

MAN'S INHUMANITY

(Continued from Page 1)

cent laws. But I have seen committees of manufacturers, many of them members foremost in church work, opposing these laws because it meant a curtailment of profit. Yet ministers and laymen often wonder why the workmen seem to have a prejudice against the church. I have heard ministers time and again thunder against anarchy and violence, but the pulpit's thundering against the greed for gold that is the chief cause of anarchy and violence has been confined wholly to the index. In a prominent Lincoln church one Sunday night I heard an appeal for help for a former minister who had been down in the depths of degradation and was struggling back, his health broken and his family suffering. There were upwards of 200 men in that congregation and the collection netted an even \$8, an average of less than 4 cents a man. The following Sunday afternoon I attended a meeting of my union, with less than sixty men present, and an appeal for help for a sick and disabled member resulted in a voluntary collection of \$22.40, an average of 30 cents per man.

I have stood on Broadway at the head of Wall street, in front of Trinity church, a corporation controlling property worth upwards of \$150,000,000, and saw men and women worth in the aggregate two thousand millions or more, walking through the great church portals to worship the Man of Nazareth who had no place where He could lay His head. Within two minutes' walking distance I saw a room ten feet one way by twelve feet another way, a ceiling seven feet high, one window opening upon a ventilating shaft and the door opening from a hall in which there was no window—not even a skylight. In this room were twelve men, women and children working on the "bargains" that our wives and daughters and sisters fight for on "bargain day." These workers averaged from thirteen to sixteen hours a day, and the speediest worker—who made the best wages—averaged less than 90 cents for thirteen or fourteen hours' work. Seven of these people ate and slept in this room. With me were a physician and a Salvation Army captain. The physician told me there were not less than five infectious diseases in the room, among them scarlet fever, diphtheria and varicella, and the Salvation Army captain told me that there were not less than 10,000 rooms just like it within a radius of one-half mile from where we stood. There are four influences for good at work in these breeding places of poverty, filth, disease and crime: The "slummers" who visit from curiosity and scatter money among the poor like they would peanuts to the monkeys in the Zoo, for their dollars buy food and medicine even if given without thought of charity; the College Settlement workers who are studying "social

conditions," the Salvation Army, whose members are coming nearer to following in the footsteps of the Nazarene than are the members of 99 per cent of the orthodox churches, and last, but not most beneficial of all, the captains, lieutenants and privates of Tammany Hall—the most berated, probably the most corrupt, political machine in the world, but the cause of more happiness, more comfort, more hope in these tenement hells than all the churches in Gotham combined. I speak from a thorough knowledge of the facts when I say that Tammany Hall does more every year for the poor of New York than all orthodox denominations in that great metropolis. I went to Coney Island once on one of "Dry Dollar" Sullivan's annual outings for the women and children of his district. The immense excursion steamer was loaded to the guards with women and children gathered from the slums, from the noisome tenements and from the damp and foul basements that paid tribute to Trinity and filled the purses of elders and deacons in other churches. This trip afforded hundreds on that boat their one yearly glimpse of a sky unobstructed by smoke, their one yearly glimpse of the blue of the ocean, their one yearly breath of pure air, their one yearly sight of trees and grass and flowers, and their one day in the year of plenty to eat. In addition to plenty of wholesome food, "Dry Dollar" Sullivan provided lemonade by the hog-head, ice cream by the hundred gallons and candy by the bucket. There was plenty of music, and as good as money could buy. The food left over was carefully packed in baskets and given to the widows and orphans, with often a quiet contribution of cash by Sullivan's watchful lieutenants. For weeks before this event Sullivan's lieutenants had been working night and day seeking out those whom this great holiday would benefit.

On another occasion I sat in the headquarters of a "charity organization"—God save the mark—of a big New York denomination. I was told by a man who was in a position to know that every dollar really expended by that organization in helping the unfortunate was attended by three dollars of administration expense. Every applicant for help was required to answer the most searching and often the most impudent questions, and then dismissed with the notice that an inspector would call at the address given and make a personal investigation. And children have starved and women have sold their virtue in despair between the time of application and the call of the empty-handed but inquisitive inspector. Can you wonder, my brethren, that the workmen fight shy of that "Organized charity, skimmed and iced in the name of a cautious, statistical Christ,"

and, looking askance at the church, turn to organized labor as their religion and think oftener of the Tammany boss in their district than they do of Him who told the rich man to sell all he had and give it to the poor?

A million and a half of American children under fourteen years of age slaving hours on end in American mills and factories. Eight hundred thousand under twelve, 450,000 under ten, 200,000 under nine, 150,000 under eight, 75,000 under seven, and 25,000 under six—bobbin boys, spindle girls, sock spinners—working from ten to thirteen hours, many of them at night—and all this that we may marry our heiresses to the washed-out scions of an enfeebled foreign nobility, build palaces within sight and sound of abject human misery, rear lofty spires or cathedrals, build stained glass windows picturing the crucifixion, and pay a secretary and assistants of a local charity organization nearly \$2,000 a year to spend \$1,500 in helping the poor.

One man, by special legislation and purchased legal decisions, secures control over the lives and destinies of 700,000 people just as fully as any feudal baron of medieval times exercised control over his vassals, and the loudest defenders of the system come from the ranks of the clergy and the professors of denomination! colleges founded and sustained by this man's ill-gotten gold. The press fights manfully for the protection of "vested rights" in property, but the man who fights for vested rights as a workingman to receive adequate wages for his toil is thrust into jail by judicial ukase without trial by jury as guaranteed by the constitution which he is expected to support with musket and muscle in time of war. Every year more lives are sacrificed through accidents than might have been prevented by safety appliances and signals in American industries than were sacrificed in the contending armies during any two battles of our late civil war. Every week sees in America more deaths from industrial accidents that might have been prevented by safety appliances than were lost upon any battlefield of the Spanish-American war. Gettysburg and Petersburg—the two bloodiest battles of our civil war—did not show as large a list of wounded on both sides as the yearly list in American mills and mines and on American railways, and expert investigators tell us that two-thirds of these accidents are due to lack of precautionary arrangements and safety appliances due to a greater regard for dividends than for human life and limb.

Only here and there does a newspaper voice a protest against these awful conditions, and 99 per cent of these protests are voiced by labor papers looked upon as "anarchist sheets" that thrive by "stirring up class hatred." The daily press is as silent as the tomb. The religious press seems as ignorant of the conditions and their causes as the be-

nighted Kafir is of the religion which these church papers would send them.

Our wives crowd the bargain counters for "bargains" in lingerie and ready-made goods into the seams of which are stitched the tears and heartaches and despair of their sisters, and never give a thought thereto. We grab at "bargains" manufactured in penitentiaries, while free labor walks the street vainly seeking the work and wages that will keep wives and children from starvation. We seek to close the doors of the workman's club—the saloon—without opening another door in which he can find the same companionship, the same sociability, the same warmth and the same welcome and good cheer.

A few years ago a union walking delegate in New York City was found guilty of accepting bribes to call strikes. Immediately the press, secular and religious, began denouncing him in unmeasured terms. He was sent to the penitentiary. Yet the papers that so bitterly denounced Sam Parks, the bribe-taker, had not a word to say about the rich, influential and conscienceless church elders and deacons and vestrymen who gave him the bribes.

Modern commercialism is daily demanding a greater sacrifice of blood than Juggernaut or Moloch demanded at their annual feasts of human flesh.

The young woman looking for a clerkship in one of these great modern machines that grind flesh and bone into an insensate mass is told that she will be paid \$5 a week. "But I cannot live on that," she protests. "Well, you can find a gentleman friend, can't you?" is the response. Woman's virtue weighs as a feather in the scale as against profits to the proprietor or bargains to the customer. Every hot summer day a girl is taken, fainting and helpless from the superheated room of a laundry, but woman's clubs discuss "The Care of Oriental Rugs" while their unfortunate sisters slave and starve. An explosion occurs in a mine, and because greed prevented the installation of a ventilating shaft and fan, 300 miners are suffocated, one-third of them boys under 15. The public shudders with horror for one moment, then plunges on into forgetfulness. The few who protest are denounced as "agitators" and the defenders of "property rights" soon drown out the voices of those who dare to talk of the rights of humanity.

Modern commercialism has blunted our feelings. Greed has destroyed our consideration for our fellows. We have idealized the divine Christ until He is something wholly apart from our daily lives, and we have lost sight of the man Christ who was Himself an humble carpenter with all the feelings and attributes of His fellow-workers. We spend \$40,000 to build a church that is open less than eight hours a week, and then try to close other doors that give to humanity the companionship, the cheer and the warmth that the churches fail to give. We frown upon the things that make merry the workman's hours away from his toil, and offer him nothing in return but a reading room where he must talk in whispers, walk on his tiptoes and forget the cheering pipe in his pocket. We demand that he spend the Lord's day as we would have him spend it, forgetful of the fact that Sunday is his day of rest and recreation and that our way of spending it may be irksome and tiring to him.

We feel a transient sympathy for the individual in distress who appeals to us, but we give no heed to the cry of suffering humanity at our very doors—that great, sweating, suffering mass hidden in sweatshop, in tenement and in mines that suffers daily because of our greed for gold.

Do you wonder, my brothers, that the workers of the nation are turning to the trades unions instead of the church for practical help and sympathy? Do you wonder that there is a growing feeling that the church is too busy catering to the rich and powerful to give practical help and sympathy to the poor and needy? Do you wonder that even here in Lincoln any Sunday afternoon sees more men in union halls than Sunday evening sees in the churches?

Flatter ourselves as we will; disguise the facts as we may, yet we do not hide from ourselves the fact that the Church of Jesus Christ is not a living, vital force in human affairs that it ought to be. Everywhere we can hear sneers at the orthodox church, and everywhere we can hear only praise for the Salvation Army and the American Volunteers, those noble, unselfish men and women who kneel in the filth of the streets to pray for suffering humanity while you and I fidget because of uncushioned pews in comfortable churches. Sneers for the church that does out mechanical charity, and praise for the Salvation Army and the Volunteers who seek out suffering humanity with hearts full of sympathy and hands

full of food and clothing. Sneers for the church that accepts with songs of thanksgiving the blood money of the commercial pirate, and praise for the unorthodox organizations that are as quick to accuse the rich of crime as they are to call a poor sinner to a halt in his downward way.

The Church of Jesus Christ is sleeping upon its opportunities. On the one hand it is losing to the fraternal insurance organizations that offer present social pleasures and guarantee against future want on the part of widows and orphans, and on the other hand to the trades unions that offer protection against greed and a guarantee of brotherly help in time of trouble.

What greed is not doing to enslave humanity, thoughtlessness and bigotry and prejudice are doing. In a nation that is the richest in material things and the most productive the world has ever known, we have the greatest wealth and the most abject poverty. We prate of religious liberty and of civic freedom, and send our army abroad to force our religion on a people to whom we deny the civil liberty we demand for ourselves. We grant special privileges to men who become wealthy beyond the dreams of avarice, and declare unconstitutional the laws that seek to protect the weak and the helpless. We abandon the churches in the working districts and follow the broad clothed and silken crowd into the aristocratic districts. We force women into prostitution because industrialism has shut the door of hope, and then shudder with horror and draw our shirts aside if the scarlet woman approaches our doors. We pray for the souls of the Hindoo mothers who feed their children to the crocodiles, and we beg for the contributions of the men who are feeding tens of thousands of our American children to the voracious beasts of commercial and industrial greed. The flag which our fathers washed clean of chattel slavery with an ocean of patriotic blood is today befouled with a ten times darker stain of industrial slavery, and either an ocean of blood must wash it free or men must be reached with the gospel of the Nazarene—not a Christ of idealization, but a Christ who worked with His hands, suffered with His fellows and made the supreme sacrifice for the world. The man or the dollar? Choice must be made between them.

"Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey
Where wealth accumulates and men decay.
For a bold peasantry, once a country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied."

"Vested rights" must give way to human rights, or the republic falls. The playtime of youth must not be sacrificed upon the altar of greed else the fountain of citizenship is poisoned and the country is ruined. Manhood, not money, must be the test of preferment. What the church fails to do in this great work will be held against it, for it is its duty to take the lead. Had it been doing its full duty all these centuries the present conditions would not be so deplorable.

The church must begin working in the now, instead of pointing to an indefinite tomorrow; it must face present conditions at home and not turn its back upon them to look into an indefinite future. Says Kipling:

"We have fed you all for a thousand years,
And you leave us still unfed,
Though there's never a dollar of all your wealth
But marks the workers dead.
We have yielded our best to give you rest,
And you lie on a crimson wool,
For if blood be the price of all your wealth,
Good God, we ha' paid it in full.

"There's never a mife blown skyward now
But we're buried alive for you;
There's never a wreck drifts shoreward now
But we are its ghastly crew.
Go reckon our dead by the forges red,
And the factories cruel pull;
If blood be the price of your accursed wealth,
Good God, we ha' it in full.

"We have fed you all for a thousand years,
For that was our doom, you know,
From the days when you chained us in your fields
To the strike of a week ago.
You ha' eaten our lives and our babes and wives,
And we're told it's your legal share,
But if blood be the price of your lawful wealth,
Good God, we ha' bought it fair."

Robbers blew open the safe in the State bank at Hope. Four hundred dollars was taken. There is no clemency to the robbers.

Practical Fashions

CHILD'S ONE-PIECE DRESS.



Paris Pattern No. 1974. All Seams Allowed.—The bretelles on the shoulders of this little one-piece dress afford an especial expression of the season's styles. Of course, if preferred, the bretelles may be omitted, but they add so much of chic to the effect that it would be wise not to do so. Three backward-turning tucks are laid in the shoulder between the neck and arms-eye, both back and front, and the epaulettes are attached under the middle one. The sleeve is full length and is finished with a backward-turning cuff that is trimmed with the embroidery insertion. There is a stitched belt fastened with a button. The pattern is in four sizes—one to seven years. For a child of five years the dress requires 3 1/2 yards of material 27 inches wide, 2 1/4 yards 36 inches wide, or 2 1/2 yards 42 inches wide, with 2 1/2 yards of insertion to trim.

To procure this pattern send 10 cents to "Pattern Editor," office of this paper. Write name and address plainly and be sure to give size and number of pattern.

No. 1974.

SIZE.....
NAME.....
ADDRESS.....

LADIES DRESSING-SACK.



Paris Pattern No. 1849. All Seams Allowed.—A new style of dressing-sack is something that women hall with delight, and especially where the model expresses such suitability and style as this one in ciel-blue French flannel. A fitted band which lies flat encircles the neck and continues down the front. In the back a box-plate is laid from top to bottom. A curved belt which fits the figure snugly is stitched to hold the fullness in place, back and front, and French knots are added decoratively all around both edges of the fitted band and also on the belt. The pattern is in seven sizes—32 to 44 inches, bust measure. For 36 bust, the sack requires 4 1/2 yards of material 20 inches wide, 2 1/2 yards 36 inches wide, or 2 1/2 yards 42 inches wide; with one yard of edging to trim.

To procure this pattern send 10 cents to "Pattern Editor," office of this paper. Write name and address plainly and be sure to give size and number of pattern.

No. 1849.

SIZE.....
NAME.....
ADDRESS.....

Progress.

The radicalism of yesterday is the conservatism of to-morrow.

Whistling Women.

There is a superstition that it is very unlucky for a woman to whistle. It arises from an old tradition that while the nails of our Lord's cross were being forged a woman stood by and whistled, and, curiously enough, comparatively few women ever whistle.—Home Notes.

Woman and Her Wants.

Woman has many wants—not for the wants themselves, but for the fun of wanting and the sweet misery of not getting.—Chicago Record-Herald.

DO YOU BELIEVE IN FOSTERING HOME INSTITUTIONS? IF SO, GIVE SUPPORT TO ALL THESE FAIR LOCAL CONCERNS

H. HERPOLSHEIMER
IMPORTERS AND CO. RETAILERS OF
Dry Goods, Suits and Cloaks, Furs, Millinery, Women's Furnishings, Fancy Goods, Jewelry, Books and Stationery, Shoes, Men's Furnishings, Carpets, Rugs, Draperies, China, Cut Glass, Toys, House Furnishing, Groceries.

J. C. Wood & Co.
EXPERT
CLEANERS and DYERS
1322 N ST., LINCOLN, NEB.

American Order of Protection
A FRATERNAL ORDER ADMITTING MEN AND WOMEN ON SAME BASIS, GRADING PAYMENTS ACCORDING TO OCCUPATION. PATRONIZE THE HOME ASSOCIATION SUPREME HARBOR. - LINCOLN, NEBRASKA.

ARMSTRONG CLOTHING COMPANY
- GOOD CLOTHES MERCHANTS -
LINCOLN, NEBRASKA

EDUCATE FOR BUSINESS
-AT-
LINCOLN BUSINESS COLLEGE
THIRTEENTH AND P STREETS.

WHEN 'WALK-OVERS' GO ON SHOE TROUBLES GO OFF
ROGERS & PERKINS CO.
1129 O Street.

First Trust and Savings Bank
Owned by Stockholders of First National Bank.
INTEREST PAID AT 3-1-2 PER CENT

Miller & Paine
(INCORPORATED)
DRY GOODS
O AND THIRTEENTH STREETS