to pay rent, which will enable him to

realize an enormous per cent on his investment. Of the general effect of this system of taxation I speak at length below. The *Boston Record* made a partial investigation of this subject some time since, and published figures showing that the landlords received twelve, fifteen, and in many instances a higher per cent on their investments. Here, again, we see unjust social conditions favoring the rich and crushing the poor. The reporter found that the rental per year for one of these tenements was *One thousand eight hundred and seventy-five dollars*, while the building was assessed for only *eight thousand dollars*.

Another powerful factor working to widen the breach between opulence and poverty is the enormous immigration which is monthly brought to our shores from the slums of the Old World.

A large class of the immigrants which came to America in early days left their native lands because of their convictions. They were people of great moral worth and intellectual independence, and were therefore a distinct gain to the young

republic. They were allured to our shores because of the greater liberty and freedom accorded to unconventional and heretical ideas. America, as an asylum for such as they, had nothing to lose and everything to gain; and the tide of ignorance and pauperism which came in with this class of more sterling worth, was no distinct menace, for many reasons. In the first place, the men of conviction neutralized the influence of a class who had no higher ambition than getting along comfortably. In the second place, we had no populous cities, thronged by masses of strugglers for bread. Land was plentiful and free. And, again, no great monopolies controlled transportation at will; no vast associations of gamblers had it in their power to depress the price of the farmer's products for months, or until he had been compelled to sell, and then raise the price until his poor compatriots in the towns and cities paid princely tributes to those who toiled not. At that time trusts and combines did not control mines and manufactories, nor had legislation produced a well-nigh

invincible plutocracy to fatten year by year, at the expense of the poor, on the special privileges granted by class legislation. Then the ideal of liberty and justice was approximated as it has never been since, because the people came much nearer enjoying equal opportunities.

Now conditions have radically changed. No longer do we even approach "equality of opportunity." Indeed, as we have seen, our present conditions represent the extreme of inequality. Therefore, however wise it might be to continue the policy of opening our gates to the oppressed, if conditions were more just, the case assumes a different aspect under present inequitable social arrangements, for now every ship laden with immigrants must necessarily feed the fire which threatens the destruction of free government; every incoming army from the slums of Europe places the bread-winners of America in a more hopeless condition, while it necessarily and distinctly aids the plutocratic power which is to-day accumulating fortunes so colossal as to amaze the world, and rising to unequalled opulence

over the prostrate forms of the bread-winners, and at the expense of justice, which alone forms a stable foundation for national life.

Let us glance at these facts somewhat more closely; for while, to my mind, if the people enjoyed equal opportunities, there could be but one answer to the immigration question, viz.: Let the gates remain open, nevertheless we are now forced to argue from another hypothesis. What would be eminently proper in the presence of conditions resting on the everlasting granite of justice, may be unwise and vicious when conditions rest upon the sands of avarice and injustice.

Now, going back some decades in our history let us suppose we are in the midst of a flourishing little city. Here are scores of widows and others who make a decent living by laboring for the "sweater." True, strict economy is required, but the mothers find it possible to live in clean, though modest apartments, and send their children to school. At length a ship arrives, crowded with the very poorest of

European lands. These people are thoroughly ignorant, and know nothing of the value of education. They have been used to miserable, dark, filthy dens, and the plainest food. The "sweater" hunts them out, for here is an opportunity to increase his already large profits. These people are glad to work for a much lower sum. Our own poor people at once feel the effect in reduced prices and less work. Now the children have to wear threadbare clothes, and the mothers no longer feel that their clothes are fit to wear to temples where men and women assemble to worship the great Galilean. Besides, if their children remain at school and have enough to eat, the parents must work on Sundays. By and by other shiploads come, bearing fresh armies of the very poor, who have been accustomed to sleeping under any kind of shelter, and even without shelter, and to whom dirt, filth, and indecent surroundings are not specially objectionable. They find cheaper quarters; they have been used to half starving; they care nothing for education, and have numerous children

whom they press into the labor mill. Again prices fall and work becomes still scarcer. The poor American women can no longer compete with the foreign cheap labor, which thrives in dirt, and fattens in the slums of the city, and whose children ply the needle as well as the mothers. The Americans must sink to the frightful social environment of this class or starve.

The American widow described in this chapter is a fair representative of this class. Moreover, with this physical suffering comes moral decline, and lowering of average intelligence. As fresh relays arrive, the condition grows more desperate; all chance for proper education for the young disappears; the environment is morally infected, inviting vice and crime. Furthermore, there is practically no hope for the blossoming of developed manhood and womanhood in the generations who come up within the borders of this vast social cellar. The little ones are robbed of the heritage which should fall to every child of this opulent republic.

If we go to our great mines, we find in

many instances a substantial repetition of these experiences; the intelligent American and foreign-born citizens are crowded out by those who have never known anything but ignorance and the most pitiable industrial slavery. The same influences are being felt in the manufacturing world, and, in short, in almost all departments of manual labor. Every shipload of immigrants which arrives under the present social condition, necessarily increases the misery of the struggling millions, rendering their lot still more hopeless. Thus, here we find another important factor favoring the wealthy and forcing the needy into more hopeless depths of serfdom.

Immigration, however, it should be clearly understood, is *not a prime cause* or elementary factor in the discreditable social condition of the present day; neither would it be a grave menace to our institutions, if law rested upon justice, and sanctioned only those things which were for the good of the whole people. At the present time, however, we find the condition aptly described by Shakespeare, when he observes:

That in the corrupted current of this world
Offence's gilded hand oft shoves by justice,
And oft it's seen the wicked prize itself
Buys off the law.

This is strikingly illustrated in the influence exerted by various gigantic monopolies, trusts and combines, which through *special privileges and class legislation* have become anacondas, threatening the very life of free institutions by persistently baffling the wishes of the people in the caucuses, in the legislatures, or through their influence at the national Capitol. One significant illustration emphasizes this thought. The anti-option bill, calculated to check the most iniquitous species of gambling of the present day, was up in Congress the second week in February, 1892. The fair prospect for its passing afforded an opportunity for the bears of Chicago to depress the market, exactly as information that the gamblers had baffled the people would have enabled the bulls to inflate stocks. What was the result? I quote from a despatch published in the great Eastern dailies of February 10th:

The banks hurried a memorial to be sent to Congress protesting against the bill. Besides the protest sent by eighteen of the city banks, the Board of Directors appointed an additional committee to go to Washington and make plain the dangers.

What do we find here? The aristocracy of the bankers, which has grown to formidable power through special privileges, rushing to the aid of the aristocracy of gamblers, and seeking, by the most dangerous methods, to destroy legislation interested in the morality and the welfare of the whole people. This is significant, but is by no means an exceptional instance of monopolies and aristocracies, which are the legitimate outgrowth of special privileges, seeking to circumvent all measures directed in the interests of the people, or those which are even suspected of being aimed at checking the march of monopoly toward absolute power. *Hence against all special privileges*, the legislation of the future should be directed. Abolish class legislation, and we have wrested from the hand of plutocracy one of the great chains with

which it has manacled the industrial masses.

Another evil, which has contributed far more to the present distressing social conditions, than most people imagine, arises from *speculation in land*. To me it seems clear that the assumption that individuals have a right to hold idle vast tracts of land from year to year, without giving to society adequate value in return for what society gives them in enhanced valuation, is manifestly unjust. Or to put the matter in another way, it is difficult to understand why an individual should be entitled to wealth in no way produced by himself; wealth which has been created by society, in enhancing the value of nature's beneficent gift to humanity, *the land*; wealth which is created often in despite of the individual, by the community, and yet from which the producer of the wealth receives no adequate return, as in the case of the vacant lots which disfigure the suburbs of every city, lying idle for decades, and sometimes generations, that the holder may reap princely returns, *after society has*

made the land valuable. Here, it seems to me, is something fundamentally unjust; and in its operation we see deplorable results, which sooner or later bloom on the stem of injustice.

Vast tracts of land which should blossom with little homes are, through the greed of rich syndicates and individuals, held idle; the poor are forced to be tenants in apartments, instead of householders; the money they would yearly be able to expend on their homes is swallowed up in rents; they grow old without enjoying any of the benefits accruing from enhanced values, because *monopoly in land*, encouraged by our *present system of taxation*, has closed the door of opportunity against them. What is true of idle land which walls in the poor of our cities, in order that land speculators may grow rich, is equally true of land in the country, where may be found vast tracts held in the same way, often by alien landlords. This again prevents millions of honest, hard-working men from obtaining homes, in order that a few hundred individuals may grow immensely rich, not through

any labor of their own, but through the enhancing of values created solely by society. This wrong will continue to grow more and more offensive until wise methods of taxation make speculation in lands unprofitable.

Again, it will doubtless be necessary for the government to abolish monopoly in transportation, or bring forward such measure, as shall prevent the nation's great highways from becoming a veritable mint for the most despicable class of usurers, by whose extortion the *producer* is deprived of fair profit, on the one side, while the *consumer* is compelled to pay more than a fair price on the other; that the manipulators of stocks and owners of the bonds of these great arteries of trade may live in princely palaces without labor. *Abolish special privileges; monopoly in transportation and speculation in land*, and plutocracy will be shorn of its Samsonian locks. Of course, there are other reforms needed, but these seem to me basic and of prime importance; and in compassing these, greater liberty and more healthful freedom will be

enjoyed by the people, while justice to all will be approached as never before. Many less fundamental reforms will come first, owing to the urgency of popular need, which demands temporary relief afforded by palliative measures, and also because before great fundamental measures, which rest on justice and are calculated to supplant age-long wrongs, can be brought about, it will be necessary to educate the masses to think broadly and independently.

Meanwhile, let us not forget the millions who are now stifling, starving, and dying as the legitimate results of the injustice of our present social conditions. Let us give and give liberally, while, with eyes riveted upon justice, and with the good of all the people ever in view, we labor unceasingly for such radical reforms as will relieve our Christian civilization of the burning stigma of shame arising from upholding conditions so essentially unjust that they are directly responsible for a large per cent of the poverty, ignorance and crime present in the republic to-day.

DEMOCRACY OF DARKNESS

**Our Fathers are praying for Pauper-pay,
Our Mothers with Death's kiss are white ;
Our Sons are the rich man's Slaves by day,
And Our Daughters his Slaves by night.**

Gerald Massey.

III.

DEMOCRACY OF DARKNESS.

The darkest zone in social life — Pseudo pleasures of the underworld — Bestial gratifications which end in death — Typical cases — Crime in our great cities — Some figures from recent statistics — A modern Fagan — Trafficking in virtue — A typical case.

THERE is to-day in all populous centres of civilization a world of misery, where uninvited poverty abounds: a commonwealth of victims whose wretchedness fills the heart with mingled sorrow and indignation. No more pathetic scene can be imagined than the daily battle waged by this battalion in retreat, which yet struggles for a foothold on the granite of honesty and virtue. There is, however, another spectacle still more soul-sickening, because of its added blackness. Below the social cellar, where uninvited poverty holds sway, is a darker zone: a subterranean, ray-

less vault — the commonwealth of the double night. In the upper stratum we find gloom; here perpetual darkness. Above, the closing door of opportunity to live, the frightful pangs of hunger and the ever-present dread of sickness shut out the sunshine of external enjoyments; still, so long as virtue and integrity remain, the inner temple is illuminated. In the sub-cellar, however, even the soul's torch goes out; hence there is twofold darkness. So long as the fires burn on the altar of morality, the soul knows an exalted pleasure, even in the bitterest want; for the mystic power of the Divine, impearled in every mind, holds supremacy, and the spirit stands erect. When, however, this light disappears, the soul grovels in the mire, and the incentive to walk is less strong than that to crawl and wallow in animality. In this under-world vice and crime mingle with poverty; bestial passion is the goddess of its denizens; here the acme of pleasure is reached in sensual gratification; here men do not look you in the eye, the glance, even, is furtive when not defiant. *This is the*

real inferno. No need to wander into other worlds for hells of God's creating. Man has made an under-world, before which the most daring imagination of poet or seer staggers. Over its portals might well be blazoned the soul-freezing inscription which Dante beheld as he entered the under-world.

If its inhabitants came hither voluntarily, their conditions might merit less concern, even though they would in no less degree be a menace to society. But the truth is, the large proportion are driven hither by relentless influences, over which they have no control; such, for example, as the cupidity and avarice of powerful individuals, the selfishness of a short-sighted and indifferent civilization, reinforced by the intangible but potent influence of heredity on the one hand, and the still more irresistible power of environment on the other.

And in this subterranean world, as in the world of hope, we find men, women and children plying their trades and eking out an existence as fate or inclination dictates. Here, however, schools, universities and libraries contribute little to the satis-

faction of man's appetites and aspirations; but in their stead we find the omnipresent saloon, catering to all that is worst in frail humanity.

Yet it must not be understood that all pleasure is exiled; a certain kind of enjoyment remains. It is a counterfeit coin, which, however, in the absence of that which is real, passes current. It possesses none of the pure essence which endures and is refining and elevating. Moreover, the pleasures known here consume the life of their votaries, and are mingled with bitterness which increases with each hour of indulgence. They end also in death, prefaced by an existence loathsome to even the depraved souls who reap their certain fruitage.

Would you glance at the pseudo-pleasures current in this lower zone of life? Come with us as we skirt this realm, and see what it has to offer to those who have recently crossed its threshold. We are in Boston, within rifle-shot of the gilded dome of the State House and the palaces of Beacon Hill, and yet we are entering this

under-world. It is Monday night. At the station-house we are politely received by the officer in charge, who observes that we have chosen the worst night in the week. Saturday and Sunday he explains, are always a kind of Saturnalia for numbers of people in this part of the city; but Monday night there is little to be seen; These people are "resting" or "broke." While he is speaking, a drunken man is brought in—a searcher for pleasure and gratification, who losing reason, has been overtaken by the law. "Do you make many arrests daily?" we asked. "Oh, yes, here is the record: For Saturday, fifty-six cases, yesterday thirty-five, mostly drunkenness. Ah, here is the officer who will go with you." We set off, threading our way through a commonwealth of poverty and vice. Here are thousands of people herding in crowded quarters where dwelt, a few decades ago, the very elite of the "Hub."

We have now reached a nest of old buildings with an unsavory record. Here we find negroes and whites mingling together.

The creaking stairways are worn and carpeted with filth; the walls and ceilings blistered with the foul accretions of months and perhaps years. It is a noisy spot; snatches of low songs, oaths, coarse jests, and the savage voices of poor wretches whose brains are inflamed and tongues made thick with rum, meet our ears on every side. The air is heavy with odors of spoiled fish, decayed vegetables, smoke from old pipes, and stale beer. From one room loud and angry voices proceed, a note of fear mingled with a threatening tone; the room seems perfectly dark. With a quick movement the officer lifts the smoking lamp from a stool in the hall, and opens the door. The scene is sickening in the extreme, one of the most disgusting spectacles in the under-world, none the less terrible because it is common. A filthy den, occupied by a young girl whose career has not yet brought upon her unmistakable signs of debauchery, save in a certain expression of the eyes and a brazen smile, which speak volumes against the probability of restoration. She is probably

a Creole. A wealth of black hair falls in great waves over her head; she has a deep olive complexion; neither her hair nor her features indicate negro blood; a large head, arching brow, and eyes which once must have been extremely beautiful, for even yet, though slightly dimmed by dissipation, they are very expressive. On her countenance one detects something inexpressibly sad; the sunshine of girlishness blending with the shadow of vice. A few years before she must have been a remarkably beautiful child, richly endowed by nature with those physical charms so dear to womankind, and which to-day are a fortune to a maiden in easy circumstances. This girl, surrounded in early life by healthy influences, schooled in virtue and given a fair chance would probably have graced society and added to the dignity of womanhood. But the accident of an unkind fate willed otherwise, and now we find her in a filthy den, the air of which is heavy with fumes of liquor and other nauseous odors—her companion a low-browed, thick-necked negro. Heartsick we turn from this spec-

tacle, too common to the officer to even call to his face a momentary shadow of disgust. In this child of a dark fate we see a type of thousands of poor girls who seem doomed to wed despair. They may have entered life in the social cellar, where they have never seen, with anything like clear-cut vision, the line of demarkation between right and wrong. They may have drifted to the city for the purpose of making an honest living, but have been driven into vice and crime, in order that soulless greed might flourish and they still live. Or they may belong to the commonwealth of betrayed maidens, who, being betrayed, have found all society's doors barred against them, lest, perchance, they contaminate innocence, brush too closely against undiscovered sin, or annoy the lepers who have accomplished their ruin, and who still move unabashed in the upper world. In any case, to them birth was a calamity, life a bitter curse, death their sweetest heritage.

We leave this rookery, having caught a glimpse of life's sad quest for pleasure in

the modern inferno, and traverse a street with brilliantly lighted saloons. The counters are thronged with scores of men, seeking pleasure by imbibing beer. At the corner of the street a striking picture is presented. In the front window of a large saloon sits a company of young men and girls, laughing hilariously over their liquor. The men are boyish in appearance. One of the three women present is not a novice. Her face is typical, and carries a significant history; brazen eyes, steeled and slightly dimmed; countenance stamped with the unmistakable history of reckless indulgence, doomed to grow more terrible as she is pushed, with ever accelerating speed, toward her frightful end. The features of the other girls show small traces of dissipation. They are well dressed; a rosy flush suffuses their brows, born of excitement rather than rouge; their voices also possess a silvery ring. They seem happy, as, with rapid words, jests pass from lip to lip over the clinking glasses.

Behind this partitioned compartment, the bar, thronged with men, is the scene of

that coarse merriment which is ever found in saloons in low parts of great cities. We turn the corner, and, passing the rear of the same establishment, catch another kaleidoscopic view of the pleasures of this dismal life. Here, in a rudely partitioned box, which partly shuts it from the bar, but which opens on the street, are a half-dozen withered women, some aged before their time; others, though still young, haggard and corpse-like; their faces, like their ragged gowns, are faded, their voices harsh and rasping, their laugh barren of all merriment and carrying notes of defiance and despair. In the front of this saloon is laughing girlhood; in the rear besotted womanhood. The difference is that these poor creatures have pursued the *ignis-fatuus* a little longer than their younger neighbors—they are several rungs lower in the ladder—that is all. As we momentarily pause before this pathetic picture, one poor woman whose dull eyes are sunken far into their sockets, and whose face is of an ashen hue, rises, and, extending her long bony finger, beckons to our company. The grin

on her face, which in childhood was doubtless a smile, is so ghastly that we are thrilled with horror. Ah! poor Ishmaelites of our nineteenth-century civilization, terrible is your fate!*

Of another pastime we catch a glimpse in passing a basement poolroom. Here is a certain fascinating excitement which games of chance ever possess for the human mind; but here also we find the atmosphere which seems everywhere present in the subterranean world; fumes of liquor and tobacco are as omnipresent as coarse profanity and still more repulsive jests.

This scene suggests another I witnessed some time ago in going through a wretched rookery in the North End of Boston. We were in search of a poor sick woman, said to be in a starving condition. Passing one room and hearing loud voices, my friend, who spends his life in relieving the suffering of the poor, quickly opened the door. Around a rude table were seated four men playing cards; the revolver by one and

* In Chicago, in 1890, more than thirty girls and women attempted suicide in the station-houses of that city.

whiskey flask by another were as symbolic of the lives of these young men as their hardened, depraved countenances and red eyes. There was a certain ferocity in the expression of their faces. In one corner of the room I noticed a man hastily throwing some things he had been handling into an old box. The moment the door opened, all the gamblers sprang to their feet, defiant and yet uneasy. Their furtive glances wandered from us to the box. My impression was that they were whiling away the day gaming for the booty or spoils of the previous night. "Does Mrs.——live in this building?" inquired my friend. "We don't know," grumbled two or three voices, as we closed the door.

Such are the pleasures of this underworld—as false as they are short-lived; utterly spurious; all counterfeit coins; bearing small resemblance to true enjoyment, whose influence is ever refining and uplifting. Pure pleasure is a sun which warms into life all that is noblest in nature, calling out that which is sweetest and richest, developing the flower and fruitage of a

noble character; while the pleasure of which our nineteenth-century inferno boasts, bears precisely the relation to its victim that the candle does to the moth: it dazzles with its light; it warms with its heat; it fascinates with its radiance, but it destroys!

Let us now examine some facts relating to this commonwealth of darkness, where vice and crime mingle with misery and want. It is with the great cities that we are chiefly concerned in the present discussion, although the baleful influence has already extended to the smaller cities and towns; for a nation takes the tone of life largely from her metropolitan centres. Dr. Lyman Abbott has well observed that "the whole country is affected, if indeed its character and history are not determined, by the condition of its great cities."

In the outcropping of the lower world in our courts, we catch a glimpse of one aspect of this problem, although it must not be forgotten that the records of our criminal courts represent a small proportion of the crime committed. Thus, for example, the

prison returns for Great Britain for 1889 showed that there were fourteen thousand, seven hundred and forty-seven known thieves at large, to say nothing of seventeen thousand and forty-two suspected persons. With this thought in mind, let us take up the records of New York City. In 1889, we find there were eighty-two thousand, two hundred arrests; in 1890, eighty-four thousand, five hundred and fifty-six arrests. Of the number of persons apprehended in 1889, over five thousand were taken on the charge of theft or robbery, and more than five thousand for assault and battery. Another fact in this connection worthy of thought, is the enormous expense required to keep in partial check this commonwealth of darkness. The police department of New York costs yearly four million, eight hundred thousand dollars.*

And what is true of the criminal records of New York, is, to a certain extent, true of the smaller cities. Take, for example, Detroit, Mich. In 1890 we find there were eight thousand, six hundred and ninety-

* "Darkness and Daylight in New York," p. 499.

three persons arrested, of which over nine hundred cases were for murder, rape, assault and battery, burglary, larceny or robbery. In speaking of these returns, Commissioner Robinson observes:*

“The whole number of arrests for the six years (1885-90) was fifty-one thousand, eight hundred and seventy-six, a yearly average of eight thousand and six hundred and forty-six. According to population, there was one arrest for every twenty-three persons; but as four hundred and seventy-three persons were recidivists and figure in two thousand, three hundred and sixty-three arrests, it appears that one person in every thirty-one was a prisoner for some cause or other in 1890.” If we take the still smaller town of Saginaw, Mich., we find in 1891 there were two thousand six hundred and twenty-four arrests, in writing of which Commissioner Robinson observes: “The number of arrests in the city of Saginaw for 1891 was two thousand, six hundred and twenty-four, a slight

*Ninth Annual Report of Bureau of Labor Statistics of Michigan, p. 401.

increase over former years. No allowance being made for reconvictions, one person in every 17.6 of population was a prisoner in the year ending March 22, 1891.

These facts merely hint at the nature and extent of the waste of wealth in our cities, caused chiefly by the subterranean vaults of social life. The financial aspect, however, is of small importance compared with the ethical significance. Whatever adds to the sum of human misery, increases the volume of crime, lowers the standard of morality, entails physical weakness, mental imbecility, or moral degradation, rises above all financial considerations, and is of supreme importance.

In descending into the under-world, we find no monotony or sameness in life. There are many gradations in crime and vice. Here we see the murderer, the thief, and the burglar; the gambler, the courtesan, and the confidence man; the bully, the sneak thief, and the common drunkard, who, like a maniac, is always a possible murderer. Here, also, we find pedagogues in crime, as well as, what is

still more soul-sickening, traffickers in vice. Some striking illustrations of these phases are necessary, in order to impress terrible facts vaguely believed but not realized by the great majority of our thoughtful people; for a typical case pictures in miniature a particular class or condition more impressively than any amount of generalizing. Doubtless few people realize that there are Fagans in real life to-day no less terrible than Dickens graphically pictures in his fiction; and we need not go to London or Paris to find them; they are flourishing at our own door.

A most striking illustration of this character was given to the public in the well-known case of David Smith, which was widely discussed at the time of his apprehension and conviction, almost three years since. The story, briefly stated, is as follows: Edward Mulhearn, a youth of fourteen years, who lived in a neighboring town and was rather wild, ran away from home to seek his fortune in New York City. After he had exhausted his resources, and while debating in his mind

the advisability of returning home, and his probable reception from a somewhat stern father, he was accosted by David Smith, who cordially invited him to his boarding-house. Delighted at the prospect of supper and bed, the boy accepted the invitation, was taken to one of the worst lodging-houses in the city, introduced to Smith's friends, and by his newly found protector flattered and cajoled. "I will make a man of you in less than a week," exclaimed Smith. The next week was one of license; the modern Fagan determined to "show his little friend the city," with all the terrible significance of that expression when uttered by one hardened by years of vice and crime, and who is determined to thoroughly compromise his victim, while firing all that is worst in his nature. Next, Edward was shown how carelessly the women carried their purses; how often they were merely slipped in the outside pocket of their wrap. Edward was assured that it was an easy thing to take them. He was induced to make the attempt. He succeeded and was a few

dollars the richer. The boy was complimented by Smith and lionized in the den where the easily acquired wealth was squandered. His self-appointed guardian being a positive nature, soon psychologized the youth. The friend and protector now became the iron-hearted master, and the boy a servile slave. He was next taken or sent on several thieving raids. When, however, Smith was not present to direct him, he rarely returned with any booty. This was naturally very unsatisfactory to his master, who saw little revenue to be gained from a poor thief. His fertile brain, however, soon hit upon another expedient. One morning when Edward returned penniless, our modern Fagan deliberately locked the door; the boy was then bound securely, after which his arms were horribly burned with heated irons pressed deeply into the flesh. The frantic shrieks and pitiful entreaties of the poor lad produced no effect upon his callous master, who poured acid into the wounds which greatly inflamed them. He was now ready for Smith's purpose, and after being assured

that he must beg money and beg *effectively*, if he did not wish his arms *burned off*, he was sent into the street. Smith, however, did not allow him to get beyond his sight. He was compelled to tell all, who were willing to listen, a most pitiful story of how, while hard at work in a factory, he was crippled by having some poisonous acid fall on his arms. Edward begged faithfully each day, under the close surveillance of his master, and at night turned over a goodly sum, in return for which he received scanty food and a filthy bed. Smith, meantime, was spending his nights in the reckless abandon characteristic of an old debauché who had sounded the lowest depths of vice. One day, however, Edward's father, who was searching New York, street by street, discovered his boy. Smith was arrested and sent to the penitentiary. This is doubtless an extreme case, and yet events are constantly coming to the surface which show how prevalent is this pedagogy in crime. Inspector Byrnes some time ago observed that, during the last two or three years, at

least four hundred boys and young men had been arrested for crimes originating in low lodging-houses, which are the headquarters for our modern Fagans.

There is another pursuit in this underworld even more terrible than this systematic schooling of the young in theft,—a crime so revolting that it is seldom mentioned, and for this reason is gradually growing to enormous proportions. I refer to the traffic in girls. The terrible revelations of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, a few years since, sent a shudder through all civilized lands, because, in addition to the horrors depicted, they revealed two startling facts: the prevalence of this polluting, white-child slavery; and, secondly, that at the head of fashionable society stood the battalions of social lepers, for whom these wretches plied their infamous trade. The author of a recent work* on the dark side of Chicago life, commissioned a number of earnest purity-loving persons to investigate this phase of evil in his city. The results were appalling. These commissioners found that many

* "Chicago's Dark Places."

women were engaged in this loathsome traffic. Incoming trains were frequently boarded. The young, unsophisticated country girl was readily recognized; her acquaintance easily made, after which friendly conversations elicited all the procuress desired. If the girl proved to be a stranger and had no one to meet her, she usually fell an easy victim. This, however, was only one of many methods employed to decoy the innocent to ruin. It has, until recently, been the custom of some of these procuresses to obtain visitors' tickets, by which they were enabled to enter the wards of the County Hospital, at Chicago, at all times. Here they watched for attractive girls who were convalescent. The fact that they were in the County Hospital proved that they were without resources; and with false promises of lucrative pay for easy and honorable employment, they were led to a fate more terrible than death. The author of the work referred to above states that he has been authoritatively informed that the warden of the County Hospital had recently called in several visitors' tickets, and now

demands a more thorough examination into the standing of those who apply for tickets, because of having discovered the terrible work going on. I have room only for one case cited; but it will illustrate the horrors of this traffic in human virtue, and should prove a warning to parents. The noblest and purest girls of to-day may be ruined, in spite of themselves, in our great cities; and owing to that false sentiment which would conceal from the onward-moving victims the pitfalls which lead to death, armies of pure and noble girls, year by year, fall into snares hidden from view until too late.

Here is the story to which I have referred:

A girl, not yet fifteen years of age, came from a town in a neighboring state. She had been a clerk in a grocery store; but, things not being so comfortable at home as she desired, she thought that in Chicago work could be found, and an independent living made, induced her to leave home and go there. After she had been in the city a few days, the weather being cold and frosty, she

slipped on the curbstone and broke her ankle. Helpless and alone, without home and money, there was but one place for her to go, the County Hospital, and thither she was sent. After a while she was removed to the hospital at Dunning, where she remained for several months. Just as she was about to be discharged, a woman came, and, passing through the ward, spoke to her, and asked if she wished a good position as a nurse-girl. A glowing account was given her of the sweet and beautiful children and their elegant home. The poor child was overjoyed at the prospect of a comfortable home, and at once asked the doctor if she might be discharged. The physician gave her the permit to leave; she was brought by the woman into the city; a hack met them at the depot, and she was taken to a house of shame, and there kept under lock and key. A lady commissioner, visiting the house, was heard by the imprisoned child pleading with another of the girls to leave her life of sin; and the final plea struck an attentive ear: "If you do get tired of this place,

come to us at—and we'll care for you." The young prisoner determined, if possible, to escape; and a few days later, her door being accidentally left unlocked, she ran out, and, escaping detection, found her way to the house where loving hearts were ready to welcome and help her.

Thus far we have caught a few glimpses of the horrors of the abyss, have heard some distant plaints from the inferno of our civilization, some notes from the symphony of despair; only enough, however, to hint at the measureless misery of this world of gloom, where bloom no fragrant flowers, and from whence hope and joy, inseparable companions of the uncrushed soul, have forever departed. Ah! poor Ishmaelites, your sins are many! but you, also, have suffered from the weight of a world's selfishness, and you have been denied justice and education, which are the handmaids of progress.

WHY THE
ISHMAELITES MULTIPLY.

“ ‘ Have ye founded your thrones and altars, then,
On the bodies and souls of living men ?
And think ye that building shall endure,
Which shelters the noble and crushes the poor ?
With gates of silver and bars of gold
Ye have fenced my sheep from their Father's fold ;
I have heard the dropping of their tears
In heaven these eighteen hundred years.’

“ ‘ O, Lord and Master, not ours the guilt,
We build but as our fathers built.
Behold thine images, how they stand,
Sovereign and sole, through all our land.
Our task is hard — with sword and flame
To hold thy earth forever the same ;
And with sharp crooks of steel to keep
Still, as thou leftest them, thy sheep.’

“ Then Christ sought out an artisan,
A low-browed, stunted, haggard man,
And a motherless girl, whose fingers thin
Pushed from her faintly want and sin.
These set he in the midst of them,
And as they drew back their garment hem,
For fear of defilement, ‘ Lo, here,’ said he,
‘ The images ye have made of me.’ ”

James Russell Lowell.

V.

WHY THE ISHMAELITES MULTIPLY.

Ethical significance of loose morals in the speculative world—

A further word on taxation—Immigration—Cheap lodging-houses—The saloon, the supreme curse of nineteenth-century civilization—The influence of drink on the living—Its influence on posterity—What is to be done—What the church might accomplish.

I NEXT desire to notice a few basic causes of the appalling increase of crime at the social nadir, an idea of the tropical growth of which may be gained by noting the facts that in 1889 the number of murders known to have been committed in this country were three thousand, five hundred and sixty-eight. In 1890 there were four thousand, two hundred and ninety; and in 1891 this mania for human life had so increased that the records show four thousand, nine hundred and six murders known to have been committed—an increase in two years of one thousand three hundred

and thirty-eight murders. Now, it must be evident to the most casual observer, that there are certain potent causes operating in such a manner as to increase the borders of this commonwealth of social night. Space prevents my touching upon more than three or four, which seem to be most immediate in their baleful effects.

1. *The decline in integrity, incident to the rise of the present speculative age, and the ascendancy of the aristocracy of the dollar.*—It would be impossible to estimate the evil effects upon the social cellar of the rapid accumulation of wealth by extra-moral methods, which has attained such general currency during the past three or four decades, and which, while not necessarily transcending the letter of our criminal law, outrages every principle of justice, humanity, and moral rectitude. But it is safe to say that upon no class of people, unless it be the world of wealth at the social zenith, have the injurious influences been more marked than upon those who dwell in civilization's sub-cellar. They are not moles, these children of the nadir;

many of their number are among the shrewdest and most alert of men; they quickly recognize any deflection from rectitude on the part of those who profess respectability. From the lips of many who have fallen within the clutch of the law, we have heard self-justification on the score of having merely imitated the kings and barons of the commercial and speculative world, showing how closely they follow the questionable movements and methods of the Napoleons of modern finance. Now, this under-world has beheld what all thoughtful persons have noted who have watched the ferocious struggle for fortunes in recent years. They have seen shrewd, calculating men, who in secret council have determined upon a speculative movement by which they expected to reap millions of dollars in a few hours or days, the success of which depended upon their ability to deceive those who still had faith in the integrity of man. They have seen the minions of these commercial brigands industriously engaged for weeks, and sometimes months in circulating false and

intentionally deceptive reports upon the street and through the press. They have watched the grand *denouement*—the crash of fortunes, the wreck of banks, the despoliation of hundreds, and the consequent suicide of not a few; while the calculating conspirators, who from the beginning held a winning hand, have emerged with millions of plunder, amid the applause of a society so morally enervated that justice and human rights sink into insignificance before the gold of the successful bandits. They also have observed the rise of men, not by honorable competition, but by crafty and cunning methods which have enabled them to relentlessly crush out all competitors, and thus, over wrecked hopes, honest toil, and ruined fortunes, climb to the heights of the many-times millionaires. And they have also seen the still more common spectacle of men acquiring millions through the aid of injustice, in the robe of special privilege; and that still more cruel wrong, the scaling down of wages of the toiling multitude to the starvation line. They have, time and again,

seen poor girls and haggard men pushed to the brink, nay, even driven into the lowest cellar, through these ruthless destroyers of the happiness of millions; and then, when for policy's sake, or as a sedative for some latent twinge of conscience, or because they wished the applause of the multitude, these rich men have carelessly written a check for the church, or with easy grace have tossed a bag of gold to some theological school, some library, or popular charity, they have beheld the sad spectacle of the church, the city, or the society greedily clutching the polluted wealth, and applauding the giver; while the press raised sycophantic cries of adulation, and thoughtless millions swelled the chorus of praise, apparently forgetful of the fact that the ill-gotten gold given was merely a moiety of the wealth gained by plundering the masses. Ah! these scenes of shame have not escaped the watchful vigilance of the shadows that glide to and fro in the darkness below. The prevalence of this moral bankruptcy has exerted its influence on the under-world. "What is right above,

is right below ; we may not proceed as cautiously ; our course may be more direct, but we will acquire what we gain at a less expense of human happiness, and less loss of lives to the victims." Such is the philosophy of the sub-cellar ; and who can gainsay its truthfulness ? We often talk of the moral miasma which comes from the submerged millions ; it would be well for society to pay more heed to the scorching rays of avarice, which, from above, are withering millions of souls, drying up the fountains of human hope, peace, and joy, and enervating the integrity of a nation.

2. *Unjust social conditions, especially as they relate to taxation.*—What is true of the evil suffered in the social cellar is almost equally applicable to the sub-cellar ; for the crowding of people in squalid dens brutalizes and criminalizes ; and so long as landlords have comparatively low taxes to pay for old, rickety, disease-laden, and vermin-infected rookeries, they will not replace them with clean, healthful, or more commodious buildings ; and while vacant

lots adjacent to a city are lightly taxed, land speculators will hold them out of the reach of the poor. Thus, our present system of taxation acts as a two-edged sword; it encourages the landlord to preserve as long as possible the most wretched old building, and it practically bars the poor from securing homes near the outskirts of the city. A recent writer on social problems has pointed out the important fact that wealthy people frequently buy tracts of land on which poor tenants live, tear down the buildings, and leave the land vacant, because they do not want the poor near them. Thus the gulf is, even in environment, widening day by day between the rich and the poor; and as one author suggests, "Fifth Avenue loathes the slums, and the slums hate Fifth Avenue." The present system of taxation is essentially unjust: it places a fine on industry; it favors the avarice of landlords; it adds to the misery of the slums, and increases our criminal population.

3. *Another fruitful source of crime is unrestricted immigration.* — Says Superin-

tendent Byrnes !* “It has frequently been stated to me by thieves that a large number of foreign criminals have their passage paid to this country by the authorities in their native lands or by somebody else. When they land they have no money, or very little, and they immediately seek a cheap lodging-house, where they can live for almost nothing, meet people congenial to them, and be put in the way of again engaging in criminal pursuits.” To what extent this is true, we cannot say; certain it is, however, that large numbers of criminals, who are closely pressed by the authorities in the older civilizations, or who view the new world as an El Dorado for daring souls, drift penniless to our shores, and thus immensely aid in swelling the volume of crime. Our immigration laws should be more stringent. Our nation should cease to be the asylum for the moral wrecks of the world, at least until we have better facilities for reformation than those in operation at present. As the case now stands, the criminal emigrants, as well as

*“Darkness and Daylight in New York.”

thousands of penniless incomers, drift to the cheap lodging-houses, which are already swarming with the lowest and most vicious of our people. And thus the Dead Sea enlarges its banks; crimes increase; prisons, almshouses, public hospitals, and insane asylums are crowded to overflowing.

4. *Great as is the reinforcement given to the lower world by immigration, its influence in this respect is meagre compared to the cheap lodging-houses, which, as one careful writer avers, more than counterbalance in evil all the good resulting from free lectures, reading-rooms, and all similar agencies of reform.* In the city of New York there are two hundred and seventy of these houses. The price of a night's lodging is from twenty-five cents down to three cents a "spot." At most of them the price is below fifteen cents a night; and in these very cheap quarters we find filth, vermin, foul odors, and everything repulsive—nothing inviting. Here congregate the most wretched, dissipated and vicious of our people. In some of these houses men and women pay for a hammock, in others for a bench;

while still others pay a few pennies for a spot on the floor. Superintendent Byrnes declares that "they have a powerful tendency to produce, foster and increase crime. They are," he continues, "largely the resorts of thieves and other criminals of the lowest class, who here consort together, and lay plans for crime. During the last two or three years, hundreds of young men have been arrested for crimes that originated in these places. In many cases it was the first step in wrong-doing." He then recounts the following significant facts, which illustrate the legitimate fruits springing up from the poisonous atmosphere of the cheap lodging-houses.* "Lying on my desk are two tintypes of the cheapest sort, evidently taken in the Bowery. They represent two young 'toughs,' each holding a pistol at the head of the other. They were taken from the pockets of the young fellows, who were brought into my private room on charges of robbery. These photographs interested me, and I asked the boys how they came to be taken in that

* "Darkness and Daylight in New York."

style. 'Oh,' they answered, 'we held a pistol up to the head of a man one night and got his money, and we just thought we would like to see how we looked when we did it.' They seemed proud of their achievement. I mention this as an illustration of the sort of young criminals the cheap lodging-houses turn out."

That we may gain a more comprehensive idea of the magnitude of this evil, let us note some facts in relation to the lodging-houses of New York City. According to the official report of the police department, there were, in 1890, four million, eight hundred and twenty-three thousand, five hundred and ninety-five lodgings given in New York's two hundred and seventy lodging-houses. Of this number one million, four hundred and fifty-two thousand, and twenty were given in the sixty-four houses found in the eleventh precinct. Thus we find thirteen thousand, two hundred and fifteen people, on an average, sleeping in these nurseries of moral and physical contagion each night; while, in the eleventh precinct alone, almost four thousand per-

sons, on an average, are huddled together nightly in filthy quarters.

5. *The saloon.* The supreme or capital curse of the nineteenth century is summed up in the one word "saloon," because its influence extends in all directions; and wherever it is felt, human misery, degradation, and moral eclipse follow. It is the devil-fish of our civilization, whose every tentacle crushes to death. It pollutes politics; it degrades manhood; it makes a possible murderer of every victim; it fills the slums with want and wretchedness; it crowds our jails to overflowing and is a leading factor in populating insane asylums, almshouses, and the Potter's Field; it destroys the physical strength of manhood; it beclouds the intellect; it obliterates moral integrity. But, towering above all this, its crowning evil, and that which makes its existence the *national crime of the age*, is its effect upon the guiltless. The innocent wife, the prattling children, and the unborn baby all feel its cruel curse. This is the phase of the problem which makes its toleration a crime of

measureless proportions. The supremacy of the saloon affords a most impressive illustration of the possibility of a whole nation becoming morally anæsthetized by a curse constantly before its vision, and whose wealth is lavishly used to quell all opposition which would deal it mortal blows. We build insane asylums and incarcerate madmen, for the protection of the lives of their families and others; but here we find a so-called christian nation giving the stamp of legality to a traffic which takes from thousands of innocent people every gleam of hope and happiness, clothing bodies in rags and minds in perpetual fear. If the saloon cursed only its victims, the case would be different; but it is the gloved hand behind the automatic victim which is responsible for a large proportion of the crimes committed yearly against the innocent. Let me illustrate: A New York journal* recently published a careful summary of the history of twenty murderers who have expiated their crimes upon the present public scaffold in the city of St.

*"The Voice."

Louis, Mo. Of this score of condemned men all but four committed the crimes, for which they were executed, while under the influence of liquor; while a number of the murders were primarily caused by drink, or, in other words, the victims were those against whom the drunkards had no more grudge or motive for murder than a maniac exhibits when he kills his best friend. I have only space for a brief sketch of one of these murders, but it is sufficient to illustrate the point I am making — that the saloon to-day is the primal cause of many of the most heinous crimes against the innocent:

“At the age of twenty-three, young Patrick O’Shea, a sturdy mechanic, married a beautiful girl named Lizzie Welsh. No happier couple lived than they, and at the end of two years a little boy was added to their family circle; but a cloud appeared on the horizon. Pat began to spend his wages in drunken debauchery, and their once happy hearth-stone was becoming anything but a home. His wife struggled on, earning by the wash-tub food and clothing for herself and boy; and

often did her crazed husband, returning from a drunken carouse, compel the weary wife and mother to give up what few dimes she had earned during the day, that he might spend the same for rum. Things went on from bad to worse. Willie had grown to be a strong boy of eleven, when one awful day in March, the patient mother, returning from a long day's work, found her husband sleeping in a drunken stupor. Silently tiptoeing about the room, she quietly prepared a frugal supper, and lovingly tapping him on the shoulder—for she loved him still—said, 'Awake, Pat, and get a bite to eat.' He did awake. 'Whiskey,' he demanded. 'Give me some money!' But there was no whiskey and no money. He overturned the table, cursed and blasphemed until, with demoniacal rage, he drew a knife, and caught his wife by the throat. Brave little Willie seized a poker and struck the father, then fled, followed by the crazed parent, knife in hand. Pat, unable to overtake his son, rushed back to the house, and locked the door. Little Willie, from the outside,

heard a short, sharp struggle, a shriek and a fall. The father staggered to the door with the knife dripping with blood, and the poor boy saw his loving mother writhing in the agonies of death, her entrails lying upon the floor."

There is still another indictment, as grave as this last, to be brought against the saloon, and that is found in its influence on posterity. It is calling into life a generation of maniacs and murderers, who come into the world predestined to curse society. This fact was recently impressively emphasized by Hugues Le Roux in a thoughtful paper on "Phases of Crime in Paris," in which he cites the eminent Dr. Paul Garnier, chief medical officer of the prefecture of police, as authority for the statement that "in Paris, during the past sixteen years, lunacy has increased thirty per cent." Here is an appalling statement, and the author continues:—

"The progress of alcoholic insanity has been so rapid that the evil is now twice as prevalent as it was fifteen years ago. *Almost a third of the lunacy cases ob-*

served at the *Dépot Infirmiry* are due to this disease. Every day it declares itself more violently, and with a more marked homicidal tendency. The accomplice of two-thirds of the crimes committed, upon whom the criminals themselves throw the responsibility of their evil deeds, is alcohol. *It visits upon the child the sins* of the father, and engenders in the following generation homicidal instincts. Since I have frequented the haunts of misery and vice in Paris, I have observed gutter children by the hundred, who are only awaiting their opportunity to become assassins—the children of drunkards. Moreover, there is a terrible flaw in these young wretches—a flaw which doctors do not observe, but which the psychologist sees clearly and notes with apprehension—the absence of affectional emotions; and as a matter of fact, if these criminals are neither *anæsthétiques* nor lunatics, their characteristics are insensibility and pitilessness.”

The terrible influence of liquor upon the civilization of to-morrow is further empha-

sized by this author in the following words:—

“A few years ago I was present in Dr. Garnier’s consulting-room, watching the prisoners from the dépôt filing past. We were informed that a child had been brought by its parents to be examined. These people were shown in; they belonged to the respectable working-class, and were quiet and well-mannered. The man was the driver of a dray belonging to one of the railway stations, and had the appearance of a stalwart workingman. The boy was barely six years old; he had an intelligent, rather pretty face, and was neatly dressed. ‘See here, Monsieur le Docteur,’ said the father, ‘we have brought you our boy; he alarms us. He is no fool; he begins to read; they are satisfied with him at his school, but we cannot help thinking he must be insane, for he wants to murder his little brother, a child of two years old. The other day he nearly succeeded in doing so. I arrived just in time to snatch my razor from his hands.’ The boy stood listening with indifference and without hang-

ing his head. The doctor drew the child kindly toward him, and inquired, 'Is it true that you wish to hurt your little brother?' With perfect composure the little one replied, 'I will kill him; yes, yes, I will kill him!' The doctor glanced at the father, and asked in a low voice, 'Do you drink?' The wife exclaimed indignantly, 'He, sir! Why, he never enters a public house, and has never come home drunk.' They were quite sincere. Nevertheless the doctor said, 'Stretch out your arm.' The man obeyed; his hand trembled. Had these people told lies, then, in stating that the man had never come home the worse for drink? No; but all through the day, wherever he had called to leave a package, the people of the house had given him something to drink for his trouble. *He had become a drunkard without knowing it, and the poison that had entered his blood was, at this moment, filling the head of his little child with the dreams of an assassin.*"

What is to be done? In my judgment the *initial step* to practical and enduring reform is the patient, exhaustive study of

the social cellar. We must systematically examine the great root causes of poverty, vice and crime, and also the relation which the upper world bears to the social cellar. We must obtain statistics and facts, not for the purpose of proving any special claim, but that we may arrive at the truth, and thus show precisely where the root evils lie, and the relation of each to the sum total of crime and misery. Armed with these facts, an agitation can be inaugurated which will result in a revolution of measureless importance to civilization. But to do this, we must have (1), organization; (2), sufficient means to prosecute the work properly; (3), consecrated lives—persons willing to devote their best service to the noblest of crusades. All these requisites the Church possesses; and if the spirit of the great Master, whose life was a prayer for the social cellar, still blazes within her sanctuary; if, indeed, the spell of the golden calf has not become more powerful than the golden rule, she can, by embracing this supreme opportunity, win back the millions Jesus declared he came to seek and to save,

but whom she has alienated by withdrawing from them. And what is more, she can work a revolution for humanity which will change the front of civilization, while she touches with her sweet, inspiring influence millions of our fellow-men who are now struggling without hope. This great reform might easily be inaugurated by a union of churches. If half the churches in any large city would unite, the solution of the problem of the social cellar would be an early achievement, because they possess the requisites — *organization, resources, and earnest lives*, ready to give their best service to the supreme demand of our day and generation.

I will outline a plan of work, which I believe would be thoroughly practical, and which would ultimately result in the inauguration of an educational agitation, which would inevitably mean a peaceful but radical revolution; while its immediate results would outweigh, although not necessarily interfere with, present work along charitable lines, it would also bring the Church into touch with the lower world. Of

course, I only give these views as hints of what I believe would prove feasible if any considerable portion of the ministry and their communions in our cities appreciated the great need of immediate measures of relief and reform, and the necessity of placing the principles enunciated by Christ, and exemplified in his life, above all considerations of fashionable plutocracy. I would suggest that in each church, the minister and all deeply interested in the cause of human brotherhood, organize themselves into a band, pledged to the double work: first, of scientifically and impartially studying the root causes of poverty and crime, and the results flowing from these causes, from ethical, economic and social points of view; also, the relation of these causes to posterity; and second, to the labor of aiding this submerged world with immediate succor. I would have the band of each congregation adopt a simple, broad, but binding pledge, and further elect officers who would constitute a governing board for that special battalion of light; the pledge for membership should carry ab-

solite and unquestioning obedience to the commands of the superior officers or the governing board. It would be absolutely necessary, it seems to me, to adopt a pledge of obedience as binding as that of a military organization, in order to secure the best results. The governing board for each congregation should affiliate with those of all churches in the movement. And here I would suggest that the governing boards of all the affiliated bodies elect superior officers, under whose direction each board would work precisely as subordinate officers in a regular army. In this manner there would soon be formed a magnificent organization representing the flower of all the churches under perfect discipline, and prompted by the single desire of elevating civilization, and ennobling manhood and womanhood.

The work could be divided into two distinct divisions: one devoting its energies to the temporary relief of the poor and the rescue of individuals; the second working for the abolition of the curses which are prime causes in producing poverty and

crime. It would be the duty of division one to systematically carry on palliative work by establishing coffee-houses, free reading-rooms, free concerts, lectures, industrial schools, and factories for those temporarily out of employment. The work would have a healthy and uplifting influence, while relieving wretchedness and bringing gleams of hope into otherwise rayless lives. The labor of the second division would, of course, be vastly more important. Upon its committees, and the individuals employed, would devolve the duty of carrying on the most critical and scientific investigations of the various aspects of life in the submerged world that have ever been attempted. The work in this department should be divided into several sections; the duty of each section being, to collect statistics and facts relating to crime and poverty. Each arrest should be noted, the cause leading to the apprehension, and, as nearly as possible, the expense of each case, as well as the penalties imposed; the history of criminals, their antecedents, the causes which led to crime; the approximate influ-

ence of competition, unjust economic conditions, intemperance and other evils, as well as the influence exhibited by environment and the law of heredity, in each case examined. Criminology must be studied as a science—so must life in the slums—before we can get the authoritative data essential for a victorious crusade. We must obtain indisputable facts; be able to assign to each evil its proper place; classify the cardinal causes of poverty and crime, and the relation each bears to the sum total. Once set this machinery in motion, and an educational era will be inaugurated as irresistible as the Reformation, ushered in by Luther, in Europe, or the twenty-years' anti-slavery agitation of Wilberforce, in England. Monthly meetings should be held, where all important data and information gathered should be classified and incorporated in carefully prepared reports; and ministers should devote at least one sermon a month to this great work, presenting the facts gathered in the most effective manner. Collections should be taken up regularly, and each congregation

or community canvassed for subscriptions for the effective and vigorous carrying on of the work. Carefully prepared bulletins containing tables of statistics and data obtained and the central facts secured, should be published at least every three months. In this manner the conscience of our civilization would be stirred to its profoundest depths.

If this great question is to be solved peaceably, it must be solved at an early day; and if the solution is to come from above, it will be essential to have absolute facts upon which to base the indictments and carry on the agitation. Mere sentimentality will not answer. We must have incontrovertible data upon which to base our arguments. And to secure this, it is necessary to have *organization and concerted action*, *money* to properly prosecute the work, and *men and women* willing to devote their lives to the noblest crusade ever undertaken for the emancipation of our fellow-men.

I have a firm and abiding faith in the future. I believe that the education

which has become so general, the inventions which have woven a world into a family, and the strides of science, with its multitudinous blessings, have brought civilization to the threshold of a new day, in which brotherhood will triumph over class distinctions; in which the ideas of ancient days, which have enslaved the brains of men, favored the development of the selfish and sensual side of man's life, and degraded the position of women, will disappear. I believe, despite the sneers of self-satisfied conservatism, that the heart-hunger of the age for a higher, broader, and purer life is a prophecy of the accomplishment of that vision of the ages, of which prophets, philosophers and sages have caught luminous glimpses, and which every aspiring soul, since the morning of our race, in moments of holy exaltation, has yearned to enthrone in the royal chamber of the mind—that ideal life which, held on the sensitive plate of human thought, is, generation by generation, being developed, until even now we behold a splendid prophecy of a dawning reality.

But while entertaining this firm conviction, I do not for a moment lose sight of the more vital truth that upon us devolves the responsibility of ushering in this approaching day by prompt, conscientious and persistent labor for the elevation of the children of the social cellar; for the emancipation and redemption of civilization's miserales, and securing for all who are oppressed that full-orbed justice embraced in the golden rule, and without which there can be no enduring civilization.

THE FROTH AND DREGS.

“ You preach to me to be just,
And this is His realm you say ;
And the good are dying with hunger
And the bad gorge every day.”

The Hindoo's Reply.

Birds sing as sweetly in the bowers of Spring ;
Suns mount as regally their sapphire throne ;
Stars set the gloom aglow, and harvests yield,
As though man nestled in the lap of Love :
All, all goes right and merrily with the World.

But slip your dainty mask aside and see
Hell open fathomless at your very feet !
The Poor are murdered body and soul ; the Rich
In Pleasure's Goblet melt their pearl of life :
Ay, all goes right and merrily with the World.

So Sodom, grim old Reveller ! danced to her death.
Voluptuous Music throbb'd through all her Courts ;
Mirth wantoned at her heart, one pulse before
The tongues of Fire told out her tale of wrongs —
And all went right and merrily with the World.

Gerald Massey.

VI.

THE FROTH AND DREGS.

Social contrasts as illustrated in two noteworthy books — The Froth — Life in the gay, frivolous world of society — Typical scenes — Tendency of such life — Immorality treading on the heels of luxury, idleness and selfishness — The other world, or a glance at the dregs — Crime, poverty and misery in the slums of London — Facts which stagger the imagination — Typical cases.

EARLY in 1891, on entering one of the largest book stores in Boston, I noticed two immense tiers of books, placed side by side on one of the most prominent counters. Both were meeting with large sales. One of the volumes was bound in black, very plain. The delicate binding of the other was protected by white-glazed paper covers, printed in gold. The sight of these two books, placed in juxtaposition, produced in me a distinct mental shock — a strange thrill, such as I remembered having experienced a few months

before, when, glancing over one of the New York dailies, I had noticed an extended description of a magnificent ball given by the Vanderbilts at Newport, while in another column, I saw a thrillingly pathetic picture of the terrible want then being experienced in the little cottages and hovels of the poor strikers on the Vanderbilt railroad. It seemed, as I beheld in bold antithesis, those graphic scenes of gilded splendor and grim squalor, of triumphant capital and vanquished labor, that we might be witnessing the prelude or first mutterings of a storm such as followed the giddy, voluptuous, and selfish life at the Louvre, during those troubled years when the multitudes of Paris saw the world through fierce eyes, sunken far into their sockets by hunger long endured. Something of the same sensation, I experienced on seeing these two books side by side: one, "Society as I Have Found It," by Ward McAllister; the other might have been termed, "Society as I Have Found It," by General Booth. One was an elaborate description of the froth on the surface of

social life to-day, the other a picture of the dregs of civilization; vivid glimpses of the upper and lower strata of our modern life; the world of indolent frivolity, and the world of crime, degradation, and poverty. The denizens of the one—idlers who eat, drink, dance, and are consumed in a butterfly existence; the other filled with gaunt, hungry, hollow-eyed millions to whom life is an awful curse. The one basking in the sunshine of wealth, floating on the surface, held up by the great current beneath; the other doomed to dwell in perpetual night, having settled or been forced to the bottom where the pressure is greatest, and hope dies.

These pen pictures of two phases of our civilization are written by persons who may be justly termed experts in the domain they describe; and though, from a purely literary point of view, their work is vulnerable, there is no reason to believe that either has given other than a truthful narration, for each is in perfect *rapport* with his theme; each knows the ground over which he journeys, as thoroughly as a trapper knows the mountain trail.

The first of these books, as I have indicated, treats of what may be termed the froth of society, that is, the wealth-laden idlers who live chiefly for themselves, for the petty triumphs in fashion's hollow life, those who enjoy the superficial and artificial life of what is known as society, when millions of their fellowmen are being forced to the depths of want and often into crime. Millions of their brothers and sisters are starving, or stealing that they may not starve, who might be saved, who would be redeemed, if those who constitute this wealth-laden circle in every metropolis would work in concert, and intelligently expend a portion of the immense riches which they annually waste, and which few, if any of them, have created with their own hands, or by personal exertion outside of speculation. It is this world of idlers which Mr. McAllister describes and extols. Some of them owe their prestige chiefly to the fact that their ancestors were early settlers of Manhattan Island; others have inherited vast fortunes; while the third class are the children of representatives

of the commercial brigands of to-day,—men who spend months converting into cash a portion of their vast resources; who then withdraw their deposits from the metropolitan banks in such a manner as to send a thrill of uncertainty through the complex fabric of commercial life; who follow this with gloomy rumors and predictions of impending business failures through the press; who watch an opportune moment, when with tiger-spring they convulse the speculative world, crushing banks, bankrupting hosts of individuals, causing many suicides and untold misery, and at length emerge from the chaos they have caused with millions of ill-gotten gains—millions of dollars, not a cent of which has been earned—millions of dollars won by gamblers who have money enough to take away all risks on their part and who understand how to utilize for their purses a system of legal gambling which is daily sapping the moral force of the nation and paralyzing legitimate trade. It is from one of these three classes that we find the majority of fashion's votaries in our great

metropolis. And how do they live in this charmed circle? They winter in New York and summer at Newport, or some other resort of wealth and fashion. Winter and summer alike they feast, drink and dance. In summer they drive in state; in winter they attend the opera. This, of course, does not occupy all their time, but it represents the absorbing thoughts, which, aside from the passion for money getting, control life. This round of gayety is to this element what invention is to Edison; what evolution was to Darwin; what conquest was to Alexander; what the redemption of humanity was to Jesus — the motive power which most sways life; the overmastering impulse of existence; the thought or desire, before which all else becomes subordinate. Let us examine a few etchings from Mr. McAllister's gallery that we may acquire a better idea of the essential spirit of this life. Here we have a picture of a typical picnic at Newport:

We would meet at Narragansett Avenue at 1 P. M., and all drive out together. On reaching the picnic grounds, I had an army of skirmishers, in

the way of servants, thrown out, to take from each carriage its contribution to the country dinner. The band would strike up, and off the whole party would fly in the waltz, while I was directing the icing of the champagne, and arranging the tables; all done with marvelous celerity. Then came my hour of triumph, when, without giving the slightest signal (fearing some one might forestall me, and take off the prize), I would dash in among the dancers, secure our society queen, and lead with her the way to the banquet. Now began the fun in good earnest. The clever men of the party would assert their claims to the best dishes, proud of the efforts of their cook, loud in their praise of their own game pie, which most probably was brought out by some third party, too modest to assert and push his claim. Beauty was there to look upon, and wit to enliven the feast. The wittiest of men was then in his element, and I only wish I dared quote here his brilliant sallies. The beauty of the land was also there, and all, feeling that they were on a frolic, threw hauteur, ceremonial, and grand company manners aside, and, in place, assumed a spirit of simple enjoyment. Toasts were given and drunk; then a stroll in pairs, for a little interchange of sentiment; and then the whole party made for the dancing platform, and a cotillion of one hour and a half was danced till sunset. As at a "Meet," the arrivals and departures were a feature of the day. Four-in-hands, tandems, and the

swellest of Newport turn-outs rolled by you. At these entertainments you formed lifetime intimacies with the most cultivated and charming men and women of this country.

These little parties were then, and are now, the stepping-stones to our best New York society. People who have been for years in mourning and thus lost sight of, or who, having passed their lives abroad, were forgotten, were again seen, admired, and liked, and at once brought into society's fold. Now do not for a moment imagine that all were indiscriminately asked to these little fêtes. On the contrary, if you were not of the inner circle, and were a newcomer, it took the combined efforts of all your friends' backing and pushing to procure an invitation for you. For years, whole families sat on the stool of probation, awaiting trial and acceptance, and many were then rejected, but once received, you were put on an intimate footing with all.

From Newport we turn to New York and view a banquet for seventy-two persons, given by a member of this exclusive class. The cost of this banquet was to be ten thousand dollars. Again we quote Mr. McAllister:—

Accordingly he (the gentleman giving the banquet) went to Charles Delmonico, who in turn went

to his *cuisine classique* to see how they could possibly spend this sum on this feast. Success crowned their efforts. The sum in such skillful hands soon melted away, and a banquet was given of such beauty and magnificence, that even New Yorkers, accustomed as they were to every species of novel expenditure, were astonished at its lavishness, its luxury. The banquet was given at Delmonico's in Fourteenth Street.

There were seventy-two guests in the large ball-room, looking on Fifth Avenue. Every inch of the long, extended oval table was covered with flowers, excepting a space in the centre, left for a lake, and a border around the table for the plates. This lake was indeed a work of art; it was an oval pond, thirty feet in length, by nearly the width of the table, inclosed by a delicate golden wire network, reaching from table to ceiling, making the whole one grand cage; four superb swans, brought from Prospect Park, swam in it, surrounded by high banks of flowers of every species and variety, which prevented them from splashing the water on the table. There were hills and dales; the modest little violet carpeting the valleys, and other bolder sorts climbing up and covering the tops of those miniature mountains. Then, all around the inclosure, and in fact above the entire table, hung little golden cages, with fine songsters, who filled the room with their melody, occasionally interrupted by the splashing of the

waters of the lake by the swans, and the cooing of these noble birds, and at one time by a fierce combat between these stately, graceful, gliding white creatures. The surface of the whole table, by clever art, was one unbroken series of undulations, rising and falling like the billows of the sea, but all clothed and carpeted with every form of blossom. It seemed like the abode of fairies; and when surrounding this fairyland with lovely young American womanhood, you had indeed an unequalled scene of enchantment. But this was not to be alone a feast for the eye; all that art could do, all that the cleverest men could devise to spread before the guests such a feast as the gods should enjoy, was done, and so well done that all present felt, in the way of feasting, that man could do no more! The wines were perfect. Blue seal Johannisberg flowed like water. Incomparable '48 claret, superb Burgundies, and amber-colored Madeira, all were there to add to the intoxicating delight of the scene. Then soft music stole over one's senses; lovely women's eyes sparkled with delight at the beauty of their surroundings, and I felt that the fair being who sat next to me would have graced Alexander's feast."

After reading the above it is well to call to mind the awful facts revealed by vital statistics in New York during recent years. Thus for example, out of 39,679 deaths in

the city in 1889, 7,059 died in the hospitals, insane asylums, and work houses; more than one person in every six who passed from earth in our metropolis, died in public institutions; three thousand, eight hundred and nineteen of those who perished during 1889 were thrown into the Potter's field, too poor for decent burial, while in the year which ended Sept. 1st, 1892, there were 29,720 warrants for evictions issued in New York. In the presence of such frightful facts, the heartless selfishness which characterizes the reckless extravagance of the society of which Mr. McAllister writes, assumes criminal proportions. But this is by no means the only evil which attends such life. The very atmosphere cannot fail to stifle the highest nature in man, to dwarf, shrivel, and kill the true ethical or spiritual essence of his being, which instinctively turns to humanity's miseries with soul overflowing with love; which ever shrinks from a mere selfish, butterfly existence, as one shrinks from an adder, knowing it will poison unto death the highest attributes of the soul. The fol-

lowing extract well illustrates the blighting influence upon the individual, as well as the false idea of life that such an existence inculcates. A wealthy friend, on sailing for Europe, placed his wife and daughter in charge of Mr. McAllister, requesting him to give them a splendid ball at Delmonico's, and draw on him for all expenses. But I will let our author tell the story in his own words.

I replied: "My dear fellow, how many people do you know in this city whom you could invite to a ball? The funds you send me will be used, but not in giving a ball." The girl being a beauty, all the rest was easy enough. I gave her theatre party after theatre party, followed by charming little suppers, asked to them the *jeunesse dorée* of the day; took her repeatedly to the opera, and saw that she was always there surrounded by admirers; incessantly talked of her fascinations; assured my young friends that she was endowed with a fortune equal to the mines of Ophir, that she danced like a dream, and possessed all the graces, a sunbeam across one's path; then saw to it that she had a prominent place in every cotillion and a fitting partner; showed her whom to smile upon, and on whom to frown; gave her the *entrée* to all the nice houses; criticised severely her toilet until it

became perfect ; daily met her on the avenue with the most charming man in town, who, by one pretext or another, I turned over to her ; made her the constant subject of conversation ; insisted upon it that she was to be the belle of the coming winter ; advised her parents that she should have her first season at Bar Harbor, where she could learn to flirt to her heart's content, and vie with other girls. Her second summer, when she was older, I suggested her passing at Newport, where she should have a pair of ponies, a pretty trap, with a well-gotten-up groom, and Worth to dress her."

Another significant illustration of the artificiality of this existence and its essentially demoralizing effect is seen in the *naïve* observation of Mr. McAllister:—

The highest cultivation in social manners enables a person to conceal from the world his real feelings. He can go through any annoyance as if it were a pleasure ; go to a rival's house as if to a dear friend's ; smile and smile, yet murder while he smiles.

There is a far graver aspect presented by this butterfly existence. Such a life is morally enervating. Its tendency is downward. Idleness, luxury and extravagance, no less than extreme poverty and degrada-

tion, breed and foster vice and immorality. They who see nothing wrong in squandering vast sums of money on princely banquets, while want is peering from thousands of eyes within rifle shot of their homes, have traveled far on the downward pathway which ends in moral obliquity. The very atmosphere of such a life as Mr. McAllister has so graphically described is permeated with a stygian spell, fatal to the higher manhood as is opium destructive to the moral nature. An impressive illustration of this truth was witnessed at the ball given in New York early in 1891, for the benefit of Carmencita, the details of which revealed the baleful effect of a selfish, sensual, butterfly life. Here is a pen-picture of the scenes which ensued after the husbands, fathers, and brothers had escorted their wives, daughters, and sisters home, and returned to the scene of frivolous gaiety: *

The real character of the Carmencita ball at Madison Square Garden did not develop itself until after the procession had ended and the news-

* *New York Herald.*

papers gone to press. Then fun began with all the abandon born of easy morals and flowing wine.

Ladies and gentlemen had been there, *but the men took their wives home and returned to see the sport ; the boxes they had previously occupied with decorum, now became the rendezvous for the liveliest women in town.*

Masks were thrown aside regardless of consequences — the women were only too glad to be recognized, and the men were reckless of their reputation.

Nearly every *important social club had a headquarters ; the Union, New York, Knickerbocker, Calumet, St. Nicholas, and Manhattan men holding levees in one or more boxes.*

Picture, if you can, half a dozen leaders of the german, *poseurs* of grace and dignity at the windows of the Fifth Avenue clubs, joining hands in a circle, jumping up and down like wild Sioux in a ghost dance, shouting at the top of their voices and perspiring like hod-carriers ; the centre of their saltatorial efforts being a bright-eyed blonde, kicking first the eyeglasses from a near-sighted fellow's face, and then toeing a hole in the crown of a tall silk hat upheld higher than her head.

It was a devil's carnival.

Round and round the great amphitheatre swirled the throng in the most energetic and indefinable manner of locomotion.

There is a dance much affected by society called

the "York," in which a couple lock arms and move forward as though promenading, although at intervals there is a skipping step or two and then a waltz.

The "York" was very popular at the Carmencita ball. But the couples did not lock arms. The lady placed her bare white arm around the neck of her partner; he with one arm encircled her waist. With the disengaged hand the siren upheld her skirts. Instead of walking forward sedately, they rushed at running speed, both kicking their heels in the air, knocking down any one encountered, and then, when united for the waltz, her feet making circles in the air within a radius not confined to less than a yard above the floor.

The formality of an introduction was religiously observed, however, in the boxes.

"Mr. Smith allow me to present you to Mrs. Brown."

These were the modes of presentation, and the Smiths and Browns, all ordered champagne at five dollars a bottle, and drank it, usually breaking the glasses by way of disregard for the cost.

The bottle was passed around without glasses once in a while, having been first sweetened by amber-tinted lips that had just held a cigarette, whose ashes would nestle somewhere above the corsage of the damsel who had smoked it. Jewels of rare value glistened on the necks and arms of those gay but naughty fairies; the dressès were

from Worth Street, perhaps, but made of the costliest materials and in the most becoming style and perfect fit.

Silk hosiery and satin slippers, some edged with gold lace, in colors to match the dress, were the invariable rule.

An incident of delightful originality was that afforded by the lady in the right-hand second-row box who insisted with some opposition and much encouragement in balancing upon her nose a champagne glass filled with the "sparkling cider" so freely dispensed at six dollars a bottle.

Just as she had succeeded in her attempt the glass tipped forward, and the lady's shoulders were bathed in wine.

At the same time she accused her escort of pushing her, and soundly boxed his ears.

The ball ended at half past four o'clock.

Another journal thus gives some details of this disgraceful scene: *

That "sparkling cider" didn't begin to make its presence felt till the big hands had gone about the dial at least three times. Then the fun began, fast and furious. It galloped along between three and four o'clock A. M. at a pace that a jockey would have given his life almost to rival. Every man started out from the post with a pocket-book and a

* *New York Herald.*

girl. There was plenty of "sparkling cider" in the lockers, and so it was only a question of the pocket-book. And yet, after all, did he who had the fattest wallet have the most sport? Perhaps the wide-awake newspaper man, who had to keep his brain and his eyes bright, saw as much of the humorous, pathetic, revolting, or enjoyable that was going on as any one.

The reporter saw a pretty young girl, who had never seen more than one season pass by her eyes in this city, lying hopelessly drunk, oblivious, in an ante-room. He saw there, also, painted faces, fat necks, half-shut eyes, showing from private boxes. They were the histories of what the fair-haired, fair-complexioned girl lying helpless in the ante-room was the prophecy. As they glanced down from under their heavy-lidded eyes, how it must have recalled to them the old-time carnivals of which this dance, bold and hilarious as it was, was but a reminiscence. Did they stop to think?

He saw, too, a gray-haired, gray-mustached citizen, whom everybody knows about the Stock Exchange, seated in a dimly lighted box, which the curtains protected with a friendly shadow, between two women from a side street, as well known as his own name, with an arm about the neck of one girl and another about the neck of a bottle of that "sparkling cider." There, hours before, he had sat erect, blasé, eminently proper, in the same box,

with a haughty, brown-haired, fur-enwrapped woman beside him. She had, after a few moments, thrown her furs aside, for the heat was intense. Half disdainfully, with the slightest suspicion of an amused smile wreathing her lips, she had watched Carmencita's entry with her Spanish camp followers; watched Carmencita sway and bend in the dance she went through on the dais in the centre of the Garden; watched the proem to the juice-of-the-grape-enlivened carnival that was just being born. She was his wife, and about midnight she had gone away. Did she wish him to go away with her? Didn't she care?

The young girl, whose brilliant cheeks and well-filled figure proclaimed her the country girl, lay in the ante-room, oblivious of the noise around her. They carried her away finally. Darwin once pronounced something to the world about the survival of the fittest. Perhaps twenty years from now she may be sitting, rouged, be-wigged, with a heart of flint, watching through a long-handled tortoise-shell lorgnette her of the gazelle feet who may be the favorite of the hour then. Perhaps, however, she may be sleeping in the Potter's Field.

Turning away from the boxes and the anterooms, the reporter saw the scenes enacted that made Carmencita's ball the thing most talked of yesterday. The French ball was an abandoned riot *in posse*. Carmencita's was, after three o'clock, a bacchanalian festival *in posse*. Young girls were there,

one of whose legs was uplifted in the air precisely at an angle of forty-five degrees from the one on the floor, on which they poised themselves; and all around them gathered intimate circles of men, from beardless youths to bearded brokers, who clapped, applauded, egged them on to still higher attainment. Wine flowed, the music breathed soft, seductive strains, hands clapped, men cheered, and the ball went on.

Here we have extravagance blended with sensualism; money flows as does the champagne; manhood is eclipsed; the bestial triumphs over unclouded reason. No society dwelling in a healthful atmosphere could so debase itself; manhood accustomed to pure thinking, upright and honest living, could never sink to such depths of debauchery. And, aside from the debasement of manhood, the sullying of soul, the evil influence and the criminal extravagance, there looms up a crime which is still graver and more far-reaching than squandering wealth to feed the fires of bestiality, *the crime against the unborn*. The father's sensuality will stain the soul, fire the passions, and poison the mind of his offspring, no matter how pure in thought, how chaste

in life, how holy in impulse the wife. The men who from their homes of wealth and luxury returned to Madison Square Garden that Friday night to drink champagne with the *courtesans* of the town, many of whom doubtless they themselves had lured from virtue's paths, will transmit a curse to their children more subtle, yet more deadly, than the all-dreaded leprosy—a curse summed up in the frightful words, "*leprosy of the soul.*"

Such are the inevitable results of a career of selfish indulgence fostered by such a life as Mr. McAllister extols, and, while his exclusive set may not have been represented, or at least been conspicuous in the bacchanalian revelry described above, this criminally frivolous life at the social zenith enervates manhood and sends forth a death-germinating miasma, fatal alike to good morals and high thinking.

In speaking of the Patriarchs' balls which are such a feature of society life among the "four hundred," Mr. McAllister describes how he fought for and secured entertainments of the most luxurious and expensive character possible. "We must

spare no expense to make them a credit to us and to the great city in which they are given." A credit to squander money, while thousands in the compass of New York are slowly starving for the lack of money to buy the food the system craves! But our author continues:—

The social life of a great part of our community, in my opinion, hinges on this and similar organizations, for it and they are organized social power, capable of giving a passport to society to all worthy of it.

And now let us see a typical man of this mad, gay world:—

I must here give a slight sketch of one of the handsomest, most fascinating, most polished, and courteous gentlemen of that or any other period. We will here call him the Major; amiability itself, a man both sexes could fall in love with. I loved him dearly, and when I lost him I felt much of the charm of life had departed with him. At all these country parties, he was always first and foremost. My rapidity of thought and action always annoyed him. "My dear fellow," he would say, "for heaven's sake, go slow; you tear through the streets as if at some one's bidding. A gentleman should stroll leisurely, casting his eyes in the shop win-

dows, as if in search of amusement, while you go at a killing pace, as if on business bent. The man of fashion should have no business." Again, he had a holy horror of familiar garments. "My dear boy," he would smile and say, "when will you discard that old coat? I am so familiar with it, I am fatigued at the sight of it."

On one subject we were always in accord—our admiration for women. My eye was quicker than his, and I often took advantage of it. I would say, "Major, did you see that beauty? By Jove, a most delicious creature!" "Who? Where?" he would exclaim. "Why, man!" I replied, "she has passed you; you have lost her." "Lost her! How could you let that happen? Why, why did you not sooner call my attention to her?"

From this pitiful picture of life that is worse than a failure—of the froth on humanity's bosom, where riches are squandered while manhood is enervated; where the noblest ideals are eclipsed by life devoted to the gratification of the "lust of the eye, the lust of the flesh, and the pride of life," we turn to view another phase of our civilization. In his "Darkest England," we have a vivid picture of society as General Booth has found it. Here a colossal figure

looms up in a world of darkness; a voice comes from the brink of the abyss and speaks in tones that ring around the globe—a clarion voice, pleading in the name of humanity for the submerged millions. On the verge of the social pit the eye of the spectator dilates with horror; the voice is hushed; the heart sickens. As one descends it grows darker. Here society exists in strata.

In London alone there are more than three hundred thousand persons on the very brink of the abyss, whose every heart-beat thrills with fear, whose life-long nightmare is the dread that the little den they call home may be taken from them. Beneath them, at the door of starvation, are over two hundred thousand human lives; still further down we find three hundred thousand in the stratum of the starving, in the realm where hunger gnaws night and day, where every second of every minute, of every hour of every day, is crowded with agony. Below the starving are the homeless—they who have nothing with which to procure a lodging even in

the worst quarters; they who sleep without shelter the year round, hundreds of whom may be found any night on the cold stone slabs along the Thames embankment. Some have a newspaper between themselves and the damp stones, but the majority do not even enjoy this luxury! This army of absolutely homeless in London numbers thirty-three thousand.

Below these hells we find others still more terrible—the hells of vice and crime. In Great Britain alone there are one hundred thousand prostitutes, and General Booth estimates at least a hundred thousand more very poor women whom poverty has driven to secretly increase their earnings by their shame.

There are twenty-two thousand juvenile thieves. There are thirty-two thousand, nine hundred and ten reputed thieves out of prison, and thirty-two thousand in jail. There are half a million drunkards in Great Britain. The court record for a single year showed the conviction of one hundred and sixty thousand drunkards. It is estimated that sixty thousand drunk-

ards annually die in the United Kingdom. Below these hells are others where all light has vanished, where we hear naught but the confused roar of angry brutes, madly, blindly seeking whom they may destroy. Then we have the public institutions, laden with the miserables. According to the official reports of the Register-General, one person in every five in London dies in the workhouse, the hospital, or the lunatic asylum. In 1887, there were eighty-two thousand, five hundred and forty-five deaths in London. Of these seventeen thousand perished in public institutions.

Such are the rugged outlines presented by this world at the social nadir; such the general aspects as, from the verge of the abyss, one's eyes wander down the strata extending from the honest, industrious poor, to the hopelessly depraved. This is the world of which General Booth writes and in which he has already accomplished much.

In order to gain a clearer idea of this life, it is necessary to notice a few typical cases. We have just examined the sketch

drawn by Mr. McAllister of a typical life in this butterfly world; let us now squarely face life in the abyss. That we may better know this world, we must approach it. From a distance the scene startles and staggers the mind. A closer examination touches the heart. He who would fathom its misery must look upon individual scenes and cases which are strictly typical. In this manner the truth is brought home — what before was merely *seen* is now *felt*, and the tragic aspects of the life of the submerged millions is sensibly appreciated. Let us, then, glance at some typical aspects of life in this grim region. The following picture would form a striking background for a setting, showing the ten-thousand-dollar banquet at Delmonico's, so felicitously described by Mr. McAllister. It is taken from the record of one of General Booth's most trusted officers, who was sent to investigate the actual condition of the homeless poor in one portion of London.

Just as big Ben strikes two, the moon, flashing across the Thames and lighting up the stonework of the embankment, brings into relief a

pitiable spectacle. Here on the stone abutments, which afford a slight protection from the biting wind, are scores of men, lying side by side, huddled together for warmth, and, of course, without any other covering than their ordinary clothing, which is scanty enough at the best. Some have laid down a few pieces of waste paper, by way of taking the chill off the stones, but the majority are too tired even for that.

General Booth's officer interviewed these homeless ones, three hundred and sixty of whom he found, one night, sleeping on the banks of the Thames, between Blackfriar's and Westminster. We will select a few cases :

No. 1. I've slept here two nights. I'm a confectioner by trade. I came from Dartford. I got turned off because I'm getting elderly. They can get young men cheaper, and I have the rheumatism so bad. I've earned nothing these two days. I thought I could get a job at Woolwich, so I walked there, but could get nothing. I found a bit of bread in the road, wrapped up in a bit of newspaper; that did me for yesterday. I had a bit of bread and butter to-day. I'm fifty-four years old. When it's wet, we stand about all night, under the arches.

No. 2. I'm a tailor. Have slept here four

nights running. Can't get work. Been out of a job three weeks. It was very wet last night. I left these seats, and went to Covent Garden Market, and slept under cover. There were about thirty of us. The police moved us on, but we went back as soon as they had gone. I've had a pen'worth of bread and pen'worth of soup during the last two days, — often go without altogether. There are women sleep out here. They are decent people, mostly charwomen and such like, who can't get work.

No. 3. Elderly man; trembles visibly with excitement at mention of work; produces a card, carefully wrapped in old newspaper, to the effect that Mr. J. R. is a member of the Trade Protection League. He is a waterside laborer. Last job at that was a fortnight since. Has earned nothing for five days. Had a bit of bread this morning, but not a scrap since. Had a cup of tea, and two slices of bread yesterday, and the same the day before. The deputy at a lodging-house gave it to him. He is fifty years old, and is still damp from sleeping out in the wet last night.

No. 4. Been out of work a month. Carman by trade. Arm withered, and cannot do work properly. Has slept here all the week. Got an awful cold through the wet. Lives at odd jobs [They all do.] Got sixpence yesterday for minding a cab, and carrying a couple of parcels. Earned nothing

to-day. Has been walking about all day, looking for work, and is tired out.

No. 5. Youth, aged sixteen. Sad case. Londoner. Works at odd jobs, and at match selling. He has taken 3d. to-day; *i. e.*, net profit, 1½d. Has five boxes still. Has slept here every night for a month. Before that, slept in Covent Garden Market, or on doorsteps. Been sleeping out six months. Has had one bit of bread to-day: yesterday had only some gooseberries and cherries, *i. e.*, bad ones that had been thrown away. Mother is alive. She "chucked him out," when he returned home on leaving Feltham, because he couldn't find her money for drink.

These are fairly typical cases, writes General Booth, of the army of nomads, who are wandering homeless through the streets, and he continues:—

Work, work! it is always work they ask. The divine curse is to them the most blessed of benedictions. 'In the sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat thy bread,' but alas for these forlorn sons of Adam! they fail to find the bread to eat, for society has no work for them to do. They have not even leave to sweat. Most of them now do more exhausting work in seeking for employment than the regular toilers do in their workshops,

and do it under the darkness of hope deferred which maketh the heart sick.

Below this tier of the homeless who have hope, looms up the despairing multitude, they who battle until body fails and brain reels; they who, confronted by the spectre of crime and the spectre of death, hear the voice of fate cry "Choose!" Here is a typical case :

A short time ago a respectable man, a chemist, in Holloway, fifty years of age, driven hard to the wall, tried to end it all by cutting his throat. His wife also cut her throat, and at the same time they gave strychnine to their only child. The effort failed, and they were placed on trial for attempted murder. In the Court, a letter was read which the poor wretch had written before attempting his life:—

"My dearest George:—Twelve months have I now passed of a most miserable and struggling existence, and I really cannot stand it any more. I am completely worn out, and relations who could assist me won't do any more, for such was uncle's last intimation. He never inquires whether I am starving or not. Three pounds,—a mere flea bite to him—would have put us straight, and with his security and good interest might have obtained me a good situation long ago.

I can face poverty and degradation no longer, and would sooner die than go to the workhouse, whatever may be the awful consequences of the steps we have taken. We have, God forgive us! taken our darling Arty with us, out of pure love and affection, so that the darling should never be cuffed about, or reminded or taunted with his heart-broken parents' crime. My poor wife has done her best at needle-work, washing, house-minding, etc., in fact, anything and everything that would bring in a shilling; but it would only keep us in semi-starvation. I have now done six weeks' travelling from morning till night, and not received one farthing for it. If that is not enough to drive you mad,—wickedly mad,—I don't know what is. No bright prospect anywhere; no ray of hope. May God Almighty forgive us for this heinous sin, and have mercy on our sinful souls, is the prayer of your miserable, broken-hearted, but loving brother, Arthur. We have now done everything that we can possibly think of to avert this wicked proceeding, but can discover no ray of hope. Fervent prayer has availed us nothing; our lot is cast, and we must abide by it. It must be God's will, or He would have ordained it differently. Dearest Georgy, I am exceedingly sorry to leave you all, but I am mad,—thoroughly. You, dear, must try and forget us, and, if possible, forgive us; for I do not consider it our fault we have not succeeded. If

you could get three pounds for our bed, it will pay our rent, and our scanty furniture may fetch enough to bury us in a cheap way.

“Don't grieve over us or follow us, for we shall not be worthy of such respect. Our clergyman has never called on us or given us the least consolation, though I called on him a month ago. He is paid to preach, and there he considers his responsibility ends, the rich excepted. We have only yourself and a very few others who care one pin what becomes of us; but you must try and forgive us, is the last fervent prayer of your devotedly fond and affectionate, but broken-hearted and persecuted brother.

[Signed]

R. A. O—.,

This is an authentic human document, a transcript from the life of one among thousands who go down inarticulate into the depths. They die and make no sign, or, worse still, they continue to exist, carrying about with them, year after year, the bitter ashes of a life from which the furnace of misfortune has burnt away all joy, hope, and strength.

Then we have the vicious—a world so terrible that one sickens as he explores it; a world into which the vast majority have been forced by the selfishness and brutality of our present civilization—the inhumanity of man.

In a preceding chapter we caught a glimpse of life in the sub-cellar, and will not further penetrate the hell of vice and crime into which the vast majority of those in the upper stratum, who do not perish in the battle for bread, ultimately sink; my present purpose being to place in antithesis, the idle rich, and the starving poor, and by typical illustrations, lead men and women to *think*.

A PILGRIMAGE AND A
VISION.

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Is it well that while we range with Science, glorying in the
 Time,
 City children soak and blacken soul and sense in city slime !
 There among the glooming alleys Progress halts on palsied
 feet,
 Crime and hunger cast our maidens by the thousand on the
 street.
 There the Master scrimps his haggard sempstress of her daily
 bread,
 There a single sordid attic holds the living and the dead.
 There the smouldering fire of fever creeps across the rotted
 floor
 And the crowded couch of incest in the warrens of the poor.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

For Truth and Right we plead, and light for crying Human
 need ;
 For wingless angels here in sight and famished earth we
 plead.
 Columbia, not Jerusalem ; for life this side the grave ;
 We kneel to touch the garment's hem of Him who died to
 save.
 Ring out, ring out the fervent cry, " Man's needs are God's
 commands " ;
 And putting strife forever by, unite with hearts and hands—
 To free the wage-slave ; and—released—the Eden usher in,
 Where each true heart is holy priest : and each true man is
 King.

REV. GEORGE VAUGHAN.

VII.

A PILGRIMAGE AND A VISION.

Social contrasts in Boston — Palaces and people in the Back Bay — Wealth which might transform the slums — Banquets whose cost would relieve the misery of hundreds of families — The slums of the West End — A Pathetic incident — The details of three grim tragedies — The slums of the North End — Typical cases — A vision.

PERHAPS there is no more effective method of awakening the sleeping consciences of our people to a realization of the essential immorality and injustice of present social conditions, than by presenting some striking contrasts, such as may be witnessed by any one living in our great cities, but which are usually overlooked in an age of fierce competition and ceaseless battle for gold. It is my purpose to give as simply as possible the story of an afternoon's pilgrimage recently taken through two commonwealths within the borders of Boston.

It was a cold, clear, crisp January afternoon. I left my office at one o'clock. Passing in front of the massive library building and the magnificent New Old South Church, one of the most imposing temples in our city, dedicated to the worship of the humble Son of Man, I turned down Boylston Street. On my left was the unpretentious Second Unitarian Church; on my right, across Copley Square, stood the showy and somewhat pretentious Back Bay Museum; almost directly in front rose that magnificent model of church architecture, Trinity, the pride of New England, and a church whose pewholders are worth many millions of dollars. On reaching Clarendon Street I turned toward the heart of the Back Bay, and in a few minutes I had passed the Commonwealth Avenue Baptist Church, whose heaven-piercing spire is ornamented with angels holding golden trumpets to their mouths, presumably proclaiming "Peace on earth and good will to men." The human eye loves the beautiful; and yielding to the natural temptation, I swept the broad avenue from the Public

Garden to the Back Bay Park. Through the leafless trees I saw on either side a wall of splendid palaces. No cottages or hovels offended the eye of wealth. Here dwell scores of men who, without seriously feeling the expense, could transform the slums of Boston by erecting model apartment houses after the manner employed so wisely by George Peabody in London; while in so doing they would lessen crime, raise the average morality, and make life, for thousands of their fellow-men, mean something far more than a mere hopeless and savage struggle on the animal plane. Slowly moving toward the Public Garden, I passed more than one home where live wealth's favored sons, who, without making a perceptible inroad upon their accumulations, could give to our Commonwealth a great industrial home, equipped and ready to receive and transform the children of the slums, who are orphans or worse than orphans, and who are now, month by month, being swept with irresistible power into the vortex of crime destined to curse the society of to-morrow and generations yet unborn —

children who are cursed at birth and by environment, but who would, nevertheless, become useful members of society, if placed in an institution where they would feel the elevating influence of love and the refinement of culture, and where they would be taught to completely master at least two trades, while their minds and souls were being trained by intellectual and moral culture.

With these thoughts in mind I slowly approached Arlington Street. Among the carriages which passed me, my attention was particularly attracted to one bearing a coat-of-arms, and whose driver was in full livery. The very horses seemed to feel that they were aristocratic animals, as with sleek coats and arched necks they pranced by. Within this carriage sat two ladies, but I saw no marks of content on their faces; rather, a worn, wearied, anxious, and dissatisfied expression. They were evidently surrounded by the luxury which wealth gives, and they probably spend their summers abroad, mingling with the fashionable devotees of the decaying aristoc-

racies of the Old World; for the arms emblazoned on the carriage spoke of an attempt to ape foreign custom and a contempt for republican simplicity. Wealth apparently gave them what gold could bestow, but it evidently had not given the priceless pearl of life, the serenity of soul which comes alone from living for others. This led me to study the faces I passed in this commonwealth of the rich. The wrinkles of care and anxiety, the shadow of apprehension, the unutterable soul-craving, which haunts eyes that are unsatisfied—these marked many faces. Some, it is true, wore the light, joyous expressions which so well become youth, and now and then I met a person upon whose silver brow peace seemed to rest content. Jealousy, sensualism, and unsatisfied desire were visible on many countenances; and I could not help feeling that the conditions which enabled colossal fortune to rise by the side of starvation and increasing misery had robbed a vast majority of the children of wealth of the only thing which makes life worth living. Indeed,

such must be the case. The divine in man cannot blossom or life yield its richest treasures while gold is society's god. So long as the first question asked is, "How rich is he?" so long as the standard is gold instead of character; so long as men feel and believe that money is the greatest thing in the world, the deepest and finest toned chords in the harp of life will give forth no melody; the supreme gift of life, that peace which comes only as the result of sinking self for others, will be exiled from the human heart; while that priceless essence of divinity in man, *the soul*, will wither, shrivel, and become as something dead.

I went through the avenue, down Arlington Street, and ascended Beacon Hill almost to its golden-crested dome. I had passed uninterrupted rows of palaces. I had found no hovel or cottage, and I had seen no sign of want except in the soul-hunger which peered forth from many eyes. The residents of many of the palaces I had passed give fashionable balls and banquets each winter, at which the champagne drank, alone, would keep scores of starving mor-

tals in comparative comfort through the pitiless winter months. I remembered that only a few weeks before I had seen carried away the *débris* of one of these fashionable parties. For this special occasion fifteen cases of champagne had been ordered, over thirteen cases of which had been consumed by the guests before half-past five in the morning, at which hour the festivities had come to an end. I wondered then, and I wondered as I walked past the home of the gentleman who gave the ball, how much of the divine in the nature of those champagne-imbibers vanished that cold winter night, for the soul withers much as does a weed-choked flower when the animal eclipses the spiritual in our being.

Leaving Beacon Street, I turned down the slope of the hill leading toward the populous and plebeian quarter of the West End. It was not long before the scenes of fashionable wealth disappeared; and it was curious to see along some streets how the old-time wealth, which once made these quarters the most fashionable and select part of the city, seemed to be struggling

against the ever-increasing waves of poverty. A few blocks farther, and I had entered another world, the commonwealth of want. Here scenes of abject misery and sickening depravity among the young and old are often witnessed; although here, also, amid vice, penury, and woe, every now and then there blossoms forth a royal soul, evincing such heroism and true nobility as to give one hope for all mankind. It was in this part of the city, a short time since, that the following tragic incident occurred: A little fatherless waif sold newspapers, the money for which went largely to supply a drunken mother with rum. Almost nightly the little fellow ascended to his home in the garret, only to receive abuse, and not unfrequently a brutal beating from his partially intoxicated parent. One night he returned without as much money as the woman expected. She had been drinking a great deal that day, and at once began abusing the boy. As she talked, rage rose in her liquor-inflamed brain; finally she seized him, saying she would throw him out of the window. The little fellow pleaded, and fought

for his life, but she pushed him through the glass; he struggled with all his strength, and managed to get back in the room but the glass had cut him most horribly and the sight of blood only served to inflame the mother, who now threw the bleeding child on the floor, and sprang upon him. At this moment neighbors broke in. The boy almost bled to death before medical assistance could be summoned. The police who interrogated him, when they arrested the mother, could by no method of questioning force the child to say anything that would criminate her. She, however, was taken to jail on the testimony of spectators. A friend who is spending his life in the slums of the West End gave me the details of this incident, and added: "I visited the little fellow at the hospital a few days ago. He was bearing up bravely, and in conversation would not allow a word to be said against his mother. '*It is drink that is to blame,*' he insisted."

The case of this little boy reminds me of another tragedy enacted in the slums of the North End, a few months ago. A poor

father having lost his wife, was overtaken by chronic invalidism. His little savings were soon exhausted. He had two small children, and driven to despair when he contemplated the probable fate of his children, he finally decided that all should leave the world together. He killed his children and then cut his own throat. He left behind a pathetic letter setting forth the struggle he had undergone and the reasons which led to the tragic deeds. These incidents are representative of tragedies occurring so frequently that they have long since dulled our sensibilities. We read of them to-day and forget them by to-morrow. And yet until we feel in our own souls something of the agony of heart experienced by these victims of despair, we will not appreciate the appalling wrongs to be righted by justice and love. And perhaps it may be well to pause here long enough to note some characteristic tragedies which portray the causes leading to the death of representatives in different groups among those who struggle upon the verge of the abyss only at last to fall before remorseless

social conditions which enable the few to monopolize the land, control the public highways and fatten upon class laws or special privileges.

Some time ago the details of a most heart-rending tragedy crept into the papers. It occurred about the time that an eminent American Divine declared to a young man, who endeavored to interest him in the suffering poor, "That one must go to the Old World to find involuntary poverty." Since then the condition of our very poor in the great cities has grown steadily more and more deplorable. I give the details of this case as reported by the Chicago dailies at the time of its occurrence:

Martin Arndt, a tailor, aged 53, was found dead in the park near the Douglas Monument early yesterday morning. A bullet-hole near the left temple and a small single-barrelled pistol in his right hand indicated the cause. The body was removed to No. 1318 State St., where he lived. His wife did not know how to account for the suicide. Her husband had left home early Thursday morning as usual, taking his lunch with him, to go to work. About ten A. M., however, the mail carrier handed her a letter, which contained an explana-

tion. It had been written and posted Thursday evening. This was the substance:

Dear Anne: I spoke to the book-keeper, Mr. Priddart, at Clement & Sayers', and requested him to give me half of a cent more for each coat, but he replied that he couldn't do it. He allowed me to take one lot at half a cent more. But immediately afterwards Mr. Raahe (the foreman) came and told me he had something nice to tell me: "Mr. Priddart had engaged another man, who would press the coats for one cent, and as soon as you have that lot of coats done you can stop work." I told him when a man wanted a trifle more for his work, he got discharged; that I thought it was rather mean. I looked all over for another place, but could not find one. I don't know what I shall do now, and I have made up my mind not to return to you again. I looked over the constitution of the Harigari, and find that if a brother commits suicide his wife and children receive the regular benefit — \$500; and from the Druids you will have no difficulty in getting the money to bury me. You will be better off than if I live. Therefore it is my intention to end this miserable life, and I have picked out the Douglas Monument as the place to die. There you will find my corpse. I beg you to forgive me. I can't do otherwise. I hope my folks (brothers and sisters in Germany) will not hear anything about it. If you marry again do not let your man mistreat

Hugo (his son.) I commit this deed with my full senses, although I know well what a disgrace I put on you and the family. I cannot do otherwise. Sooner or later it would have happened. That is all I have to say. M. ARNDT.

It seems that Arndt had worked only a short time for Clement & Sayers, — this being his second week. The coats referred to were of linen, and a man can press half-a-dozen in an hour. Last week, by working ten hours a day, he made \$4.80. It was his habit to ride from 1318 State Street to 416 Milwaukee Avenue in the morning at a cost of ten cents, and to walk home at night, — a distance of five miles. Had he ridden both ways, the \$4.80 would have been reduced to \$3.60. He was a temperate man, but hard work had reduced him to almost skin and bones. Having been dismissed, and there being few chances for employment nowadays, he made up his mind to go where bread and butter are not needed. That he was determined to end his life is evidenced by two wounds, — one in the body below the heart, and another in the head. He must have fired first at his heart. Missing it and not dying, he deliberately loaded the pistol a second time and fired into his brain, and this accomplished his purpose.

Here are the details of another suicide due to present social conditions; which

further impresses the contemplative mind with the difference between the altruism of Jesus and the motive power which to-day animates a nation boasting that it is Christian, while it permits such frightful tragedies to pass with little or no protest from the shepherds or the flocks who represent the Nazarine. A few months ago the body of a half-starved girl was found in the lake at Chicago. It was the corpse of Mamie Jennings—beautiful, ill-starred Mamie Jennings—one of an army which poverty is to-day hounding to death in a land which boasts of unexampled prosperity. Here is the story condensed from the daily papers. Mamie Jennings was the daughter of a once prosperous gentleman, who through successive misfortunes came at last to want, and died in utter destitution. Mamie was a beautiful girl over twenty years of age. Her mother was a confirmed invalid. In the great overflowing city, crowded with the unemployed, the poor girl found the struggle for bread, raiment and shelter for her mother and herself a frightful battle. There was, however,

much innate heroism in the fiber of her being, and she faced fate bravely as ever strong men faced the cannon. At last her health broke down, but she could not afford to be sick; a starving mother's face was constantly before her eyes. One who investigated the case after her death wrote thus graphically of her struggle:

Almost unable to stand from weakness, she bent over a washtub all that day, and when she returned home in the evening she cried herself to sleep. At five o'clock in the morning she arose, and without any breakfast—for there was only enough in the house for one—she started off to work. She was unable to walk down town, and she took the last nickel in the house to pay her fare. When she reached the Troy she was sick. "I don't believe I'll be able to work to-day," she said to the cashier. There were dark circles under her eyes and she trembled from the cold. The cashier told her to go home and return Friday. After leaving the place, about seven o'clock, nothing was seen of her until her body was found in the lake.

The same writer thus concludes his picture of this every-day tragedy, which

has become so common as merely to call for short notices in the papers:—

There are hundreds of thousands in this land of boasted plenty and misery, who are condemned, through no fault of their own, to the same life of grinding toil and hopeless penury that Mamie Jennings lived; and the marvel is, not that this poor, crushed, suffering, starving girl determined to end it all with one plunge, and welcome oblivion or the unknown, rather than endure it longer, but that so few of the miserable do likewise.

I have paused in my pilgrimage long enough to briefly refer to some grim, everyday tragedies which are typical, in order if possible, to impress the reader with the real significance of the awful happenings so common to-day as to excite little comment.

From the West End I passed to what is known as the slums of the North End, and was joined by a friend whose life is spent in saving the sinking, much as the heroic life-savers spend theirs on the ocean's treacherous shores. In the slums of the North End we catch a glimpse of the social nadir of Boston. Within ten minutes' walk from the historic Old North Church, and within an hour's stroll from the pal-

aces of Beacon Hill, we encounter poverty so terrible, that its existence in the heart of a Christian centre of wealth and culture, brands our civilization with shame, and puts a blister on Religion's brow—all the more because so much of it is uninvited poverty.

The casual observer who traverses the streets of the North End, little imagines the horrible squalor all around him, for the reason that almost all the dilapidated buildings are hidden from view by brick fronts. The worst features of the North End slums are unsuspected by our people who have not passed up the scores of alleyways, through the narrow corridors, or down through the cellar-like passages which line the streets, into the courtyards of the democracy of night. Those who have thus penetrated into the real heart of the slums are appalled. Frequently the buildings are brick, facing the street; but passing through the alley-way we find great, dilapidated wooden houses in the rear, which swarm with human beings. If the passers-by could see what the brick

walls which front Hanover and other streets of the North End hide from view, I believe a sense of self-respect, if no higher motive, would be voiced in an agitation so determined as to lead to radical changes. But from all appearance, we must wait for some terrible contagion, arising from these plague spots, to strike down thousands of the children of the rich, before justice will be heard.

The first family visited presented a very pitiful spectacle; and as it typifies a class far larger than our popular economists would have easy-going people believe, I will give the facts somewhat in detail. The father is an industrious Italian, who has succeeded for the past few years in securing employment most of the time. He and his wife were very frugal. They feared the approach of a rainy day when sickness or decrepitude might bring them from the brink of starvation into the depths. Hence every penny possible was saved. They had three children, the oldest eight. The mother worked out, making what she could. The little eight-year-old child kept the home, and tended her young

brother and sister. By self-denial and strict economy this little family had saved one hundred dollars, when a blow fell upon them. The overwork and constant strain endured by the wife and mother expressed itself in a stroke of paralysis, the whole of one side of the body being rendered lifeless. The husband, who seems a very kind-hearted man, was compelled to leave his work to care for his wife. He summoned doctors. Of course the source of income ceased; meantime, rent, doctor's bills, fuel, and food day by day ate up the careful savings of several years. The wife rallied a little, and the afflicted husband sought work. His place had been filled by another; and then followed a weary search for something, *anything* to do; but in the winter there are many seeking work and he found it impossible to obtain employment at any price. During this time all their savings had disappeared; they had no money for coal or food. At this juncture a young lady, who had become interested in the sufferers, visited my friend in the North End with money to gladden some hearts during the Christ-

mas season. Together they visited this family. The day was bitter cold; but in the wretched den, which these unfortunates call home, the messengers of love found the invalid wife and hungry children with no fire and no food. The young lady purchased coal and provisions, and in other ways brightened Christmas for these poor children of an adverse fate. I saw the family a week later; they still enjoyed the warmth and food provided by this noble-hearted young woman. The rent paid by this family is nine dollars a month; the father can as yet get no work; the rooms, two in number, look out upon a small and filthy court. The surroundings are squalid; stifling odors on every hand. In the house the most abject poverty is everywhere visible. Here a father, mother, and three little children are on the very brink of the abyss, through no fault of their own. In spite of industry and pinching frugality they are facing starvation, and even work is denied. This family, as I have observed, is a fair type of numbers of families in Boston's vortex of want.

Is it right that millions of dollars of acquired wealth should every year be lavished in wanton luxuries, which enervate manhood and undermine the virility of civilization, while God's children in the social cellar are starving? Is it right that we build churches costing from five hundred thousand to five million dollars each, while our brothers are seeking work to save their loved ones, and finding none? *This is one of the most solemn questions which confronts our present civilization.* If Christianity meant half what Jesus intended it should mean, this state of things could not endure for a single day.

In another tenement we found, on the fourth floor, an old woman living in a solitary room only five feet wide. This was her home — dining-room, sleeping-room, and kitchen, scarcely more than a closet. This poor woman pays seventy-five cents a week rent. She is nearing the grave; and I felt, on studying her face, so deeply wrinkled by a life of anxious care and years of-suffering and privation, that here death would surely be a messenger of relief.

Descending a few steps into a sombre cellar, we found the abode of a family of six. Two dark, damp rooms or burrows constituted the home of this family. They were very cold, as there was no vestige of fire in the room. The air also was heavy with vile odors. Here were several little children being raised amid filth, in an atmosphere reeking with moral impurity and crime. They will form a part of the civilization of to-morrow.

In this neighborhood we visited a widow with two little children; her husband was lost at sea, and she supports the family by her needle. It is useless to add that life is one long, dreary, and well-nigh hopeless nightmare to her, as it is to scores of widow women in the slums. The sea is almost as cruel as man, and hundreds of poor women who live in the squalor of our sea-ports wait weary years for loved ones who come no more.

Off a vile-smelling court we found a family of three children. The mother was up town sewing. The world of these little ones is bounded for the most part by the

four walls of two small rooms. Here, amid the plainest furniture and in plenty of dirt, from morning till night the little girl watches her little brothers. They are Portuguese, but attend the Bethel Mission. "Can you not sing us a song?" said my friend. After some persuasion, the little girl and the oldest boy sang, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee, Sweet Land of Liberty!" I involuntarily started. What grim satire was I hearing! Little dwarfed lives, starving in poverty and wretchedness, in the filth of the slums, singing, "Sweet Land of Liberty!" I was glad that they did not comprehend the meaning of the song, for it would have made life more bitter.

We visited many more places where poverty was what I term uninvited; but these, being typical, will enable us to catch a glimpse of the commonwealth of the unfortunates at the social nadir. I have not the space to show another phase of this problem or to cite cases to illustrate how this life breaks down the moral nature; how a life in dens unfit for brutes, brutalizes

God's children. We hear much about the vice and crime and the drunkenness of the slums; to me it is a marvel that there is not more. When I see the lavish waste of wealth for wines and luxuries at the social zenith, while abject poverty abounds within cannon range of the scene of revelry, I sometimes almost lose faith in man. But when I visit the slums and see virtue and probity under such a terrible strain, and with everything pressing viceward, I have my faith in humanity restored. That there is intemperance, crime, and immorality there, no one denies. This trinity of the night holds high carnival at the social nadir; but that, in spite of environment and the brutalizing influence everywhere present, virtue, industry, and self-respect still live, is to me a continual source of wonder, and testifies most eloquently to the innate spark of divinity in the human soul. I returned from my pilgrimage heart-sickened and depressed. The squalor, the filth, the vile odors, the hungry souls, the haunting eyes, the pinched faces of starved youth and helpless

age, produced a sense of weariness and oppression difficult to describe. I soon fell into a painful reverie. How is it, I asked, that the commonwealth of the prosperous is so selfishly short-sighted? Do not these millionaires see in the loved ones around them something more priceless than the gold they worship? Do they not see that at their very doors are cesspools of disease, where death-breeding germs will some day subtly steal upward and permeate the air of their exclusive realm, until their own loved fragile flowers will wither and fall, leaving their homes strangely desolate? Can they not understand the profound wisdom of the passages in the Scriptures which teach us that "No man liveth unto himself," and "That it is more blessed to give than to receive"? Can they not feel that only as we elevate, purify, and ennoble other homes, do we glorify and protect our own hearthstones, and that sooner or later retribution will overtake the selfish soul?

Then I must have fallen asleep, for before me stood an angel with face sad,

yet wonderfully sweet, and the angel said, "Look!" And I saw the slums of our city, and from a hundred homes I beheld something almost impalpable emanating — something which resembled smoke, which assumed a thousand fantastic and gruesome forms, as in great clouds it slowly floated over the city. Then I heard a great cry. The sobbing of a mighty city was audible. Death was everywhere present. I beheld thousands of our people fleeing to the depots; but scarcely had they left the city when the wires flashed, quick, sharp, and unsympathetic, the fateful news that all cities and towns were quarantined against Boston. I saw that numbers fleeing died on the way, and others, finding all places barred against them, returned to die at home. The plague, impalpable but terrible, seemed omnipresent. The city was draped in black. "The innocent and noble are dying," I said. "Say rather, 'They are being promoted'" ; but I saw a tear glisten in the angel's eyes, and I said, "Was all this waste of life necessary?" And the angel said, "Even so, for man had hard-

ened his heart against his brother man. He had closed his ears against the cry of the poor for justice. He had sowed to the wind, and is now reaping the whirlwind. Sorrow," continued the angel, and the voice was rich in melody, "makes man thoughtful. In the midnight of grief he hears the voice of justice, which is the voice of the Most High. Look once more!" Now I beheld a scene of marvellous beauty opening before my view. Great buildings, each covering a square and from six to eight stories high, rose on every hand. Each was built in the form of a hollow square, and within the enclosures I saw borders of flowers fringing playgrounds, where were fountains and many happy children. The music of their laughter chimed melodiously with the splashing of the water. Here and there I noticed large temple-like buildings, and I said, "What are these?" The angel replied, "We will enter one." At the threshold (for in my dream I moved as thought travels) I was impressed by the immensity and simplicity of the structure. We entered and descended

to the basement. I beheld great swimming-pools and an immense gymnasium; above were large eating-halls, where plain food was served at reasonable prices; beyond the eating-halls were commodious reading-rooms, free to all the people. We ascended a broad stairway to the next floor. Here I saw a large hall, in which a clear-voiced orator was describing the wonders of other lands and ages, and by the aid of a magnificent stereopticon was entertaining and instructing an immense audience. This also was free. In another hall an artist was entertaining a large congregation by giving an effective charcoal talk. Beyond was a free night school. "These quarters are the habitation of the poor, once the slums of Boston," said the angel; "but" she continued, "Let us look further," and now I beheld a broad, green expanse dotted with beautiful houses and some large buildings. "This," explained the angel, "is the home of orphan children. Here within each cottage may be found twenty little ones. In the large buildings a wonderful schooling is being given.

Each child is made master of a trade, while his soul is being developed by love, by music, and by ethical teaching. The intellect is also schooled. To the children this is heaven, for love meets them on every hand. "This," said the angel, "which you see is only the first step; it is the lifeboat sent out to save a few who are sinking; it is an earnest of the awakening of the divine in man. Beyond and above this, Progress, Fraternity, and Justice are leading the people. All special privileges and class laws have been abolished. Through the broad land societies of human brotherhood have been formed pledged to love all God's children, to drown the hoarse - roar of hate with the music of love; to overcome evil by good; to drive out the darkness by the light." The angel vanished. I awoke.

WHAT OF THE MORROW?

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“’Tis coming up the steep of Time,
And this old world is growing brighter ;
We may not see its dawn sublime,
Yet high hopes make the heart throb lighter ;
Our dust may slumber under-ground
When it awakes the world in wonder ;
But we have felt it gathering round,
We have heard its voice of distant thunder.
’Tis coming ; yes, ’tis coming !

“There’s a Divinity within
That makes men great if they but will it ;
God works with all who dare to win,
And the time cometh to reveal it.
’Tis coming ; yes, ’tis coming !

“Fraternity, Love’s other name —
Dear, heaven-connecting link of being —
Then shall we grasp thy golden dream,
As souls, full-statured, grow far-seeing.
Thou shalt unfold our better part,
And in our life-cup yield more honey ;
Light up with joy the poor man’s heart,
And love’s own world with smiles more sunny.
“’Tis coming ; yes, ’tis coming.”

Gerald Massey.

VIII.

WHAT OF THE MORROW?

Are radical changes for the betterment of the industrial millions pending?—The perils of the present—What we must expect from the upholders of class privileges—The unmistakable drift of the times toward human brotherhood—A persistent ideal once rooted in the popular mind never departs without a struggle for supremacy—Encouraging signs—The Slogan cry of the new day—The prophetic view of William Morris.

IN the midst of poverty, which is the heritage of so many white slaves in country and city life to-day, we are confronted by the question: Will the morrow witness a new order of things? Will conditions be so changed that uninvited want will be reduced to exceptional cases, if it does not entirely disappear, and will social aspects be so changed that it will be easier for men to do right than to sin? In other words, will conditions tend to develop and bring out all that is noblest, purest, and most

divine in man's nature? I believe such changes not only possible but inevitable, if those whose hearts have been touched by the higher altruistic thought of the hour do their duty. There are to-day, as never before, multitudinous forces at work, leagued with Justice and the Dawn. Some are silent, and their influence is unsuspected; while above and beyond all is the impalpable but persistent ideal of human brotherhood, which has taken possession of the hearts and brains of millions of thinking men, women, and children.

And yet we must not allow ourselves to be deceived by expectations of an easy triumph. Forces which, in themselves, hold invincible potency may be held in check, if not defeated, by a soulless plutocracy intrenched behind class laws. Such a plutocracy as is found in the giant trusts and monopolies of our day. Now the fact is beginning to dawn on thoughtful people that we Americans, who have fallen into the foolish habit of parroting trite phrases about self-government, are in reality far less our own masters than most people sup-

pose. The truth cannot be denied that an oligarchy, representing many interests, but having a common cause to defend, shapes, when it does not instigate, a large proportion of our present-day legislation. I very much doubt whether the members of Congress or the representatives in various state legislatures dream how perfectly the gloved hand of organized capital guides the helm of state; how important measures are defeated, dangerous bills are enacted, amid the alternate enthusiasm and apathy of the public. That the press is also being silently and, in many cases, unwittingly swayed and influenced, is undoubtedly true. The following story related of the famous chess-playing automaton of Paris, long an unsolved mystery in the French capital, is suggestive. The emperor, hearing much of the ingenious piece of mechanism, determined to inspect it, and if possible unravel the enigma. The automaton played marvellously well until the emperor designedly made a false move, when with a sweep of the arm it cleared the board, while the emperor,

springing to his feet, exclaimed, "There is a man behind the automaton!" So if our people had boasted less and observed more during the past three decades, they would have seen behind the vicious class legislation which has fostered plutocracy and virtually placed the reins of the government in the hands of organized capital, a selfish, grasping, directing brain concocting apparently innocent bills which each year were passed by the various legislatures, or became organic law through Congressional acts. Furthermore, we must not lose sight of the fact that when the despotism of accumulated wealth becomes fully aroused to the dangers which confront it, all the energies which belong to the instincts of self-preservation, will be put forth to maintain the unjust and inequitable conditions through which the few reap the harvests of the many.

Two things must be brought about before we can hope for the advent of the great vital reformatory measures which will, through the operation of justice, transform, to a certain extent at least, the face of civ-

ilization. First, the people must be aroused to the danger of the silent influences now operating in Washington, in the various state capitals, and even upon the judiciary and through the press; and, being aroused to the magnitude of the peril, they must, for a time at least, sink all petty strife, and move in solid phalanx against the common enemy. The measures proposed may not come up to our ideals, but if they make for the equality of opportunity, and are founded upon justice, they should be accepted by sincere reformers as steps in the right direction. With this catholic standard before us, all who have faith in civilization, all who love humanity, all who bow before the sacred shrine of Justice, should move forward. *Appreciation of the magnitude of the peril, and concerted action*—these are the supreme needs of the hour. That millions of people are becoming aroused, is admitted by all thoughtful persons. I believe that the discontent of the present has reached such a stage that *no palliative measures will satisfy the people.*

This awakening of the masses, as a result of independent investigation and thoughtful study, is one of the reasons on which I base my faith in the dawning day. Another reason is found in the fact that scores of the best thinkers of our time have entered the arena for the industrial millions. Eminent essayists, clergymen, novelists, and poets are sounding the bugle for the toiling multitude.

There is another reason why I believe in the near approach of radical reformatory measures. Never in the history of the world have so many thoughtful people apprehended clearly the great basic truth, that in a complex life like ours the interests of all are so interwoven that anything which injures one, sooner or later injures all, and that which elevates one elevates all. We are beginning to learn the vital lesson that only by justice and love can we secure true happiness as individuals, or enduring prosperity as a nation.

Then, again, the ideals of men are broadening. The conception of God is changing. The progress-paralyzing mias-

ma of creeds, which a few years ago enveloped the warring sects of Christendom, is disappearing before the dawn of a higher conception of God's truth and a truer apprehension of what constitutes religion "pure and undefiled." Creeds are falling away, and deeds are coming to take their place. The religion of the morrow will emphasize life rather than dogma. Its mission will be to seek and to save, because love will be the all-mastering passion of those who have felt the higher civilization pulsing through their veins. And this breadth of thought will enable gigantic reforms along palliative lines to be carried on, as well as radical fundamental changes, which, in the nature of things, will require more time. I believe the day is not far distant when societies embracing Christians, Hebrews, Buddhists and Agnostics—in a word, societies embracing all who love mankind enough to sacrifice self in the interests of humanity—will strike hands for a common good. It may not come this year or next year; but the trend is unmistakably toward the union of those who believe in

saving man here and now. When such organizations shall be formed in our cities and hamlets, they will be schools of the higher ethics for all members, as well as active and aggressive forces for the redemption of life in the social cellar. They will establish in the slums reading-rooms and halls for lectures, concerts, and healthful amusements, where all will be welcome. They will provide swimming-pools and gymnasiums; they will open kindergarten and industrial schools. They will teach cooking and sewing to girls, and useful trades to boys; and at the same time they will teach the young to be pure, just, and noble. They will seek out the suffering and the starving; they will help the weak to become strong. They will catch a guiding and overmastering inspiration from the words of Victor Hugo, when the great poet-prophet exclaims: "Sacrifice to the mob! Sacrifice to that unfortunate, disinherited, vanquished, vagabond, shoeless, famished, repudiated, despairing mob; sacrifice to it, if it must be, and when it must be, thy repose, thy fortune, thy joy, thy country, thy liberty, thy life.

The mob is the human race in misery. The mob is the mournful beginning of the people. The mob is the great victim of darkness. Sacrifice to it thy gold, and thy blood, which is more than thy gold, and thy thought, which is more than thy blood, and thy love, which is more than thy thought; sacrifice to it everything except justice. Receive its complaint: listen to it touching its faults and touching the faults of others; hear its confession and its accusation. Give it thy ear, thy hand, thy arm, thy heart. Do everything for it excepting evil. Alas! it suffers so much, and it knows nothing. Correct it, warn it, instruct it, guide it, train it. Put it to the school of honesty. Make it spell truth; show it the alphabet of reason; teach it to read virtue, probity, generosity, mercy. Hold thy book wide open. Be there, attentive, vigilant, kind, faithful, humble. Light up the brain, inflame the mind, extinguish selfishness; and thyself give the example. It is beautiful that Force should have Right for a master, that Progress should have Courage as a leader,

that Intelligence should have Honor as a sovereign, that Conscience should have Duty as a despot, that Civilization should have Liberty as a queen, and that the servant of Ignorance should be Light."

The truth and inspiration voiced in these sentiments will be the key-note of the new crusade. I believe that the ideal of a noble and happy life for man, woman, or child, which to-day so persistently haunts the brain of millions of earth's children, will be realized. Not to-morrow or next year, but in the future; yes, the near future. We must not grow discouraged if the tide seems to ebb sometimes; it will return with renewed power. It takes some time, after intellectual assent has been gained, for new truths to enter the bone, blood, and fiber of actual life. Especially is this true of those teachings which run counter to the preconceived ideas and inherited prejudice of generations. We must expect disappointments. The pessimism of the discouraged on the one hand, and the optimism of the *dilettante* on the other will continue to obstruct all radical reformatory work. But neither

will the cry that "it is useless to further battle," or the assertion that "all is well," check the onward flow of reformative thought now in motion. *I believe the dawn to be breaking.* Never have ideas gained such rooting in the heart of the learned and unlearned, great and small, as have these dreams of a better day, without blossoming into realities. It may be that the light will not come until blood flows, because entrenched wealth is arrogant, and may refuse concessions until too late; yet if we do our duty in efforts to arouse those in easy circumstances, to a sense of what is right and just, and at the same time to educate, purify, and uplift, while we aid and encourage those now sinking in gloom and darkness, the conflict may be averted. This thought is thus admirably put by the great English poet, artist, and social reformer, William Morris:—

"It is we must answer and hasten,
And open wide the door
For the rich man's hurrying terror,
And the slow-foot hope of the poor.

“Yea, the voiceless wrath of the wretched,
And their unlearned discontent,
We must give it voice and wisdom
Till the waiting-tide be spent.”

Only justice can prevent a bloody cataclysm—that is a thought which must be emphasized at all times.

Be the early result as it may, ultimately the day will break—the day of justice, and brotherhood of love and joy for man, woman, and child. I have a profound faith in the truth expressed by Mr. Morris in these prophetic lines which appear in his last volume of poems:—

“Come hither, lads, and hearken
For a tale there is to tell,
Of the wonderful days a coming, when all
Shall be better than well.
And the tale shall be told of a country,
A land in the midst of a sea,
And folk shall call it England
In the day that’s going to be.

“There more than one in a thousand
Of the days that are yet to come
Shall have some hope of the morrow,
Some joy of the ancient home.

For then, laugh not, but listen
To this strange tale of mine :
All folk that are in England
Shall be better lodged than swine.

“ Then a man shall work and bethink him,
And rejoice in the deeds of his hand,
Nor yet come home in the even
Too faint and weary to stand.
Men in that time a coming
Shall work and have no fear
For to-morrow’s lack of earning
And the hunger-wolf anear.

“ I tell you this for a wonder,
That no man then shall be glad
Of his fellow’s fall and mishap
To snatch at the work he had.
For that which the worker winneth
Shall then be his indeed,
Nor shall half be reaped for nothing
By him that sowed no seed.

“ O strange, new, wonderful justice !
But for whom shall we gather the gain ?
For ourselves and each of our fellows,
And no hand shall labor in vain.
Then all Mine and all Thine shall be Ours,
And no more shall any man crave
For riches that serve for nothing
But to fetter a friend for a slave.”

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