the men who understand the conditions of business, write or telegraph (to congressmen) in favor of peace."

There is another way of putting it. If it is true that to be well to do lessens a man's inclination and ability to look beyond his own immediate financial interests to the public interest, diminishes his sensibility to the sufferings of others, reduces his concern for his country's duty and good name, and atrophies his capacity to make personal sacrifices for the common weal—if this is true, as the Post implies, then it is self-evident that that land is to hastening ills a prey when wealth accumulates and men decay. It may be good business sense to echo the gambler who didn't care a rap what happened so long as it didn't happen to him, but it is mighty poor citizenship—the kind that in politics helps to buy elections and takes a profound interest in civil service reform, and considers the social problem solved by an annual subscription to organized charity.

The rich are of no different clay from the poor, but prosperity does have a narrowing effect upon commonplace minds and hardens small hearts. It is not all gain for little men to escape from poverty and the cares and trials which commonly serve to keep sympathy alive. The readiness of those who have most to lose by war—as the Post points out—to make sacrifices for oppressed and starving people they have never seen and never will see, and the reluctance of the more fortunate to take any chance of losing anything of their abundance in the same cause, is accepted by everybody as a matter of course. The statesmen who are proceeding openly and cheerfully to dip the government's hand into the already rifled pockets of the masses do so with perfect confidence that the owners of the pockets will bear the new draft gladly. There is among politicians entire faith in the generosity of the multitude, in the multitude's willingness to place patriotism and love of what appeals to it as right above every selfish consideration. But when it comes to touching pockets that are well filled, politicians hesitate. The same statesmen that for the public need raise the price of tea, coffee, beer and tobacco and expect no murmurs, become timorous and apologetic in asking a little from those who have most. It is found that the taxes levied on the comforts of the poor will not raise a sufficient revenue and it is given out that a tax on incomes may be proposed, "but only as a last resort." Also it is announced that a way can be found to reach incomes that the supreme court will approve. This dire possibility may possibly have something to do with the Post's almost emotional interest in the subject of war taxes.—Arthur McEwen, in the National Single Taxer.

THE RIGHT OF INTERVENTION.

The real question, upon which the issue of peace or war now hangs, is the condition of Cuba and the right of the United States to intervene. We may safely compare the situation with the case of private individuals. Even where there are courts of justice in full operation, and policemen at every corner, yet a private citizen has a right to seize and detain any person who is, in his sight, committing a crime of violence. Thus any man may and should arrest a known murderer, or any man whom he sees attempting to commit an act of gross personal outrage. The only difference in such a case between a constable and a private citizen is that the constable may justify his act by proof of reasonable suspicion, while the private citizen can justify only by proof of the actual crime or attempt to commit the crime.

In like manner, any nation is morally justified in interfering with acts of gross cruelty and outrage by the government of another nation. It is under no obligation to do so; and it is very seldom wise for it to do so; because it seldom happens that one nation has the means of administering full and equal justice between another government and its citizens. But it has the same abstract right to interfere which any citizen has to interfere for the prevention of acts of cruelty among his fellow-citizens.

Moreover, just as a private citizen would have the right to call upon officers of the law to intervene in case of long-continued disturbance in his neighbor's house, so any nation which finds its own peace and commerce grievously disturbed by long-continued civil war in an adjoining country acquires a right to intervene. Suppose the father of several half-grown boys, living next door to you, should, with ever so much justice, seek to repress an insurrection on their part, by physical force, but with no result except to prolong, for several days and nights, a doubtful fight, accompanied by screams, oaths and destruction of property within the house, such as would not suffer your family to sleep, you would have a right to call a police officer, who would, in his turn, have both the right and the duty of suppressing the disturbance, without regard to the merits of the quarrel. If the revolt of the sons were ever so unjustifiable, yet, if the father could not subdue it without creating a nuisance to all his neighbors, he must take the chances of being turned out of doors by his rebellious sons.

In like manner, where rebellion is prolonged for years in any country, other nations which find their peace disturbed by such prolonged rebellion, have a right, after reasonable warning, to intervene and restore peace, without supreme concern for the merits of the quarrel.

The utmost caution and moderation are indispensable when applying these principles to any particular case. It is our duty, as a nation, since we are compelled to act as judge in our own cause, to give the benefit of every doubt to the other side, and to take no step of the justice of which we are not so fully persuaded as to command substantial unanimity among our own people.—Thos. G. Shearman, in The Outlook.

VACANT LOT CULTIVATION IN PHILADELPHIA.

Extracts from the report of the Philadelphia vacant lots cultivation committee for the season of 1897:

The work of aiding the unemployed poor by allowing them to cultivate vacant city lots, and aiding them in such cultivation by plowing the land for them and furnishing seed, tools, fertilizer and kindly advice, was actively begun in this city about April 1, 1897.

Securing land suitable for the work was the first and perhaps the greatest difficulty to overcome. Much land was offered which was wholly unsuited, on account of the lots being too small, too widely separated, too rough or too wet for garden purposes—even that which was selected for use was all sod land, poorly suited to the uses for which it was desired, not having been either cultivated or fertilized for many years.

Sufficient land was obtained in six separate tracts for only one hundred gardens of one-quarter to one-half acre each. Each tract of land was called a farm, and numbered, and each farm was divided into gardens, as soon as it was prepared for planting, 76x150 feet.

Each applicant was required to sign an agreement pledging himself to cultivate the land loaned throughout the entire season, planting a succession of crops as fast as circumstances would permit, and to keep on a card, furnished for that purpose, a correct account of all time spent in cultivation of the garden, also an account of all vegetables grown in the garden, whether sold, used or given away. The gardener also agreed to follow the instructions of the

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superintendent or assistants. A failure to comply with any of these conditions meant a forfeiture of the cultivating privilege.

Each gardener was given two bushels of potatoes and other seed sufficient to plant his garden. If he wasted them or lost them he was required to buy others to take their place. In only a few cases, however, were seeds misused. Each gardener was required to furnish his own tools, a hoe and rake being about all that was required. The committee sold tools on time to anyone not able to pay cash, so that no one, however poor, was turned away for the want of them.

The ninety-six families who worked idle lots this season have produced an average of $62 each, or $5,955 all told. The amounts are taken from the cards carefully kept by the gardeners, and are fairly accurate statements. The eagerness for gardens, the splendid manner in which fully ninety per cent. of them have been cultivated, the very few forfeitures that have been made during the season, and the great improvement observed in both health and morals, show clearly that the poverty of these people is not entirely the result of laziness upon their part.

Among those who received gardens were discovered some most heartrending cases of poverty and suffering; people who were not willing to beg or accept charity.

The first man who applied for a garden furnishes a most striking example of beneficial results. When he came to Dr. Morton's office, only a day or two after the first mention of the plan in the papers, he was so weak and emaciated that the doctor declared he was afraid the poor fellow would be unable to get out of his office without assistance. He was a widower with four children, three girls and a boy, the oldest girl about seventeen. He had been unable to get work of any kind for six months or more. The boy, a mere lad, was earning three dollars per week. The oldest girl kept the house and the other two were too small to go out and work.

He was one of the first to receive a garden, which contained only about one-fifth of an acre. He observed that a certain part of another farm was being left untouched on account of being very rough, full of holes and covered with stones and bricks. Part of this farm was below the street grade and subject to overflow, but it was larger than the others—nine-tenths of an acre. He offered to exchange, saying he did not mind the extra work. His offer was accepted. In a very few days the stones and bricks had been thrown into the holes and covered with dirt. The low place had been filled in. It was a work in which the whole family joined. A small house was rented in the immediate neighborhood in lieu of the one room near the foul alleys of the city slums.

Every inch of the soil was utilized. A rosy hue took the place of the pale, wan cheek of a few weeks before. And now the harvest home has come, and in the winter's store can be enumerated: Thirty bushels of potatoes, one hundred quarts canned tomatoes, fifty quarts canned corn, twenty quarts canned beans, thirty gallons pickled cucumbers, thirty gallons sauer kraut, fifteen gallons tomato catsup, five gallons pickled beans, five gallons tomato preserves, four bushels turnips, one bushel carrots, one thousand or more fine celery stalks and many other things. Besides, much has been sold during the summer. Warm clothing has replaced the badly worn garments of nine months ago. A few pieces of furniture have been added. The boy has been provided with a small capital for his little business (that of selling deviled crabs, sandwiches, coffee, etc., at the ferry landing), and now often comes home with as much from one night's sales as he formerly had at the end of a week. A more complete transformation can scarcely be imagined. A happier home could scarcely be found.

One poor fellow who is a cripple, and on that account unable to do heavy work or get a job in shop or factory, and as a last resort pushed a cart about the streets, selling apples, etc., was given a garden. At that time he and family—a wife and two small children—lived in one small room on one of the narrow streets, for which they paid $1.50 per week, or over $6 per month. In June, a time came when he could not pay his rent, and all were thrown into the street. He told of his sad condition and asked permission to come to the open lots and live in a tent until he could make a little money. "Come if you like," was the reply, and at the same time he was handed a small sum of money. He half apologizingly added: "I can't get a room until I have money to pay one month's rent in advance;" and as if some great favor had been granted him, he thanked the superintendent many times.

That evening a little camp fire blazed brightly in the open field, and around it gathered a father, mother and two babes. In a small heap near by lay all their earthly possessions, not more than two wheelbarrow loads. As soon as the evening lunch (or a loaf of baker's bread and water) was dispatched, the preparation of a shelter began. A bedstead was set up as a first step. Narrow strips of lumber were nailed to the four corners, extending up about six feet, and two other strips were set up about six feet in front of the bed, and to the tops, half way up the sides of these were nailed other strips. Around this framework old pieces of matting were tacked as a wall, and over the top an old carpet was thrown for a roof.

Imagine this poor man's surprise and horror, and the poor wife's feeling of despair the next morning when a policeman confronted them with the inquiry: "Has a building permit been secured for this house?" and when a negative answer was given he replied: "It is against the law to build without one." But, slowly turning, he walked away. There seemed to be something in his manly look which said: "I shan't insist upon the enforcement of this law, however, in your case." Other strips of lumber and some old tin were brought from the dump, and the house was enlarged until it finally had three rooms, one six by ten feet, one four by six feet and one six by six feet.

Contentment and joy for a few days filled every heart, but, alas, sorrow was near at hand. The storm of July 23 carried away some of the roof and the rain and hail came in. Everybody and everything was soaking wet. The babe, a delicate little creature of seven months, was too frail for such exposure. The rain continued almost daily for some two weeks or more. A fever set in. The doctor came, but the fever increased. An effort was made to get the little fellow into a hospital. In one there was scarlet fever and the others did not receive children so young. When these facts were made known to the father, who clearly saw that his babe could not survive under the conditions surrounding it, knowing full well that starvation and exposure (for such it really was) would do their work of death in a few days at most, he cried out in despair: "My God, is there no way out of this hell on earth? What a relief death would be, and God only knows I wish it would come to relieve that little sufferer." "How can you say such a thing?" was asked. "I know," said he, "if the child gets well there is a life of privation and suffering before it, and why should a man wish his child to live and endure such a life?" When finally a hospital was found (the Mary Drexel Home for Children) it was too late. In a few short hours the little sufferer found relief from pain forever, and another weight was added to the load that seemed already too heavy for any poor mortal to bear.

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