

The power of monopoly and special privilege will increase. The concentration of wealth will continue. Philosophy, art, and the finer sides of life will be subjected more and more to the ideals of an upper class founded on money and controlling the means of livelihood. More and more the logic of the schools will be employed to discredit the rights of man. More and more our politics and international relations will conform to the commercial greed and the doctrine of the right of might.

There are awful signs of danger in the new issues which have lately come. But it is not too late, if only the heart of the nation can be turned once more to enthusiasm for the great ideal of justice and equal rights. He who first saw our new dangers and their remedy never lost faith in the future.—J. H. Dillard, in *National Single Taxer*.

THE CLASSES AND THE MASSES.

Class hatred was the theme of a sermon delivered Sunday morning at the Vine Street Congregational church by the pastor, Herbert S. Bigelow. Mr. Bigelow chose for his text a report of a sermon on the same subject by Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis. He said in part:

While it serves the purpose of some demagogues to play the role of reformers it does not follow that all reformers are demagogues. Appeals to class prejudice should be discountenanced, but not in so sweeping and indiscriminate a way as to create on the other hand a prejudice against the progress of true reform.

Here is a preacher who says that the increase of property means the increase of happiness of all classes.

That depends. The property which a man produces cannot add to his happiness if it is stolen from him. The labor of the slave may increase the property of the master, but the slave must be content with his bed of straw and slave's rations.

The preacher says:

Much of the wealth of field and factory has been produced, not by land, not by labor, not by capital applied to both, but by ability.

He says:

Anarchism and socialism propose to run a mowing machine over the tops of men's heads until all are equal.

Yet there is hardly an anarchist or socialist in New York who could not have told the preacher that when the political economist says that labor produces all wealth, he means the labor of brain as well as brawn. In political economy the term "labor" includes the ability of the brain worker with the skill of the hand worker.

The preacher says:

Among many men the impression

prevails that labor alone has produced the wealth, that the large fortunes of the rich have been created by and belong to the poor. The logical result of this idea is class hatred and class warfare.

That is only half the truth. A large part of many fortunes do belong to the poor. There are two ways of getting wealth. Either you must earn it or steal it. He who accumulates a fortune by performing for society some valuable service must enrich others as well as himself. Such a fortune is the measure of a man's worth to the world, and can harm no one. But if a man gets a fortune without performing any useful labor either of brain or brawn he grows rich, not by enriching others, but by impoverishing others. Such a fortune is the measure of a man's legal power of robbing his fellow men. The poor ought not to covet what the rich have earned by any form of useful labor. But they are miserable slaves if they do not covet their own. They ought to be jealous of that wealth which is not earned, but which becomes concentrated in the hands of the few, not by virtue of service rendered, but by virtue of unjust laws which make hard times for the many and unearned prosperity for the few. Every great fortune is composite in its character, but there are millions which represent little else but the legal power of their possessors to grow rich by increasing the poverty and the misery of their fellow beings. Millions are diverted from the pockets of producers for the support of idleness and the encouragement of snobbery.

If I said this with the purpose of inciting some enraged mob to raid the palaces of these commercial conspirators I would be guilty of appealing to class hatred. But if I stand in my pulpit and condemn as demagogues those who point to existing evils, am I not guilty of treason to humanity?

Grant that class hatred is a menace. Who is to blame for it? Is it the man who calls himself a socialist, or something else, and who stands on the street corner and makes indiscriminate attacks upon all those who have more of this world's goods than he? Is it the anarchist who throws a bomb or assassinates a king? These men are merely the symptoms of a social disease.

Read Mr. Riis' book, "A Ten Years' War," if you would know why men imagine they have a grievance. Consider how the other half of New York lives. One man in ten ends his life in a pauper's grave. While we are

worrying about the savagery of remote islands, 47 in every 100 of the denizens of our slums can neither read nor write. Infant death rate in these sections of the metropolis is over 80 per cent. The homes of these people have been called "infant slaughter houses," where children are "damned" not born into the world. Men and women crowded together sometimes at the rate of 1,500 and more to the acre! This crowding is steadily increasing. In 1880 there were 16 persons to a dwelling. In 1890 there were 18. In 1895 there were over 21. Three thousand people packed into a single block! God's sunshine sold at auction! From one-fourth to one-third of the income of these people required to pay for hovels where the elders of Plymouth church would not keep their dogs. In 1894 5,000 of them slept in rooms without windows. Think of it—tenants paying a dollar a week for the privilege of herding with the rats in rooms made of odd boards and roof tin! In the Astor tenements Mr. Riis found women finishing pants at 30 cents a day.

I tell you it was these people who equipped the Astor battery that was sent to Cuba. It is the wealth of these people that is represented in the private yachts that go lolling about the summer resorts with their idle crew. It is the wealth of these people that is paraded on Fifth avenue, where ladies give dinner parties to their lap dogs. The wine that flows at their banquet halls is crimson with the blood of these oppressed people who pay the rich man's taxes, build his palace, make its furnishings, supply his table, nurse his children, dig his grave, and for what? For the privilege of living upon land which before God is theirs no less than his. The baby that is born in a windowless room has a right to feel outraged. Society has no right to expect good citizens of boys that can never know the song of the meadowlark or the smell of fresh-blown clover.

The preacher says there is no occasion for social discontent here where the loftiest positions of the nation are open to the boys of the workshop and the factory. I think it is a reckless kind of optimism that indulges in that sort of rhetoric. Mr. Riis is nearer the truth when he says for half the population of New York the struggle for existence has been "growing ever harder and the issue more doubtful." Tennyson was nearer the truth when he said:

"Every door is barred with gold, and opens but to golden keys."