

worshiped, and they felt themselves, as we ought to feel ourselves, co-workers with God when "the orchard was planted and the wild vine tamed, when the English fruits had been domesticated under the shadow of savage forests, and the maize lifted its shining ranks upon the fields which had been barren." Surely there can be nothing impracticable, nothing un-American in striving to persuade ourselves to again cherish the lofty, inspiring, transforming ethical ideals which prevailed at the birth of our country and have illumined, as with celestial light, the fiery ridges of every battle in which her sons have died for liberty.

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CRIMINALS REFORMING THEMSELVES.

From Public Opinion of March 17, 1906.

A brotherhood of ex-prisoners has been formed in Cleveland, and has had a successful existence of three months in making a practical solution of the problem of teaching released criminals how to live decent lives. In a roomy and convenient apartment house twenty-three men, every one a former workhouse prisoner and some of whom have been confined again and again, are gathered in a home—the only home most of them have known for years—and each is helping himself and the others to become thrifty Christian citizens. The home as described in the Cleveland Plain Dealer by Bayard Bacon is unique.

"Although it has been in operation but a very few weeks, the results are such as to astound students of sociological problems. Here are men who only a few days ago were thieves, robbers, drunkards, vagrants and wife beaters, from the lowest of earth's dark places, going out to work the equals, if not superiors, of the mechanics, clerks, financiers and business men with whom they associate. No brand of Cain marks them out, no spot light of publicity drags them down or makes rough for them the way along which they are going. But sustained by the thought that over a score of 'brothers' are intimately interested in their welfare, that they have a home, and above all that to the outside world they are the gentlemen they are striving to be, they are daily proving there is still plenty of good in humanity if it is once discovered and brought out in the proper manner."

Herbert D. Crane, the probation officer of Cleveland, has been the prime mover in the plan, which is one of thorough cooperation in working out the reformation of the men by their own efforts. Of the types of men and the methods employed the writer says:

"Think of the home whose business manager has served two long terms in the workhouse for drunkenness and other offenses, who in the days before the brotherhood took him in had sunk to depths from which few men return. To-day, besides taking charge of the executive end of the brotherhood, he is engaged in the real estate business in one of the best known offices in the city and makes more good, honest money in a week than hundreds of men do in a year. Think of a religious superintendent in the home who last fall was a hanger-on of a circus, dropped from the circus caravan in the midst of a glorious spree and locked up in the workhouse for a

term of several months. To-day, under the kindly aid of the brotherhood, the circus bum has developed into a skilled mechanic in one of the largest iron working plants in the city, earning \$2.50 a day, a thorough, trustworthy, honored, reliable gentleman, who in the circle of the home takes charge of the daily religious meetings and is looked up to and honored by all.

"Others there are in this circle whose records in criminology would cause any respectable citizen to shudder, whose terms of penal confinement mount up in the aggregate to long, black years, but who to-day are out among men proving themselves men, worthy of all respect, advancement and admiration which their ability and efforts are gaining for them. All day long, unmarked by the shame of their past careers and unhindered by any unenviable records they may have held before they came into the brotherhood, these men go about their daily duties stronger, better, more reliable and more useful American citizens than centuries of confinement and punishment could make them."

The constitution and by-laws under which they are organized give a glimpse at the inner workings of the society. The document which is subscribed to by every man before he is taken in is as follows:

1 That Jesus Christ shall be the head of this house. 2 That the motive of the association shall be to provide a home of Christian influence for men able to be self-sustaining who need the encouragement and help of this brotherhood. 4 That donations of all sorts be discouraged; that the expenses of the association shall be defrayed by the earnings of its members; that it shall be run on the co-operative plan. 5 That the officers of this association shall consist of a superintendent of religious work, a second superintendent of its business affairs, a secretary, whose duty it shall be to have charge of the books; a treasurer, who shall finance the movement; and a representative of the present board of public service. 6 That though we can not think alike, we shall all love alike, and be of one heart, though possibly not of one opinion.

Among other things the by-laws provide that there shall be family prayers every evening, grace said at meals, no member shall be admitted unless he promises to be a total abstainer and to refrain from the use of tobacco.

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INDIVIDUALS WHO NEED PROTECTION AGAINST SOCIETY.

From a Sermon Delivered in the Church of the Advent, Birmingham, Ala., Feb. 18, 1906, by the Rector, the Rev. Quincy Ewing.

You open the state criminal code, and you read there that the penalty for a certain offense shall be a fine for so much, or imprisonment for so long, or both at the discretion of the court. That looks and sounds fair enough; looks and sounds like justice. But how does it look in practical application? The well-to-do man commits the specified offence. If arrested, he doesn't go to jail, he makes bond, perhaps he is indicted, perhaps he is not. If he is indicted and goes to trial, he is certain to be defended by some of the ablest and astutest lawyers at the bar—working for good fees. The chances are that he will be acquitted. If he is found guilty, it is most highly improbable that his sentence will be both fine and imprisonment. Almost certainly it will be a fine simply. Both juries and judges are very emphatical-

ly opposed to sending well-to-do men to the penitentiary when they can be made to pay dollars for their misdeeds. So, even on the assumption that he is convicted, the well-to-do offender in all likelihood goes his way, never having spent one hour in a prison cell, never having been made to suffer one moment's consciousness of degradation as a criminal. Society absolves him because he has a pocket book and something in it!

The poor man commits the specified offense. He is arrested and promptly thrust into an ill-smelling, vermin-infested cell. Bail for him is out of the question. For weeks, perhaps months, he is locked up with foulness and filth, away from sun and sky. He comes to trial, and who is his lawyer? Probably a court-appointed. Possibly, somebody hired for a few dollars that he would be as well off without. He comes to trial, and if he is very poor his trial may be a mere formality, something to be got through with by the court in a hurry because the docket is heavy, and must be cleared by a certain day. Perhaps he waits his turn to be tried, locked up in an iron cage in the court room, in full view of the jury that will try him—an iron cage where perhaps there isn't room for all who are waiting to be tried, all who are "presumed innocent," to sit down. But at last his turn comes; he is led out of the cage and gets tried. He is indifferently defended, his offense is magnified by a gifted and trained professional prosecutor. He looks rough and tough, the jury scans him over and concludes that he will not be hurt by spending a year or more in the garb of a convict. No use in his case for judge or jury to give him the option of paying a fine or going to the penitentiary. He can't pay a fine; and declared guilty by the jury, to the penitentiary he must go, to be hired out to the highest bidder at so much per month, and make revenue for the State's coffers. He may have a wife, he may have helpless children dependent upon him; nevertheless, not one dollar of what he earns in convict garb goes to their support. They in their innocence are driven deeper down into poverty and subjected more terribly to poverty's temptations, by the law which decrees that they have no claim on the earnings of the husband and father whom society is being protected against.

This, in case the poor man is convicted, when he goes to trial. But suppose he is acquitted. Still he has been punished, he has been degraded. Maybe weeks, maybe months, he has been locked up in a loathsome jail. In theory he has been presumed innocent, in practice he has been presumably guilty. And when a jury of his peers declares him innocent, whether their verdict be in accordance with fact or not, society makes him no restitution whatever for the unmerited suffering inflicted upon him. He is simply turned loose, more poverty-stricken than when he was locked up. Then, perhaps, he owed nothing. Now he is in debt to his lawyer, and in debt to those who took pity on his family during his imprisonment and kept bread in their mouths and a shelter over their heads; in debt, and he is just able with the work of his hands to earn the barest necessities of life; in debt, because society took away his freedom and treated him as a criminal, though criminal he was not.

What is likely to be the effect on the character of

the innocent man who is locked up for months in a human hell—a place fit for the occupancy of human beings only on the supposition that human beings have become devils? Is he likely to be a better member of society? Is he likely to feel more certain that there is such a thing as social righteousness? and more certain of his individual obligation to regulate his life in recognition of it? Nay, he will be exceptional if he does not feel that society has deeply wronged him, and that it is his right, somehow, to get even. In other words, there will have been developed in him the criminal tendency, the criminal disposition; he will have been robbed of somewhat of his moral soul, while he was being robbed of sun and sky and decency.

Is there not illustration here of how the poor are destroyed by their poverty?

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THE VAMPIRE OF THE SHAMBLES.

With Apologies to Mr. R—DY—D K—PL—G.

[Written for the delectation of dinner parties, when the conversation flags and the Homely Girl, who was invited at three o'clock that afternoon to fill a sudden vacancy, and who is always good-natured and is said to be kind to her mother, but is not eminently tactful, casually asks the Sad-looking Young Man on the far side of the table if he has read "The Jungle;" whereupon the Sweet Young Thing from Washington Square North is suddenly heard to remark faintly that she really doesn't care for any of the roast, and the Hostess mentally revises her visiting-list, while her Husband fatuously strives to change the subject, but can't for the moment think of anything but the San Francisco horror and the latest automobile accident, both of which topics are, for personal reasons, particularly distressing to the stout and somewhat distinguished lady on his right.]

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A fool there was and he paid his cash
(Even as you and I!)
For a can of Armour's Patented Hash
(They knew it was nothing but scraps and trash),
But the fool he supposed that it really was hash
(Even as you and I!)

Oh the ham we buy and the lamb we buy
And the things that we put inside
Are made by a Trust without any soul
(For Sinclair says that it has no soul),
And I don't believe that he lied.

A fool there was and he bought some beef
(Even as you and I!),
At least he bought it in that belief
(But the Trust that embalmed it was only a thief),
But the fool, of course, had no relief
(Even as you and I!)

Oh the cats we eat and the rats we eat
And the horrible things that are sold
Are worked on a public that does not know
(And now we know that we never did know),
Or didn't till Sinclair told.

The fool he dined in his foolish pride
(Even as you and I!)
It was stuff the Inspectors had thrown aside
(For they knew it was soaked with formaldehyde)
And the fool was so ill that he almost died
(Even as you and I!)

And it isn't the ham and it isn't the jam
That gives us that worried look;
It's coming to know they were only a bluff
(Seeing at last they are only a bluff)—
For we've all been reading the book.

—McCready Sykes, in *Life*.