But there was graft in it at that. You see the gas was easy then—made out of nothing at all and a little bituminous coal. Now they make it out of wind and water and a dash of crude petroleum. There is nothin' at all to it, gas, till you get to makin' out the bills; then you touch somethin' solid. Well, there was a fearful profit at two dollars a thousand feet. Ask the gas men who get seventy cents now. Who got the rake off? Why, a body of Celestials called the Philadelphia Gas Trust. The title "trust" was then a respected and honored name. The Philadelphian uttered it with reverence. The Gas Trust revered itself. Why, I mind when the Ninth and Mifflin street gas works were finished the Gas Trust went in a body to inspect them. The street car fare was a nickel down from the City Hall, but the Gas Trust must not soil its wings, and went down in thirty shining black carriages, at city expense, a hundred of 'em or so. Philadelphia was impressed. The Gas Trust was itself impressed. And what was the Philadelphia Gas Trust? Why a body of ring heelers and politicians from the City Hall, the running gears of the Republican party machine, that boa constrictor which only got its back broken for the first time last fall. Those holy men were absorbing the profits with all the moral unction and social nonchalance of a private "interest." No, sir; the people must not stop at works. They must own their City Council. But it is remarkable the way the "interests" do stick to their graft, how mighty hard it is to break the bull dog teeth of special privilege once set:

Arms nor the man I sing,
Observe I humbly beg,
How steadfast Traction pulls upon
Your Uncle Sam, his leg.

It's a little hard, too, for me to tell every time who my friends, my real friends, are. I see a man turning the public wheel till he's red in the face, and directly I see he has a private axe to grind. If I could get an old-fashioned president—a G. Washington or an A. Lincoln—I'd set great store by him, and he might help me to make the shift from the prosperity of fortunes to the prosperity of working men and working women and working little children, and do it without smashing two-thirds of the working hive.

I see the shift is a comin'. Prices can't keep on raisin' and raisin' forever without a comin' down. When they drop they'll go below the level. Wall Street will pass through a wringer. Water will flow, and swollen fortunes will come out mere diaphanous wisps.

Whom can I get?

I think a heap of Bryan, but the Democrats seem to be out of the presidential habit.

Taft is standin' in the sunshine with his hat off, but Taft is not well grounded in Americanism,—thinks a republic can monkey with colonies. He's a good man, Taft. He'd make a rattling good minister for George the Third, and if the old boy was livin' I'd give Taft a letter of introduction right off.

Fairbanks of Indiana is scanning the horizon for "sign," alert and watchful as Meissonier's "Vidette;" but the Wabash never flows up hill, or at any rate not steadily so.

There, too, is Roosevelt the perennial, out with an explanation that he doesn't mean it; that the trusts do not understand him; that he is really a friend. The railroads must have more capital, and so far as he cares they may carry away all they can lug home.

That leaves William Randolph Hearst, and a good man he is. You can't charge him with being a Democrat, as he favors army and navy and colonial possessions; nor I don't recall his cuttin' any particular dash in either of the Bryan campaigns. The machine got off a rhyme the other day that set me thinkin':

I feel it when I sorrow worst,
I fear it when I cheer the most,
Atlantic or Pacific coast.
Baer is for Baer, and Hearst for Hearst.

Perhaps you noticed the talk of war between me and Japan. Nothin' to it. I'm not anxious for a fight, and I doubt if the Japs would want to risk the chance of me bindin' them over to Russia to keep the peace; and you, too, John, as an active ally, wouldn't care to lose Canada. No, nothin' to it—except the ship subsidy bill. I guess Theodore has agreed to sign it, and is playin' scared so I'll justify him. I shouldn't wonder if the scare would subside after the boys make their suction hose fast to the treasury.

Anyway, I've no idea I'll stand to have Japan boss my common school system yet awhile, and Theodore might as well break it to 'em first as last. If the general government hasn't nerve enough to stand for home rule of the district school, it had better abdicate.

UNCLE SAM.

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THE JUNGLE—ITS PURPOSE AND ITS AUTHOR.

A Paper Read by Jesse F. Orton Before a Meeting of the Scribner Street Baptist Church, Grand Rapids, Mich., Nov. 1, 1906.

The church which meets the demands of the present time must have for its motto the saving of society, and not merely the saving of individuals. Even if all individuals were saved, there might still remain much to be done before society would be saved as a whole. Old systems might survive whose injustice would not be apparent even to persons whom we would consider saved as individuals. I have known many good people who could not see the unrighteousness of some of the most glaring social wrongs. The saving of society requires not only goodness in individuals, but also knowledge and intelligence; it requires the devising and inaugurating of systems which will accomplish the good results we would like to obtain. The saving of society in the aggregate, that is, the establishing of just and righteous relations between its members, is one of the most effective ways of saving individuals. For example, it is easy to see that the slums in large cities are making criminals and sinners faster than we can save them by individual methods. If we could wipe out the slum by removing its cause, we should do more toward saving individuals than we can do in any other way.

In order to help in saving society we must know what society is, how it lives and what its troubles are. Society has many phases or aspects, and it needs more or less of saving in all of them. For

example, we need better laws and practices in the matter of education, in the matter of marriage and the safeguarding of the home, in the matter of government so that the people may be correctly represented; we need better customs in the matter of dress and fashion; we need better ideals in every social relation of life. Improvement in all or any of these, may be a part of the saving of society. But the storm center in the present struggle for saving society seems to be in the industrial relations of men. The question of bread and butter has always been the most important question in sociology, and it will never be lacking in interest. It is the foundation question of life. The fundamental material needs of men must be provided for, before intellectual or spiritual development can become a possibility. The industrial tragedy that is going on in what we call modern civilized life, is tragic enough in its destruction of the bodies of individuals; but it is infinitely more tragic in the resulting destruction of minds and souls, in its strangling of the intellectual and spiritual in their very beginnings.

Few of us can know social conditions at first hand, except in a fragmentary and imperfect way. We must depend largely upon the descriptions of others who have seen things with their own eyes. The book entitled "The Jungle" is a story intended to picture the modern industrial tragedy. Its author, Mr. Upton Sinclair, appears to be a master in the art of picturing. His attitude toward present industrial conditions may seem to some persons excessively harsh and critical. What is it that determines the attitude of any of us toward this world or its institutions? In the first place, it is our own individual experience. In large measure we believe the world to be good or bad, just or unjust, merciful or cruel, according as it has treated us in one way or the other. It may, therefore, be impossible for anyone truly to picture the industrial tragedy unless he has been through it and has felt its joys and sorrows with his own senses. In this respect Mr. Sinclair is qualified in some measure at least. He gives in the October number of The Cosmopolitan a glimpse of his own life struggle, and shows that he has had a taste of the industrial tragedy. In the second place, our view of life, of the world and its institutions, may be influenced by what we see in the lives of others. This requires something of the imaginative faculty, the ability to picture in our own minds what we see others feeling and suffering. Some of us, unfortunately, are deficient in this faculty. It requires also the quality of human sympathy, the quality of unselfishness and love. If we care only for self, if it is a matter of indifference how our brothers are living, then we are capable of realizing the industrial tragedy only as it happens to grind upon our own bodies and souls; we look upon suffering and injustice or we read descriptions of them, but it means nothing to us. He is unfortunate who is able to perceive wrong or injustice only as it bears heavily upon himself; he is lacking in the first and most essential element of Christian character. Mr. Sinclair, besides feeling the burden of industrial conditions upon his own life and the lives of those near him, has been powerfully moved by the conditions that affect the lives of the multitude. He has taken the trouble to see the worst with his own eyes, and the picture which he presents is probably the most terrible and soul-hafrowing that exists in all literature.

Briefly stated, "The Jungle" is the story of a Lithuanian family of immigrants who came to America as to a land of promise. They abandoned their safe and simple life in the forests of their European home, to become a part of the strange and complex industrial system of the city of Chicago, and more particularly of the meat-packing industry that centers in the stock yards. The hero of the story, Jurgis, was a young man, strong of body, fairly intelligent, honest, and containing all the elements of good citizenship. The book records the losing fight made by this typical immigrant family, against the industrial, political and social forces which they found in this land of opportunity, forces which took this honest and well-meaning citizen through the many gradations of severe toil and disappointed hopes down to the limit of actual despair, robbed him of his wife and child and all family associations, and finally made him a criminal of necessity. From being a vulgar criminal, he naturally passes into the role of a hired political worker, a man of leisure and of easy virtue. Losing this position of influence by the cruelty of fortune, he becomes a hopeless tramp, anxious to work but unable to find the opportunity, and compelled to pass the nights in police stations in order to keep from freezing upon the streets. Finally, wandering into a meeting on a cold winter night for the mere purpose of keeping warm, he hears what he finds to be a gospel of hope for the working classes; he seeks further light and secures work by the aid of his new friends; he takes courage and begins life again, a mere wreck, however, stripped naked of all that men hold dear except life itself. The meeting in which he learned this new gospel, was a meeting of socialists, and the book closes with an exposition of the principles of socialism as a remedy for the industrial ills already pictured. Whether the writer is right or not in thinking that nothing short of socialism will be an adequate remedy, he has presented the conditions of present industry in such a way that men everywhere must acknowledge the necessity for a radical cure.

The book is so terrible that there is little pleasure in reading it, although the story is told with great dramatic force and the human interest is stimulated to the utmost. Yet once begun, it can scarcely be laid down; its horror oppresses one and impels him to read rapidly to the end, from the mere inability to rest until it is over. Is it a true picture of the industrial life in Chicago and, more particularly of the packing industry? The author says:

> I would sit in their homes at night, and talk with them, and then in the daytime they would lay off their work, and take me around, and show me whatever I wished to see. I studied every detail of their lives, and took notes enough to fill a volume. I talked, not merely with workingmen and their families, but with bosses and superintendents, with night-watchmen and saloonkeepers and policemen, with doctors and lawyers and merchants, with politicians and clergymen and settlement workers. I spared no pains to get every detail exact, and I know that in this respect "The Jungle" will stand the severest test—it is as authoritative as if it were a statistical compilation. (October Cosmopolitan, p. 593.)

While it is probably true that so many harrowing incidents would not be likely to come into the life

of one family, yet I believe that the incidents are typical ones and the book fairly presents the conditions under which the masses of the workers live in the industry described. I would not advise children or very young persons to read this book; it is too terrible to impose on child or adolescent life. To those who have reached years of discretion I would say: Read the book if you are not determined to live a selfish and self-centered life, if you care to get a glimpse of how thousands, yes, millions, of your brothers and sisters are living even in this land of boasted opportunities. Do not read the book for entertainment or for the story. Read it as you would read your bibles, praying for light upon your duty with reference to the horrible facts it reveals.

There is scarcely any phase of industrial or political injustice and graft prevalent in our time which is not clearly and forcibly set forth in "The Jungle." In it we find the cause of child labor and its blighting effects upon the bodies and souls of its innocent victims, that curse of civilization, of which even savages would be ashamed; here also we find the explanation and a terrible picture of that darkest of industrial phenomena, in which we see woman, honest and home-loving, driven to sell body and soul for the privilege of keeping soul and body together; here we find set forth the way in which ignorant and careless voters are corrupted and manipulated by the virtuous and wealthy pillars of society and the church; here we read how public property, the rightful inheritance of every citizen, is stolen by franchise-buying and franchise-grabbing corporations; here also we find how the poor toiler is cheated in the spending of his meagre income, how he buys a home that is a lie and a sham, covered over with a fresh coat of paint and with a deeper layer of false representations; we learn how his food lacks three-fourths of the nourishing virtue it should possess; and we find that most of those grafts can be traced back to pretty much the same source, the same men who work him like a pack-horse until he is worn out, and then turn him off for some fresh immigrant. In this book we see how a business man's government, miserably dishonest and grafting, is so incompetent and stupid that it cannot make its own streets safe for its inhabitants; and the children of the poor, having no other playground than the street, actually drown in the lakes and rivers into which the streets are converted after every fall of rain. We find here also the picture which has become so common in American cities, the sworn officers of the law, police officers and even judges, levying tribute upon vice and swelling their bank accounts with the blood money wrung from society's unfortunates; we see how the supposed means for the enforcement of law, the raid by the police and the penalty inflicted by the court, are only a bitter lesson and warning that the private demands of the officers must be met without questioning.

As the scene of this story is largely in the packing-house district, we find many startling revelations of the methods used by the proprietors in their preparation of food products. Here commercial graft is reduced to an exact science. Every part of the slaughtered animal must help in the payment of dividends, and no part is used for fertilizer or soap which can possibly be used as food for human beings. The sham of government inspection, as it was, is revealed in all its mockery. Some of the secret devices are laid bare, by which the sickness, poisoning and poor nutrition of the public have been capitalized into splendid palaces, steam yachts and dowries for foreign titled vagabonds. The owners of the packing-houses have denied the truth of these statements about the methods employed, but the report of the government commissioners of what they actually saw in their official investigation, shows the probability of the truth of everything Mr. Sinclair has written. The government commissioners reported nothing that was told them, however authentic might be the story; they told simply what they saw with their own eyes on this visit, when the packers knew they were coming and had a chance to get ready for them. If the permanent and visible conditions were as horrible as the commissioners reported them to be, we may well believe that the more secret and easily changed conditions had been as bad as we find them pictured in "The Jungle."

The exposure, in this book, of the frauds and crimes of the meat packing industry, has attracted more attention from the public than the other features of the book. It caused a great furor, made necessary a government investigation, and the enactment of a new inspection law, which at least pretends to be more effective. "The Jungle" was not intended as an exposure of packing-house methods; it was meant to be a picture of the industrial tragedy. And although it is the darkest and most vivid picture yet painted in literature, a great part of the reading public failed to be impressed by the tragedy in the lives of their brothers and sisters, but were impressed only, or at least most strongly, by the revealed dangers to their own digestion. On this phase of the subject Mr. Sinclair says in the October Cosmopolitan:

> I wished to frighten the country by a picture of what its industrial masters were doing to their victims; entirely by chance I had stumbled on another discovery—what they were doing to the meat-supply of the civilized world. In other words, I aimed at the public's heart, and by accident I hit it in the stomach. I smile whenever I think of it now; I was so unpractical that I did not realize the bearing of this discovery. I really paid very little attention to the meat question while I was in Chicago. When I had once studied out the universal system of graft which prevails in the place, the meat-graft seemed to me simply a natural and obvious part of it. I saw a great deal of it, of course; but I did not see half as much as I might have seen had I tried harder.

"The Jungle" is more like "Uncle Tom's Cabin" than any other book that has been written. Mr. Sinclair says that in many respects he had Mrs. Stowe's book in mind as a sample of what he wished to do. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is a much more pleasant book to read than "The Jungle." There was tragedy enough in the story of human slavery; but there was also a great deal of comedy. As Mr. Sinclair says, the slave at least had a happy childhood. He was too valuable for his master to ill-treat or underfeed him. And many slaves were loved and well treated by their masters. But the story of modern industry in a great commercial and indus-

trial center has little of comedy in it. No one cares whether the child of the wage-earner lives or dies, so far as industry is concerned. If he dies, another will take his place and the wheels of industry will keep moving. In like manner, it makes little difference to captains of industry how fast a workman is worn out; when he is unfit for labor, there is another anxious to take his place. Indeed, some large companies have already inaugurated the policy of keeping no men after they arrive at the age of forty or some other fixed age at which every man ought to be in the prime of his strength.

In the portrayal of the tragic conditions of industry, Mr. Sinclair is an artist, perhaps a genius. Is he equally capable in his indication of the remedy? His remedy is socialism, a system of society in which the state takes the place of the captain of industry, a system which I believe to be entirely possible and which might be made just, humane and Christian in comparison with the terrible conditions now existing. But I do not at the present time accept this remedy as a necessity. I believe that possibly it would remove some desirable elements of our present system, chiefly perhaps the elements of individual initiative and responsibility. I may be wrong; but however that may be, a simple review of the modern industrial tragedy as shown in this book and as we all know it at least in some degree, will reveal certain things which absolutely must be done before the present injustice and cruelty can be removed. The industrial tragedy is essentially the anomalous fact that with the productive power of the people multiplied many hundredfold by machinery and inventions and increase of skill, the workers are still either in a position of actual or threatened destitution, or are receiving only a scanty share of the necessities and comforts which they produce; and it seems to be necessary to avail ourselves of the body-and-soul-destroying labor of little children and to take from many children too young for labor the care and attention of the mother. Those who do the work of production are compelled to accept wages fixed in the competitive market, and to pay for their living the prices fixed by the monopolies which control the necessities of life. I believe that socialism is not necessary as a remedy, because we have never given individualism a trial. What we have tried is favoritism and special privilege, the division of the product of industry in accordance with a most unnatural and unjust system. We must sweep away the unjust features of our system and provide a fair and open field to everyone. We must give individualism a decent trial or we shall never have a chance to give it a trial; for the rising tide of socialism, in view of the tragic conditions existing, will finally sweep everything before it.

If we would save individualism we must give to every individual, the child of the slum as well as the child of the palace, his rightful and equal share of the bounties of our common Father, his equal right to the surface of the planet on which we live, to the riches of the soil and the stores of fuel and valuable minerals hidden in the earth for the common use of mankind. In other words, we must deny forever the right of any man to own and monopolize the natural means of production which

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have been given by the Creator to us all. If this were done, individuals could enter upon productive industry with something like an even chance. Then millions of dollars' worth of products made by the toil of the workers would not be consumed by a few who do absolutely no work, who are supported in idleness merely in return for their permission that the workers may live and labor upon the earth. We must then free the transportation systems, both national and local, from the private and tyrannical control in which they are now placed. Equal rights upon the highways are just as necessary as equal rights to the riches of the earth, for it is upon the highways that every article produced must be taken to market, and upon them we ourselves must go from place to place. The right to take private tolls upon the public highways, is the right to enslave and rob and oppress. The right to use the streets of cities for the furnishing of gas, electricity, telephones and other necessities of modern life must be exercised in the interest of the whole people and not for the enrichment of a few, who by the mere legal possession of these franchises, exact an unfair price or oppress the people by discrimination. With the land monopoly destroyed, with the local and national arteries of transportation made in fact what they are now in theory, public highways, with franchise monopolies in cities conducted for the common benefit, I believe that individualism would create fairly equal and just conditions. But one thing more is needed: the government must be responsive to the wishes of the people; indeed, it must be actually in the hands of the people, so that government may be honest, efficient and impartial, so that graft and oppression may cease.

"The Jungle" is a great work. Its author is a true missionary of the cross just as certainly as any man who ever sailed to a heathen shore. If Christianity means love and unselfish devotion to the uplifting and succoring of our less fortunate brothers and sisters, then all who like him are blazing the way toward justice, who are fixing our eyes and forcing our attention upon the wrongs that we permit to exist, all such are showing us our sins and pointing the way toward repentance and new life. They are helping to save both us and our unfortunate brothers who are in the depths of industrial misery and despair. Their work is effective for the saving of individuals in a larger and broader sense than is possible for any merely individual gospel. It aims to apply the ideals of Christianity to every relation which men sustain to each other, to make Christian the foundation principles and institutions of society.

* * *

Mrs. Chugwater: "Josiah, this paper says 'municipal ownership is an ignis fatuus.' What is an ignis fatuus?"

Mr. Chugwater: "That's so plain that anybody ought to know what it means at first sight. 'Ignis' means fire. 'Fatuus' is fat. The fat's in the fire."—Chicago Tribune.

* * *

There is an old saying about it's not being easy for a rich man to get into heaven; and the rich man if he ever thinks about it at all, thinks that