

under dog in this system where the few appropriate the wealth of the many so that there is not enough to go around. They are the people on whom our industrial structure rests and are crushed by it. All the conditions of their lives are favorable to the development of criminal tendencies. Thousands of young girls are dedicated by poverty, from birth, to immoral living.

Such is Lazarus and his sores. The social ulcers! And Lazarus lies at our gate. Do not think that you or I, as citizens of a democracy, can escape giving an account for Lazarus some day. For God will ask you why it was that you were willing to be content and comfortable and raise no voice of protest against a system that produces Lazarus.

Dives is the money power, and you cannot well exaggerate what a power that is. He owns our legislatures and city councils and many of our newspapers. He owns for the most part our universities, for the endowments come from him. He owns most of the preachers, for he builds their churches and pays their salaries.

But these are not the roots of the power of Dives. They are simply its implements. For Dives is something more than a man or set of men. He is a spirit out of hell, holding his seat in the souls of men. In the heart of the great commercial body of the nation Dives stalks triumphant and secure. He is the organizing commercial selfishness and greed of the nation. For the interests of Dives are the piers of the arch upon which our financial values rest. And so the business man says, "These great corporations are no doubt unjust, but we dare not vote to deprive them of their privileges lest our own business should suffer." And the laboring man joins in: "Yes, the trusts are robbers, but you must not tamper with the tariff lest wages should go down." Moreover, Dives has taken the public into partnership with him, for he has sold us those certificates of robbery, his stocks and bonds, and we must not deprive him of his power to plunder the people lest the water should be squeezed out of our investments.

But if these are moral questions, questions of brotherhood and justice and the two great commandments, then they are questions for the church to consider, as the spiritual mother, responsible for the moral nurture of her children. It is just because the church has neglected to teach her children that they must apply their religious standards to these great questions, that we have widespread ignorance and apathy and selfishness concerning them that are threatening the destruction of the Republic to-day.

What is needed is an aroused and enlightened public conscience, which will insist that the laws governing the rights of property shall be so changed as to secure to every man the just compensation for the actual service he renders to so-

ciety, and no more. That all monopoly values created by the need and the demand of the community shall be appropriated for the uses of the community as a whole.

We cannot have a New Jerusalem based on the foundation of economic injustice that now prevails around us. The Christian church can never have any life in it, nor power, nor make any progress, as long as it is content to squat itself comfortably down amid conditions which breed poverty and misery for millions of our fellowmen, and raise no voice of protest. It is the great and pressing mission of the church to proclaim the truth of God against these evils, and it is a responsibility that it shall meet, or perish.

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### TOM L. JOHNSON'S WEALTH.

Brand Whitlock, Mayor of Toledo, in the Cleveland Press.

I know of Mayor Johnson's pecuniary affairs only what is published in the newspapers, and of that I was interested only in his statement. I do not like even to seem to pry curiously into what is purely a private and personal concern of his.

I would rather, indeed, not discuss the matter at all, and yet there is a public significance in the subject which may save from indelicacy some reflections on it.

That Mayor Johnson's course has demanded of him many sacrifices, including the sacrifice of his personal fortune, is no surprise to his friends; doubtless it was no surprise to him; he must have counted the cost long ago, for he knows what the old cause of human Liberty demands; every one who has read history, every one who understands life, knows that.

Every one who goes into the contemporary phase of the world-old struggle against Privilege knows that it means misunderstanding, revilement, persecution, ridicule, abuse and all manner of hatred; that it means loss of money, of power, of position, of influence, of health, frequently of physical life.

Altgeld, Henry D. Lloyd, Henry George, Samuel M. Jones—these, to go no further back in history—all gave their lives to the cause. And besides them, there are numerous others as great as they, perhaps greater than they, who fill the heroic graves of the unknown dead.

To set oneself against Privilege means immense sacrifice; the lawyer who opposes Privilege must expect to lose his practice, the preacher who preaches against it must expect to lose his pulpit, the man of means who competes with it must expect to be broken, the poet, writer, orator, painter, sculptor, who use their art against it must expect to feel its crushing power.

It is today as it has been in all ages, as it will be ages hence. Slanting across the way of prog-

ress all down through history, lie the sombre shadows of the crosses and the scaffolds on which mankind has hung those whose only crime was that they loved mankind more than they loved themselves.

Every one, I say, who understands this struggle, and goes into it intelligently, knows this. Those who go into it without knowing this, those who go into it from some motive less than the noblest one, soon drop out and join the ranks of those who have learned to restrain and to repress their better instincts, and cower, and truckle, and—conform.

Yes, the cause of equality, of liberty, of humanity, demands big sacrifices, and yet service in that cause has a compensation, bestows a blessing and a reward of which Privilege never dreams.

Privilege, insatiable as it is, wrings from its servitors a sacrifice far more awful, far more hideous, than any other which man can know. The cause of Liberty may, indeed, compel a man to give up his fortune, his position, but it bestows Life.

Privilege may give riches and place and power, but it demands Life; that is, Life in the higher sense, in the only true sense. For Privilege demands that its servitors give that best which potentially was in them; that is, self respect, manhood, all the nobler things of the soul, all that gives charm and beauty and real meaning to life—the grace of humor, the gift of sympathy, the genius of understanding, the power to love.

But this is not all, this is not enough; above and beyond this, it demands—and this is the hideous sacrifice I meant—it demands that its servitor give up the power of spiritual appreciation. Do you realize just what this means?

There is a story of a British Philistine who stood before a painting, at the side of the artist Whistler, and after looking at it, puzzled and perplexed, awhile, he finally said:

“Do you know, I can’t see what you find to admire in that picture, Mr. Whistler?”

“I know you can’t,” replied the author of “The Gentle Art of Making Enemies,” “but don’t you wish you could?”

Well, the lack of ability to appreciate a picture may not be, perhaps, exactly tragic, but the lack of that higher ability, that insight, imagination, sympathy, necessary to appreciate great spiritual beauty and achievement, is decidedly a tragic thing.

He who lacks that is an unburied corpse, walking the earth in his own shroud, the ghastly victim of a tragedy he himself has written and staged and managed, and now forever must enact.

Now, those who serve Privilege for the gross, material things it can give them—and that’s all any one ever serves it for, of course—are abso-

lutely incapable of imagining, much less of appreciating, the motives that have inspired Mayor Johnson.

They cannot even dimly conceive that a man should make any effort at all without the motive of personal gain or profit. So you see the tragedy is not Mayor Johnson’s; it is theirs.

Thus I was not surprised to hear that Mayor Johnson had lost his money, and, I may add (there are some who will understand this, he among them), that I was not greatly affected by it. It was not his money that caused me to admire him all these years, to be proud of his friendship. And so the loss of it cannot impair that admiration.

That such an event can excite the wonder and engage the interest of mankind is significant only as it shows how very low our ideal has fallen.

We have made a god of money, worshipped it as a fetich, measured what we call “success,” by it, and counted men great chiefly in proportion to their ability to grab and gobble. He who could absorb the most of the fruits of the bitter toil of those patient workers upon whom our whole system rests, has been acclaimed the greatest and best, held up to little boys for emulation.

Why, it is an ideal no better than a flock of magpies or a herd of swine could evolve. Our mad, profit seeking, anarchic system presents, as its fruit and flower, men merely rich, with acquisitiveness abnormally developed, having a genius for organization, no doubt, but devoted to selfish ends.

If this is to go on, if this ideal is to be held up before us, the inevitable end is plutocracy, with its shams, and vulgarities, and ignorances, and brutalities.

But I can not let myself for a moment think that this is to be. Happily there are hundreds of thousands of men and women in this land who have other ideals and other gods; men and women in numbers constantly increasing, who set spiritual worth above material wealth, whose hearts are filled with an ever growing sentiment of good will for all mankind, who have a rare and beautiful vision, intensely practical, of a better order of things, and their collective intelligence will bring that newer order to pass.

And the struggle will go on; there will be many more sacrifices, many more defeats, but ever more men and women ready to risk them; and some day, somewhere, when the education of the general mind shall have gone on to that degree in which mankind shall realize its unity and its solidarity, there will be Life—Life more abundant and beautiful, with yet undreamed-of meanings and implications and experiences; a Life that will be for all; a Life, indeed, that cannot be until it is for all.