

CHAPTER IV.

CHARITY OR JUSTICE.

WE read and have many times been told that "the Lord loveth a cheerful giver," "it is more blessed to give than to receive," and "he that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord;" and this pious phraseology has generally been construed to mean, and has often been urged upon the benevolent as a guarantee, that whoever responded liberally to appeals for aid was sure of a good bargain with the Lord.

In this materialistic age of highly wrought competitive energy, when the policy of "each man for himself," "save your own soul," etc., is the mainspring and inspiration of most of our lives, it is not to be wondered that liberal contributions are made in the name of charity. When the ordinary avenues of business turn out so many failures, the speculative instinct is apt to respond to the invitation to invest in any enterprise that has the appearance of a "sure thing." This desire to play a "sure-thing game" must in large part account for the enormous investments in the name of charity that are annually made by the rich and prosperous classes of our people. I believe that a very large percentage of the twenty-two millions said to have been expended in the State of New York during the last year was given (?) as an investment pure and simple because of the belief that it would pay. The constant iteration in one form or another of the army of solicitors, who are burdened with the work of carrying on charity organizations, that "the Lord will bless you," and the

flood of "ghost stories" that have gone the rounds of the country telling how God had blessed this, that and the other "liberal men," leads to a superstitious belief that God will especially interest himself in prospering the givers to charity. I have known of a case where this belief was so deep-seated in a gambler that he religiously practiced giving to the unfortunate and distressed a portion of his winnings in the hope of courting the favor of the fickle goddess, called "Good Luck."

Far be it from me to attempt to belittle any generous impulse. For we have altogether too little of it, and my object is to awaken real benevolence, a benevolence that will be satisfied with nothing less than justice to every one of God's creatures. When we shall have reached a conception of that kind and learned to express it through government, the thing that is now called charity will be known only as a relic of a distressing stage of civilization that the race has happily passed by.

Rev. George C. Lorimer, of the Tremont Temple Baptist Church, Boston, said recently in a baccalaureate sermon before the senior class of Brown University:

The stress on organized charity is an example of the sophistries which the scholar needs to expose. I am in favor of real charity, but that charity is misnamed which compels a man to turn his soul inside out to charity officials before he can get a crust of bread; that charity is misnamed which forces a woman to give her history before she can get a garment to clothe her naked child.

What society wants to-day is not charity, but justice — justice between man and man. Do you say we must clothe the naked? I tell you, give men justice, and there will be practically nobody to clothe. Do you say we must feed the hungry? Make justice to reign, and men will not be hungry.

COMPETITIVE SYSTEM THE CAUSE.

The competitive system is the cause that constantly horrifies us and shocks our finer sensibilities with its outrages upon the weak and incapable brothers of society. Annually and periodi-

cally we are horrified with appeals for the "starving miners of Ohio," men willing to work, driven into enforced idleness as a direct result of the competition growing out of human greed. They and their wives and children made paupers, driven into vice, immorality and crime of every sort, are a perpetual protest against the continuance of a system that has failed. The state is derelict in its duty if it fails to take cognizance of these conditions. I see no possible solution for the troubles perpetually harassing us by the wrongs and injustice done to the coal miners, except that the government own all of the mines and operate them for the benefit of all the people. Every man willing to work has a right to live on the fruit of the toil of his hands, and no government has a right to deny him this right. It is a sacred heritage given to him when God said to Adam, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." Able-bodied men ever walk the streets, alleys and highways of our country pleading for work, yet there is no lack of useful and beautiful work that ought to be done.

In all of our cities too many men, and women, too, are up against a stone wall; they have reached a point where they can go no farther. Their labor, which is the only thing they have to sell, is a drug on the market which none will buy. They must buy the necessaries of life from a monopolized market. As they cannot sell their labor, and their chattels are in the possession of the pawnbroker and the mortgage shark, they are face to face with the fact that their liberty is a mockery, is not even the liberty to beg, for that is a crime.

My observations in America and in foreign countries have convinced me that no matter where you go, *the same class of people are down*. No matter whether they have good money or bad, whether it is gold or silver, hard or soft, the wage-earners and producers are down, while the traders, the bankers and the speculators are up. In all countries the bees who make the honey are smoked out of the hives. Labor and wealth have been divorced; what justice has joined, our unwise laws have put asunder.

Labor-saving machinery has wrought great havoc among the laboring classes everywhere. As John Stuart Mill has said, it is doubtful if all the machinery of the world has lightened the labor of the workers by a single hour. Machinery has done more for profits than it has for wages. It has added intensity to the day's work. Instead of giving leisure to the operator, it has in many cases made him work faster, and at lower wages. Machinery has been a great benefit to those who *buy*, but a great injury so far to those who *make*.

As Henry George has shown, progress and poverty have gone hand in hand, by some inexcusable blunder in our system of distribution. The brighter the light which civilization has shed upon the avenues, the darker is the shadow which falls upon the alleys. The palace-towers and glittering steeples are built higher and higher toward the clouds, while the dingy cellars where the ragged outcasts gather are dug deeper and are becoming more crowded every year.

CHARITY AND DRUNKENNESS.

Charity agents and temperance reformers have much to say concerning the direful tendency to poverty caused by the drinking habit. Doubtless many men know of some person or persons who have been made poor through excessive drinking. But for one instance of an individual made a pauper through drink, there are instances of whole classes made drunkards by poverty.

The frightful conditions prevailing in the slums of the great cities — the insecurity, hopelessness, hunger and want of the dwellers therein — draw them with irresistible force to indulgence in liquor as a sole relief for their woes. So true is this that recognition of it is now made by the best authorities. The tables compiled by Prof. A. G. Warner, in his "American Charities," show that intemperance is the cause of poverty in but from one-fifteenth to one-fifth of all the cases noted. Other statistics show that but 16 per cent. of the 156,000 paupers in New York city

became such through the liquor habit. The great temperance apostle, Miss Frances E. Willard, came to see before her death, and made repeated announcement of her belief, that poverty was the cause of drunkenness rather than drunkenness the cause of poverty.

For many years I contributed my influence and means to the "destruction of the accursed traffic," battling along the conventional lines. Fight! fight! fight! was the war cry continually raised, and believed I was doing God's service. I do not seem to learn any lesson by the failure of the fighting tools; one form of the fight had no sooner failed than I was ready to take up some other form, with the same old tools. But I have come to see more clearly the forces that make for drunkenness; I have come to regard it as an effect rather than a cause, and I have reached a stage from which my previous attitude and methods appear to me wrong and futile.

I agree with all Christian people as to the evils of the liquor traffic. It is an unmitigated curse; but it will continue to exist so long as the people want it. The saloon is here because the people want it here. If the people want it away they can soon put it away, not only on Sunday, but on every other day.

When justice is done to the disinherited of earth, when well-paid, useful and agreeable work is provided for every child of God, the crowds that now turn to the saloon for solace will find, through the larger outlook of life, other desires than that of drink and other gathering places than that of the saloon.

If all the rich church members would do their utmost to give these the unemployed work they would accomplish more for temperance than they do by attacking saloons. There are many ways in which this could be done. Persons with bank accounts could paint their houses a little oftener than usual and make improvements in their stores and dwellings; they could clean up and beautify their grounds and feel all the better for the expenditure

which would afford paying employment for people who are now walking by the churches idle, starving and ragged. As a city, we could build and adorn streets, boulevards and parks and so set in circulation the idle money now hoarded in our banks, and serving no useful purpose for humanity. The door which idleness and poverty open to the saloon would then be largely closed, and the door from the saloon to the jail and pothouse would seldom turn on its hinges.

CHARITY ONLY PALLIATES.

Students of social phenomena understand that the thing we call charity in no sense tends to eradicate the evils of poverty. Many, indeed, see, on the contrary, that the most carefully conducted charitable organizations tend only to delay the day of our deliverance from the injustice of the present economic system, and they are coming to see, as Mrs. Stetson says, that —

The love that fed poverty, making it thrive,
Is learning a lovelier way;
We have seen that the poor need be with us no more,
And that sin can be driven away.

Our unparalleled power of organization, that has exhausted itself very largely in building up the individual during the last half of this century and has amazed the civilized world by its triumphs, is one of the sources that we must look to for relief from the social distress of the present hour. To get this relief, the great power of organization of our captains of industry must be moralized, and the patriotic impulse, the love of country, which is the love of our fellow-men, must be relied upon to use this power in a more rational way in socializing the energy of our cities, our state and our nation, so that our phenomenal ability may be made a blessing to all of the people, may build up the city, state and nation through the development of a better and nobler type of manhood, instead of letting it go on in the present hopeless

plan of mere money getting, which, as a matter of fact, from any scientific standpoint, is not a blessing to even those who are temporarily successful.

It is an indication full of promise for the future that so many in this, the next to the last year of the nineteenth century, are coming to see that the success that depends for its continuance upon the failure of others is not in any true sense success at all. We are getting ashamed of our extremes of wealth and poverty. We have boasted of our ability in the art of production. We should be ashamed of our ignorance in the art of distribution. Millions have been made in a few weeks in the New York Stock Exchange on stocks that derive their value from the toil of underpaid men, overworked women and in some cases from the labor of little children who are robbed of their childhood. We are becoming so patriotic, we are learning to love one another so well, that we are getting ashamed of this kind of profit and are coming to see that it is the "price of blood."

There is no permanent peace by pursuing a system of profit getting that depends upon the destruction of human life for its continuance. In no collective capacity have we any plan that considers the good of all of the people with respect to the most important, the most fundamental thing in our common life. This is the right to earn one's daily bread. Neither as a nation, state or municipality have we yet given serious consideration to this important question. We have the post-office, that provides a plan whereby we may send and receive our letters safely and promptly. It is carried on without profit for the good of the people, and rich and poor are served alike by this beneficent agency. We have the public schools in the various states, which provide free education for our children.

In many places even we teach them to work, how to be useful members of society, and when they are thus equipped turn them out into the fierce competitive warfare of the present day to

struggle for themselves, to enter into a contest against trained men of experience for the possession of property, where strong and weak, simple and cunning, wise and unwise, are pitted together in the "grab-all," "catch-as-catch-can," "every one-for-himself," "devil-take-the-hindmost" scramble for things (property). In such a contest it does not require a prophet or seer to "pick a winner."

Of course, the little ones, the weak, the helpless, will be numbered among the unfortunates, and I fancied as I looked at the 200 hopeless men waiting for their dole of bread at Fleischmann's bakery in the chilling rain of a January midnight, that I could see Christ, the Carpenter of Nazareth, with sympathetic mien, pointing to this sad, sad sight and saying in tones of profoundest pathos to me, to every man and woman to-day living in reasonable comfort in this land of liberty, "Inasmuch as ye did it not unto the least of these (hungry men), ye did it not unto me."

THE UNSOCIAL AND UN-AMERICAN SPIRIT.

Yet there are some writers who claim to be cultured and well-informed who assure us that there is no remedy for poverty save the spasmodic charity of the rich; and a few even go farther and maintain that charity is a superior and elevating method of removing social evils.

Mr. N. P. Gilman, author of "Socialism and the American Spirit," vehemently opposes Socialism on the grounds that self-help and independence will come to an end if monopolies are owned and operated by the nation. In the midst of his eulogies of self-help, however, we find him preaching the enervating gospel of charity as a cure for social evils. He says:

Let the men of wealth look about, each man in his town or city, to find what he can do in the way of endowing schools of various kinds; building libraries and stocking them with books; assisting promising young men and women through college; establishing hospitals; supporting homes for the

destitute; laying out parks and play-grounds; or in a hundred other charities and philanthropies which will be sure to do more good than harm.

Let them establish trade-schools, like Messrs. Pratt, Drexel and Armour. Let them endow music, like Mr. Higginson, of Boston; or theology, like the Scottish Lord Gifford. Let them open new avenues of wise philanthropy by endowing newspapers that shall be clean, able and independent of party, or periodicals of too high a grade for a small subscription list to support.

Let them aid research in natural and in social science. Let them help in the publication of books needed only by the few, and in the support of men of mind engaged in investigations likely to be of use to many, but only hindered by the lack of means.

The rich man should seek the close alliance of the man of science and the man of sagacious humanity, who can do him no greater service than to show him where to employ his surplus fortune for the public good. Every man who follows the laudable custom of giving while he is able to direct his gift aright, and see its good results, is a practical apostle of peace and good-will among men.

If this is the most optimistic gospel we can preach, then democracy is a failure and the Declaration of Independence was a mistake. Mr. Gilman would push America back to where Europe was in the seventeenth century, when literature, art, music and poetry were dependent upon the whims of dull-witted kings and dukes. The learning and genius of that period are tainted with servility and cringing homage to the possessors of wealth and power.

THE ECONOMIC INDEPENDENCE OF GENIUS.

Already our colleges, our magazines, our pulpits, and our artists depend too much upon the owners of wealth. I believe in *the economic independence of genius*. Every millionaire who is at all philanthropic has constantly around him a circle of whining, clamoring, flattering professors, ministers, artists, authors, etc., holding out their hats for a checque — the eminently respectable beggars of society.

If "promising young men and women" are to be helped financially, the money should come from the city or state, and not

from an individual money-maker, who, in return for the money advanced, will expect to dictate the opinions of those whom he assists.

The public recognition of genius is never regarded as charity; it honors the recipient instead of degrading him. The watchful care of a kindly government over the interests of all the people does not interfere with any of the sturdy virtues that spring from self-help and self-reliance. But the paternalism of a few patronizing millionaires, who reward the cunning sycophant and pass over the independent thinker who dares to speak the truth with regard to the origin of these great fortunes, is a form of philanthropy which ought not to be encouraged. Nothing is endangering freedom of thought and speech in our universities so much as the fatal philanthropy of millionaires. Professors who dare to investigate honestly the causes of poverty and the nature and methods of private monopolies, are discharged if they venture to declare their convictions. Ask any artist who paints for love of his work and not for money, what effect the patronage of the wealthy has upon art, and he will tell you that it is destructive of good work. It leads artists to paint pictures merely to sell — to please men who have no natural appreciation of the beautiful, and who frequently order their paintings by the square yard and their books by the hundred. Pressed hard by poverty, artists are driven to betray their ideal to the Pilates and Herods of wealth for a few pieces of silver.

As long as money and its owners rule the world, true art will be compelled to hide in garrets for years before the nation discovers and rewards it. Commercialism leads to the building up of "art factories," where oil paintings are made to order "while you wait."

Ask any conscientious or clear-sighted magazine writer or author what effect the patronage of the wealthy has upon literature, and he will reply that it creates an unofficial censorship

which prohibits the impartial discussion of the real economic issues of the day. There are certain things which wealthy advertisers will allow to be said, and certain other things, equally true, which they will not permit to be mentioned.

Mr. Gilman's eulogy of charity might do much good in a country like Russia, where governmental restrictions make self-help impossible, and where a fraternal democracy scarcely exists even in imagination; but in the land of Jefferson and Lincoln such sentiments are an impertinence.

MILLIONAIRES AND PAUPERS ABNORMAL CREATURES.

Our chief task is not to coax and wheedle a few thousands from the rich to help the poor, but to consider the means by which the rich have become rich, and the poor have become poor. Millionaires and paupers are both abnormal creatures, and the republic will never prosper until both are made as scarce as buffaloes in Rhode Island. The question we are asking concerning the enormous fortunes which a few trust-makers have piled up in twenty or thirty years, is not, "What will they do with it?" but, "How did they get it?" We question the righteousness of their claims. It is not enough that they have acquired possession, and escaped the jail. We shall not stop the pursuit because they now and then throw out a few dollars from their millions. We are not after their money; we are after justice.

Mrs. Stetson aptly describes the real nature of a great deal of our charity in the following poem:

Came two young children to their mother's shelf
 (One was quite little, and the other big),
 And each in freedom calmly helped himself,
 (One was a pig).

The food was free and plenty for them both,
 But one was rather dull and very small;
 So the big smarter brother, nothing loath,
 He took it all.

At which the little fellow raised a yell
 Which tired the other's more aesthetic ears;
 He gave him here a crust, and there a shell,
 To stop his tears.

He gave with pride, in manner calm and bland,
 Finding the other's hunger a delight;
 He gave with piety — his full left hand
 Hid from his right.

He gave and gave — O blessed Charity;
 How sweet and beautiful a thing it is!
 How fine to see that big boy giving free
 What is not his!

THE WORKERS' ATTITUDE TOWARD CHARITY.

Prof. John Graham Brooks says:

I have spoken during the past year to many labor organizations, and everywhere this angry note against charity methods and against anything like charity for the unemployed makes itself felt. The reasons for this hostility are at bottom the stigma which has come to be associated with charity; the idea that charity, being voluntary, the recipients are supposed to be grateful for such helps, but even more the fact that the very respectable and well-conditioned people in the community administer the charities. Here is the arch offense. The traditional charity carries with it, as a fatality, a sense of distributing favors. It is a gift from success to failure, from superiority to apparent inferiority; from one who pities to one who is an object of pity.

The working classes have quite a clear knowledge of the fact that without labor there would be no wealth, and that every loaf of bread was created by the strength and skill of farmers, millers and bakers, and not by the fiat of a financier. It is the remembrance of this that causes sullenness to take the place of gratitude when any favors are received from the wealthy.

They know that something must be wrong when the industrious are obliged to depend upon the bounty of idlers; and they bitterly resent being placed in the position of beggars and dependents. Why should well-to-do spendthrifts give them patron-

izing lectures on thrift and economy? Why should young ladies who have never earned by hard work a dollar in their lives, intrude into their shabby homes, and preach to them of industry and perseverance?

Many a charity visitor has felt how natural and well-founded is the resentment of the poor against charity. To quote from an able article on "The Subtle Problems of Charity," by Miss Jane Addams, of Hull House, Chicago:

The charity visitor is, let us assume, a young college woman, well-bred and open-minded. When she visits the family assigned to her, she is embarrassed to find herself obliged to lay all the stress of her teaching and advice upon the industrial virtues, and to treat the members of the family almost exclusively as factors in the industrial system. She insists that they must work and be self-supporting; that the most dangerous of all situations is idleness; that seeking one's own pleasure, while ignoring claims and responsibilities, is the most ignoble of actions. The members of her assigned family may have charms and virtues—they may possibly be kind and affectionate, considerate of one another and generous to their friends; but it is her business to stick to the industrial side.

As she daily holds up these standards, it often occurs to the mind of the sensitive visitor, whose conscience has been made tender by much talk of brotherhood and equality which she has heard talked at college, that she has no right to say these things; that she herself has never been self-supporting; that, whatever her virtues may be, they are not the industrial virtues; that her untrained hands are no more fitted to cope with actual conditions than are those of her broken-down family.

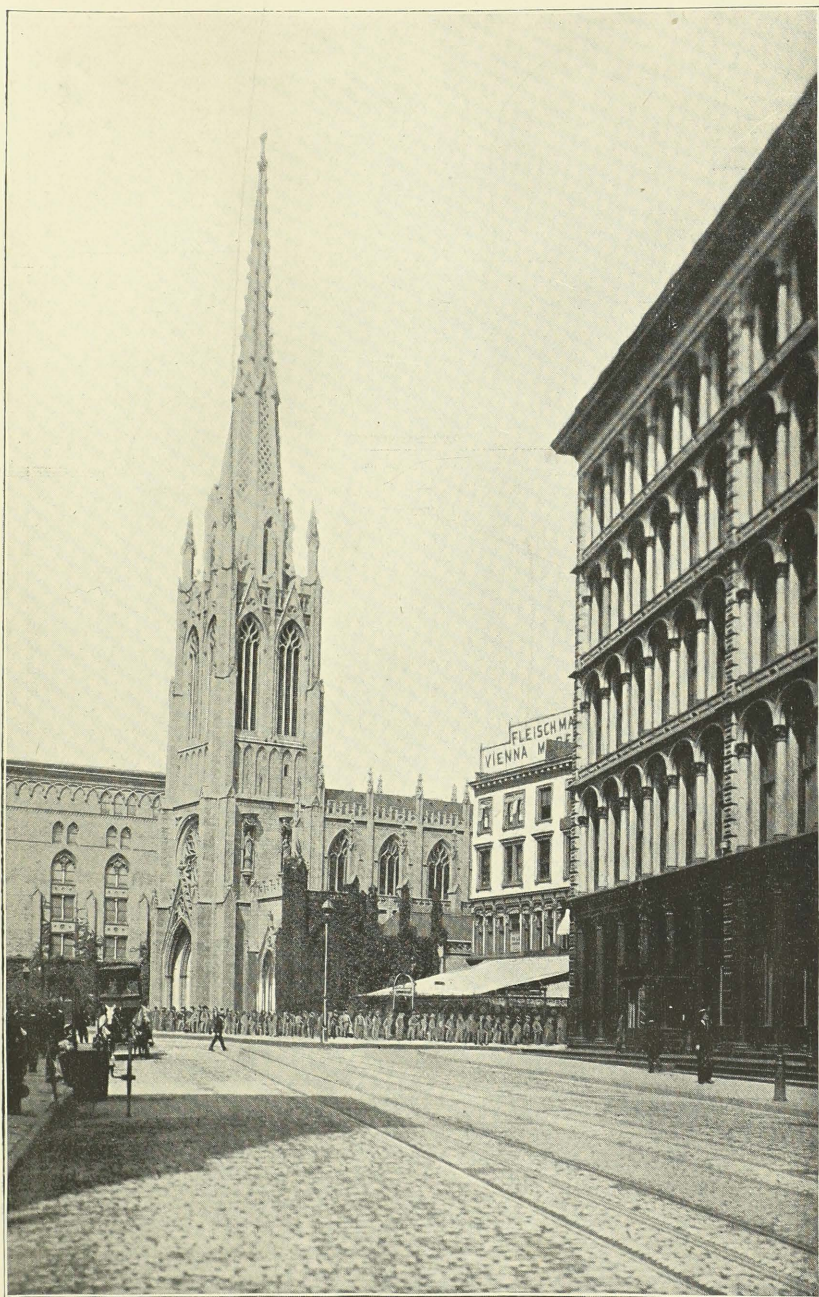
I want to knock the props clear out from under every person who is harboring the delusion that our charity institutions are evidences of civilization. They may be evidences that we are tending toward civilization; the very need of them is evidence that we are not civilized. The way to help the poor is to abandon a social system that is making the poor. The way to get rid of criminals is to make opportunities for men to obtain an honest livelihood. This we must do through associating ourselves together in the thing called government, or we must lapse into savagery. But we are not going into savagery.

PROGRESS IS IN MOVING FORWARD.

When the children of Israel were on their march from slavery in Egypt and found themselves on the borders of the Red Sea face to face with impassable mountains on the right and left and Pharaoh's pursuing army in the rear, the command of God came to Moses, saying: "Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward," and they had but to obey that command and the impassable waters of the Red Sea parted before them, giving them a pathway to cross over into the land of promise dry-shod. Out of the rumble, and roar, and clash, and clang of our great cities, out of the incessant whirr of the railroads and machinery of our busy industries, grinding the lives of men, women and children into capital for private owners, the voice of God is speaking to the thoughtful people of America to-day, saying: "Speak to the children of this republic that they go forward." We look out upon the difficulties upon the right and the left, in the rear and in front, but we have only to obey the voice of God, and the sea of economic injustice made red and hideous by the annual sacrifice of thousands of lives for the sake of profit, will clear away, and we shall find ourselves upon the broad plains of the fair Canaan of promise, the land flowing with the milk and honey of love, in the eternal sunshine of the equality of brotherhood. This is the manifest destiny, the heroic and spiritual future that waits the development of the conceptions of government for which the peoples have long and patiently waited, and to realize which is to be the proud distinction of these United States.

THE DELUSION OF NECESSARY POVERTY.

We have been nursing a delusion. We believed poverty a necessity of civilization, when the very fact of its existence is a crime against democracy. We have believed crime a necessary corollary of virtue, but we are coming to see that poverty and crime are



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A SOCIAL PROBLEM.

Grace Church.

Fleischmann's Bakery.

Department Store.

(In line for free bread at Fleischmann's Bakery — A daily scene on Broadway, New York.)



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AND THIS IS FREE AMERICA !!

(Citizens of Columbus, Ohio, waiting at the gates of the State Prison for the refuse food that is left from the tables of the convicts.)

absolutely indispensable concomitants of the present social order, that our charities do absolutely no good so far as removing the hideous blotch of poverty from our civilization is concerned; that at best they are only palliative; that if we are to continue a system of industry and trade that makes millionaires and billionaires on the one hand, we must have paupers and tramps on the other. I want to spare you the necessity of quoting the words of Jesus, "The poor ye have always with you," as an apology for the hideous wrongs of the present system by placing a reasonable interpretation upon this scripture. Jesus could have had no other purpose than to reproach the civilization of his day by this charge, as I reproach the civilization of the present hour that is content with palliating an evil that would quickly vanish upon the adoption of a system of government that would make social justice possible.

To compel or permit an able-bodied man or woman, rich or poor, to eat the bread of idleness is not charity, is not love; it is a crime, and a crime with a capital C. Work is the normal condition of every healthy man and woman as play is normal to a healthy child, and if we, the captains of industry, have so corralled opportunities for work that we deny this right to the poor on the one hand, and to our own sons and daughters who grow up around us actually rotting in the idleness of useless lives on the other, we are not good citizens. We have no right to call ourselves patriots, for by our very system we are pursuing a course that can finally result in nothing short of a condition of anarchy and the overthrow of all semblance of government.

Centuries ago men wandered about Europe with weapons in their hands, demanding food, money and property, and sustaining their demand by force. But to-day the wanderers of our cities trudge from place to place with empty hands, pleading to be allowed to increase the wealth of the world, offering to do the hardest work for any one who will permit them, and asking only for a fraction of their product in return.

And if the condition of the unemployed man be one of misery and despair, what shall be said of the unemployed *woman*? What shall we say of the hundreds of young girls against whom the gates of opportunity have been shut?

As John Burns sternly says:

Even more pathetic than the unemployed male worker and industrial nomad is the workless woman or girl in search of work in a city of great distances. Trudging from shop to factory with thin boots and slimmer clothes, with little food, without the support that trade-unionism gives to men, lacking the stimulant of association, isolated by her sex, with no organization, often the victim of bogus registry offices, friendless and alone, she searches for work that slowly comes. Before her the workhouse or the street, she bravely suffers in silence, and has no alternative to starvation but the eating of the crumb of charity or the loaf of lust.

PROVIDE WORK, AND CHARITY WILL NOT BE NEEDED.

I am an exponent of the right to work. I contend that this right to work is an inherent right like the right to breathe, like the right to be. The highest right of every man is the right to do right, and there is no kind of question in my mind but that when a man is compelled to eat the bread of idleness, because social conditions over which he has no control deny him the right of access to work, he is as much a victim of injustice as though he were sand-bagged on his way home and robbed by the highwayman or assassin of the fruit of his daily toil. It is this social injustice that breeds and perpetuates vice, poverty and crime, this trio of hideous monstrosities, this three-headed Cerberus that guards the gate of our social hell, denying us any possibility of escape until we have emancipated ourselves from a superstition that will recognize anything as civilization short of a condition of society in which all shall have equality of opportunity. It is that equality for which prophets have pleaded, for which poets have sung, for which Christ lived and died, for which He asked you and me to live and die when He said: "A new commandment I give you,

that ye love one another even as I have loved you;" that equality which the founders of this government saw when they wrote that "all men are created equal;" that equality without which we can never hope to realize a democracy of sovereign equals; that equality that we must realize in this republic, if it is to endure and a government of the people for the people is to be firmly established upon the earth.

A curious old pamphlet published in 1646, entitled "How to Reform Beggars, Thieves and Highway Robbers," shows that the lack of work was the cause of vagabondage, two hundred and fifty years ago just as it is to-day. The pamphlet says:

It is very lamentable that poor rogues and beggars should be whipped or branded, or otherwise punished, because they are begging or idle, when no place is provided for them to set to work. I have heard the rogues and beggars curse the magistrates into their faces, for providing such a law to whip and brand them, and not provide houses of labor for them. For, surely, many would go voluntarily to such houses to work if they were provided for them. Beggary and thievery did never more abound in this realm, and the cause of this misery is idleness, and the only means to cure the same must be by labor.

The "new right" to work is in fact a very old one — old as the human race; but it is not recognized by the governments of civilization. In spite of all our cleverness, and education, and inventive ability, and Christian creeds, we have not yet found a plan whereby every industrious man may be self-supporting.

EFFORTS TO PROVIDE WORK INSTEAD OF CHARITY.

The city of Paris realizes in a measure its obligations to the unemployed. It does not guarantee work, except to a few at its municipal farm colony, which was started in 1891, and has proved very successful. But it has provided, since 1886, free lodging-houses for men and women in search of work. There are two for men, accommodating about 300 each; and one for women. Men are allowed to remain for three nights, and women for an in-

definite period of time. Food, baths, and even clothing are provided for all, and all possible assistance is lent in the quest for employment.

This, at least, is an attempt to move in the direction of justice, but it does not go far enough so long as it stops short of employment for every citizen. Clothing, shelter, meals and work are provided for criminals, paupers and lunatics; why not provide at least the latter for honest, able-bodied, sane citizens? This is a question which civilization must answer, if it would outlive the twentieth century.

The colony of Victoria, Australia, possesses a labor colony of 800 acres, with the object of supplying temporary work at subsistence wages to the able-bodied unemployed. A newspaper gives the following particulars of the colony:

If a man is really "down at heel" in Victoria, and desires work under the authorities, he is sent to the farm and employed in hewing trees, burning stumps, or any other form of agricultural labor of which he is capable. He is paid a "deterrent" wage, ranging from fifty cents to \$1 a week; and he is given good food, with fairly comfortable sleeping accommodation. He may not, strictly speaking, stay on the colony more than six months at a time, although exceptions to the rule are occasionally made. When he leaves, he is given the wage-money to his credit, and he can depart at any time if he desires to seek work elsewhere. To secure discipline, it is provided that instant dismissal shall follow insubordination. The men work only eight hours per day, with intervals for smoking and meals. During their stay, every effort is made by the government to secure them employment outside the settlement.

New Zealand has five or more of these state farms for the unemployed, and leads the world in its recognition of the right to work. It has also one of the most beneficent land systems of any civilized country.

Impressed with the necessity of providing land for the people, the government of that colony has entered upon the policy of purchasing large estates from private owners and cutting them up into convenient areas for purposes of close settlement. Sev-

eral large estates have been acquired in this way, some by amicable arrangement with their owners as to price, and others compulsorily, through the medium of Supreme Court intervention, where the government and the owners of the fee simple are at loggerheads as to the price to be paid for these large estates. For example, if the government of New York State wanted a particular property in order to settle people more closely upon it, it would offer a price to its owner, and if that price was not accepted the question would be decided by the Supreme Court, after taking evidence on the price offered and the valuation placed upon the land and improvements by the individual owner. That represents exactly what happens in New Zealand. The government of that colony has power, under its land laws, to insist upon the cutting up of large estates, and once it acquires these large areas, it cuts them up and lets the subdivided areas to tenants of the Crown, upon what are termed leases in perpetuity, or, in other words, for a term of 999 years. The state becomes the landlord, and the tenants pay annual rentals of 5 per cent. upon the capital value. Suppose a farm is taken up under the lease in the perpetuity system, and the capital value of that farm is assessed at \$1,000, the tenant will have to pay a rental of \$50 a year.

The system applies equally to agricultural and pastoral lands, the latter being let at proportionately smaller rentals; and to provide for future requirements what are termed small grazing runs are let for twenty-one years, so that they can be used for closer occupation as time goes on. The new system of tenure has created an immense demand for land, and the enormous estates opened up in this way are showing splendid results. Where properties consisting of 100,000 acres, for instance, were occupied by sheep and a few shepherds and station hands only, prosperous homesteads have been established upon them, and thousands of people who were formerly at their wits' end to know how to provide for their families have been made

happy and comfortable. Settling upon land has become quite the fashion, and members of every trade are taking to it under the splendid inducements which the lease-in-perpetuity system offers to struggling men. For what is virtually a freehold a man has now to pay an exceedingly small rent, and in addition to this he can borrow money from the government at 4 per cent. to carry out improvements upon his holding. This great reform of the land system was initiated by Mr. John McKenzie, the present Minister of Lands in that colony, and the new scheme is working admirably.

WHAT COULD BE DONE WITH THE LAND IN AMERICA.

This system of small holdings of land is vastly superior to our system, whereby one man owns two million acres while others do not own an inch. It is a sure way of developing an industrious, happy and patriotic population, rescuing them from slumdom and pauperism and crime. We, in America, in spite of our great expanse of territory, refuse our unemployed citizens land until they are dead; and then we grudgingly give them six feet of earth. We grant to the dead what we deny to the living, while New Zealand seeks to prolong the lives of its people by granting every one a chance to produce the necessities of life.

A much better and more scientific way than dividing the land up into small holdings would be to allow ten, twenty or more families to manage a large farm co-operatively. It has been abundantly proved, by the owners of the large bonanza farms in the Western States, that a large farm is as much superior to a small one in economy of production as a large factory is superior to a small hand-labor workshop.

The most improved farm machinery is too expensive for a farmer who derives his living from two hundred acres; but some plan of co-operation might be arranged whereby every man might own his own farm, and join in with a score of others in the purchase and use of farming implements.

But whatever be the plan adopted, it is certain that steps should be taken at once to free the land from the grasp of speculators and absentee landlords. It is said that the English nobility own over twenty-five million acres of our western land,— more than the whole of Ireland; and thousands of American citizens pay rent for American soil to English dukes and barons. There should be no alien ownership of land in this republic. If some conscientious and ambitious duke wishes to rise in the world and become a self-supporting American farmer, by all means give him a chance, and do not bar him out because of his unfortunate parentage. But when the titled do-nothings of foreign countries purchase large tracts of our land with money which they obtained from pauperized wage-workers, and endeavor to establish the feudal system under the Stars and Stripes, they should be stopped as promptly as if they had invaded our shores with foreign troops.

As long as one of our own citizens is in need of land, we have none to spare for outsiders, no matter what price they may offer. What would you think of a father who, to make \$2 a week, would turn two of his little children into the streets to sleep, and rent their room and bed to a chance stranger? This is the treatment which America accords to thousands of her children, and when occasionally she throws them a nickel, she calls it Christian charity, and expects them to be heartily grateful for the generous act.

America is ceasing to be a nation of *homes*. In our larger cities only 22 per cent. of the families own the houses they live in. Out of every hundred of our citizens, seventy-eight do not own an inch of their native land, or a single board or brick in the house they call their home. In New York city only $6\frac{1}{3}$ per cent. of the families own their homes, and two-thirds of the families have practically no property at all. And let it be remembered that these homeless, landless people are not idlers and parasites, but the industrious workers who have built up all that

is material in our civilization. To give them anything short of their just share would be robbery. The 78 per cent. of our people who do the most arduous and disagreeable work pay rent for the houses they have built and the farms they have hewn out of the forest. How can charity pay the claim which they are presenting to society? How can we have the impudence to offer them a soup-kitchen when they ask us for their homes?

A TYPICAL CASE OF CHARITY METHODS.

Two years of active service in the mayor's office in a city of something like 150,000 people have brought me face to face with many cases of poverty, for it is pretty generally known that in our cities the last resort of the poor and distressed is to the mayor and police. Let me cite a typical case. On the very first day that I took possession of the mayor's office, a man and woman applied for relief. They were married, and the woman was the spokesman. They were what might be called a likely looking pair, about thirty years of age, healthy, rosy complexioned, and having every appearance of being well raised. Briefly, their story was this: they had been in the country two years; came from Wales; he was a roller in a tin-plate mill in New Castle, Pa.; after about a year hard times came on; the mill being unable to make money out of his labor (the only purpose, by the way, for which any mill is carried on), shut down; naturally enough, they did their best to live in New Castle in hopes that the mill would start up, until their money was about exhausted; they then sold what few articles of furniture they had succeeded in buying, packed their remaining goods in a trunk and went to Cleveland, where they spent a week in searching for work; some charitable person in Cleveland very kindly advised them to go to Toledo, I suppose, for the want of knowing something better; after a week in Toledo at a small hotel, their money was entirely gone and their trunk was held for security for the pay of their board; in that condition

they came to the mayor's office. One of our infirmary directors happened to be in the office at the time, and I said: "Can you do anything for a case of this kind?" As there did not seem to be the slightest chance to blame them with being the cause of their poverty, he replied: "Oh, yes, we can get them transportation to the next county, and so on until they get back to New Castle."

The poor woman, upon whose face were plainly written signs of the deepest anxiety and concern, listened intently to these utterances until she heard the words, "get back to New Castle," when her countenance fell and a look of hopeless despair crossed her face, as the tears burst from her eyes, and she said, "What do we want to get back to New Castle for? There is no work there."

INADEQUACY OF CHARITY.

The question of this poor woman unveils at once the slipshod, make-shift character of our whole miserable social system, conceived in the iniquity of a denial of brotherhood relations with our fellow-men, founded upon the injustice of using our fellow-men for purposes of profit, and then bolstering it up by the petty frauds that we carry on in the name of charity; but we are coming to see that expediency is not a substitute for justice, and that right is the only antidote for wrong. Thoughtful people all over this country are beginning to inquire if, indeed, our charities do any good, or are a positive injury. In the last report of President J. M. Brown, of the Humane Society in my own city, he deliberately charges two religious organizations with doing incalculable harm to the cause of social justice through their mistaken attempts at relieving the distress of the poor.

We are coming to see the utter futility of helping an individual here and there. As well might we try to prevent the Mississippi river from reaching the Gulf of Mexico by bailing it out with a dipper. As fast as one man is picked up, ten more are thrown

down. We cannot expect to prevent the miseries of poverty while the great industrial machine is allowed to turn out new victims every hour. Poverty in America was once a rare and startling thing, but to-day it is the chronic condition of thousands of our people. Nothing but national action can remove it, because national action has been the cause of it. The government has permitted and even encouraged the building up of private fortunes at the expense of the working people, and now it must permit and encourage the building up of the working people at the expense, if it must be, of these private fortunes. Individual effort is utterly unable to cope with the problems which confront us.

The greater part of our charity is, after all, only a sort of apology for the unrighteous conditions that we are content to live in,—an apology for our failure to be Christian. The most pathetic words that Christ ever uttered, except perhaps his last expiring cry on the cross, were those words which seem continually to ring in my ears as I contemplate the decadent Christianity of to-day — “Why call ye me Lord, Lord, and *do* not the things which I say?”

Those who defend the immoral methods of our business system think they can square accounts by attending various highly respectable “means of grace,” by saying nice things about God, and by throwing an occasional bone of charity to Lazarus who sits hungry at the gate.

Charity is twice curst,—it curses him that gives and him that takes. It breeds a self-righteous condescension on the one hand, and a cringing, servile spirit on the other. The maimed and the sick and the aged can demand assistance as a right, not as a favor; and the young and able-bodied should be supplied with work.

Our charitable institutions are like the pumps in a leaky ship. The pumps may be very effective, but would it not be a thousand times better to stop the leaks? In a well-ordered society the necessity for charity would in a short time entirely disappear.

THE REAL CHARITY OF THE POOR.

Let me digress a moment to say that it is a common mistake to imagine that the wealthy are the most charitable class, because their gifts are paraded in annual reports and in public meetings before the eyes of the world. The charities of the poor are small, but they are innumerable. In proportion to their means, they give away incomparably more than the well-to-do classes; and what is infinitely more, they give one another the charity of personal service. Miss Addams relates an instance of this in the "Atlantic Monthly." She says:

A woman, whose husband was sent up to the city prison for the maximum term just three months before the birth of her child, having gradually sold her supply of household furniture, found herself penniless. She sought refuge with a friend whom she supposed to be living in three rooms in another part of the town. When she arrived, however, she discovered that her friend's husband had been out of work so long that they had been reduced to living in one room. The friend at once took her in, and the friend's husband was obliged to sleep on a bench in the park every night for a week, which he did uncomplainingly, if not cheerfully. Fortunately it was summer, "and it only rained one night." The writer could not discover from the young mother that she had any special claim upon the "friend" beyond the fact that they had formerly worked together in the same factory. The husband she had never seen until the night of her arrival, when he at once went forth in search of a midwife who would consent to come upon his promise of future payment.

THE REMEDY: A DEMOCRACY OF SOVEREIGNS.

I have made a hasty diagnosis of the disease. The words of Jesus, "The poor ye have always with you," are bound to be especially applicable to social conditions as long as the present competitive order of society shall continue, and there is but one remedy — one and only one — that is a democracy, a government of sovereign equals. The possibilities are within our reach: a government of equals, a government of brothers. "Ah," but you say, "that is so far away — a hundred years, a thousand years." I care nothing for that. It is the ideal for which the people wait

and for which I am working, and we who have spiritual desire know that "a thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday when it has passed and as a watch in the night." But I do not believe it is far away. "The kingdom of heaven is at hand," "Now is the accepted time." Let us arise and possess it.

In 1859 so hopeful an optimist as Ralph Waldo Emerson said of the institution of human slavery: "The man is not yet born who will see human slavery abolished in the United States," and yet four years later the Emancipation Proclamation of the immortal Lincoln was an established historical fact. So some of us raise our puny hands in alarm at the ideals that I have attempted to depict, and we say "Utopian!" "Absurd!" etc.

SOCIALISM NOW A RESPECTABLE WORD.

Thomas Carlyle tells of a poor woman in Glasgow nearly famished for want of nourishment, who went from one charity to another in search of relief; finally, faint and exhausted with hunger, crept into an alley, sickened with typhus fever, inoculated the alley with it, and seventeen deaths were the result of it. And, says Carlyle, "you denied her relationship, but she inoculated your alley with her typhus, and seventeen of your dead prove her sisterhood." Let us acknowledge this only just and patriotic conception of relationship. Call it Socialism, if you will. I have lived to see Socialism a respectable word and a Socialist a respectable person. Let us deal with these evils that outrage and shock and horrify our waking hours as we would deal with them in our own family. Let us stop dealing with effects and give our attention to causes. Already this work is well under way. A hundred years ago we had no asylums for the poor afflicted insane, worn and distressed until reason had become dethroned in the struggle for existence—we had no way to deal with the poor brother and sister but to take them to the madhouse and practically chain them to a post; but to-day, under the inspiration and

impulse of the divine spirit of love latent in every heart, we have provided for these wronged people such institutions and such surroundings as will be most likely to restore the dethroned reason; or, if that is beyond the ken of our weak and undeveloped human intellect, at least provided comfortable and humane surroundings in which the unfortunates may pass the remaining years in peace and comfort.

WHEN THE POOR WERE SOLD AT AUCTION.

Lately I visited the Allen County Children's Home at Lima. Dr. S. A. Baxter, of that city, who accompanied me on the visit, told me that when he was a young man he had many times seen indigent men and women and children auctioned off on the courthouse steps in Lima to the bidder who would care for them at the lowest figure. And in pleasing contrast to the custom of selling poor children to be cared for for profit by the lowest bidder, we saw eighty beautiful, well-fed, and well-cared-for, happy children, the wards of Allen county. But there is yet room for further improvement. At sixteen years of age these children must leave the home and go out into the uncertainty of the fierce competition for a living, only to meet with discouragement through their inability to obtain work, that again lands them upon the care of the state either as paupers or criminals.

The auction block was an incident of the civilization of forty years ago, and in some counties of Ohio this custom has been carried on at a much later date. We regard that as little better than barbarism, and to-day the state, through the county homes and the various institutions, is reaching its loving arms out to care and provide for the helpless and wronged among its citizens. We have only to extend the idea that we have already begun to work out in order to extend equality of opportunity to the weakest child born in all this great republic.

ABSOLUTE EQUALITY THE ONLY SAFETY.

I have a baby, only two years old. I want, for his sake, the rules of the "game of life" to be amended. For, as it is being played to-day, I do not know but he will become a tramp or a pauper or a criminal. There is no way in which I can insure his future. I want more than that. I want such a system of government in this country that not only my baby, but the poorest baby in the country, shall have an equal opportunity to the largest possible life. Absolute equality is the only safety of this republic; unless we can secure that, the republic is doomed.

The social conscience of the cities of our country, the states and the nation at large is awakening. The day of special privileges to build up private fortunes by robbing the people is past. Through enlarging the functions of government to minister to the people in such social necessities as railroads, telegraphs, telephones, water, heating and lighting plants, etc., the people are now beginning to take possession of valuable heritages that have been surrendered to those who had no other purpose than to despoil them.

Inasmuch as private interest and private greed have failed to find a plan that will let all who are willing to work have the right to live, the time seems ripe for collective effort to solve the problem; inasmuch as labor produces all wealth, let us have more wealth. Let us set the example of a state made wealthy in character as well as in property; in short, let us apply ourselves to the task of inaugurating and perfecting a just social system, conceived and carried out upon scientific lines, and poverty, crime, vice and consequent human misery will be things of the past, and the prayer of our Lord will have been realized, the kingdom of heaven will be set up here and His will be done on earth as in heaven.