

guided by the same general theories of policy, and drawn on by loyalty to the same teaching and leadership, Tom L. Johnson and The Public co-operated in mutual confidence regarding public affairs through all that period which, beginning in the gloom of imperialistic and plutocratic reaction, seems now to have turned toward the dawning of a democratic day. So we shall think of our memorial number, and trust our readers may, as a tribute from all of us to the memory of one of our own band whom the world also has come to know for his exalted vision and his patient service.

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### The Welfare of Children.

Prominently upon one of the walls of the playground section at the "Child Welfare Exhibit" in the Chicago Coliseum—which is not to close until May 25th; and everybody can see it, for it is free a good part of the time—there is this inscription:

**A Wist:** When I die I hope the people will make a playground over my body. I would rather have the children romping over my grave than a hundred monuments.—Tom Johnson.

Those words of Tom L. Johnson, uttered as he was dying, and almost his last—the closing sentence of fourteen words as literal as human memory permits—express the spirit of this exhibit. It began last winter in New York. This spring it was brought to Chicago, where it is under the management largely of social settlement workers and their friends.

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The exhibit has to do mostly with the children of the poor. This is matter of course. Children of the rich are less in need of its suggestions than of those that other kinds of child welfare exhibit might offer. In conception it is very like the congestion exhibit at New York some years ago, at which an impressive visualization of land monopoly as a congestion producer had the effect of demonstrating once more the truth of Tolstoy's aphorism that "the rich will do anything for the poor but get off their backs." Yet there is an effort and an air about this children's welfare exhibit in Chicago which inspire no little confidence in the probability that there are those among the rich who would at least get off the children's backs if they only knew how. Discrimination as to race is lacking, nor is there any as to grades of poverty. What the public school is in those respects, such also is this exhibit. It is a sincere and skillful adventure, in behalf of the welfare of the city-bound child; without reference, however, to the reasons why this class of children are especially in

need of such adventurous undertakings, or even of why they and not others who also come naked into the world are city-bound.

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"The children of the city need more play grounds," said one thoroughly competent explainer at the exhibit, "and to get them we must have play directors, play mechanism, and vacant lots." When asked the hardest to get of those requisites, she replied: "The vacant lots." Yet Chicago is crowded with vacant lots; and they have never cost anybody a penny—not to produce. The very moderate taxes their owners have paid were for the privilege of keeping the lots out of use until they are so badly wanted that users will pay high prices for them. The same significance stares you in the face throughout the exhibit, although not everywhere quite so obtrusive. But when all this is said, and more like it, the fact remains that mothers and fathers, and children themselves, black and white and rich and poor, may learn many things, are learning many things, at this exhibit, of the necessity for child welfare and the unfolding means for promoting it:

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They may learn how to care for themselves and why they should; they may learn how to care for others, and why; they may have their moral imaginations stirred, their minds sharpened, and their civic consciousness and conscience aroused. And with it all, there may come a generation of folk with more love for right things and good things, and less stupidity in estimating their whys, their wherefores and their relative values. Such child-welfare exhibits are both useful and dangerous. Useful because they tend to make the coming generations think; dangerous because—well, for the same reason that they are useful. Old Father Time cannot keep on holding out our common globe for the coming child to take, as Lucy Fitch Perkins has feelingly postured him for this child-welfare exhibit. Some of these days the coming child will take it; and then won't there be fine "stunts" in the way of getting down off of backs.

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### David Harrower.

Few of the older followers of Henry George but will sense a familiar sound in David Harrower, the name of a man who in a lifetime of 90 years gave his maturity to the democratic cause. Born in Scotland in June, 1821, Mr. Harrower died at Wakefield, Rhode Island, April 25 last. He was a Chartist, and in that cause became in his youth

and early manhood an effective writer and speaker. For three months in the Chartist agitation he and his partner published the "Democratic Circular" at Glasgow. It was suppressed by a purblind government, which regarded Mr. Harrower as especially dangerous because he opposed the policy of physical force, and advocated policies of persuasion, the effect of which the aristocratic elements feared more than violence. Coming to the United States in 1850, his democracy drew him naturally into the abolition movement, and later into the land movement when Henry George's writings came his way. Among his neighbors he was personally loved, and his influence was democratic wherever it extended. He was a man who modestly united a rugged intellect with a "listening heart."

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### The Los Angeles Labor Case.

Last week we copied the editorial of a labor organ, The Coast Seamen's Journal, on the charges of murder made against J. J. McNamara and his brother, the former the secretary of the Bridge and Structural Iron Workers, now in jail at Los Angeles pending trial. We did so for the purpose of contrasting it with Mr. Roosevelt's denunciation of labor leaders in an Outlook editorial. While silent about the gigantic campaign for making public opinion against the accused, Mr. Roosevelt emptied hogsheads of wrath upon labor leaders for trying to make public opinion in the opposite direction. Yet it seems to be the fact that labor leaders are almost alone in not trying to make public opinion either way. Not only is this the attitude of the Coast Seamen's Journal, but it is also that of the American Federation of Labor, of which Samuel Gompers is president. In its Weekly News Letter of April 29th, that national labor organization made this definite assertion:

No good citizen, be he a member of a labor organization or not, desires crime to go unpunished. If the men charged with this terrible catastrophe be proven guilty then punishment should be inflicted.

But rightly enough that assertion is accompanied with this further expression:

The question of guilt or innocence of the crime charged is not a matter to be determined by detectives or antagonistic employers' associations, but by an impartial jury after both sides have had their day in court.

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Why are those expressions of labor papers and organizations ignored by writers like Mr. Roosevelt and periodicals like The Outlook? Is it explained by these further declarations of the Fed-

eration of Labor which appear in the same article of its Weekly News Letter?

To the minds of labor men experienced in the struggle for the right, there is a conspiracy, interminable in its ramifications, and more dangerous than is generally believed. Organized labor's sphere of influence has rapidly and potentially increased in the past half decade and in this land of dollars the captains of industry realize that the men of labor are becoming an ever increasing force for the amelioration of all forms of abuses against humanity.

Perhaps there is no such conspiracy against labor organizations. Mr. Roosevelt evidently thinks there is none; but he is only an honorary member, and honorary members of trade unions may not have the experience necessary to form a good judgment. If the accusations against the McNamaras are just, why were the forms of law for the protection of innocence so indecently disregarded by the persons making the arrests? If the McNamaras are not victims of some Big Business conspiracy such as labor unionists suspect, why were they treated differently in extradition proceedings from accused persons not pursued by Big Business? If the McNamaras are not victims of a Big Business conspiracy against organized labor, why are its enemies and fairweather friends—horse, foot and dragoons, Blanche, Tray and sweetheart—so busy at making hostile public opinion, and so solicitous that labor leaders hush their noise and let the hanging bee proceed with Big Business decorum?

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### Mammon Worship.

A wealthy manufacturer, not a hundred miles from Chicago, recently told contemptuously of an artist who also had lived not a hundred miles from Chicago, and had killed himself because of the absolute misery of his poverty. Was the artist's misery, or the plutocrat's contempt for it, the greater dishonor to our social order?

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### THE SLUM.

If the slum of a great city were produced by the people who live in it, its suppression would be a hopeless task. But the slum is a product of social tendencies,—of social pressure operating steadily in one direction; and there is nothing quite so irresistible as a tendency.

You can see the slum on a small scale in almost any country village, though it is not called a slum there. A few poor families, so poor that they live on the very edge of destitution, make the village