

ing it, cleaning it and beautifying it. The association has taken hold of a large number of these unsightly urban lots called "dumps"—tracts filled with ashes, tin cans, worn-out kitchen utensils, and refuse clothing—and they have become, under its direction, fertile and trim gardens. Thus the vacant lot farmer does in a way pay rent, and thus the paradox is achieved of a charity being not a charity at all.

The association was organized in the hard times of 1897, when an unusually large number of able-bodied men in Philadelphia could get no regular employment. There were loaned to it 27 acres of land; \$2,500 in money was contributed, and, in the first year, 96 families earned \$6,000 in vegetables.

In the second year 40 acres of land and \$2,266 were placed in the association's hands, and crops worth \$9,700 were raised by 140 families.

In the third year 72 acres were cultivated and 249 families, involving 1,495 persons, produced a crop valued at \$14,511. To accomplish this, \$2,650 was expended. In other words, every dollar that was contributed yielded, before it reached its final destination, six dollars. It is said that no other charity can show a result so great as this.

The borrowed lands of the association continue to grow, and the running expenses under the management of Superintendent R. F. Powell, continue to diminish. This year over 200 acres will be in cultivation, yet even these will not suffice to meet the applications for gardens that are constantly being made by deserving people who, through old age or ill health, are unable to earn a living in Philadelphia. Only 60 per cent. of the applicants can ever be aided. Therefore the association is desirous of borrowing more land, and at this season the purchase of tools, fertilizer and seed for the spring planting draws on its treasury heavily.

Just now the 800 urban gardens are busy and picturesque places to behold. In them may be seen old men and women with rakes and spades, clearing the soil and spreading the fertilizer. Maimed persons—here a shoemaker, whose failing sight bars him from employment; there a laborer who has lost an arm in a blast—are burning the brush from some new fields. And up and down little boys and girls are busy with shovels and pitchforks; helping as much as they can, for they are the chil-

dren and the grandchildren of the older workers. The superintendent, with his assistants, oversees all.

The Vacant Lots Association is an elaboration and a perfecting of the idea of the late Hazen F. Pingree, of Michigan. Mr. Pingree, when mayor of Detroit, loaned to the unemployed poor of the city the unused city lands, and on these for several years garden truck—potatoes, in the main—was grown. But with the return of industrial prosperity the idea was abandoned.

With the Detroit system as a base, the Vacant Lots association has developed into an unique and many-sided institution. It teaches modern farming thoroughly; many of its graduates have taken holdings in Pennsylvania and New Jersey and are doing well; and therefore it may be called a trade school.

It conducts a very large cooperative farm, employing poor men at good wages, and sharing with these men its profits in crops and money; and therefore it is a practical demonstration of certain theories in modern sociology. It receives from the philanthropist one dollar, which it turns into six at the season's end; and therefore it is a lesson in the science of charity.

Meanwhile, its gardens in West Philadelphia, in Germantown, in Roxborough and at George's Hill are, with their old men and women and child workers, picturesque spots to visit, and spots also where the latest developments in farming may be seen in operation. These gardens, indeed, yield to the acre 200 per cent. more than is yielded by the average rural farm.—The Philadelphia Times.

#### HUMAN PROGRESS AND ORGANIZATIONS.

For The Public.

I have never made a speech or address of any kind before an audience, even a small one, unless the recitations of lessons, etc., of my school days, might be called such. But I am reminded now and then of the imitation sermons that I used to attempt in my early childhood, when standing on a chair, before an audience made up of the members of my family, and looking wise (or attempting to look wise), I began: "Ish blink! Ish blink!" and filled in with such nonsense as the suggestion: "Dig a well." followed by the exhortation: "Dig another well!—Dig five wells!"

Since arriving at the "age of dis-

cretion" I have thought things while listening to sermons from the pulpit and elsewhere, and have wondered whether they contained anything of more value than my childish preachment: "Ish blink!"

Whether consciously or unconsciously, it seems to me that much of the pulpit and platform oratory of to-day very effectively avoids saying more than this.

Yet pulpit and platform are not alone responsible. The people do not want to hear anything more intelligible, because anything more intelligible would be disturbing. Their religion and philosophy have become settled things to them; they believe that nothing new should be attempted. True, some like to hear the "Ish blink" spoken elegantly, with rising and falling inflection, and with a certain sure rhythm—in short, in a way to soothe and comfort them; but anything calculated to stimulate serious thought they will not suffer, because they foresee that it would rob them of the pleasure of repose.

A copy of a recent weekly bulletin of a prominent Brooklyn church has come to my notice, which will serve here as an illustration of this feeling. At the head of the programme for the morning and evening services, we find the following:

WELCOME—

Whosoever thou art that interest this Church;

Remember it is the House of God;

Be reverent, be silent, be thoughtful;

And leave it not without a prayer to God.

For thyself, for those who minister,

And for those who worship here.

The first line, we perceive, is an open welcome—which probably serves very well as bait—closing with a semicolon—the sinker. From this point we trace the beginning of a long string: First, the caution contained in the second line. Second, our orders as to what to do. And third, orders as to what not to do. "It is the House of God;"—By whose authority? By the authority of an organization of people known as the Church. We must be "silent;"—yet a good deal of ish blinking is done (by one); and why silent? We must be "thoughtful;"—yet who would be found guilty of thinking! We must be "reverent;"—a command well adapted to insure silence and hamper thought; for if we do indeed stand in the presence of that which is fixed and final and only to be revered and not to be questioned, why think? or why speak? But if honest reverence is truly desired, it would seem at least that the order

of the third line should be reversed, and that silence should be changed to questioning speech; for only from the knowledge gained through honest thought and freedom of speech can spontaneous reverence arise, where reverence is due.

In contemplating this condition, which is illustrated not in the church alone, but in labor organizations, in single tax clubs, and in organizations for government, and organizations generally, I am reminded of Fafnir, the "Worm" of the Nibelungen legend. Having wrested from his brother, Fasolt, the Ring, the Tarnhelm, and the golden hoard, symbols of power, Fafnir has retired to Hate Cavern; there, voluntarily assuming the form of a dragon, he is sought out by Wotan and Alberic, who, for selfish purposes, seek to arouse him; but he, regarding them with indifference, replies to their efforts, yawning:

I lie—in possession;  
let me slumber!

This huge body says: "Let me slumber!" and we find all organizations saying this, in effect, at certain periods of their existence. Having gathered their hoard together—in ideas and numbers—and got themselves established in fancied security, ensconced in the cavern of hate against all that signifies life and the love of progress, and despising all would-be disturbers, they repose for a time in peace. But though the Wotans and Alberics of selfish purpose and little persistence cannot arouse them, they are never secure against the young, the fearless, the free—the Siegfrieds—who are bent upon conquering all obstacles that lie in the path of their search for knowledge and truth. Time and again in the world's history have the Siegfrieds fathered the progress of the race by putting an end to the old security—the old death in life of the settled organization. Yet the possibility of return to the old is ever present, and ever being taken advantage of, and new Siegfrieds must therefore continue to be born. When one such appears and, instead of ish blinking, in soothing manner, says, for instance, "Gottterdammerung!" we at once hear such exclamations as "Shocking!" "Horrible!" "Heresy!" "and such a long word! really impossible ever to understand it!" The name of the offender is blacklisted. Pulpit and platform and people combine to denounce him. They do not care to risk themselves in such an

atmosphere for fear of contamination. The paid orators fear to lose their jobs, and the leading (?) men their influence and power if they do not promptly condemn him and his heresies. The organization resorts to persecution—to any device that will "head off" the disturber. Its members are banded together for mutual comfort, etc., seeking to grow, in size, by the addition of others desiring the same thing. The old order must be respected.

Yet another enemy to progress, more formidable, even, than the tendency to lapse into repose, stands in the way, and is always met after the Fafnir of slumber has been laid low. This is the champion of "things as they are," the claimants for "respect for age," the Wotans. Siegfried, having put Fafnir out of the way, and continuing his journey in search of the mountain where Brunhilde, his bride, awaits him, is accosted by Wotan. I quote from Wagner's "Siegfried":

Wanderer (Wotan):  
Say, boy, whither  
bend'st thou thy way?

Siegfried:  
I hear a voice:  
will he tell me the way?  
For a rock I'm seeking  
around which fire doth wander. . . .

Wanderer:  
Who stirr'd thy mind  
the mount to seek for? . . .

Siegfried:  
It was a singing  
wood-minstrel  
who gave the goodly tidings.

Wanderer: . . .  
How knewest thou so  
the song's importing?

Siegfried:  
It was by the blood  
of a wicked worm,  
whom I at Hate Cavern butchered. . . .

Wanderer:  
Thou slewest the giant?  
How germed in thee  
the scheme to fight with the serpent?

Siegfried:  
I followed Mimi,  
a faithless dwarf,  
who wanted to teach me Fearing. . . .

Wanderer:  
Who shaped the sword  
so sharp and hard  
that so strong a foe it felled?

Siegfried:  
I shaped it myself. . . .

Wanderer:  
But who shaped  
the sturdy splinters  
from which thou smelted the sword?

Siegfried:  
What thought I of that?  
But this I knew—

for no work fit were those fragments  
were they not welded afresh.

Wanderer (with good-humored laughter):  
That well I admit!

Siegfried:  
Why laugh you at me?  
Old enquirer,  
hark once for all;  
lead me no longer to chatter!  
Can you direct  
the road to me, do so;  
and can you not,  
then keep your mouth closed!

Wanderer:  
But soft, my youngster!  
Since I am old  
thou shouldst some honor accord me.

Siegfried:  
That is a good one!  
So long as I've lived,  
e'er in my way  
an old one waited,  
whom now I have swept aside.

. . . I'll quibble no longer,  
Be quick! tell me the way;  
then, I warn you, turn on your own!  
In nought else  
your aid do I need;  
so speak, or I'll spurn you aside!

Wanderer:  
Didst thou know me,  
daring son,  
of scoffs, sparing wert thou!  
Fiercely thy taunts  
tear the heart that enfolds thee. . . .

Siegfried:  
Dumb are you still,  
stubborn old wight?  
Wend from your station!  
For I know that way  
brings to the slumbering bride. . . .

Wanderer:  
The way . . .  
shalt thou not pass.

Siegfried:  
Oho! my withholder!  
And who are you  
that thus arrest my road?

Wanderer:  
Mock not the mountain's guardian!  
A spell engirds  
by my might the slumbering maid.  
One who can wake her—  
one who can win her,  
makes me mightless forever! . . .

Turn t'ward the hill!  
Dost look on the light? . . .  
smothering vapors,  
varying lightnings,  
vacillate burning  
and crackling anigh.  
A light-flood  
illuminates thy head:  
the furnace soon  
will seize and enfold thee—  
Away, then, foolhardy boy!

Siegfried:  
Away, old boaster, yourself. . . .

Wanderer (stretching out his spear):  
Hast thou no heed of the fire?  
My spear then shall spare thee no path!  
Still holdeth my hand  
the hallow'd haft;  
the sword that thou sway'st  
was shivered on this shaft:  
so too again  
'twill snap on the eternal spear!

Siegfried (drawing his sword):

Then my father's foe  
faces me here? . . .  
Stretch out your spear:  
My sword shall strike it to shreds.

(At one blow he hews the Wanderer's spear  
asunder.)

Wanderer (receding):

Advance! I cannot prevent thee!

In these passages we find, would we heed it, the warning, and the open path of duty and of safety, for organized life, as for all life. We are made for progress; and progress admits of no resting upon past gains, no standing in fear of fiery threats, no distrust of the weapon that we have reformed for our journey. The present is not for awe or reverence of the past, but for command of the service of the past to itself and the future. If the past have no quick, clear answer to the youthful, present query, "What next?" "How shall I go forward?" if it stands pleading for its own life through reverence and duty, and so barring the onward move into the future, though it fancies that it holds the power of the eternal in its grasp, it has yet the lesson of its destiny to learn, and will be compelled to acknowledge to the new life:

Advance! I cannot prevent thee!

But this is not easy. When the first flush of interest and of activity in forming the new organization has passed, the temptation comes quickly to jealously guard the ideas for which the work has been done, and to fancy that the goal is reached. The autocratic temper and methods creep in; new members are welcomed, but with the distinct understanding that no "dangerous" questions are to be asked; entire submission is now required to the old body (now become autocratic). It is plain that the organization now fears for its life; and it is also plain that it will lose it. It ceases to take on new life, as well as ceases to exercise the life that it once had itself; and inactivity leads to atrophy—death. Or, standing Wotan-like across the path of the new, stirring life, attempting to stay the march of its progress, it inevitably invites its own conquest.

This drama of "Siegfried," from which I have quoted so freely, is to me full of significance along this line. Perhaps others may see it, or be led to see it, as I do.

C. J. NORTHROP.

"Little folks mustn't be unreasonable."

"Yes; but, grandmamma, it seems a long time to wait till they're grown up!"—Puck.

#### INAUGURAL ADDRESS OF MAYOR TOM L. JOHNSON.

Following is the address in full which was delivered by Mr. Johnson, as mayor of Cleveland, in the presence of the new city council, the newly elected executive officers, and a large assemblage of citizens, on the occasion of the organization of the city government under the new municipal code of Ohio, Monday, May 4, 1903.

Something vastly more important is involved in the simple ceremonies of this occasion than the reorganization of our own municipality. We really stand upon the threshold of a new era in the municipal government of every city in one of the most influential States of the American Union. Throughout the great commonwealth of Ohio, all cities come to-day under the sway of one law, a law of uniform operation with reference not alone to what concerns them in their relations to the State at large, but also to what concerns each solely in respect of its own local affairs.

Our outlook, therefore, is the same as that of our sister cities. But our duties are more exacting and our responsibilities correspondingly greater. For Cleveland has become the largest city of the State, and for that reason alone her policies and her administration, her failures and her successes, her progress or her decline, will exert an influence elsewhere which no one can measure and nothing avert. Potent as is that reason, however, there is another more potent still. Need I remind you of what this further reason is? Not alone is Cleveland the largest city in Ohio, but she has successfully taken the lead—a claim she may make with all modesty—in working out the world-wide problem of municipal home rule by the people themselves.

Of all civic problems this one is the most pressing. It is even more pressing in the United States than elsewhere. Our old questions of State sovereignty were set at rest by the logic of the Civil War. Let the mere theory of State rights linger as it may, the stern fact is that Federation has given way to Nationality. In national affairs the central government is now supreme. The only power the States can any longer hope to preserve is power over their internal affairs—the exclusive right of home rule in matters of State concern. That readjustment of the relations of the Nation to the States is suggestive and prophetic of a similar readjust-

ment of the relations of the States to their respective municipalities. This is clear to all who reflect. Along with the decline in the political power once asserted by the States has arisen a necessity, if popular liberty is to be preserved, for an extension to municipalities of the same benign principle of home rule to which the States themselves may still lay claim. Municipalities must cease to be answerable to their States, except in matters of State concern, and become answerable in matters of home concern only to their own people. Such a policy is in line with the trend of the times.

This being so—and who can dispute it?—we could have wished for a more generous recognition of the principle of home rule for the cities of Ohio than the expiring legislature has seen fit to concede. We could wish for a more complete application of the principle than is possible, perhaps, under the State constitution as it now exists. A municipal code under which every city could make its own laws, could design its own organization, could in every way govern itself by the ballots of its own people, absolutely untrammelled by outside dictation or interference except with reference to matters of outside concern—such a code would be the ideal of State legislation for municipal government.

Short of that ideal it is doubtful if a better general scheme could be devised than the "federal plan" with which Cleveland is experimentally familiar and under which she has developed a civic consciousness and conscience among her people of a higher order than that of any other large city in the country. Lodging legislative power in a council elected from wards, and administrative power in a mayor who could be held responsible by all the citizenship for the good conduct of his appointees, that "federal plan" operated to inspire the citizens themselves with a sense of responsibility for good local government. The power of "bosses" was thus held in check, and a wholesome respect was fostered in Cleveland for government for the people by the people.

But we are forced to face the problems of municipal government, as are the people of our sister cities of Ohio, without the advantage either of the ideal system of local self-government, or of the "federal plan" which served our city so well for more than a decade. Our new municipal system is singularly defective. Not only does