The "dead-beat" and the "rounder" were there beyond question, but there were others. Men whom the world had "gone against," men whom a week or two weeks of sickness had "thrown out of a job," men whose mill shut down and never started, men whose "boss" died and the business was abandoned. men for whose trades there "don't seem to be any call any more anyhow"—all there and all hungry.

"Faith, and I don't see, indeed, why a man should be waiting here in the cold at this hour of the night if he isn't hungry," said a pinch-faced Irishman of whom the Voice representative asked questions.

Each man with his generous cutting of bread, they turn away from the door; some to hurry away perhaps to carry it to others who can bear hunger less than they, some hiding the bread under their coats as they pass the glare of the street lights, and others eating already, tearing the loaf into great wolfish mouthfuls.

Nor are these alone hungry. Across the street stood a watchman of a street railroad, and with him, too, the Voice man talked. He, too, had known what it was to walk the streets of New York. day after day, "without a job," and with the wolf night by night howling nearer and nearer the door. "But I could never stand in that line," he said. "I could starve first; yes, I would steal sooner than do that."

He represented another part of the great army of the unfed, usually the recruits, who are too proud to let their hunger be known.

Nor do these classes contain them all. Besides these, in this proud imperial city, there are fathers who, night after night, watch their pinched children eat the last crumb, still unsatisfied; mothers who go hungry that their children may be fed; children who even thus are unfed or poorly fed; and thousands of men and women who choose to be dishonest rather than to be hungry, and embrace vice rather than endure famine.

Besides them, there are thousands still who toil for a wage that keeps starvation away only an arm's length, and thousands of employers and professional men harassed with burdens of debts and hounded by the sleepless furies of hard times.

Does anyone know why all this is? The police who dragged the hungry men away to jail are the representatives of our social system, the agents of organic society, organized to help the unfortunate, to provide for the needy, to protect the weak, and to check the wrongdoer. The promptness with which men guilty of the crime of hunger are made to feel the night-stick is a sign that society's forces are active.

What makes men starve? What is it that sends a man out at midnight to stand in a line of equally hungry men to wait for a morsel of bread?—N. Y. Voice.

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## TIBERIUS GRACCHUS, LEADER OF A FORLORN HOPE.

**A lecture by Rev. H. S. Bigelow, of the Vine Street Congregational church, Cincinnati, O., delivered January 1, 1899, being the first of a series of five lectures on the subject, "Leaders of Forlorn Hopes." From the author's MS.**

Jesus said the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister. Since the doings of man have been recorded there have existed side by side the spirit that seeks to be ministered unto and the spirit that seeks to minister. Herein is the key to history. The ceaseless conflict between these two spirits is the one thread around which the plot of human history has been woven. The scepters of power, the temples of dominion, the institutions which, under one guise or another, have enabled the few to live by the toil of the many, these bear witness to the spirit that seeks to be ministered unto, while the story of the spirit that ministers has been written upon the tombstones of the martyrs.

The story of a given people is comprehensible only when it is seen to be the record of that ceaseless struggle between the lust of power and the love of liberty. Such is the history of Rome.

Fourteen miles up the Tiber there arises a group of hills so closely set together that at a very early age the shepherds and husbandmen who inhabited them were compelled to make a choice between an intolerable warfare or a peaceful alliance. The desire for peace prevailed. The three tribes, the Romans, the Tities and the Luceres built a wall about the Palatine and Capitoline hills, and, by the aid of a disciplined army, defended their confederacy against the rest of the world. This was the beginning of Rome.

The members of these three original tribes constituted the ruling class. They were the germs of the future nobility. In later years other tribes were added to the confederacy, but not on equal footing. The population of Rome grew, but these patricians, who possessed the common lands and arrogated to themselves the special privileges of a ruling class, were jealous of their prerogatives and would allow no admissions to their ranks. This exclusive class grew smaller as Rome increased. With the increase of population their lands were enhanced in value until the wealth of Rome became concentrated into the hands of the few. The populace, though not permitted to enjoy any of the privileges of citizenship, were called upon to bear arms in defense of the state. These husbandmen who followed their patrician leaders to war, often at times when they should have been sowing seed for the harvest, returned home frequently to find themselves and their families impoverished. Unable to pay their rent or their taxes, they were compelled to give up their mortgaged farms and become tenants. The business of collecting taxes was given over to private companies, precisely as our streets are given over to companies now, organized for private gain. When the people could not pay their taxes they were seized and sold as slaves. Thus the tax gatherer was also a slave-hunter. Tenants unable to pay their debts became known as slaves of the land. The tendency was to reduce to increasing depths of misery the great masses of the people, while the lords, the landholders and the ruling class rolled in luxury.

But this tendency was opposed by another force in the state. The common people developed a class consciousness. They made repeated attempts to assert the right of self-government and throw off the burdens which their masters had placed upon them. The real history of Rome is the history of this conflict between patricians and plebeians, between the "haves" and the "have-nots," between the few who lived without working and the many who worked without really living. Even in the distant past, in the legendary times of Tarquin the Proud. the people of Rome asserted themselves, and under the leadership of the patriot Brutus expelled the kings and established the Roman republic.

But they found that the lords could rule them as well under the forms of a republic as under a monarchy. Soon they were clamoring for another change. One morning one-third of the arms-bearing population, tired of their masters, marched out of the city and took up their abode on the Sacred Mont. The patricians knew, however, that their power depended on the presence of a population from which to collect rent. So they entreated the seceders to return. This the seceders did on the condition that they were to have rulers of their own. And this was the origin of the Tribunes of the Plebs.

These tribunes came, in time, to exercise the power of calling the people together in the Forum, and while they had at first no voice in the senate they proposed measures in these popular assemblies which the insistent multitude found ways of forcing upon the senate and into law. Thus the people had gained a substantial victory, and in the persons of the tribunes henceforth they were to have champions, to help them in their struggle against their masters.

That chapter of Roman history in which we are especially interested tonight deals with the doings of one of these tribunes of the people. As early as the middle of the fourth century B. C. a tribune of the people by the name of Licinius had sought to relieve the distress of the people by bringing forward three laws which, after a bitter struggle lasting for ten years, were finally adopted. These laws show the direction in which the statesmen of the time were looking for relief. These proposed, among other things, to limit the amount of land which any citizen might hold to about 360 acres, thus showing at a very early date that the land question was considered of importance. From this time the land question was a burning question in the politics of Rome.

In the course of time the struggle of the people for their political rights resulted in such a modification of the constitution that the republic had become, in form at least, a pure democracy. The old patrician class was practically abolished. Even freedmen were raised to seats in the senate. But just as the expulsion of the kings did not relieve the people of their burdens, so now, although the old patrician class had been deprived of their special privileges, the people discovered that a new aristocracy had grown up in spite of democratic changes in the constitution, and that they still had masters. This is one of the most important lessons of history. Though a government, in theory, be an absolute democracy, yet, if laws are retained on the statute books which make it possible for any class of men to acquire enormous wealth and thus exert a disproportionate influence in the state, there still remains in that government the very essence of monarchy and aristocracy. Though we abolish all titles, though we call no man duke or lord, still, if we continue to grow millionaires, if by our laws we encourage the growth of overtowering corporations, if we make it possible for individuals under the protection of the laws to gather unto themselves fortunes which really represent the fruits of other men's labor, in spite of our boasted liberty we do in fact pay tribute to dukes and lords and we are ruled by the uncrowned kings of wealth. Such was Rome's experience. It seemed as though the people in wresting political privileges from the haughty patricians had been pursuing a phantom. In spite of these political changes, by the middle of the second century the senate was supreme. The days when each Roman was a self-respecting freeholder were no more. The independent farmers of Italy had been driven into the city to swell the proletariat population. The little farms of Italy had given place to vast estates that were worked by slaves and owned by the lords of the new aristocracy whose days were spent in ostentation and debauchery in their city palaces and seaside villas.

The great middle class had been destroyed; the Roman state had resolved itself into masters and slaves. These landless, penniless plebeians might comfort themselves with the thought that the laws of the state denied no one of their number even a seat in the curule chair; yet how idle their boast of liberty; how truly dependent was their condition; how absolute was the power of their masters and how hopeless was the task of him who at this late day should attempt to secure any radical reform of the economic conditions which had brought about the enslavement of the Roman people, we shall presently see.

Tiberius Gracchus was born in the middle of the second century B. C. He belonged to a family of the new nobility; a young man of commanding personality, of noble birth and high connection, eloquent in speech and brave in war, there was no gift of fame or fortune which seemed not to be within his reach. Most gifted of all the Roman youth, very early he became a favorite of the people. Illustrating his great popularity the story is told of Appius Claudius, who was then at the head of the Roman senate, that, on going home one day, he called out to his wife in a loud voice as soon as he had reached the door: "O Antistia, I have contracted our daughter, Claudia, to a husband;" and that Antistia, being amazed, answered: "Why so suddenly," or, "What means this haste? Unless you have provided Tiberius Gracchus for her husband?"

Tiberius, on returning from a foreign war, where his brave and modest manner had won for him the affection of the soldiery, stood for election as a tribune of the people. Being elected, he might have used his power to enrich himself and his family; he might have used it as his wealthy and powerful friends and relatives in the senate desired; but, strangely in contrast with the spirit of the times, and with an unselfish devotion to the right for which a corrupt age has no name but madness, this young and eloquent son of Rome, nephew of the conqueror of Carthage, son-in-law to Appius Claudius, turned his back upon the ambitions of youth and resolved upon assuming the duties of office to devote himself to the task of relieving the people from their miserable condition. This, originally, was what the tribune was expected to do. Now, at last, a friend of the people had arisen. The monopolists of the senate soon began to dread the popularity of a man who was impervious to their bribes. The clouds of civil strife began to hover over the Eternal city as threatening as when Hannibal encamped with his fighting elephants at her gates. Had the people's champion waited too long? Had their masters grown omnipotent? Or, was there still enough virtue left in the Roman people to make Tiberius another Brutus who should drive out of the state these Tarquins of the Roman democracy? It is characteristic of true heroism that it never pauses at the beginning of a great enterprise to calculate the chances of success. If Tiberius had done so, the outlook would not have been encouraging. He might have posed as a reformer, without endangering his own security, by demoralizing the people with doles of corn. Tiberius, however, did not appear to be a protectionist. He wanted a government, not to feed the people, but to secure to each man his sovereign right to feed himself and respect himself; therefore the task which he proposed to himself was to break the land monopoly which had crushed out the small freeholders and populated Italy with a horde of slaves. He might have been warned by the similar effort of Caius Laelius who undertook to reform this abuse. Laelius met with such bitter opposition from the ruling class that he desisted from his efforts; whereupon the monopolists rewarded him for his wordly prudence by calling him "Sapiens," the wise. So the world bestows her titles upon those who fall down and worship her. But Tiberius was not to be restrained. Putting his trust in his own eloquence, and in the loyalty of the people, he proposed to brush aside all half-way measures and strike a blow at the real seat of the trouble.

As in the case of every man who attacks time-honored institutions, the purity of Tiberius' motives was called into question. Some said that an old philosopher, Belossius by name, some Roman Henry George, had incited him to do this thing. Others said he had been instigated by the ambition of his mother, Cornelia, daughter of Scipio, who was anxious that her sons should distinguish themselves and who frequently upbraided them that she was only known as the daughter of Scipio and not as the mother of the Gracchi. Still others said that he was prompted by the desire to outdo his rivals in bidding for popular favor. But Tiberius' brother has related how Tiberius, in traveling through Italy, had found a country almost depopulated, there being hardly any free husbandmen or shepherds, but only barbarians, imported slaves, and that, being appalled at this state of affairs, he resolved that the land should be restored to the people. It must have been an exciting campaign that resulted in his election. There were no newspapers in that day, but the people set up writings on the street corners and in public places, calling upon this new champion of the people's rights to reinstate the poor citizens in possession of the lands which had been taken from them.

Rome carried out the policy of confiscating the lands of the conquered enemy. A large portion of these confiscated lands was added to the public domains. As the victory of her arms extended her boundaries on every side, and as the vanquished people were reduced to slavery, Rome came into the possession of vast territories which, in theory at least, were held by the state and out of the rentals of which a revenue was derived. From the very beginning laws regulating the occupancy of this public domain had been made, but these laws were evaded. For instance, there were laws limiting the amount of land which any one citizen might occupy. These laws were as futile, however, as the attempt of the present administration to secure a popular loan by issuing bonds of small denominations. As to-day the corporations have made use of the names of their employes in subscribing for these bonds, so, before the days of Tiberius, the millionaires of Rome rented their lands in the names of their slaves. By endless evasions of the laws matters had come to such a pass that this public domain had been almost lost sight of. They were held by the rich men of Rome, and handed down from father to son as though they had always been the property of private individuals; and it is questionable whether the state, for the larger part of these lands, collected any rent at all. Private property in these lands was no worse in effect and no worse in principle than private property in other lands, except that there were laws on the statute books in violation of which these lands had been seized. While all landholders were guilty of a social wrong, these landlords were actual law-breakers. They had not only usurped the rights of the people, but they had also violated the laws of the state. It was not, therefore, the principle of private property in land that was directly attacked, but private property in those lands which belonged to the public domain. The only real difference, however, between those reforms urged by Mr. George and those of Tiberius Gracchus is that Mr. George recognizes the fact that all lands in the beginning are part of the public domain, and that the principle of private ownership, if allowed at all, is bound in time to lead to just those results against which Tiberius was struggling.

Tiberius proposed, however, to deal gently with these law breakers. Instead of punishing them for their violation of the law, or instead of demanding that this iniquity be stopped at once, he actually proposed that these landlords be compensated for their ill-gotten gains. The way one looks at this question of compensation depends largely upon how keenly the wrong of the system is appreciated. In 1858 Emerson advocated compensating the southern slave holders. But Emerson came in time to appreciate more keenly the wrongs which the slaves had suffered, for in 1863 he wrote:

> Pay ransom to the owner
> And fill the bag to the brim.
> Who is the owner? The slave is owner,
> And ever was. Pay him.

But Tiberius knew the strength of his enemy, and doubtless wished to be as conciliatory as possible. Instead of thanking him for the mildness of his measures, as they might well have done, these landholders broke into a perfect storm of disapproval. They denounced him before the people as a demagogue. They misrepresented his intentions. They affected to believe that he was trying to overthrow the government. This is not the last time that the real enemies of liberty have assumed a false and pious reverence for law, while they denounced the true friends of righteous law as anarchists and law breakers. For a time, however, the eloquence of Tiberius was more than a match for his enemies. How the Forum must have rung with his stirring words. "The beasts have their dens," he cried to the eager multitudes, "they have their places of repose and refuge; but the men who bear arms and expose their lives for their country are permitted to enjoy nothing but the air and light. They have no houses or settlements of their own, and are constrained to wander from place to place with their wives and children."

"Soldiers of Rome," cried the orator, "what folly for your generals to exhort you on the field of battle to fight for your sepulchers and your altars! Which of you is possessed of a house that he may call his own, or of an altar or of a monument? You fight, indeed, and are slain, but to what purpose? To maintain the luxury and the wealth of other men. Your flatterers call you the masters of the world, when you have not so much as a foot of ground which you may call your own."

By such speeches Tiberius carried the people with him. With difficulty he secured the adoption of his measures. It was not, however, until he had deposed a tribune of the people who persisted in opposing the reforms, that his propositions were enacted into law. It was this exercise of arbitrary power which enabled his enemies to undermine his influence. Octavius, who was associated with Tiberius in that year as a tribune, was a landholder himself, and in sympathy was opposed to these measures of reform. The tribune by his power of veto could effectually check all legislation. This Octavius determined to do. Tiberius, after every other expedient had failed, called the people together and formally deposed his colleague. He justified this action by saying that "he who assails the power of the people is no longer a tribune at all." This act of Tiberius was what reformers to-day would call the imperial mandate. The sound democratic principles upon which it was based did not, however, prevent his enemies from making effective use of it in the campaign which was to follow. Tiberius, in order to secure the thorough working of his reforms, offered himself for reelection. This again was unusual, and gave his enemies a good opportunity of accusing him of disrespect for the laws. Upon his appearance in the Forum on the day of election there arose a tumult of the people and many forbodings of evil. Soon a friend announced to him that his enemies had formed a plan to assassinate him. Unable to be heard for the great uproar, he stepped forward to indicate to his friends, by holding his hand to his head, that he was in danger of personal violence. Whereupon his enemies ran straightway to the senate and declared that Tiberius was asking the people to crown him. The senate appealed to the consul to arrest the usurper. This the consul refused to do. Whereupon the high priest arose from his seat in the senate and said: "Since the consul regards not the safety of the commonwealth, let everyone who will defend the laws follow me."

They seized such arms as they could, wrapped their gowns about them and started for the Forum. They were personages of the highest authority in the city. The multitudes hastened to make room for them. Soon all were in flight and confusion. Tiberius was struck in the head by a tribune, one of his colleagues, and was killed. Several of his friends were murdered with him. Thus ended the career of Tiberius Gracchus, a man who offended the rich because he asked them to get off the backs of the poor.

The truth for which in reality he contended was the right of the people to the use of the earth. He was the leader of a forlorn hope. But the truth for which he died was not put to death with him. By that blow Rome sealed her own fate. Without a reform of the land tenure whereby the people were compelled to give over to the holders of land all the fruits of their toil, save what was necessary to keep breath in their bodies—without a reform of this system there was no salvation for Rome. Rome fell because when the barbarian hordes swept down from the north there were none to resist them but voluptuous masters and miserable slaves. And the martyrdom of Tiberius Gracchus only serves to call attention to the truth that they who own the land own the people on the land, and that it is idle for any nation to hope for immortality while it harbors within its bosom this insidious form of slavery which subjects to private ownership, not the man, but the land upon which the man must live.

Guizot in his history says that Providence upon all occasions in order to accomplish its designs is prodigal of courage, virtues, sacrifices—finally, of man; and it is only after a vast number of unknown attempts, apparently lost, after a host of noble hearts have fallen in despair—convinced that their cause was lost—that it triumphs. Tiberius was one of these men whose life seemed, when he died, to have been spent in vain. Nor are there lacking men who still ridicule the truth for which he lived. But it is one of the hopeful signs of our times that this truth is now gaining everywhere. Just the other day news came across the water that the liberal party in England, of which Gladstone was so recently the leader, is settling upon this land question as one of the issues upon which it proposes to conduct its campaign. But, as Henry George has said:

"It is sad, sad reading, the lives of the men who would have done something for their fellows. To Socrates they gave the hemlock; Gracchus they killed with sticks and stones; and one greatest and purest of all they crucified."

Yet something tells us that the faith of these brave men has not been in vain, while the horizon is bright with promise that the words of our latter day Tiberius Gracchus are destined to speedy fulfillment.

"The truth that I have tried to make clear will not find easy acceptance. If that could be, it would have been accepted long ago. If that could be, it would never have been obscured. But it will find friends, those who will toil for it, suffer for it, if need be, die for it. This is the power of Truth."

## HE'S NOT SO VERY CRAZY.

John McNamara was found wandering about in Jackson park Friday evening, muttering vague things about "embalmed beef" and "Iloilo."

"I'm President McKinley," he said when the policeman came up and invited him to spend the evening at the Woodlawn police station.

"No wonder I'm crazy," he continued. "This fellow Alger would drive anybody crazy. He's worse than Eagan. Eagan bothers me a good deal, but I could put up with him, because it's all so exciting and so much like a Spanish bullfight. But Alger—he's different. He's like a clay pigeon out of a trap. You never know which way it's going to fly or whether it won't shy off and hit some worthy person in the eye.

"And then there's Iloilo—that place with a name like a Tyrolean yodel song, and people in it that don't know what's good fer 'em. Why, we civilized the Indians, didn't we? Do they think we can't civilize them—these islanders?"

"He's not so cr-r-raazy, afther all," said the policeman.

But he took the man to the station, and later he was conveyed by wagon to the detention hospital, where, after a rest, his mind became clearer and he said he had no home.

"But you couldn't call the white house a home, anyhow," argued the attendant, who was trying to prove that the man's delusion was still in force.—Chicago Chronicle of Jan. 15.

"They say all diseases proceed from microbes."

"Then, I suppose, 'a complication of diseases' means that a lot of assorted microbes have agreed on a harmonious plan of campaign."—Puck.

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