

RELATED THINGS

CONTRIBUTIONS AND REPRINT

NEW YORK, FROM A SKYSCRAPER.

Up in the heights of the evening skies I see my
City of cities float
In sunset's golden and crimson dyes: I look, and a
great joy clutches my throat!
Plateau of roofs by canyons crossed: windows by
thousands fire-unfurled—
O gazing, how the heart is lost in the Deepest
City of the World!

O sprawling City! Worlds in a world! Housing
each strange type that is human—
Yonder a Little Italy curled—here the haunt of the
Scarlet Woman—
The night's white Bacchanals of Broadway—the
Ghetto pushcarts ringed with faces—
Wall Street's roar and the Plaza's play—a weltering
focus of all Earth's races!

Walking your Night's many-nationed byways—brush-
ing Sicilians and Jews and Greeks—
Meeting gaunt Bread Lines on your highways—
watching night-clerks in your flaming
peaks—
Marking your Theaters' outpour of splendor—paus-
ing on doorsteps with resting Mothers—
I have marveled at Christs with their messages ten-
der, their daring dream of a World of Broth-
ers!

Brothers? What means Irish to Greek? What the
Ghetto to Morningside?
How shall we weld the strong and the weak while
millions struggle with light denied?
Yet, but to follow these Souls where they roam—
ripping off housetops, the city's mask—
At Night I should find each one in a Home, at Morn-
I should find each one at a Task!

Labor and Love, four-million divided—surely the
millions at last are a-move—
Surely the Brotherhood-slant is decided—the Social
Labor, the Social Love!
Surely four millions of Souls close-gathered in this
one spot could stagger the world—
O City, Earth's Future is Mothered and Fathered
where your great streets feel the Man-tides
hurled!

For the Souls in one car where they hang on the
straps could send this City a-wing through
the starred—
Each man is a tiny Faucet that taps the infinite res-
ervoir of God!—
What if they turned the Faucet full stream? What
if our millions to-night were aware?
What if to-morrow they built to their Dream the City
of Brothers in laughter and prayer?
—James Oppenheim, in the American Magazine.

ONE OF THE UNEMPLOYED.

Edith J. Arnold in the Christian Commonwealth, of
London, for March 31, 1909.

"I beg pardon," said the Corn Merchant, look-
ing considerably startled.

"I want work!" said the Angel, gently. "I saw
your advertisement, or, rather, a reflection of it, in
the 'Celestial Mirror.'"

"Ah, yes," said the Corn Merchant, recovering
somewhat from his surprise. "I am honored, I am
sure. I shall be only too pleased. Just now we
are very busy—cable reports of failure of harvest
in several parts; and we are buying up accord-
ingly."

"In order that the poor man may not suffer,"
said the Angel, sympathetically. "I see."

"Well—er—not quite that," said the Corn Mer-
chant. He was slightly disconcerted, but he made
an effort to adapt himself to his listener. "If I
remember rightly, that was not exactly Joseph's
plan."

The Angel looked at him in sorrowful surprise.
"Is not that forgotten yet?"

The Merchant was beginning to get annoyed.
"I am sorry," he said, "but business is business,
and I must live. My competitors—"

"Excuse me," interrupted the Angel. "What
are competitors?"

"My competitors are those who buy and sell
against me," said the Merchant, still more stiffly.
"I am very sorry, but I am afraid that with so
little understanding of modern business methods"
(for the Angel was looking very puzzled) "you
could scarcely be of much use to me." And he
bowed the Angel out, very courteously.

The Angel saw another advertisement. This
time an agent was wanted to sell umbrellas. The
Angel had not much experience of the article, but
a short acquaintance with terrestrial conditions
had impressed upon him its utility, and he re-
solved to apply.

The Umbrella Dealer looked hard at him.

"Are you sure you want work?"

"Quite sure."

"Well, in my line, you see, it seems incon-
gruous," said the Dealer, doubtfully. "Not but
what I should be proud to employ you—very
proud, I'm sure, but—but—"

"I don't quite understand."

"Well, well, it's merely personal," said the
Dealer, pleasantly. "One doesn't expect, you see,
to see a person of your appearance advocating the
use of umbrellas, and the public doesn't always
take to the unexpected. But I might waive it,"
he added, thoughtfully.

While the Angel was still trying to disentangle
the possible references of the last sentence, he went
on again, briskly.

"There's another difficulty, too. I really am
afraid—you see, I can't afford a large salary;

prices are being cut on all sides, and my profits are just next to nothing."

The Angel looked sympathetic. "I am sorry," he said.

"So that I couldn't possibly give much—not to begin with."

"Certainly not," said the Angel. "I should not expect it, being inexperienced."

"Quite so," said the Umbrella Dealer, with a distinct increase of cheerfulness. "Suppose we say 5s. a week now—and your expenses. I dare say you could keep those pretty low." And he looked at the Angel speculatively.

The Angel acquiesced readily. He was not very well versed in money matters.

"And, first of all, I want you to get rid of this lot here," said the Dealer, briskly. "Between ourselves, they're rotten, all of them. Been on my hands for months. The man who sold them to me did me for once—and it's not often I'm done. But you're not attending."

"You said they were rotten," said the Angel, gently. "Won't it be rather difficult to sell them, when I tell the people? But, of course, you'll be willing to take very little for them?"

"Tell the people?" cried the Dealer. "My dear fellow, h'm—I beg your pardon—but, er—you—won't tell them, of course. Let them find out for themselves. It's their own risk."

"I'm afraid I couldn't sell them," said the Angel.

"Well, perhaps it wouldn't do," said the Dealer, pleasantly, for he was not a bad sort of a fellow. "But I'll tell you what, if you're really hard up for a job, just go around to the Bank. They're in want of someone. No doubt you'd just suit them—reliable and all that sort of thing."

So the Angel went around to the Bank, and applied there.

The Bank Manager looked him over very carefully. "Yes," he said, "you might do. I could take you on—at any rate, temporarily. But I should like to see your testimonials."

"I haven't any written testimonials," said the Angel. "Where I come from they are not considered necessary."

"Ah," said the Manager, drily, "just so. I am sorry. I am afraid the testimonials are essential. You will understand the responsibility of my position."

"Perhaps you could give me some advice," said the Angel.

"Well, it seems to me," said the Bank Manager, "that the Church would be more in your line."

"Perhaps so," said the Angel. "I did not think of the Church. Thank you. I will apply at once."

The Bishop received him with great warmth.

"Work?" he said, cordially. "We shall be only

too thankful. We will give you a hearty welcome. As soon as we have settled the formality of the creeds——"

"The creeds?" said the Angel. "What is a creed?"

The Bishop enlightened him.

"When were they made and who made them?" asked the Angel.

The Bishop explained again.

"Ah," said the Angel, thoughtfully, "they were made by yourselves and for yourselves. They are not for me. You will understand that, even though I cannot explain fully."

The Bishop shook his head sadly but firmly. "Our creeds," he said, "are the very backbone of the Church. Without them we are nothing. We cannot dispense with them."

"I am sorry," said the Angel, gently, and went out.

He is still one of the "unemployed."



AMERICAN WAGES AND FOREIGN.

A Comparison From "The Man on the Ladder," in the Chicago Police and Fire Dispatch of April 3, 1909.

The [pay of railway mail clerks in the United States, in comparison with the] pay of railway mail clerks in Great Britain, Germany and France, . . . stands as follows:

	Per Year.
In the United States	\$1,165
In Great Britain	780
In Germany	515
In France	610

There, now you see the shocking disparity in the very worst and all of its enormity—the way it is usually presented by "farmers" in Congress who are cultivating express company crops. But let us look into those figures a little further.

Information carefully collected and collated, both by official and private agents, among the former being the Department of Commerce and Labor of our own government, has conclusively shown that living in England and in the countries of Continental Europe is from 30 to 40 per cent cheaper than in this country.

Let us take 30 per cent—the lowest reported estimate of the difference in the cost of living—subsistence, clothing, housing, schooling, amusements, etc.—and see how the figures look in comparison as to pay of railway mail clerks:

	Per Year.
In the United States	\$1,165.00
In Great Britain	1,114.30
In Germany	734.30
In France	871.43

The enormity of the difference, you will observe, is not so shockingly enormous as it appears in heeblers' figures first shown. But even the last