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By

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TO DAISY

—who, through sixty years,
has made a place where
knowledge and love have grown

PREFACE

I would be happy if these tales were fiction. They are, however, history. History, mind you—not satire. For satire embodies distrust of a real world, and the characters portrayed here lived in a world stark and realistic.

These characters are not presented as horrible examples. They are not set up as people who have either "succeeded" or "failed" in life. Nor do I write of them as might a sociologist or a theologian.

They are my friends. We met at the time in my life when I desired franker speech and freer relationships with all manner of men than I then had. Not everything they did was flawless in my eyes. Not everything I did was flawless to them. But somehow I came early to feel that my life would have been definitely impoverished had I not walked with these travelers on the low road.

There is surely no tragedy like living one's years and missing life or even a significant segment of it. I have seen much of the world of physical beauty. I have "walked in the fields." I have sailed the seven seas. I have watched the cloud lift from the peak of the Matterhorn. But rather would I have bypassed all of these than to have missed the wonders, the beauties, and degradations of human nature.

Travelers on the low road have given me sleepless nights, have torn my mind with suspense and my soul with agony. Yet if I had recorded on phonograph disks the experiences

recounted here, I would play the records over and over again.

I will always remember these men and women with affection and speak and write of them with praise.

F. O. B.

Bloomington, Indiana
October, 1955

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MADISON STREET: PORT OF MISSING MEN

One Thousand Homeless Men is the name of a worthwhile human study made of the denizens of West Madison Street. In this canyon stretching across the great west side from the Lake, through the Loop and on toward the setting sun, flow never-ceasing streams of humanity, the largest number of homeless and hungry men that have ever been brought together anywhere in our land.

This is, moreover, a street of bygone pomp and distinction. Here and nearby was once the choice residential district of the city. Here were the homes of the rich. Marble-fronted dwellings lined these streets, horse-chestnut trees bloomed in the spacious yards, and the residents might have been clothed in fine linen and surely they fared sumptuously every day. Its attractive boulevards were famous throughout the country.

Then came the calamity of the great fire and the glory of the famed west side began to wane. Today grimy old houses of an austere past, dilapidated tenant houses with mansard roofs, shabby, dingy, low-priced hotels and lodging houses provide for a population that has scarcely more than a fifth with American-born parentage, and four-fifths of whom are men, and near one hundred per cent of the men the nonworking type.

These men have been repeatedly classified into three groups: those who can't work, those who won't work and those who can't find work. Society does not expect work

from the aged or the physically and mentally ill. Unemployable, this class is often forced into nomad life.

> There's a class of men that don't fit in,
> A class that was never meant to win.

The rhymster was probably referring to that class of men who refuse to work. Pressed by the misleading impulse to escape from the ordinary routine of life, they taboo labor of any and all kinds. Wanderlust grows to be a vice. Many of the homeless men on "skid row" are migratory workers and are idle because they are unable to find work. Of this group Thomas Carlyle once wrote, "A man willing to work and unable to work is perhaps the saddest sight that fortune's inequality exhibits under the sun."

Students of human nature agree with Veblen when he insists that "man has a taste for effective work." I love to think that most men see a dignity in labor and are innately industrious.

> All day they come, these men in search of work,
> Waiting long hours in line, each for his turn.

Unemployed, old and bent, young and broke, they stand in line before the door of the "slave market" which pledges to secure work of any and all kinds. "Section Men Wanted." "Pick Men Wanted." "Harvesters Wanted." Such signs crudely chalked on the bulletin board. Dull eyes look out from empty faces, hands clutch thumb-marked and badly worn letters, the proof of work well done in former days.

The man in the tattered mackinaw mutters to his partner, "Leave for Omaha tonight at six. A new job is listed, 'Flunky Wanted,' six dollars a week and board."

> Breaking in spirit, hope and courage gone,
> Weary of trudging up and down the street,
> What shall we say, what shall the answer be
> To men who ask for just a chance to work?

The majority of these migratory workers are members of the Industrial Workers of the World—"Wobblies." They were organized in 1905, with local headquarters at 1618 West Madison Street. These men of brawn—and remember also of brains—had a dream of one big industrial union before we began with so little understanding to talk glibly of One World.

The Wobbly is only a transient in this vivid and varied scene. The nonworker is the major actor in the drama of the city's slums. In this city's backwash of flotsam and jetsam, milling in the street, are underworld men of almost every known description: drunkards, gamblers, dope fiends, grafters, derelicts, criminals, panhandlers, jack rollers, sex perverts, paupers, con men, beggars, butt-ends of humanity —actors whose world has gone by.

The typical "skid rower" at his nadir is unkempt, bewhiskered, ragged, slouched, whining, feet shambling, face battered, eyes shifty. Abandoned, forgotten, lost, he is the epitome of misery and wretchedness.

Standing before the one-window mirror of the far-reaching street, he sees himself as he really is, and comes to feel that he is but a mite of the abyss and that Madison Street is but a mosaic of sorry souls such as he. All about him there is murk and muck and filth.

Milling men going nowhere and in no hurry to get there, seeing a street of men only—it invites vice and bawdy houses and gaudy burlesque houses. These abound.

The corrupt copper is on the beat, for there are few on Madison Street that are not of it. "In haunts of wretchedness and need."

The nadir of wretchedness is reached when the lights go out and the mission is closed, and the frenzy of motion subsides. In Hoboland all play a losing game: homeless, jobless, friendless, floating—

Unanchored ships, that blow and blow
Sail to and fro, and then go down
In unknown seas that none shall know
Without one ripple of renown;
Poor drifting dreamers, sailing by,
That only seem to live to die.

On Madison Street every second business establishment is a pawn shop, a cheap hotel, or a saloon, with a fair sprinkling of greasy lunch rooms offering full meals for twenty-five cents. Today, in the cold and panicky winter of 1920-'21, there are sixty-two licensed pawn shops, seventy-seven third-rate hotels within ten minutes' walk and a countless number of drinking bars in the abyss. Hogan's flophouse is probably typical, fitted with shelves or bunks where the fortunate possessor of five cents—whether he beg it, or borrow it, or steal it, or earn it—can find a place to flop for the night: a place without mattress, without covers, head to the wall, feet out amidst filth and vermin, with hundreds of others of like ilk who must sleep here.

Near by, No. 12 South Peoria Street, is the Rufus Dawes Hotel, a memorial built by Charles Dawes, our former Vice President, in memory of his son, who died when he wanted to live to serve this class of men. Here for twelve cents one may secure a bath, night clothing, delousing and a bed. The delousing is a much-desired service at times. The Mary Dawes Hotel for unemployed and low-income women, a block away, is a memorial to Col. Charles Gates Dawes's mother.

Other so-called benevolent agencies and institutions abound in the community. Too frequently these do little but exploit the poor and the idle.

The drifters are always to be found at the portals of the rescue mission, ready to be "saved." The Good Will Industries and the near-by Christian Industrial League at 27 South Sangamon Street, offer work as the best means of redemption, and the latter offers delousing service also.

The Social Science Institute, 1118 West Madison, indoctrinates the Wobbly and other "floaters." Its staff of lecturers includes party Communists: Hugo Osler, leader of the Communist League of America, Clarence Hathaway of the Communist Party of the U.S.A. (section of the Communist International) and Arne Swabeck, also of the Communist League of America.

Then there is Emil's Home. Emil, a pallid little German, conducts a refuge for homeless men. Each morning he goes to the various markets and begs soup bones and vegetables past their first freshness to concoct mulligan—the ambrosia of the tragic figures of want and woe on "skid row."

World War I catapulted thousands of men into this area as Uncle Sam made his first heroic effort to care for the unemployed and the unemployable. The avalanche of the depression was no respecter of persons, and into this abyss were swept men of all ages, all degrees of literacy, including no small number of college-trained men and professors. White-collar men were cared for at 1310 South Ashland.

Two years in these shelters, in this social isolation and maladjustment, changed the psychology of many a man. They were used as humanly and reasonably as possible, but they were herded together, respectable and bum, and with shelter and food and other service given them gratis they could scarcely help becoming "kept men."

A man's job, whatever it is, should have a spiritual meaning to him and it is just because of that fact that every word about the tragedy of unemployment is significant. More bums are made, perhaps, than are born. The drama of "skid row" is usually simple and short: He leaves wife and kids and goes for the job which never turns up. Then he is forced to casual and seasonable labor, with never a long enough stay in a community even to qualify him for voting. The decline is precipitous. Soon he is forced to sleep in a lousy, damp bunkhouse

and later often railroaded off to jail. Being an idler he has stepped out of the procession.

But the life and destiny of the homeless man is ever inextricably interwoven with ours. Not only individuals but nations are to be judged by their treatment of the hungry, the naked, the prisoner. That is what Matthew said, anyway. He was an old Jewish writer, who had served an apprenticeship with the Carpenter of Nazareth.

LENIE THE LIMP: A MISSION STIFF

LENIE the Limp, of the genus homo, and by birth a bum. By choice he was a mission stiff.

Day on end he would corner me anywhere about the buildings of the old Wabash Church and regale me, in almost uncontrolled animation and enthusiasm, with stories of rescue missions strewn about the globe.

Yesterday he drew a bright word picture of Carubber's Close Mission Hall in Edinburgh. Today in equally glowing terms he portrays the Mission Populaire De France in Paris. The Open Air Mission of London has been vividly and glowingly described. With surpassing animation he has depicted the Bowery Mission in New York and the Pacific Garden Mission in Chicago. Over and over again he has related his experiences in these and other rescue missions with tales that almost taxed credulity.

He has yet to give me a fanciful picture of the Temple of Heaven in Peking. Nevertheless you gather from all this comprehension and zeal that he knows almost enough about this type of mission to be regarded as an authority on the subject.

I too had frequently visited Carubber's Close Mission Hall, the cornerstone of which was laid by Dwight L. Moody when traveling in Scotland; and moreover I had had the rich opportunity of preaching from its pulpit while spending a sabbatical year in the Scottish capital.

Just around the corner from my hotel in Paris, near the Church of the Madeleine, was the historic McCall Mission

founded in 1872. My parish in Chicago includes the Pacific Garden as well as a score more of rescue missions. Lenie the Limp and myself, pooling our knowledge and experience of rescue missions, might have given a course of lectures on the subject, at least a short course.

We might have agreed that the first lecture in our hypothetical course should be the "Definition of a Rescue Mission" but on this definition we probably would have differed irreconcilably.

My definition would have been a polyglot one. From Charles Booth's study, *Life and Labor in London*, I garnered some ideas, as I had also from Samuel Hadley's story, *Down in Water Street*.

There was also the incomparable contribution of that Dwight L. Moody, of whom Henry Drummond, one of Scotland's truly great scholars and preachers, and author of *The Greatest Thing in the World*, said, "He was the biggest human I ever met." To me he has always been America's greatest evangelist. I heard Moody speak last when I was a theological student, only months before his death, December 22, 1899. He could not be explained out of his background. There was somehow, some way, a supernatural goodness added to his life.

From these missioners I assembled my definition: A rescue mission is a center of missionary effort located in the most neglected area of a city and aimed at the conversion of the more degenerate of the nonreligious. For if converts to Christianity are not made, nothing is done. Conversion is the alpha and omega of a mission's program of activities. This differentiates the rescue mission from every other form of religious work. In the mission the drunkard is more welcome than the sober man, the thief than the honest man, the harlot than the beautiful, pure woman.

Lenie the Limp probably would not have disagreed too violently about any feature of this definition, but to his

mercenary, begging soul the mission was first and always a place to "get saved," and getting saved always included getting soup and other food and as often as possible a flop. Lenie the Limp, in whatever city he found himself—Chicago or Paris—was a mission stiff with the profession of "getting saved." He would all but sell his soul for punk and gut (bread and bologna) and a flop.

Not all bums are mission stiffs but all mission stiffs are bums; and bums are the best patrons of rescue missions. Lenie the Limp was a bum. A bum is a stationary nonworker. Between the hobo and the bum there is a great gulf fixed. The hobo is a migratory worker but the bum will not work unless forced to. He differs from the tramp in that he does not migrate. The bum is probably the lowest of all forms of homeless men. He stays in the same place and the groove he inhabits eventually becomes a grave. True, Lenie the Limp traveled, but merely from mission to mission; he did not migrate to seek work.

Bums usually have numerous personality disorders. They are alcoholics, dope addicts, unemployables, mendicants, truly both "down and out," veritable human derelicts.

Lenie the Limp I came to regard as a species quite distinct. He always showed a smug and definite disregard for the common conventions of life. A sort of devil-may-care unconcern. He was immune to what would depress others. He possessed a sort of parasitic indifference to anything except his own physical comfort. He did not crave nor seem to need the sympathy extended to others.

I can see him now in the grey incertitude of the State Street twilight. He faltered his weak, erratic step to pick up a cigarette stub from the slimy gutter. His legs, one shortened and drawn, loathed the city pavement. His hands were filthy, as was all his skin, and his fingers wore a thick band of mourning in the nails. His face was old and flabby and leathery—a loathsome creature. He existed in the haunts of the starved.

He went from mission to flophouse to hoosegow. He quarreled with man and God.

There is no glory in even trying to tell the full, dark tale here. Like an illuminated island in this sea of darkness was the Pacific Garden Mission Hall, the monument of a businessman's consecration to Christ, and the door was open.

On the street Lenie the Limp was pushed around by darkness and terror. He would enter the mission, for he was already a mission stiff. The dim overhead lights showed his thin, black hair, disordered and matted, and his dirty skin and still more foul clothes.

By his side slumped a Chinese who trailed Lenie the Limp by night even into the mission hall. The yellow man was a creeping, scrofulous thing who leered damply upon any woman. He gave seductive glances to each incoming female as though she were unclad. Other men were present but none more loathsome.

Women there were in the sparse assembly. Lurid women of the street. Women who had swapped love for bread; and some, it was said, had a penchant for men of color who haunted the red light district near by. A motley group: human flotsam and jetsam.

Scarcely had the soul aviator (that was the name the mission preacher was known by) begun to hand out angel-food (and that was the name his sermon was known by) than not a few drowsed off to sleep. I hope they dreamed of home and heaven and peace and that they could remain there forever and forever. They awakened, however, after the first snooze to join in the song, to no tune; and to read the responsive lesson, but when they were "by the still waters" the dominie was walking "through the valley of the shadow of death." The staff handed out "Nearer-My-God-to-Thee" sandwiches, as they called them, of bread and bologna. (The mission audience might have heard to better result if food had been given first.) They were then given a tract or two and

turned out on the cruel street without even a ticket to a flop for a night's shelter. Probably some in the mission lied about being "saved" tonight.

Yes, I was cold and hungry
And O Thou Crucified,
Thou friend of all the lowly,
Forgive the lie I lied.

Probably not tonight, but there have been nights when a miracle has happened again on the earth and this time in a rescue mission: Billy Sunday had been "saved" in this very rescue mission. In another mission Dwight L. Moody received a light, a steady torch which no wind can blow out even to this day. When Moody died, the editor of *The Chicago Inter-Ocean* wrote his lead: "No man has yet arisen in this city and gone from it who has so moved the human world."

From the mission many rushed to the midnight-closing bar and threw the maddening liquor down their throats and felt that again for one brief moment they were living. And then they "carried the banner," i.e., walked the streets all night, and there was a sleety drizzle, too. They knew that at the hint of day the saloons would open again.

And at eventime the doors of the mission would hospitably swing outward again, and trekking back they would go, bum and mission stiff. For bums and mission stiffs loved their mission and perhaps for the same reason that Stevenson's child loved the friendly cow:

She gives me cream with all her might,
To eat with apple tart.

MR. PORTER: RICH MAN, POOR MAN, BEGGARMAN, THIEF

"Rich man, poor man, beggarman, thief" is more than a line of nursery doggerel for "counting-out" in children's games. It describes the steps of the ruling experiences in the life of Mr. Porter. And by that title of a gentleman he shall be called, for he was inherently polite and at times really courtly. When we first met he asked me to call him Mister, adding "and I will always call you Doctor."

We met first in the late afternoon of a December day as he took his place in the shivering, hungry queue of homeless men waiting for the Fourteenth Street entrance to the basement of old Wabash Church to fling open its hospitable doors. The usual from-the-lake blizzard was blowing, and Mr. Porter was scantily clothed. In his hand he carried a newspaper, for a clean newspaper was the only required ticket of admission to this mission flophouse where the hungry men were to be fed with slumgullion (the tramp's name for Irish stew) and have the fellowship of singing and conversing in a warm room.

These men have no doubt been cold most of the day. Now they were to sleep on the floor with their newspapers spread under them as mattresses. This is the class of men who regularly get their eats from the breadline, sleep in a flophouse and find their friends, if they have any, around the rescue mission and the barrel house. These are their three institutions and they are usually in proximity.

Mr. Porter (do not smile), was born a rich child and the son of a rich man. Dewitt Garnett Porter he was christened, and he went to college at Ann Arbor, Michigan, and studied business law and mathematics. He took a position with one of the largest firms of the city and soon, through ability and industry, rose to a most creditable position.

The drop from that height is well known to his associates. Of it he said, "One night in a State Street cafe, I accepted a dare to take a shot of dope." That was the beginning and he went the route most drug users go. At the end he confessed, "Dope has cost me more than $100,000."

It was a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde life for Mr. Porter, a medley of antithesis, from the day he left his lucrative situation to the end of the book of life. He has been rich man. Poor man he is now, and beggar, too. He puts nothing into life; he takes everything out. He will not work, yet he refuses to join the men around him in the flophouse in singing, "Hallelujah! I'm a bum."

Do you know that there are classes among the unemployed as well as among the employed? The unemployed is a worker without a job; the hobo is a homeless, migratory worker; the tramp is a migratory nonworker motivated by desire for adventure; the bum is a stationary nonworker often addicted to drink or drugs; a vagrant is a person without any visible means of support.

Now you may classify Mr. Porter, if you have a classifying mind. But remember that he is what the Germans call *arbeitschue*—in Hoosier dialect, "work-shy." He is suffering from a disease, "won't-work-itis" and he would do anything to evade the necessity of working. Some of his associates are "gaggers" who get their living—a scanty one—by telling tales. Some are "griddlers," getting their living by singing in the streets. Others are "moochers" who get the sort of a living they have by begging outright. If I am to

classify Mr. Porter, I will be forced to call him a wanderer without intentions, a bum and a moocher and, in addition, a thief, but never a coarse or vulgar one.

In rags he remembered life's radiance. In the shadows, yet he loved the sunshine. The daughter of a minister who conducted a West Side mission became his fifth wife in one of his periods of reformation, but he soon slipped back into his old life again and she and her father forsook him.

One evening Mr. Porter stole my brief case, "like a thief in the night." Of all the expressions of contempt one man can use of another, none is more withering than that.

The police were notified and I followed the thief north in the alley between Wabash and Michigan avenues, inspecting every garbage and waste receptacle, thinking he might discard the contents of the case, they being of more than pecuniary value to me.

The police detective joined me at State and Harrison streets, the port not only of all missing men but of all missing property. The pawn shops were legally closed. Hurriedly we looked in the dingy offices of the cheap lodging houses. Not having found Mr. Porter at midnight, the detective returned to his headquarters and I to the Queen Esther Home to catch a nap of sleep.

At daybreak I was again on the levee. Mr. Porter regarded "stem" as a name applicable only to a street as low as West Madison. The barrel houses had opened their doors for free drinks to the dozen men or women who first presented themselves, a line in which Mr. Porter was invariably found.

Approaching me from the south was Mr. Porter, and from the north the Chicago detective, Mr. Fitzsimmon. Mr. Porter entered a barrel house from the alley and we followed from the street entrance. He was draining the last cherished drop of beer from his schooner as the two of us approached. Somewhat disconcerted yet always a gentleman, he spoke cheerfully, "Good morning, Doctor Beck." He was intro-

duced to the detective, who questioned him concerning the theft of the case and the disposition he had made of it. With injured dignity he denied that he understood. What were we talking about? "What brief case, and from where and when was it stolen?" he calmly asked.

The three of us took our stand outside of a well- but not too favorably known pawn shop. Over the door is a cluster of three golden balls, a symbol of this type of business since the days of the Medici family of Florence. None of these places of business is above suspicion for had not a city department recently made a careful investigation of all pawn shops to institute more careful supervision? They were not unfrequently fences for stolen goods.

By and by Mr. Pawnbroker came with his key in hand. We will not give you his name for he was probably no more guilty than a dozen others in the business. The detective questioned him about receiving such a case as the one stolen, but he denied being offered such an article in pawn. He was asked to show the book in which he was forced by law to register all pawned articles at the time he received them, in order to protect stolen goods, but the name of Mr. Porter and the article, a brief case, were not entered.

The two men denied ever seeing one another but Sandy was not the sort of a detective who is misled by such testimony. He asked me to search for the stolen article and the first showcase opened contained the brief case shoved back in an inconspicuous place. It was removed on police orders and opened. Its contents fortunately had not been disturbed. The lights were turned out in the store, the blinds adjusted and the door locked as a city detective, a pawn-shop keeper, a little city minister and Mr. Porter, gaped at by a motley crowd of curious ones, entered a public conveyance well known in this section of the city—the Black Maria—and dashed off to the police station, the bull pen, and the courts.

My return to my desk was by foot. The sun had just

stretched itself above the waterline of Lake Michigan, bringing luster to the drab streets; their rubbish and refuse had been removed and their brick and mortar scrubbed clean and cooled by the refreshing night air off the lake. To me it did not seem incongruous to liken the coming of this day to the opening of a rose. Early pedestrians smiled happily at you.

Tomorrow, sitting in the civil trial court, I will have time and opportunity for an appraisal of the tramp and beggar and thief question. Abroad in many countries beggars are the bane of travel. The mendicant pesters you for alms at every turn in Italy. In Poland a beggar is a religious personality, and giving alms a religious act. At the foot of the Jural Mountains at the northeast end of the Lake of Neuchatel, in nature's best setting, we once saw a labor colony for the beggars; and we have seen the same sort of colonies in Holland and Belgium. They have a program for the Continental outcast. This program furnished, in the language of Victor Hugo, "The help which strengthens instead of the alms which debase."

I wonder about our own program to meet our responsibility for the tramp and the beggar and the thief. Probably George Bernard Shaw was right when he concluded, "Nothing that is admittedly horrible matters much in this world because it frightens people into seeking a remedy."

Oh! yes, you want to know the verdict of the court. Mr. Porter was found guilty. Mr. Pawnbroker was found not guilty. What did you expect?

EMMA GOLDMAN: QUEEN OF THE ANARCHISTS

Late on the night of March 31, 1934—in fact, at almost 2:30 the next day—before going to bed, I wrote in my diary, "Tonight I have been at one of the most unusual parties of my lifetime." It was a farewell party held in a well-known workers' hall on the west side, given by the Chicago Anarchists for Emma Goldman, affectionately referred to by the speakers on the program as "the Queen of the Anarchists."

The New York Herald Tribune of the next day editorially referred to her as "living a life unmatched by any woman of her time." Unmatched for what? I felt led to ask, after the intimate close-up experiences of the evening before. For as the guest of Dr. Ben Reitman at the party, I was seated at a table of six, of whom one was the honored guest of the evening, Emma Goldman.

I felt deeply impelled to search for the answer to the question, "a life unmatched for what?" Had not Theodore Dreiser written only a short time before "her life is the richest of any woman's of our century"; and had not John Haynes Holmes listed her as "one of the ten greatest women of the world?" But their saying so did not make it true, and wasn't I something of a judge of the greatness of women myself, and hadn't a great London daily lately characterized her as "the most dangerous woman anarchist"? I would institute an appraisal.

Only four years before—to be exact, on June 27, 1931—I had been present at a celebration in honor of Emma's birth-

day held by her friends in the Dill Pickle Club. The party also celebrated the publication of her autobiography, *Living My Life*. Later I was to receive an autographed copy of this astonishing revelation of her life, a narrative that omitted nothing, defended nothing, and only aimed to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth: a great personal document, a classic of freedom, her admirers insist.

The story which I heard from her own lips that night at the farewell party was no less thrilling. Her Russian home, in a village in a Baltic province, into which she was born on June 27, 1869, had been stifling with a mother who never showed much warmth of feeling and a father who was positively terrifying. Moving from Königsberg to St. Petersburg, her father placed Emma in a factory, at the age of thirteen, where she knit shawls in a great shop at twelve rubles a month. When she was fifteen he tried unsuccessfully to marry her off; shortly after she was sixteen her father gave her twenty-five rubles as a patrimony and, glad to be free of continued responsibility, sent her off to America with her sister Helen to join an older sister, Lena. In the hold of the steamship *Elbe* which sailed from Hamburg to the Promised Land on Christmas day of 1888, they traveled like crowded cattle. One morning the Statue of Liberty suddenly emerged from the mist and to no one else, she confessed, could it ever have been a truer symbol of hope and freedom and opportunity than to herself.

To the calloused officials at Ellis Island, Emma was only another Russian Jewish girl entering America. She will begin as do all others of her class; in some cursed sweat shop she will soon be sewing ulsters, ten and a half hours a day for two and a half dollars a week.

But from this first bread-winning job onward, her path was not to be like ordinary immigrants from the Old World.

Perhaps the metropolitan daily was correct when it said

of her, "a life unmatched by any woman of our time." At least she seemed destined to play a unique role. A year before she landed in America the tragedy of the Haymarket riot and hanging took place and to a study of this, she said, "I owe my spiritual birth." To the cause of these men whom she regarded as martyrs she forthwith dedicated herself. Their act seemed to set free her spirit.

As a neophyte she applied herself most actively to her task. She read all available literature on the subject of Anarchism. She crossed and recrossed the Atlantic, traveling extensively through Europe including Russia, meeting the international leaders of her cause, and in many lands preaching an explosive gospel with a master passion: a sort of pillar of fire. She developed in revolt.

Nothing personal mattered. She became a good Anarchist with a noncompromising antagonism to government, and to this group only the cause matters. They dedicate themselves to fighting injustice and exploitation and always include denunciation of the established order and opposition to organized government.

Her credo was strictly her own. As a good Anarchist she thought that she could do as she pleased. Scornful of all conventional attitudes she thrust out of her vocabulary the word conventional.

She was a rebel against orthodoxy in every form. Her moral standards or lack of standards were expressed in her attitude toward marriage. Of marriage she openly announced, "If ever I love again, I will give myself to him without being bound by the rabbi or the law and when that love dies, I will leave without permission." Generally speaking the morals of the revolutionists are a joke. Emma's conduct would have shocked the Pilgrim Fathers and perhaps their wives even more, and even many of those who considered themselves the liberals of her day. On her lecture tours

across the country and the ocean she was invariably accompanied by Ben Reitman, Alexander Berkman or some other male comrade.

Weaving together her unpatriotic sentiment, her noncompromising antagonism to government, and her disdain of the social conventions of her time, it is easy to understand that she was literally hunted by the police continually, tarred and feathered, unceremoniously shoved over the borders of a state by the infuriated police, given the third degree in a Chicago court, and arrested, tried and thrown in and out of prison the world around. But for all the wild daring and dauntless courage, there was still high tragedy in her life. To all but her kind she was horribly mistaken.

It is the fellowship of that farewell party that I remember best. While the major portion of the select guests present were members of the fellowship of Anarchists, yet somebody from everywhere was to be found around the festive tables. There were co-eds and hoboes, university professors and Bolsheviki, literati, big businessmen and night-working scrub women, medical doctors and a sprinkling of tired radicals, orthodox Jews and at least one Protestant clergyman. It was the type of a group often characterized as a "cross section of society"—whatever that may mean. We listened to fiery oratory and impassioned pleading. The "International" was sung; Hippolite, Lucy Parsons and Ben Reitman and their kind were the stars of the evening.

But withal one was forced to recall the changes wrought through the years. The provocative, youthful "red" Emma Goldman had come back to town, sixty-five years old, grey haired but with the persistent twinkle still in her blue eyes. She had a charm that it is hard to express. In past years, she had been driven out of various nations. In the United States, in 1917, she had sought to interfere with operations of the draft, for which she was tried and convicted. She was fined and imprisoned for two years. Her conviction carried with

it a sentence of deportation and in 1919 she was duly deported to Russia. Now, nearly two decades have passed, and the suffering United States Government allows the exile to return for a short time. Amnesty having been extended by President Franklin D. Roosevelt, she has come home, in December, 1933.

And what a homecoming it has been to the comrades here in Chicago! This expatriate, now aged and experienced, has in her forthright way spoken at both Chicago and Northwestern universities, lectured to thousands of people in a great Loop auditorium, been the guest of honor at a testimonial banquet in Medinah Temple, been invited to meet scholars and publicists in gatherings at Lincoln Center and other institutions, been entertained at dinner with a dozen "select" University professors, discussing with them world conditions—a welcome in antipodal contrast to the spirit of other years.

All this Emma interpreted to mean the liberalizing of American thought-life. Probably she herself had changed. Anyway she spoke strongly and critically against the experiment then going on in the USSR, and prophetically concerning the eternal values of freedom, and the struggle all souls should make to maintain their priceless heritage. "Anarchism," said she, "though in abeyance and overshadowed by the philosophy of authority and coercion, will be vindicated." She sticks to her guns.

I have met many women and never yet met I among them either perfect saint or perfect villain.

BEN REITMAN:

A SUPERB SHOWMAN

THE MORNING mail of November 20, 1942, brought a letter from an old friend who in a censorious humor wrote, "When Chicago's greatest preacher, Dr. Frank Gunsaulus, died, the Tribune gave him three quarters of a column 'write up.' When John B. Murphy, Chicago's greatest surgeon died, the same paper gave him one and one-half columns of publicity. Now Ben Reitman dies and the Tribune goes all out to give him publicity." The writer stated the fact and then asked the simple question, "Can you tell me why?"

The answer is perhaps not easy to find. Why should "the world's greatest newspaper" devote so much of its regular morning issue to Ben Reitman, who had, the night before, died in his humble south side home? Even to his intimates Ben's life was an enigma and none would venture the task of attempting a candid portrait. Of his life a chronicler might coldly catalog some of his deeds, some of the characteristics of his temperament, and some of his experiences:

He was a hobo at eleven years of age; he visited England, France, Germany and Africa.

He had a mother complex; his mother, who could neither read nor write, thought her son could do no wrong.

He was Emma Goldman's manager—and her paramour.

He was anarchist associate of Alexander Berkman and Kropotkin.

He was a student of venereal disease. In Berlin, he worked

under Virchow, the first great student of syphilis; in Antwerp, under Ehrlich, and in Paris, at the Pasteur Institute.

He was called "Doc" and his practice was almost exclusively with prostitutes and the venereal diseases. Was he a Doctor of Medicine? Opinions differed. There were always those who thought that Reitman never had a legitimate degree; they advanced some unfulfilled requirement in reciprocal relations between Illinois and the state from which he claimed to be licensed. But for a number of years, Reitman's only source of income was his medical practice.

He established the first municipal venereal disease clinic in Chicago, in 1917.

He was inspector of Al Capone's houses of prostitution.

He was partner in the Dill Pickle Club, rendezvous of Bohemians.

He lectured at the University of Chicago, at Northwestern University, at McCormick Theological Seminary and elsewhere.

He was sometime King of the Hoboes and founder, with How, the millionaire hobo, of Hobo College.

He was tarred and—in the absence of feathers—rubbed with sagebrush and, together with Emma Goldman, thrown out of San Diego County, California, by vigilantes.

He wrote *The Second Oldest Profession*—A Study of the Prostitute's Business Manager. This book was published simultaneously in the United States and England, and translated into French and other languages. My desk copy is inscribed, "To my good friend. With love from the author. Ben Reitman."

He was—do I need to add?—a militant enemy of Puritanism.

My contacts with this man of incredible energy and arrogant libertinism were numerous and varied. On another page of this book is the account of the funeral services of Anna, one of his wives. Woman-lover that he was, all too little time

elapsed until he found the one he wished to make the next Mrs. Reitman. He proposed to her and asked me to marry them in the same day. In reply to his request, I told him the condition under which I would perform the ceremony: that I recount to the prospective bride certain experiences of Ben's past life. Love, they say, is blind, and deaf too, I guess, for Rose married him and launched an unhappy wedded life which lasted scarcely a year before she returned to New York City and a fine position which she had temporarily left. For reasons of her own she would never legally divorce Ben.

We worked together, Ben and I, when I served as Chaplain of the Dill Pickle Club and when we both taught in the Hobo College. Through association with him I met scores and scores of the flotsam and jetsam of the city's underworld, to many of whom I strove to be of special service because I was to them "Sky Pilot"; to myself, merely a little preacher in a great, needy city.

Out of his varied experience and great passion Ben talked more than once to my classes at Garrett Biblical Institute on the subject, "Factors That Make Social Outcasts."

He was happy in the company of students and spoke repeatedly on the program of the Reconciliation Trips.

His eyes were large and brown and dreamy. He had a fine, deep, soft, ingratiating voice. Dark curly hair flowed in long, soft waves about his head. He had tremendous dramatic qualities. Not only was his personality unusual but his experiences were uncommon and students heard him gladly. It is hard to draw the balance sheet. Concerning these trips in which he so frequently took part he wrote, "They are making a genuine contribution to adult education and to city betterment. Thousands of students get ideas for the making of a better world. May the God of Peace and Brotherhood bless them."

Only illness prevented me from being at his bier with Ida,

his eighty-three-year-old mother; Anna's son, Brutus (Lieutenant Reitman of the Air Force Command); and Mecca, Victoria, and Regina, his three pure infant daughters and their mother.

Again and again his letters contained the statement, "Business does not permit me to repay your loan." In his table of virtues charity preceded honesty. Once he wrote, "If ever I need you, God help me to find someone a little more understanding." A fortnight later he wrote, "In my one great hour of sorrow you stood by me beautifully. Forgive me if I ever hurt you." He had terrific and volcanic storms of emotion.

His philosophy of life was as paradoxical as his conduct. I quote from a letter:

"There's nothing to fret about or be mad at. Let's not shed crocodile tears because London is bombed or Palestine raided. The English would be just as well off under Hitler. It's all right. A broken leg and a cracked pelvis and a heavy heart is a genuine part of life. A million people die every year. Most of them never live. I want you to live—live the big, free life. It's all right. God knows His business."

Ben was a showman, a superb showman. He was a hulk of a man getting attention anywhere. There was much of the charlatan about him. Picturesque, did he sometimes fancy himself a Lord Byron in his Byron roll collar, flowing Windsor tie? His swaggering three hundred pounds, a long graceful cape over his shoulders when cold, always an oversized walking stick in his hand, his exotic, picturesque figure commanded a passage through any crowded city street and those passing by usually turned to stare upon this singular man.

Ben was a showman when he led five hundred shabby comrades from hoboland one high noon to a dinner in a mid-Loop hotel. He was likewise a showman when he led a still larger number of unemployed men through Madison Street,

from skid row to the office of the Mayor in the City Hall to argue in favor of the shorter work day—paradoxically for people who prided themselves that they never did work.

He was oft too much of a showman in his sensual love affairs. He was obviously a man for whom sex was very absorbing and, many thought, with dubious sex standards. Most men leave unspoken that in their sex conduct which may be revolting to others, but Ben was at times eloquent about his clandestine loves and acted as though he wanted all to know his code of sex ethics. It matters little whether such conduct was only intended to shock those about him or was the natural expression of sensuality. It puzzled and troubled his friends and must have deadened purity and love in the hearts of many women.

He planned to be a showman in his death. A full thousand hoboes and friends of this friend of the denizens of the underworld lined the street as his body was borne to its final resting place beside the Haymarket riot martyrs in Waldheim Cemetery. Even in death he remembered them. With the same jovial disregard that marked his erratic career as a Bohemian and friend, he stipulated in his unique will that "two hundred and fifty dollars shall be spent for food and drink for Hobos and unemployed who will be invited by my son to a funeral dinner. I should like the service to be in a big hall, with drink, fun and a happy good time for all."

He lived with the city's outcast.

He chose his intimates from the radicals and the social uplifters.

He made his bed with the queer and the underworld type.

In his death he bequeathed almost his all to the hungry and the unemployed. He was proud to be buried with those he always regarded as martyrs for the good life. In death all types pay tribute to him. All religious rites are omitted. The press carries lengthy news items and pertinent editorials. University professors and social workers eulogize him in a

public service. At various memorial meetings, authors, lecturers, officials and diplomats unite their voices in his praise. His life was likened to that of Thoreau and Eugene V. Debs. His enemies in turn cursed him as boy gangster, grave robber, panhandler, Bohemian, lover-extraordinary, enemy of society, king of vulgarians, panderer to peripatetic prostitutes, doer of anarchistic deeds, of violence and even more and more—to the exhaustion of the vocabulary. To others he was (as Byron said of Burns), "A compound of dirt and deity."

This I knew, that although he was a dreamer and a rebel, he had a real understanding of his fellow men and a genuine sympathy for those who dwell outside the pale of public sanction. And be it far from me to judge harshly one who uttered prayers to Jesus.

In the letter mentioned at the top of this vignette, the writer continued to quote, "Many doctors told me that he helped many prostitutes and when they did not have money to pay, he would give them a dollar." Perhaps these are the kind of acts of which One spoke long ago: "Inasmuch as you have done it unto one of the least of these ye have done it unto me." This also may explain why the metropolitan daily gave Ben Reitman so much publicity when he died.

FUNERAL OF ANNA, A WOMAN LABOR LEADER

Anna was dead, and on this May-day morning of 1930 friends had come to say good-by. The plain casket was placed by the altar of the quiet chapel in a tawdry, near north-side mortuary, and the burial service, which had already begun, was not only to be slightly unconventional and informal but, so far different from the usual burial service that it might have been considered a travesty. Surely it was definitely irreligious, but not in the heart of the participating clergyman.

Anna's husband, Doc, with his passionate, sensitive nature numbed today, had met all comers at the street door with a lack-of-serious air and had even (by example) encouraged a type of conversation bordering on hilarity. A generously distributed Barnum-designed handbill announced that the service was to be under my direction and participating were to be John Dill Robertson, David Taumann and Clarissa Lansdale.

The four of us were there, seated near the casket: John Dill Robertson, M.D., the universally respected Commissioner of Public Health of the City of Chicago; David Taumann, a radical, bunk-shooting, soapbox orator from Bug House Square and the Hobo College; Clarissa Lansdale, a "blues" singer, queen of vulgarity, currently filling an engagement at a "men only," sexy playhouse, and "the little preacher in a great city."

In the motley audience were both the peripatetic prosti-

tute and the reclaimed Magdalene; the poet, the pimp, the panhandler, and the procurer; the iconoclastic radical Lazarus and the publican and the harlot, followers of all radical movements. And mostly from Chicago's Bohemian Greenwich Village.

Death came to Anna two days ago in an unnamed nearby hospital. Her friends had been feverishly informed by telephone one evening of her unexpected and serious illness.

The second call followed shortly—announcing that "Anna was dead." With the circumstances of her short illness and sudden death unexplained, the tongues of gossipers—like dogs barking on the scent—became busy asserting that she must have died of an abortion. When Doc, Anna's husband, requested me to conduct the burial services, he offered an explanation of the nature of her illness and the cause of her death. Today he confessed that even while he is attending this burial service, he is under suspicion and must answer to the officers of the law. Dr. John Dill Robertson, Commissioner of Public Health of the city, who took part in the service, shared this confidence with me. Doc was exonerated.

Anna had been uniformly reticent concerning her own life. She told me that only a few knew the story. Here it is as she once related it to a group of my students. My purpose is to reproduce it as accurately as I can from my cold notes. However, I may have painted a sort of a fictional portrait, for I want you to love her for what she is.

She bore the name of Martindale and was born in an ancient English midland town on the banks of the river Soar. Famed was the city of her birth and early life as the center of the cotton manufacture, and her childhood was marked by its cruel stigma. Here

> Everybody worked but father—
> God, what a ghastly lay!
> Everybody worked but father—
> He wanted too much pay!

Mother and Anna and Maggie,
And Tiny Tim and Bill
Worked like hell for a paltry wage
In the sweatshop and the mill.

In this mill town the drama of labor and the children of the poor represented stark tragedy. Adjoining the mills lie the golf links, and the laboring children pitifully lift their eyes from their work to watch the men at play.

There was no sun when Anna left her bed for the mill early in the morning. And all day long the child of the mill, laughter and play denied, with fingers thin and weak, in air fetid and choking, stood before her loom to spin and spin and spin.

But a thought came to Anna, the textile worker, a thought that there might really be two worlds. She knew the certain world of work: outward, mechanical and, in her instance, deadening. Her possible dream world was seemingly no less real: inward, imaginative, pleasurable. Following this discovery, Anna lived something of a dual life. She did her work at the Philistine mill but she did it much as a machine might do it. She really lived in dreamland with her idea of freedom. This dream met her when she awoke in the morning; it accompanied her when she entered the mill. It acted its appealing drama before her throughout the sleepless hours of the night.

Gradually this strange child of her imagination became the child of her heart and will. Slowly, in spite of her fears, hope took hold of her, and Anna not only boldly moved to free her life but, deciding to turn missionary to win for life both pleasure and purpose, she left the Mill House of Bondage and came to America. She was accompanied by her sister Margaret.

Near the center of the town she was leaving—Anna used to recall—was a bleak wall which might have been 75 feet long and 20 or more feet high. Built long ago of rubble and

Roman brick, it was always known as Jewry Wall, for it formerly imprisoned the Jewish population of her childhood city.

Through all the years ahead the mill and the pale were to stare her in the face almost hourly. Whenever she thought of home she remembered these two plague spots. Forever in her mind was the horrible picture of the hosiery mill where was exacted the slavish labor of her young years; and close by was the cruel wall which not only imprisoned her in those early days, but which placed a stigma on her because of her religion.

To America Anna brought not only the chastening experiences of her mill work in England and an adamantly class-conscious mind, but also a really genuine desire somehow to make all these count for good in the now-budding labor movement into which she was entering.

Soon after she enlisted in the "struggle of the American laboring class" her life was veritably sucked into the damning orbit of that magnetic hobo king and Anarchist, Ben Reitman, the paramour of Emma Goldman.

To Ben she was soon conventionally married, and bore his children. (One, Ben, Jr., was to die in World War II—a Lieutenant.) There must be both tragedy and pathos in being the wife of a man who seemingly does not know the difference between appetite and love. Anna had a double life imposed upon her, yet she was not frightened at her lot. She was to occupy the same bed and hearth with Ben, and at the same time surrender her rights as a spouse to any other woman whom Doc illicitly loved. Though this situation must have eaten into her soul like wormwood, her mightiest feelings remained unspoken. Curiously unsensuous, with strong standards of what is right and what is wrong, she refused to match Doc's adultery. Decent and proud mother, she made herself a haven to Doc and forgave even beyond the full measure of "seventy times seven." She was no puppet,

Anna; she simply cared more for Doc than he was able to care for her.

In addition, Anna was a real industrial revolutionist. She became a member of the Women's Trade Union League. She wanted and worked for nothing so much as to be able to light a candle, however small, which would dispel for others the darkness and gloom of the mill through which she had so recently passed. She knew the practical might of co-operation as well as the value of self-sacrifice. The labor movement she touched in England never had been Marxian. Its early leaders, she knew, were humanitarians, not materialists. Robert Owen preached not a class war but the doctrine of "human brotherhood; the hope, the faith, the living fact of human fellowship." Of this movement Sidney Webb later wrote, "from the beginning of the trade union movement—of the co-operatives—of the formation of friendly societies—it is the men who are Methodists, whom we find taking the lead and filling the posts of influence." (And he might have added that Arthur Henderson, labor leader, was also a Methodist preacher.)

On this ground we met, I, by the grace of God, a little Methodist preacher in a great city; Anna, a Worker of the World, striving to follow the Carpenter's Son. I never knew Anna to bow her knee to Mammon. She was always, with dogged honesty and with rare laconic dignity, goading us all to stem the rising cruel wave of industrialization.

And she followed not Karl Marx but—while she never admitted it perhaps even to herself—the Carpenter's Son.

But we must return to Anna's burial service. Of her, Doc later wrote in his will, "I had the most wonderful lover, companion, and wife in Anna Martindale Reitman." Of her I want to add that she met emotional cruelty as no one else I ever knew.

Taking my eyes from the casket, I looked at Doc as he sat bolt upright, unattentive. Portly and stout, carrying his nor-

mal three hundred pounds of weight, with his legs usually contracted, he looked like a huge corpulent Egyptian Memnon, though he lacked the beauty.

Now his face is red and sad and furrowed with unwanted and uncommon care. As I continued speaking he lost his repose and turned his head distractedly first to the right and then to the left as though he rather expected something uncanny to lay hold of him from behind. Poor Ben had never learned to go inside a chapel to confess his sins or hear the still small voice of the spirit. My audience also had little experience with the world of the spirit; yet, even so, today I must not speak so much as a white lie. I must religiously try to make them believe that there is something more than the beasts that perish. I will fear no evil. "We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, the heavens, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

Now we follow the casket into the street and through upper Broadway to its far-away, quiet burial place. With one arm Doc enfolds his treasured youthful son Brutus—for, after all, Anna is Brutus's mother; the other arm is placed protectingly and tenderly around the wasting body of his aging mother.

HARRY BATTERS: "BUDDY" OF NIKOLAY LENIN

Half-serious, half in jest, he sometimes regaled me with stories of Nikolay Lenin, for Harry Batters maintained that he and Lenin were buddies in the village of Simbirak on the Volga. He might as well have made it Alexander Kerensky or even Nicholas the Czar (the former in reality a playmate of Lenin), for accuracy never interfered too much in the telling of Harry's stories.

Like others of the *One Thousand Homeless Men,* subject of an early study of the Russell Sage Foundation, Batters just turned up in Chicago from no one knows where, so we may as well credit the Land of the Bear with giving him fatherhood. While he could not sing the Volga Boat Song, he did have a wealth of knowledge of Russia and a passionate interest in all that was then transpiring in that troubled land.

He was now one hundred per cent hobo. Social science defines a hobo as a tramp that won't work, and surely that was Harry. But he had a rare secret way of making a living. He lived on the money he borrowed. He was not a panhandler, just a borrower. A sort of I.O.Utopian, in fact.

"Loan me two dollars until I see you again," was Harry's modest request one day soon after we met. Had I been as smart then as I later became I might have said "Here are your two bucks, Harry, and I don't want to see you again either." I did see Harry again but never the two bucks. At least every second time we met after that Harry repeated

the request for two bucks. But the amount of the handout shrank, and instead of two dollars he got a quarter. A kindness becomes more when you are upbraided for it, and Harry upbraided me.

When Harry died, a man claiming to be his brother came forward but did not beg his body and lay it in the tomb, but forthwith bowed out of the picture. This man hinted something about a father and mother who would have given their son Harry love and plenty but Harry would not. Comrades of Harry rapaciously snatched this statement and added it to the myth they were building about him: "Harry had comfort and wealth, yet he chose hunger and cold and dire poverty to serve the disinherited and poor."

Anyway, Harry Batters, whatever may have been his origin and early life, at long last made the metropolitan dailies. *The Chicago Daily Tribune* and the *Chicago Daily News* carried long stories of his death and burial and The *Chicago Times* carried a brief story. The headline of the *Tribune* article was "Mr. Batters Is Dead, but His Spirit Goes On." His radical buddies likened him to John Brown.

Perhaps it was Harry's funeral more than his life and death that was news of front-page value. The story was not the manner of his death but what his comrades recalled.

He lived a life of law defiance, defiance of both the social and moral laws. He also defied the economic law and, as he often boasted, "the law of the Almighty." His one conformity, it seems, was that by some hook or crook, he carried a small insurance policy. This, by terms of his will, was to meet the expenses of his burial, an act more decent than one might expect from one who gloried in being a social parasite on what he termed "the rich."

The theme of that bizarre funeral, paid for by Harry's insurance money, held in an anonymous chapel on dingy North Clark Street, was "The drinks are on Harry." His

will provided for food and drinks for all attending the service and twenty-five cents additional in cash for each hobo present.

Benjamin Reitman, M.D., King of the Hoboes and President of Hobo College, was Master of Ceremonies—no other title suffices. Boisterously he led in the singing of familiar songs; "Hallelujah, I'm a Bum" and "There'll Be Pie in the Sky By and By," in which the mourners unrestrainedly joined. Soon the vagrants were drunk and merry, making speeches as they were forever doing, and piously intoning the Hobo's Prayer. The hat was passed for the good old cause, the only orthodox part of the strange rites. The wake grew in stormy hilarity, a sort of feast of Belshazzar, and when the night was far spent the hoboes in single file marched by their comrade's casket, saying good-by in all too sportive a manner. They were each given a quarter as they left the uncommon and irregular scene, some to invest at least a part of their newly acquired wealth in a final drink, others to buy the luxury of a high-priced twenty-five cent bed for the coming night in place of the promiscuous flophouse in which they were accustomed to bunk.

In his life Harry, not even dreaming of social security, was not only a sponger, he was a shoplifter par excellence. One busy noontime he rushed breathlessly into my Loop office and flung at me a large shopping bag, insistently demanding, "Chuck it behind your desk. The dicks are chasing me!" After a calming moment, he spoke: it was the old, old story. He had again been shoplifting in a State Street department store when the floor detectives saw him swipe a pair of shoes and closed in on him as he hurried toward the elevator to escape from the floor and building. He vigorously denied any guilt but when finally brought to heel, he had to admit his act. He was permitted to leave the store on the surrender of a pair of shoes and a promise never to enter the place of business again.

After hearing the old refrain, I calmly commented that there was nothing unusual in this story, when he replied, "But, hell, look in the bag." Promptly doing so, I found two pairs of stolen shoes. He had outwitted the dicks by his counterfeit penance. With such adroitness, making a living, even in the slums of a great city, was not too difficult a task.

But by-and-large Harry traveled a very hard road. Despite the fact that his loyalties were nil, he had at least one friendly refuge in his gloomy and mostly lonely world. He was always welcomed at the haven Martha Biegler offered to all "red" comrades at her cheap but hospitable hobo rooming quarters at 337 West Chicago Avenue. Here he was fatally burned one winter morning as he attempted to stoke a smoldering fire with what proved to be gasoline rather than kerosene. Of his suffering a friend remarked, "Harry is getting his reward for defying the Almighty."

After the ribald service over his body, it was cremated. Neither on the morrow was there to be any Mass for the peace of his departed restless soul: no requiem. Ben Reitman, the high-priest of anarchy and doom, presented a lonely and sad spectacle as he stood at the base of the monument in Waldheim Cemetery erected to the memory of their comrades, the Chicago Haymarket rioters and anarchists, these comrades who had been publicly hanged and whom he considered martyrs to a deathless cause.

As Harry's ashes were scattered over the graves of the long-dead comrades, Doc Reitman murmured softly,

"Dear Harry Batters, here where all the world is quiet, in this historic cemetery where rest the bones of our beloved Comrades and so many men and women who dreamed of a better world and tried so hard to establish justice and co-operative society—we commit your ashes to mingle with our unshed tears. We ask the spirit of freedom and justice to consecrate us anew!"

To the curious and motley bystanders these were the ashes

of a "red" of the deepest hue, a colporteur distributing controversial literature, one who loved his country little if any, a missionary promoting radical propaganda, a passionate soapbox agitator babbling eternally about freedom, a Bohemian parasite.

But I like to remember Harry by another incident. It was on a Christmas morning. He came and placed in my hand a gift, an artistically bound booklet, a lovely illustrated edition of that song so priceless and so timeless to all Christians, Joseph Mohr's "Silent Night, Holy Night." Harry, an expert bookbinder, had made this de luxe copy for me with his own hands.

MARTHA:
A COLLEGE BRED SOAPBOXER

Into a Chicago police station one unusually dismal and dark autumn afternoon was dragged a wretched, unrecognized female who had been knocked down in the jostling city traffic. In the delirium of drug or drink—the officers knew not which it was—she muttered my name and the church where my office was located. Having no other clew to her identity they hastily dispatched a police car after me and in a few minutes I was in the station. It was Martha, I discovered, and as our eyes met, years of history sped through the minds of each of us.

Only the evening before I had listened with wondrous interest to this woman as she addressed a fairly large and discordant group from a soapbox in Bug House Square. My acquaintance with Martha had begun years before, in the early nineties of the last century it was, and the place was the State University of Indiana, a school which was to be both Martha's and my own Alma Mater. The Bachelor of Arts degree was bestowed upon her in the year 1897, and that degree in Philosophy, I had received three years before. Of our mutual interests and of our friendship during the university days, Martha and I had often talked.

For nearly a quarter of a century we had been meeting in Chicago. Through the student Reconciliation Trips, the open-air forums of Bug House Square, the round tables of the Dill Pickle Club and other proletarian and Bohemian

groups, we had worked together in many causes which Martha always referred to as those "making a better world."

Tonight in the police station, clothes torn and bedrabbled with mud, face bruised and bleeding, the first duty of everyone concerned was evident. She must be washed and clothed, and her wounds, which were only superficial, must be dressed and, in due time, she must be returned to her home, if she has a home.

Her life story I know rather well from the paralleling of our lives both at the university and in the slums of Chicago. Back at the university, Martha—Martha A. Biegler was her full name and the A. stood for Allwina—was to me very much as was the average young woman on the campus.

She had registered, when first entering the school, from a little town near the western boundary of the state, which I knew to be very much like other small towns in Indiana. In this village on the first day of the last month of the year the Civil War ended, in 1864, she was born. The home town people knew her as a conventional village lassie and no doubt often laughed at her youthful pranks and no doubt shared her inordinate ambition that she might grow up to go to college.

While there is little reason to attempt to reconstruct her youth in detail, yet in the afterglow of the years one is prone to wonder how much if any of the after-life was in the maiden. I am told that the idea that she was a child prodigy may be dismissed at once. Everybody knew that she was brought up in the strictest orthodoxy both of belief and conduct. Hers was an age of innocence—and innocence not in any cynical sense. Her childhood was sweet and pure: a mixture of simplicity and gentleness. She sang in the village church choir in the nineties—often referred to as the Gay Nineties and gone beyond recall. To me then and now and all the intervening years, this was America's Golden Age. "Victorian" some call it with sarcasm and hold it up to ridi-

cule, but I treasure it because it was my birthright and held most of my list of values in tender and revered esteem. I think you would have approved of the Victorian Martha.

With a diploma from the state normal school and one from Indiana University under either arm, the "sweet girl graduate" became a schoolmarm in the autumn following her graduation, attempting to teach according to the established curriculum and to conventional standards. But all did not go well. She might not have been too good a disciplinarian in the schoolroom but that was not the deciding factor. There may have been a love epic in those days but, if so, her ultimate decision ignored it. Nor was her restlessness due to the monotony of her position because of her hankering for notoriety. She was in revolt against conditions surrounding her in the little home town. She resented the inequalities and injustice at hand, and thought the whole system of society was to blame. She had come to where it seemed not in her nature to accept things as they are.

Concluding—wrongly most all thought—that she could do little or nothing about it, she decided to extricate herself at once from the inept situation in which she found herself. She put a locket containing a picture of her mother about her neck (out of respect for the unforgettable past) and took the first train next day, without caring too much for its destination. She landed in Chicago with her dream, at the portal of a vastly different and a perilously difficult life.

In her new surroundings she had both leisure and freedom to carry out her cherished design. She took quarters in a third floor back of a near north-side rooming house amidst faded and lost aristocracy. She felt herself now ready for any eventuality. She soon exchanged her Presbyterianism for Free-Thinking and sought aims alien to her Puritanism. Her talent and passion to serve were soon discovered, and she was given employment on the *Chicago Daily Socialist.* She had something to market and she soon had more, for she

spent her evenings in diligent and sincere study of the literature of Karl Marx and the political satellites.

She was greatly impressed with the unmistakable awakening of women and to further this movement she gave some portion of her time and support, so it seemed, to every feminist movement in the city. Her particular enemy in this holy war was human parasitism, and everywhere she was in deadly conflict with all peoples who refused to do their share of the world's work.

Now in the fullness of her powers she sought every means to aid her chosen causes. She selected the soapbox as the pulpit from which she could appeal to the people. Mounted upon this rostrum her shapely body, black shaggy hair, piercing blue eyes, alluring voice, gentle manners and richly stored mind made a combination that gave passersby pause, that communicated her enthusiasm, and easily made her a favorite of those who frequented uncommon Bug House Square. Unfrightened by culture, she early became to the Bohemian colony a counterpart of the man on the plain's "Girl of the Golden West." That is, the best known and most highly respected woman on the Square.

By degrees she exchanged her self-supporting, wage-earning life for a life of pure propaganda without momentary compensation. An unholy arrangement, as old as the hills, was made and Martha, who had seldom given a man a look for a look, left the hall bedroom and her Victorian morals. Her presence with the proletarian group was less frequent.

Melissa Far came into the orbit of her interest about this time, a woman of the underworld who had been haunted for years by a strange obsession. Melissa too had spent her girlhood in a Hoosier village, not too far from Martha. When serving as a maid in a neighborhood home, she had put poison into a sick man's food, or she thought she had, and he died. She dwelt upon this fact until her mind became

deranged. She threw herself into the whirlpool of the city to bring relief to her tortured mind. Her descent was precipitous and irremediable. Though she learned later that the drug she administered her patient was harmless and his death was due to natural causes, Melissa lived a thousand deaths and was unable to get the illusion out of her warped mind. Its ruinous effects upon her wretched mind could never be undone.

Martha's acquaintances, in addition to Melissa, included almost all of the manifold varieties of female crackpots of the city's underworld. They ranged from the slightly neurotic, with small or no inhibitions, to the bestial witch, a feminine Rasputin type. Congreve, who wrote:

> Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turned,
> Nor hell a fury like a woman scorned.

might have continued with the affirmation that earth hath no tragedy comparable to the depths to which women sink. Wherever men and women start together to become submerged in the degradation of the city's underworld, women sink both more rapidly and deeper than men. My years of contact with slum life persuaded me that woman somehow possesses the know-how to make her degradation complete.

Martha, too, sank as sank the men around her and every whit as hopelessly. Even her efforts to help others seemed forlorn and wasteful. Yet she never lost her interest in the underdog. Together with a group of men she opened a rooming house, poorly located and poorly furnished, for the really down-and-outs. Martha's heart beat with equal fellow feeling for the consummate prostitute, the enslaved drug addict, the sorrowful, homeless man: her clientele was as truly out as down. In all her attempts at service Martha was thinking that in some rich and deep sense she was "making a better world." Karl Marx's *Manifesto* was still her Bible. She

continued to share with her cronies his fanciful dream of hope, his visionary path upward to Utopia. At times her emotions would break through and she would sob.

As the days tediously rolled by, a veritable procession of unanchored men entered her open door and shared her hospitality. One morning more gloomy than some others, the clothing of her mainstay and companion, Harry Batters, caught fire as he threw gasoline, which he thought was kerosene, on the smoldering coals of an old stove located in the center of an illy furnished room. Three days later Harry left this world from a pauper's bed in the city hospital in the midst of three thousand other dependent patients, and the next morning his charred body was placed in the cold dark earth.

Martha, to the end, championed her number one radical cause. My thoughts followed her with prayerful hope that her concern for a "better world" might be rewarded. No fate would please her more.

LUCY PARSONS: WIDOW OF A HAYMARKET MARTYR

Lucy Parsons was old and gray and blind, and her frail body was bent with the weight of burdened years. Her step was aged and slow as she met me at the door of 3130 North Troy Street. She welcomed me into her plain home, purchased by the selling of anarchic literature; Lucy was not only a colporteur of anarchic literature, but Lucy was an Anarchist. No ordinary mine run of Anarchists was she either, for Lucy was an intimate of Emma Goldman, Peter Kropotkin, Hippolite Haveland and the widow of a martyred anarchist, Albert W. Parsons of the Haymarket tragedy.

She was a student of Anarchism, its philosophy and ideals. Lining the walls of this reception room were books to the number of three thousand volumes or more and they were all devoted to sex and socialism and anarchy. There were not only the works of Proudhon, the acknowledged father of Anarchism, and his apostles—chiefly Russian thinkers trained in the Hegelian left led by Mikhail Bakunin—but there were books of the Romance countries of France and Spain and Italy, and last but not least of England and America. Lucy was truly learned in the theory of Anarchism but she was just as truly a victim of its confused nonsense.

Her life was set in tragedy; both its beginning and its closing were tragic. Her girlhood husband, whom she married when only sixteen, was hanged as a Haymarket rioter; and when she was well over three score and ten, Lucy was

burned to death. The intervening years were given over to one long, severe, unrewarding battle against the established order of the society in which she was set to live.

Born in Texas at the opening of the Civil War, of mixed racial blood, she was christened Lucy Diaz.

She grew up in the sunny south, and when woman has a body as beautiful and a mind as keen as hers, men do not ask if flesh is white or black. As Lucy Diaz, she was married to Albert R. Parsons and soon, too soon, with her small son and daughter by her side, she was to witness in Haymarket Square, Chicago, on the night of May 4, 1886, the throwing of a bomb the explosion of which killed seven policemen. This tragedy was heard around the world; and, though never conclusively proved to be connected with the dastardly deed, her husband, Albert, was to be hanged.

One might affirm that her marriage vows contained a sacred pledge to fight for the cause of labor, for anyone in any way associated with Albert Parsons must soon share his passionate concern for the cause of the laboring man. The night of the fatal and dastardly bomb throwing, America was in the third year of a severe depression. Unemployed workers wandered city streets and the strongest revolutionary labor organization in the United States, the Anarchist "Black International," flourished under the leadership of Albert Parsons and his kind. It maintained, very strongly, of course, that through force alone could the proletariat gain shorter hours and higher wages.

Their devotion to violence became passionate. Panic broke out in the city. Anarchists, charged with the bomb massacre, were arrested wholesale. Eight were selected for trial. One committed suicide in his cell, the sentences of two were commuted to life imprisonment and four were hanged. Parsons was hanged, although it was known that the Governor would have been willing to commute his sentence if he had made a plea for mercy. This Parsons would not do. He stren-

uously demanded justice. He scorned a craven and precarious survival at what he thought was the price of loyalty to his cause and comrades.

Lucy, sure that a tree with tongues would grow from his grave, took up the dropped torch of her husband, Albert. Truth crushed to earth must rise again, she insisted. Into the furnace of controversy and agitation she, a woman young and personable, went alone and unafraid, with a mind and soul which were to grow increasingly strong. Hers was no cracker-barrel philosophy. She carried on his work for the wage-earning class, and the depressed soon made a path to her door. She sold enough of Albert's writings to purchase a house, she wrote and lectured for bread for herself and her children. She did not gaze empty at despair, she carried on.

The day in her home of which I write, she told her story to me again. She repeated it many times to college students under my direction. With her, students could not wholly agree. There were idols of her tribe which they would like to have smashed. But she told her story and pleaded for her cause without crying or cringing or hating—thus challenging their thinking.

Time climaxed its cruel ravages by stealing away her sight. Milton, when he lost his sight, wrote an immortal sonnet on his blindness. Lucy Parsons, when she lost "that one talent which is death to hide," lived on in newness of life. She did not ask the question, "Does God exact day labor, light denied?" but labored on undaunted. Soon the bitter and long travail of soul was to suffer the added indignity that she had to ask for "blind relief"; she became a blind pensioner of the same state she had spurned all her life and now subsisted on the scorned bread of state charity.

Still she kept a smile for fate and hoped and labored on for the victory of Anarchism. She dreamed on, beckoned by the mirage of a Utopian society without laws, but she did not now nor had she ever known in which direction the winds

of destiny blow. Her flickering light of life was snuffed out in a fire which gutted her home March 7, 1942.

In Lucy Parsons the elements had been strangely mixed. Two race streams met in her blood, she lived her illiterate youth with a brilliant minded Anarchist, she gave years of sacrificial devotion, often blindly, to a human cause; she had rare though usually misguided friends; she went stone blind, and at last burned to death.

She served her cause until the very last. Only a short time before her tragic death she had in her weariness of body and sightlessness and loneliness taken her ancient throne, the soap box, and from it she addressed impassionedly the International Harvester Company strikers. She trod the path of her "one affirmation" to the end.

For her sake let us hope that it is true that "they never fail who die in a great cause." The beautiful theory of Anarchism that she chose to live for had long ago been killed by a bevy of evident facts. Even though it was a mirage she faithfully believed in it. Perhaps it did contain elements of eternal truth. She had tested the sweets of being as well as the sting.

By her side as Lucy Parsons died was a small urn containing the ashes of her son, Albert, Jr., who had died three decades before. For him she scorned a grave of fresh-turned earth. There was a companionship in these ashes of her son, as in the memory of her husband, whose name she always kept (though she remarried), and in her unfeigned, unfinished task: for these three she had lived and died. Her comrades say that "her spirit still walks abroad." Perchance it may

> augment the great and willing thoughts,
> Which overpower all others, and conducts
> The world at last to freedom.

NINA VAN ZANDT: ROMANCE IN THE SHADOW OF THE GALLOWS

The years of my life have witnessed several never-to-be-forgotten romances. Over the air I heard an English King explain his reasons for renouncing the throne: "But you must believe me when I tell you that I have found it impossible to carry the heavy burden of responsibility and to discharge my duties as King as I would wish to do, without the help and support of the woman I love." King Edward VIII in the year 1936, was declaring his abdicating the throne of England for the love of a commoner, Wallis Simpson of America. This, I think, is a romance worthy of a place in the great love stories of all history. Long ago there was the love of Dante for Beatrice, Romeo for Juliet, Abelard for Heloise, Paul for Virginia: let me list them here for they are all too few and too soon forgotten.

The story of the romance of Nina Van Zandt, the rich society debutante, and August Spies, one of those accused at the Haymarket of bomb-throwing, never ceases to thrill. It is probably difficult to know just how great a love is, but to me this is one unquestionably unique and surely enthralling. To others it may have been simply a farce or high comedy.

There was a period in her life when Nina shrank from mentioning it. She always seemed pleased to talk to the students of my Reconciliation Trips, and constantly to exalt the services of the Haymarket martyrs and her own labors for

the cause of anarchy. One day in the open-question period, a student with perhaps more curiosity than sensibility, asked her bluntly to tell them of her love for August Spies. She was one who referred to him always not only in terms of marked respect but in language of unaffected endearment.

To our astonishment and confusion she began at once to talk of the man she continued to refer to as her "martyred husband" and of herself as "the widow of August Spies."

She told us first of her father, a very successful oculist and manufacturer. She referred to her mother as refined, educated, rich and a Christian missioner by choice, who on the Sabbath went to the jail to preach the Gospel to the unfortunate inmates. And here Nina began to speak of her experiences in the first person.

"On one of my vacations from Vassar College where I was a student, I accompanied Mother to the jail where the eight men arrested for throwing bombs in the Haymarket riot were held." She continued, "I attended the trial of the prisoners. There I met Mrs. Parsons, wife of Albert R. Parsons, and Gretchen Spies, August's sister."

" 'I was in the courtroom this morning,' I said to Mrs. Parsons. 'I wanted to see the men who are on trial. I thought they must be brutal and savage-looking. But I was astonished to see how mild-appearing they were.' I became at once a regular attendant at the trial and my new courtroom acquaintances introduced the prisoners to me."

"Somehow," she continued, "though I was a student of languages at Vassar, I soon found myself interested in the issues at stake in the trial. Moreover, I felt myself drawn strangely to Spies and soon visited him in the jail as frequently as the guards would permit. Early I took him a portrait of myself which he hung in his cell."

She never completed the story. Our imagination furnished the striking figure that this scarcely-out-of-her-teen's girl made in the intense drama of August Spies, a blond-haired

bachelor of twenty-six years of age elected to the responsible post of editor of the influential *Arbeiter Zeitung* to make his name and his fortune. At Emma Goldman's farewell party I met Captain Scharack who knew Spies in Germany and regaled me with intimate stories of his life in the homeland. He made much of Spies' fine scholarship and equally much of the way he had with women.

Nina Van Zandt aided Spies, as in the solitude of his cell he worked industriously on his autobiography. After he was placed under sentence of death by the judge, the unsentimental keeper of the prison, never looking with favor upon the romance between the two, declined to permit Nina to enter Spies' cell to work with him as his amanuensis.

Though well-born, widely traveled and master of German, French and Italian, Nina was wildly romantic, thoroughly self-willed and adventurous; she planned to marry Spies.

When she discovered that she could not marry Spies in the jail because Sheriff Matson forbade it, her creative, determined mind sought a way out of the difficulty and she hit upon marriage by proxy.

She had little difficulty in procuring a license to marry August Vincent Theodore Spies and easily secured from him a document duly signed by August Spies commissioning Henry Spies, his older married brother, to take the marriage vows in his place. Nina was soon united in wedlock to August by proxy in the presence of Spies' relatives as witnesses. Neither the would-be bride's mother nor any of her other relatives was present at the ceremony, but Nina ever afterwards regarded herself as the lawful wife of August Spies.

On November 11, 1887, Spies was ignominiously hanged, he and his companions in the bomb plot, Albert R. Parsons, George Engel and Adolph Fischer. There was not a clean-shaven face in the quartette.

Nina begged Spies' body and laid it with tender hands in

the soil of Waldheim Cemetery in the shadows of a monument soon to be erected as a memorial to "the Haymarket Martyrs." She then made a heroic effort to take up the thread of life where she cast it aside when her path first crossed that of Spies. From that first moment of infatuation, on through romance and finally into deep love, she continued her devotion to this man of rare gifts who never faltered in deathless devotion to his cause. Now that he is dead she is free to return to study, her first love. She completed her course at Vassar College and went to England and lived for a time in the old home at Bristol, which her family had occupied since the seventeenth century.

She was restless and irresponsive to her daily experiences. She delved again with abandon into her linguistic studies, becoming a markedly successful student of languages. Once, without too much intellectual modesty, she confided to me that she had a smattering of twenty languages and could obtain working mastery of one in three weeks' time. She returned to Chicago and took up work with a publishing firm as translator. But her mind was in another world.

She remembers that she was deeply impressed with the fact that when her martyred husband had been offered an opportunity to have his sentence commuted to penal servitude, he only declared his innocence and in the words of Patrick Henry demanded, "Give me liberty or give me death." Also in her ears rang incessantly August's last words before ascending the scaffold, "There will come a time when our silence will be more powerful than the voices you strangle today."

With indifference to comfort, she returned to the camp of the Anarchists and aided in the exposure of what to her and other inner circle Anarchists was a shameful conspiracy of "law and order." Love is stronger than death to Nina and nothing was able to quench it. She took up her residence

again on the west side, the home and haunts of her friends, and to them renewed her vows to be faithful to August, his memory and his cause as long as it should be given to her to live.

She had not long to wait for the first step in the vindication. In June, 1893, Governor Altgeld announced that, having thoroughly examined the evidence given at the trial, he set Oscar Neebe, Samuel Fielden and Michael Schwab, charged also in the bomb-throwing, unconditionally free as being the victims of false evidence.

He also issued a statement of his reasons, which thoroughly exonerated all the martyrs. He further declared that the attack upon the meeting in the Haymarket was a crime, justifiable to resist. I do not offer this as vindication. Time will continue to sit as a jury on the right or wrong of this case.

But Nina Van Zandt, widow of the Anarchist August Spies, continued to reside on the great west side and to hobnob with Anarchists and multiform reformers. No longer young enough to be handsome or old enough to be good, she met an Italian and lived with him sixteen years. He was ordinary, but she inspired and even goaded him to study law. After he made a fair degree of advance in the world she left his bed and shelter, presumably without cause.

She gave of her colorful and full life to my students and her friends, who were numerous. She moved to Halstead Street where she opened a small rooming house and eked out an existence with her cats. Here she died on Thursday, April 9, 1936, having asked the Industrial Workers of the World, which she had always considered as carrying on the splendid traditions of the Haymarket martyrs, to arrange for her burial and, incidentally, to insure all the cost. The following Sunday her friends and certain of the city's curious met in the Bricklayers Hall, 910 West Monroe Street, for a memorial service. Ben Reitman, Nina's anarchistic friend and physi-

cian, spoke as did also Lucy Parsons, widow of another of the Haymarket martyrs; and a theological seminary professor prayed. Alice McLaughlin was also on hand, she to whom Nina willed her cats and, with them, all her earthly substance.

FROM BUG HOUSE SQUARE TO THE TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILROAD

Boston has its common, its open-air forum; London has its Hyde Park Corner, and Chicago its Bug House Square, and they are as like as the three mythical Graces, or as the proverbial peas in a pod. In these unique institutions, according to a witty son of Erin, "Everyone is trying to put the world right and no one else will let him."

The endless procession of life has surely no more remarkable vantage spot on this planet than that at the northeast corner of Hyde Park, and well may the Marble Arch area be the Empire's chosen pulpit for the dissemination of knowledge of any and every cult.

Boston, with pride, may bestow the name Common on that part of the Mall where men are lured for oratory, free discussion and propaganda. But plain speaking Chicago prefers to christen the spot where similar scenes take place, Bug House Square—to my mind the most appropriate name of them all.

This matchless Bug House Square in the heart of Chicago, a pocket edition of Greenwich Village, is a city block, really square, on the near north side where the Gold Coast meets the slums. Walton Place is its northern limit and the looming, dignified walls of the renowned Newberry Library overshadow it. On the rising-sun side is the picturesque and historic New England Congregational Church, half a block away from the far-famed Dill Pickle Club. Interspersed are

mansions, pretentious and of long standing: a ritzy residential section.

"The future of capitalism offers nothing but slavery for the majority of men. All society demands a certain degree of slavery." Wee Willie Winkle, a Hobohemian, is sounding off from a soapbox rostrum and is being given the raspberry by the motley crowd. "If you guys had the brains to listen," he goes on, "I would teach you something. I got brains. The trouble with most working men like you today is you don't listen." When he finally finishes there is mild applause, and there the ceaseless barrage of babble and chatter is resumed.

The roving "bug" holding down the soapbox near the invaluable drinking fountain is Mr. Johnson, Triphammer Johnson, to be exact, with a walrus mustache and a North Minnesota accent. He is unraveling his mind to a restless, migratory audience. His booming voice is lowered. He has brought his rambling tirade to a climax, or is it an anti-climax? "Take that home with you, and don't bring it back."

Other conspicuous would-be spellbinders gravitating here are adding their untrained voices to the hubbub. There is Doc Reitman, King of the Hoboes, Texas hat, Byron roll collar, Windsor tie and all: the aristocratic physician with an underworld clientele, always protesting against "the rot that all men were created free and equal." There is H. L. Crouch, wooden-legged poet laureate of Hobohemia, who always mimeographs his insidious speeches and peddles them cunningly to the unsuspecting. The Sheridan trio, Jack and Jim, twin brothers, and their English migrant dad, John—all charlatan—of soapbox orators par excellence, who presume to mouth pseudointellectually on all subjects from pork chops on earth to pie in the sky. They are, these three, top bugs as experienced hecklers.

Anybody's list of curbstone soapbox orators would also include John Laughman, Hobohemia's liaison with the Mayor of the city, whoever he happened to be, who is

provoking even when he says no more than good morning; Harry Batters, childhood buddy of Lenin and ingenious shoplifter; and stalwart, stammering Wild Bill who, in order to get the public's ear, always adroitly pulls it.

Lesser luminaries include one conspicuous little lit-up bug, boasting that he once lived forty days on peanuts alone. "Forty days," he would repeat. "The same number of days that it rained when Noah sought shelter in the Ark." A matchless little old couple who take genuine pleasure in stating and restating ad lib that they eat all their meat raw. A Zionist who brags that in faith he threw away his shackling crutches. Regulars among the soapbox women were Martha Biegler and Kathleen Caldwell who, while not crepe hangers, chided the men with, "Only fools think they are awake." Present are Christians, pagans, vegetarians, Socialists, agnostics, atheists, single-taxers, Communists and a full score of other rebels against the existing order, each the incarnation of some society-saving panacea. More than the full number of fifty-seven types of agitators, with varying degrees of class-mindedness, each with a dream of the millennium, each with a cure for some ill which afflicts humanity. Thomas Love Peacock's poem adroitly states the situation:

> After careful meditation,
> And profound deliberation,
> Of the various pretty projects
> which have just been shown.
> Not a scheme in agitation,
> For the world's amelioration,
> Has a grain of common sense in it,
> except my own.

The audience tonight, and every night for that matter, is a motley cross section of society with intelligentsia in the majority. Here are some honest, inquiring souls, representatives of a woman's club, perhaps sincerely questioning the speaker

who is supposed to have all the answers. Other honest questioners range from a bishop to a beggar. Some are just curious.

That man in the hard hat is a "highly respected" businessman with his noisy, unthinking, gaudily dressed mistress who is just muck raking; and the lad with them is his legitimate son on vacation from an Eastern prep school. I wonder what the rich man thinks of the scourging criticism of capitalism and its methods that he has just heard.

That bunch of gay high-school boys are on a lark, and while heartily and soundly harassing the orator, no doubt catch snatches of statements which they consider and later repeat.

There is the noxious, chronic heckler, the bane of all open-air speakers and the primary source of terror in the Square. All-in-all the audience is restless, curious and censorious.

The soapboxer Wild Bill is to link Bug House Square with the enterprising construction of the Siberian-Turkestan railroad, a 1700-mile division of the Trans-Siberian, the world's longest and most wonderful railroad.

Vladimir Segerevich Shatov was Wild Bill's real name and he was Russian born. In Russia he aired his dream of "one big union of the whole world working class" and for his treasonable heresy was driven from the land of the Czars, seeking asylum for the next decade in the free United States.

He used America as the training ground for his future great work back in his homeland. A list of the types of work he did and the cities in which he worked in the United States reads like a national "help wanted list": In New York he directed a union of Russian workers and labored as a tar-roofer; in Brooklyn, he wielded a pick and shovel; in Boston, he was a hod-carrier; in Philadelphia, he worked as a longshoreman; in Pittsburgh, as a window-cleaner; in Cleveland, he was a gashouse worker; in Lynn, he worked in a shoe factory; in Detroit, he was a house-painter; in San Fran-

cisco, an iron-puddler; in Shenandoah, he taught school; in Gary, he worked in a steel mill; in Chicago, he was a dish-washer.

You can believe him when he brags before his Bug House Square audience that he was "Jack of all trades." Research, so far as I know, has not turned him up as a baby-sitter.

None who hears him will forget his savage soapbox indictment of capitalism. He flayed capitalistic bosses, praised the Industrial Workers of the World, and ever and anon pointed with pride to the example of the Soviet Republic. His speeches had but one theme: less work and more pay.

In the meantime, in Russia the Soviets replaced the Czars, and Vladimir hastened to return to his home at Kiev in Russia. The Russian revolution offered him an opportunity to serve the Communistic Party, so runs his story, and he was in turn trusted with the offices of Chief of Police in Petrograd, of Director of the Soviet Metal Trust and, finally, the post of supervisor of the Far Eastern transportation system.

From Bug House Square soapbox orator to supervisor of one of the most ambitious railroad building programs of modern times, in which as many as 60,000 laborers were employed! Beginning in the center of the great Siberian industrial region of Novosibirsk the line runs southward near the Chinese border and then westward to the Volga. When the Soviets replaced the Czars, Siberia meant little to them. The railroad stirred this part of the drowsy East into activity and made of the backward region a new frontier of civilization.

In time this area may become the huge stage upon which the final act of the world drama is enacted. Did Vladimir Segerevich Shatov have this dream in his mind as he regaled his Bug House Square listeners?

Any way you look at Bug House Square you will find it a part of the tolerance of democracy for free competition among opinions. It furnishes a way for the radical element to let off steam, to stage a revolt, to get it off its chest, to say

anything it wants to say that is not treasonable. Free speech as a public policy never has and perhaps never will command universal admiration, but some there are who will continue to shout facts from the housetop or the soapbox.

Above all things Bug House Square is democratic. Its evident weakness is that in most instances its doctrines do little more than swat the fly. This class has no real strategy for improvement. They divert attention from fundamentals by proceeding as though all the right was on one side and all the wrong on the other. Most of these speakers go beyond the evidence and are incapable of neutrality: things are all black or they are all white. Their subjects range over the gamut of human interests. If there is any one thing upon which they can agree it might possibly be that they would count it a pleasure to be a "pall bearer at the funeral of the world's last millionaire."

Bystanders might agree that Bug House Square offers a good piece of social anatomy to be used for comparative purposes. They might also agree that free speech as a public institution never has, and perhaps never will, command universal admiration.

HOBO COLLEGE: MY OTHER ALMA MATER

Twice I have been the recipient of a Ph.D. degree. This not in itself too noteworthy, perhaps, but in the dissimilarity of the donors, yes. The first was earned when I was very young and conservative, with most of my courses given by a teacher who was the first American student to win a Doctorate of Philosophy in a German university.

The second, in the spring of 1917, was from an uncommon and inimitable sort of a school. The college bestowing the degree was without fees, yells, examinations, campus, football or fraternities and taught "little Latin and still less Greek." Its unaffected and self-explanatory name was "Hobo College," and the degree granted was Doctor of Panhandling. "This degree is not given for time on the road," said the dean in presenting it, "but as a reward for your faithful services as friend and teacher."

Hobo College was born of the depression of 1913, in the mind of James Eads How, whom his fellow boes came to know as the "millionaire hobo." James was the son of James Buchanan Eads, the famous engineer of the Mississippi River jetties and of the Eads Bridge at St. Louis. He was graduated from the medical school of Harvard University, but chose not to practice medicine. Rather he determined to devote his life and his fortune to aiding the depressed classes.

He tried to give his million-dollar inheritance to the National Socialist Party, saying that "no man could possibly earn that much money." His relatives brought court action

and prevented his making this gift. He then decided that he would distribute his wealth in helping the migratory worker —the hobo, whom he addressed ever after as "brother."

Doctor How, as the workers came to call him, divided the genus "vagrant" into three classes. "The bum, said he, "drinks and wanders; the tramp dreams and wanders, but the hobo, often with the same temperament as the pioneer, works and wanders." How prepared himself for membership in that peculiarly American fraternity of restless, constantly moving hoboes by beating his way on freight trains across every state of the Union. He lived on the coarsest and simplest fare himself and when solicited gave his "brother" only "coffee and—" or an apple. He believed it was wrong for him to dine well when millions in the world were hungry or starving.

When he was finally educated and experienced he came to Chicago, which had become the hobo capital of America with its 60,000 or more homeless men, to begin his life work. He organized the International Brotherhood Association, which maintained little dingy halls where men could sleep free and get "coffee and—." The local organizations were never self-supporting. They were subsidized by How.

In the midst of the depression of 1913-14, he and an interested group of some dozen men including Irving St. John Tucker, opened what was then the first Hobo College at Congress Street near Wabash. He thought that he could bring something worth-while to his "brothers" through education.

Students came and competent faculties taught. The incomparable Mary Garden sang as a feature of the first Commencement program in 1917 and diplomas were given to well over one hundred students.

The text of this diploma read:

BE IT KNOWN TO ALL THE WORLD
THAT A HOBO HAS BEEN A STUDENT
AT THE HOBO COLLEGE

and has attended the lectures, discussions, clinics, musicals, readings and visits to art galleries and theatres.

He has also expressed a desire to get an education, better his own condition and help build a world that will be without unemployment, poverty, wars, prostitution, ignorance and injustice.

He pledges himself individually to live a clean, honest, manly life, and to take care of his health and morals, and abstain from all habits that undermine his health and better nature. He agrees to cooperate with all people and organizations that are really trying to abolish poverty and misery, and to work to build a better world in which to live.

Dr. Ben Reitman, erstwhile King of the Hoboes, was Director of this College and what he lacked in understanding of an educational institution he made up in first-hand knowledge, enriched daily, of the problems of his Hobohemian students. Moreover, he was so eminently successful in interpreting to teachers the value of working with him as unsalaried volunteer that the faculty list soon included such scholars and teachers as are named here, with the subjects they taught: Herman Adler, Mental Hygiene; Preston Bradley, Public Speaking; E. L. Schaub, Philosophy; E. W. Burgess, Sociology; David Rotman, Psychiatry; John Landesco, Criminology; and, somewhere in the list, Frank O. Beck, Social Pathology. Jim Tully, the author, was also on the staff.

Years before I had been presented with membership in the Hoboes of America.

Your opinion, no doubt, is that the mine run of hoboes can not qualify intellectually for such high-brow courses. This was the unsupported position of the general public until a study was made of a thousand men of this class. Of this number only 89 were found to be feeble-minded, epileptic, or insane. While the average intelligence of the boes was lower than that of the same number of small businessmen,

yet among the hoboes there was a higher per cent of mentally superior persons. The intelligence of the group was as high or slightly higher than that of the adult males tested in military camps. Students of vagabond life are uniformly surprised at the intellectual curiosity and ability of the migratory worker.

Psychology students of Northwestern University gave the army Alpha intelligence tests to 80 students of Hobo College and found they were higher intellectually on the average than were seniors in the University.

Why then, you may ask, is the hobo not worth more to society? It would seem that while he enjoys all sorts of scenes and experiences he still has many dull days. With abundance of leisure he produces little literature, practically no philosophy and little else that has much social or scholarly value. With his varied and extremely wide experiences why has he not been able to contribute more to our corporate life?

It may be interesting to observe that casual labor has produced a type of personality. In him wanderlust has become a vice. He has the mind of a rover. Walt Whitman reflected the restlessness and rebellion and individualism of the hobo mind in his verse:

> What do you suppose will satisfy the soul,
> Except to walk free and own no superior?

The Hobohemian life begins by breaking ties. First with the family and then the community. It ends by severing all associations with static people and roving over the face of the earth. The hobo thus becomes not only a "homeless" man but a man without a cause, without a country, without, in fact, any type of responsible associations.

The Hobo College was set up to meet just this need for ties, however futile the effort might have seemed in the eyes of the general public—whatever that may be. Its first aim was to furnish an opportunity for the boes to exchange ex-

periences and to maintain, though only for a short season, some sort of corporate existence and experience.

At the end of every course I presented at the College I stressed the idea that a romantic passion for human freedom was not enough. The highest achievement of a human life was to establish and maintain purposeful communications with other human lives. The bo rolls along, missing the security and the glory of an attachment to the earth, to a cause, and also the stability and satisfaction of a recognized, worthwhile position in the scheme of things.

A Hobo's Prayer

Almighty God, heavenly father who has blessed us hobos with good health and avid appetites and made this world a bountiful and plentiful place for all of us bipeds with towering possibilities: Give us common sense enough to wander and roam the world, and make the freights warmer and safer to ride in. Make the "town-clowns" more humane, sandwiches easier to get, and the chickens to come closer to the "jungles" that we hobos might have chicken-stew oftener. Abolish, O Lord, the lousy flophouses and ungodly vagrancy laws and their concomitants, the rock-piles. Send us, O Lord, more sunshine and less winter, so we can enjoy our leisure time more, and grant us the privilege to ride the "cushions" gratis. For these simple and elemental things we will forever praise thee, O Lord! Amen.

THE DILL PICKLE CLUB

One evening in 1919 no less a luminary than Sherwood Anderson published in *The Chicago Daily News* the statement, "Jack Jones and the Dill Pickle Club are the bright spots in the rather somber aspects of our town."

Jack was a man of stature and a visit to the Club was for many years a must in the itinerary of all pilgrims making a round of the night clubs of the Windy City. It was a focal point of the nightlife of Towertown, a region of the near north side where, when the shades of night arrived, foregathered the Bohemian, the artist, the near-artist and the strange conglomeration of city dwellers who follow in their train.

The Dill Pickle Club is surely an appropriate name for an eating spot. What epicure but does not relish the dill, the humble anise of the Scriptures? When the eating club was opened on Locust Street and patronized mainly by disputatious labor leaders, it had over its door the sign, "The Copper Kettle and the Dill Pickle." A few years later, Bohemia-in-Chicago was stirred by food poisoning caused (supposedly) by the use of the copper kettle and the Club dropped "The Copper Kettle" end of the name and the Dill Pickle went it alone. While the Irish were pleased, the Germans were not.

The same Jack Jones, who in 1917 opened the Dill Pickle Club, now incorporated the club, copyrighted the name and moved it to Tooker Alley, where he continued to serve "coffee and a few light foods that are tolerable" as John

Drury writes in his *Dining in Chicago*. On Wednesdays, his mild-mannered sister prepared a goodly assortment of sandwiches for the literary group who took over that evening. It was on one of these special evenings that I, in search of a copywriter, bought "coffee and—" for a young writer, Carl Sandburg. He ate it in a dimly lighted recess in the wall, as I tried to persuade him to come with me to do some special writing, as I was then making the Chicago Area Survey of the Inter-Church World Movement.

But for John Archibald (Jack) Jones, the Dill Pickle Club was to serve purposes other than gastronomy. This king of the Picklers came to Chicago about the year 1907 and, as a labor leader, he wished his Club to serve his ends, by enlisting the intelligentsia.

Where he came from and who he was was definitely secondary to the fact that he was a most intelligent and militant labor agitator, one of the founders of the Industrial Workers of the World. His Club was to be a public forum for the discussion of what, to Jones, was the most vital subject in our national life, the rights of manual laborers.

Of an earlier interesting place, a nursery rhyme said, "The way into my parlor is up a winding stair." The way into the Dill Pickle Club was even more complicated. Off North State Street to the left you wedged yourself, if you were thin enough, through a hole in the wall, a narrow slit between the four-story buildings. Then, with ashcans and garbage cans making it wise to watch your step, you went over the cobblestones and bricks of Tooker Alley to No. 18, where you faced a bright green light over an orange door with three small stained glass apertures. Here you were admonished, if you aspired to enter, to "Step high, stoop low, and leave your dignity outside." Crawling was really the best means of locomotion from there on in.

Blazed across the vestibule was the enigmatical line "This

club is established to elevate the minds of people to a lower level." There were several ways in which the Club made no more sense than that.

However, the founder, Jack Jones, an American pioneer in the field of labor education, was a powerful magnet and drew unusual personalities within his orbit. It was probably in the cards from the beginning that Jack, years later, should die alone in a third-class men's lodging house, and his wasted and besotted body, not yet sixty-four years old, be buried in a casket, the gift of a thousand derelict men on the stem on West Madison Street.

What mattered was what Jack Jones, a flaming missionary of industrial justice, did with his opportunity in the Dill Pickle Club. At once it became the rendezvous of leading labor organizers and leaders, of radical artists too often coarse and ribald, of modern poets often equally unrefined and gross, of rising literary personages and revolutionists. It became more than a serious labor forum, it became an institution for all the arts. It opened its doors wide to everybody who had a message, a grievance, a hope, or a criticism, constructive or destructive; who wished to raise his voice against oppression, prejudice and injustice in all their multiforms. To every guest, at some time during his sojourn at the Club, Jack Jones, the ingenious, put the question, "Are you a nut about anything?"

One night in an unrestrained moment the group of the evening accepted the following credo: "We of the Dill Pickle believe in everything. We are radicals, pickpockets, second-story men and thinkers. Some of us practice free love, and some, medicine. Most of us have gone through religion and have tired of it. Some of us have tired of our wives." This was the Dill Pickle Club in its most indulgent and unrestrained mood.

This creed did not express the main objectives of the Club. It was definitely not a place where men grow broad bellied

and narrow minded, despite the fact that there were hedonists there and those allergic to purity. Through the years they did much creative work. Here experts taught dancing and other arts. Poets read their own verses. Artists, wood carvers, ornamental iron designers, sculptors and painters created and displayed their handicraft, always to an interested public. From the haymow on the second floor—the city used transportation that fed on hay—came the mingled odors of charcoal, turpentine, fixatives. Often a party of visitors stood by, waiting to be shocked at the nude subject.

In the birth and early development of the little theatre the Club must be given prominent mention. This, one of the earliest of the little theatres, presented some of the finest amateur talent. Jack, a man of varied talent, built with his own hands a splendid stage, invented and installed an unusual lighting system, wrote, directed and acted in the plays.

The open forum of the Club was stimulated by the idea that truth wholly controlled may become dangerous. Yet no matter how important the question brought before the Dill forum or how illustrious the speaker, he was thrown to the lions, as he expected to be. His message—important, crackbrained, serious or humorous—the omnipresent heckler treated the same as the last and the next. And what consummate hecklers were there! There was big John Laughman, whose biting Irish witticism, often almost sadistical, literally cowed the speaker and thrilled the audience; little Birdie Weber, hook-nosed and bespectacled, vulgar always and thunderous in his approach, confused and trapped the orator. The heckling was usually brilliant and constituted not an inconsiderable part of the entertainment.

The Dill Pickle Club drew to its platform a surprising "Who's Who" of speakers. In my diary are listed speakers heard there, and many of them were monthly guests. There was Maxwell Bodenheim, author of *Ninth Avenue;* Carl Sandburg, the poet; Ben Reitman, King of the Hoboes; Ben

Hecht, author of *1001 Afternoons in Chicago*, editor of the *Chicago Literary Times* and a promising poet; Countess Luddie, who wore sandals and bobbed her hair; Paddy Carrol from Hell's Half Acre; Aimee Semple McPherson, and a Spanish spiritualist who shaved her head and dyed it green; Morris Levine, blind, gray-haired orator; Van Cima, Dutch artist and piccolo player; Emma Goldman, the Anarchist, and Rube Menken, Russian art critic; Eugene Debs and William D. Haywood, tycoons of the labor movement; Sherwood Anderson, the playwright, and Jim Larkin, the famous Irish rebel; Harry Batters, selling socialism to the Democrats and democracy to the Socialists; Yellow Kid Weil, of high-finance fame; Clarence Darrow and scores of the more brilliant members of the faculties of Northwestern and Chicago universities. Sooner or later everybody had a chance to express himself and the Club's Sunday night doings often made Monday morning news.

One night one of the university speakers remarked seriously, "More famous people have passed through this Club than through any fifty universities in the world." The statement was, to say the least, extravagant. It was statements like this that convinced me that I was using rather well the time I gave to them.

Early in the Club's history, Jack Jones invited me to join his staff and called me "Chaplain." I have met few groups with such enormous responsiveness and so much in need of education of the spirit. I tried to understand when they needed praise and when they needed prayer. They *always* needed a friend. Jack Jones climaxed his study of labor's problems by writing a treatise, "The Tech-Up," a pronouncement on technocracy.

Harper Leech, co-originator of the War Insurance plan, wrote of Jack's "The Tech-Up": "A masterpiece of explanation of the industrial form of unionism." It brought Jack a trip to Washington, D. C., during World War I at Uncle

Sam's expense, for conference with the Department of Labor. Labor sympathizers of the Dill Pickle type later followed the worker's movement through syndicalism and the Worker's Party into the Communist Party.

When the crest of bootlegging came, the Club's cultural flame flickered low. The lawless horned in on the management of the Club and chiseling gangsters followed. Man shall not live by free love, companionate marriage, unrestrained Bohemianism, rackets, "red" Russia, alone—vital subjects though they were to the adherents of the Club. However, sincere voices raised against suppression, prejudice and injustice bring their own reward. Dill Pickle's popular forum, little theatre, art school, social center, all often on the five-yard line in their way and day, served the cause of adult education and democracy.

And possibly society has a greater ability to reform itself than many of us thought that day.

BOHEMIA:
THE LIFE OF LUST

"If a girl is not loved by many lads, God does not love her either," was inscribed in large Old-English letters across the long wall of Hummel's garret. This suggestive and vulgar proverb of the depraved Watkaks, primitive people of the jungles, blatantly slapped the face of every member of the life class meeting in that Latin Quarter studio—a garret in this case for, among this breed of the intelligentsia, every place they congregate is a studio. You enter Hummel's studio through the long-standing iron gate at 867 North Dearborn Street, go around the big, old house, through an informal flower garden to the little red barn, then up the stairs to the garret. This was the acknowledged center of the Chicago artist colony of the day, close by the heart of the city's Bohemia.

Round about it there mill and revolve—you can not take root in the concrete pavement—followers of the fine arts, of literature and of other purely intellectual pursuits, living a pattern of life that repudiated what the masses accept as the conventions of society. Not only were there such vulgar and suggestive mottoes upon the walls of studios where nude models posed before flappers and matrons and boys scarcely out of their teens and tired businessmen riding a hobby, but around it all and in every possible way was shown a universal disdain of chastity and virtue. All this and infinitely more in the name of "the artistic temperament." The nonparticipating bystander sincerely concludes that in most of the

drama of the art colony the art interest bows to the sex interest.

There seemed to be little concern about "cubism," "Purism," "expressionism" or any other art label. Instead of art studios the colony had in truth built altars: altars to Eros, the god of sexual love.

There is a certain kind of club which springs from no type of soil but that of the artist colony. Throughout Chicago's Latin Quarter, students in gay colored smocks not only paint but produce the drama of the year in some little theatre improvised from a remodeled mansion; poets recite their erotic verse in a gaudily lighted tearoom; living apartments are made of old carriage houses, and the intelligentsia sit around on red painted barn floors and listen to sweet seductive music by candlelight. Here and there an occasional Castle Rackrent shelters a group such as the famed Club Ye Seven Artes.

I have an invitation to attend it: "Come," it reads, "to that rare, singular, unique oasis of originality—Club Ye Seven Artes." It boasts of itself as the very epitome of Bohemianism. Tonight we find Miss Polly La Couche, who dubs herself an emancipated woman of the Latin Quarter, billed to speak on the subject, "Free Love or Marriage?" If you are not attracted by the subject you might postpone your visit until tomorrow evening, but, judging from the past, the subject and the personnel will vary but little. It seems to matter not where the speaker addressing the Seven Arts Club begins, for he soon is drawn, as moth to flame, to the idolized subject, "The Pathology of the Love Life." Everybody around can wax eloquent on that subject.

The foregone conclusion is that Polly's illiterate, lustful brawling will "prove" that it is a disgrace to enter marriage as a virgin. Of course Polly is faulty all through; in her facts, her logic and her theory. But more damaging, if possible, than her easily repudiated thesis will be her corroding vulgarity, her vainglorious mockery of virtue, her needless

blasting at the rock that mankind has placed as a cornerstone to Nature's inflexible plan for the human race; the institution of the family.

The colony includes nightclubs of many other sorts, each vying for popularity and patronage. One is an unusual type led by a man whose intellect is richly stored with fact and theory and who reveals no little histrionic ability. He quotes *The Psychology of Sex* as though he knew every jot and tittle in the entire six volumes. He prates about best sellers and appears to be on familiar terms with the classics. Artist colony habitués are, for the most part, people of emotion; but this leader seems to live largely in the realm of the intellect.

The director of a nearby Lesbian art club specializes, it would seem, in hurling epithets at virtue, and rarely have I met a marksman more accurate. However, he is one hundred per cent cynic, with a disposition to reject totally any goodness in human nature. Continually he injects his inflated sense of his own superiority. Before his audiences, he is really mad; mad as Festus accused Paul of being and for the same reason —"Much learning doth make thee mad."

Another club is led by a showman eminent as must be one trained under the unparalleled Barnum. The handbills advertising his program are alluring. He knows and plays up all the weaknesses of orthodoxy. Flamboyantly he leads his followers in a theme song, "Oil in My Lamp"; and with singularly dramatic ability he reads Max Bodenheim's poem, "Religion Wanders Among the Rose Bushes." In his dress there is equally real showmanship: on successive evenings his wearing apparel includes a scarf of the French Legion of Honor, a gown with the collar of a Roman priest, or a Roman toga.

Professor Lant, so dignified in title by his shameless satellites, runs a not-dissimilar flamboyant club scarcely a block away. Were it not already known as The Pit I would suggest, as the more descriptive name, The Inferno. Here, night after

night, huddle the sexually distorted and perverted, the uncouth forms, the pathological misfits: that melange of middle sex which nature started but never finished. Prepare for consummate disgust for, in such vile and loathsome spots the "stripper" is omnipresent and there are everywhere evidences of grossly radical sex practices.

Everything connected with such spots, a description of which is only fit for books on pathology, contributes to bring its gatherings to veritable sex orgies. This kind of Bohemian life leads inevitably to mental breakdown, to immorality, to alcoholism, to prostitution, to crime, to insanity, to suicide. In studios such as these, blushing is taboo, and chastity never ventures to brighten the doors. Cupid would turn his back upon the scene; courtship like that of Eros and Psyche would wither in such atmosphere.

But, somehow, I always went from such meetings into the bracing night air resolved to pursue my bourgeois objectives with increasingly hopeful vigor. The simple truth it might seem to be that a minority of people do not have enough of sex; most people, too much; few, just enough.

The last I knew of the Professor he was still conducting his all-out-sexy night club in a desperate effort to make enough money to keep himself alive until he could drink himself to death. Still, clubs like Lant's decoy a sundry clientele.

The contrast between the highly worth-while intelligence and evident gifts of personalities of many in this field of entertainment and their inane exhibitionistic futilities is most striking. Of some you feel that they are always laboring with a sort of missionary zeal not only to entertain with the lewd and lustful (as though men had no minds but only appetites), but further to convert to their sophisticated point of view all those who get into the orbit of their influence. Often have I mused upon how useful these persons might have been had they not been so unashamedly sensual.

To my mind the basic error upon which the Professor and all other blind builders of the art colony based their untenable structure was that it was largely egocentric. "I can do as I want to about my sex life. My sex life is my business and mine alone. It is no concern at all of society."

All the way along the recorded journey of the human race there have been men who hold to this idea and men who reject it. Scholars tell us that various native peoples with free sex conduct have always evolved definitely characteristic group ideas of decency and propriety and modesty. They recognize that sex acts and practices are not individual matters but that they have social significance. They report that distinct factors of social control are present even among people who permit sex promiscuity. These group standards are not mere futile, outward conventions. Here and elsewhere, sex standards are created by the group, and individuals appropriate them and in the most serious fashion follow them in their own conduct. Our group sex standards are today as truly a part of our social order as they ever were. The usual dweller in the Latin Quarter dissents from this view. The morals of the intelligentsia are a joke.

In the city's Bohemia, men and women insist on making their own sex mores and ineffectually wish that Puritanism, which they regard as prudish, had foundered in the deep blue Atlantic sea ere it set its foot upon American soil. Bohemians dwell in the chaos of half-baked, free-love ideals.

They are wrong, for lust is the greatest enemy of the human quest for real love. To mistake lust for love is perhaps the commonest tragedy in life. Men and women were not made to be mere concubines. The plan is for them to be comrades. True love always gives the lie to lust. Lust not only brings to society the plague of mankind's filthiest disease, but it also kills love, the greatest thing ever to enter the world, and dwarfs the immortal soul of humanity.

But—lest true art suffer—do not be confused about the

so-called artistic temperament. Perhaps artists are not for the most part equal parts of intellect and emotions. One with an artistic temperament does not necessarily lead a disordered and irregular life.

Tonight a boy on the fringe of the art colony crossed my path. He was in reality in the art colony but not yet of it. He had abandoned his home country and turned his back on the life and ideals of his parents. He had not yet struck roots in the city. He sang in his room at night as a bird sings in its cage. He asked for no friends. He had definitely doffed the old and treasured. Yet he did not even seek any new axis for his life. It would no doubt be revealing to follow him through the next months. He might even resort to singing in order to catch females.

JANE ADDAMS

"She was greeted with distinction never before accorded an American woman," was the headline of many Atlantic Coast metropolitan dailies on May Day, 1935. These laudatory words were written of Jane Addams who that day was celebrating her seventy-fifth birthday by presiding as international president over the session of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom which, with delegates present from thirty nations of the earth, was celebrating its twentieth birthday in our national capital. The great banquet hall resounded with her praises. The ambassadors of Great Britain, France, Russia, and Japan, introduced by radio, spoke from their respective capitals to a world-wide audience. The appraisal was no doubt correct. At the same time the readers of a great national magazine voted her "the most distinguished living woman," and they might with equal truthfulness have said she was the only person listed in *Who's Who* as a garbage collector.

Three weeks later, May 21, Jane Addams was dead. Her herculean task was laid aside. Her frail body, tortured with twenty-five major surgical operations, lying in state in the open court of Hull House, her imperishable monument, was passed by some 20,000 of her neighbors hourly, while a chorus of two hundred of her immigrant neighbors' children sang "America the Beautiful." A Greek workman said simply, "Her sitting with God. Her not Orthodox. Her not Catholic. Her not Presbyterian. Her all religions." Russian, Italian, Bulgarian, Hebrew, all said the same, each in his na-

tive tongue. They had seen a religion aimed at saving rather than being saved.

She was of pioneer stock, Jane Addams, a prairie child, born September 6, 1860, in Cedarville, Illinois, a peaceful village of two hundred and fifty souls, located three miles from any railroad. Tomorrow her body would be returned there for burial in the family lot of the village cemetery, with the benediction of a nation's love.

Abraham Lincoln was a frequent visitor in her childhood home, for her father, John Addams, a Quaker, a well-to-do banker and mill owner, was for sixteen years a member of his state senate and an intimate friend of Abraham Lincoln.

Her mother had died soon after she was born. Jane grew up lonely, precocious, a dreamer of dreams. She was so sure that she was physically plain that she did not wish to embarrass her handsome father by going on the street with him. She went to college and earned a Phi Beta Kappa key, spent a year in a medical school, traveled in Europe, studied Marxian socialism and saw Chicago.

When Blücher first saw London from the tower of St. Paul's Cathedral, he is said to have exclaimed, "My God, what a city for conquest!" With another type of conquest in view, Jane Addams may well have paraphrased these words when she first saw Chicago: "What a city for redemption!"

There is a rumor that when Mr. Addams heard of Jane's plans for her life, he thought them madness and began to remonstrate with her. "Why, Jane, you might become a teacher—even a dean of women—and you have chosen this career."

Yes, sightless father, she might have become a dean of women in some college, but she chose a better part. She was cast in a greater mould, with such a vision of social justice as Marcus Aurelius might have had. She erected a house which was to become not only a beacon light in a city wilderness

but the loved shrine of all peoples of the world. "God-driven," as one said of her, she crusaded for a better world and was proclaimed "America's foremost woman." Dreams are born to come true.

My first personal contact with her was in the year 1911, four years before a small group of us Methodist preachers had founded the Methodist Federation for Social Service. Concerning this step she wrote in a letter which I still have, "The religious teacher must go forth into the midst of modern materialism if only to effectually insist upon the eternal antithesis between the material and the spiritual and to prove that religious enthusiasm is all-enduring when founded upon the realities of life."

The next year I went to live and work in Chicago. Soon she gave me not only the key to Hull House but the privilege of taking students everywhere throughout the immense settlement house. What I coveted was the key to even the side door of her spirit.

On one of these trips a group of Michigan students from Kalamazoo was having breakfast in the Coffee House when Miss Addams unexpectedly entered and came directly to them. After an introduction and a brief word of greeting, she invited them to meet her in the lounge after breakfast, where she spoke to them intimately, making this a truly great hour in their lives. One student said, "We all fell in love with her that hour"—and they will never get over it.

Hull House, besides being her home, became a symbol, an ideal of humanism (the spirit that goes out in love to one's neighbor), a stronghold of the spirit. Hither to sit at her feet came Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States, where he saw the famed Hull House players produce "Justice" by Galsworthy. And later came Thomas G. Masaryk, President of Czechoslovakia, and Mackenzie King, Premier of Canada, and Ramsay MacDonald, Prime Minister of Great Britain to spend his honeymoon. Presidents and premiers and

princes and paupers also came among them. Gerald Cope, president of General Motors; Frances Perkins, United States Secretary of Labor. And received with equal cordiality and courtesy was a foreign speaking woman with a shawl over her head and a baby in her arms. And all with the unaffected simplicity of a child, or of a queen.

Hither also came couriers from nations and universities, one bearing the Nobel Prize to "the most effective advocate of peace among the women of the world," others bidding her accept degrees from their institutions of learning—Northwestern, Chicago, Wisconsin and Smith. Yale came forward with the first honorary M.A. it had ever bestowed upon a woman. Upon Jane Addams were conferred more honorary academic degrees than upon any other woman of all history.

This distinction led William James to write her, "You utter instinctively the truth we others seek." Her name became known to more people in the world than that of any other American except Abraham Lincoln and George Washington; and in the heart of Russia I met many who laboriously and lovingly spoke her name who never had heard of George Washington.

One hour, throwing aside her usual modesty for a moment, she exclaimed, "This is the happiest moment of my life." She was addressing the members of the Committee of American Relief for Russian Women and Children and reading to us a letter from Bainbridge Colby, Secretary of State, dated May 20, 1920: "I think you will be pleased to know, Miss Addams, that the Department of State contemplates an announcement within a few days to the effect that relief workers will be permitted to proceed to Russia without objections from that government."

My last and perhaps happiest contact with her was two years before her death. The only woman thus far so honored, she had just received the Nobel Prize for her militant fight

for the abolition of war. In addition to serving as Illinois Hostess at the Century of Progress Exhibition in Chicago in 1933, she was Chairman of the Committee for Peace and Freedom of the Exhibition, by invitation of the Board of Directors. To my great pride she asked me to be a member of this group.

In one of the early meetings of the Committee, a Chicago high-school boy, who was youth's representative on the Committee, suggested that a feature of the exhibition be an animated replica of the United States Treasury with a moving belt carrying away from the mint $20 gold pieces at the rate they were being consumed in the war budget of the nation. He was persistent and Miss Addams finally agreed. I had a season ticket to that Exhibition (No. 1351), and when I see now that I used more than a hundred of the tickets I do not know if I made the many visits to watch the rate that the nation's gold was being spent for destructive war or to be with Miss Addams. It was, though I was not aware of it then, my last opportunity to work with her.

Earlier than this I had the high privilege of working with her as a fellow member of the Directors of the Chicago Forum and the Illinois Committee Against Militarism in Education, which labor won me membership in Mrs. Elizabeth Dilling's *Red Network*, a "Who's Who" of radicals.

Jane Addams' religion sometimes got her into trouble. She was penalized for membership in numerous organizations; she came in for a whole page in the *Red Network*—perhaps because she was a founding member of the American Civil Liberties Union and the American Society for Cultural Relations with Russia. She dared protest against the ways and works of militarism and she paid the price in full. At the same time, Alfred E. Smith said of her, "No American has ever contributed so much to awaken our social conscience."

There was a scene of deathless beauty one morning in the

city court. A policeman, standing before the bar of justice with a small "incorrigible" boy, exclaimed, "Judge, your Honor, I took the chap by the ear—" and Miss Addams standing by as a friend of the boy with heart and hand in accord, retorted, "Policeman, why didn't you take him by the hand?" She understood the difference with an almost divine intuition. Maybe she had heard from her Polish mother friends, "*Dziecko za reke—matke za serce.*" (Take a child's hand and you take a mother's heart.)

No wonder the Swedish immigrant women at their looms in the Labor Museum and the Italian women of the neighborhood working in the studios of the art school unite in saying, "This is the house where the lady of God lives." If you wish others to remember you, forget yourself. It was given to Jane Addams, as one of her herculean labors to found, in 1899, the Juvenile Court and little more significant in the lives of children has transpired since One said: "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not." Yes, it was children's voices she might have last heard as her body was carried through the streets she loved with an everlasting love.

In the Book of Life her name may lead all the rest for she, like Abou Ben Adhem, was one who loved her fellow men.

THE AUTHOR OF HOBOHEMIA • • •

Frank Orman Beck brings to the problems of the modern city a rich and varied background of experience.

Born in the simple environment of midwest American rural life, he has studied, traveled and worked in the complex life of cosmopolitan cities in America, Europe and the Near East.

He earned his degrees — B. A., M. A., S. T. B., and Ph. D. — at Indiana State, Illinois Wesleyan, Boston, Chicago and Edinburgh Universities.

After fifteen years as pastor in city churches, his special interest in Christian social service led to labor in this field. He served successively as Survey Director of the Chicago Welfare Department, as Executive Secretary of the Chicago Inter-Church World Movement, and as Field Director of the St. Louis Church Survey. For ten years, he was Professor of Sociology at Garrett Biblical Institute.

Dr. Beck was one of the first members of the Methodist Federation of Social Service. His particular interest in the problems of urban boys led him to write *Marching Manward*, one of the earliest books in this field. For twenty years he served as Councilor in the Boy's Branch of the Municipal Court — the only court of its type in the world. The City of Chicago published his studies on "Ten Thousand Boy Offenders," on "The Italian," and on "The Negro."

In these relationships, in his ministry at Old Wabash Parish on the fringe of Chicago's Loop, and as Director of Reconciliation Trips for college students, he continually studied and interpreted Chicago.

Of him, Bishop Thomas Nicholson of Chicago said, "If there is any one who knows more about Chicago's life and people, I have yet to meet him."

BURTON RASCOE, famous literary critic, editor and author, who knew many of the people described in this volume when he worked in Chicago during the era pictured in this book, comments on *Hobohemia*: "A vivid and absorbing documentary about a lot of colorful and peculiar misfits and maladjusted people whom an unusual, kindly, and inquisitive ordained minister of Christ's doctrine not only mingled with and understood but also loved, and prayed for, even though they rejected his prayers and (to many) seemed beyond redemption."

HAROLD C. CASE, President, Boston University says: "Dr. Beck has recreated the setting of Chicago in the days before World War I and has interpreted with an interesting and artistic touch individuals and groups with whom he came in contact.

"These are excellent studies in human personality and the power of friendship and religion to reclaim men."

JAMES J. MARTIN, Prof. of History, Northern Illinois State College, and author of *Men Against the State,* says: "A remarkable collection of vignettes, written with wonderful humor, warm sympathy and original insight. Dr. Beck's memoirs-in-miniature of his contacts with and impressions of Chicago's fabulous radical personalities, with their supporting cast of Skid Row types and humanitarians moving across a stage of bohemian and settlement-house life, is a sociological document with a memorable impact."

HAROLD WHITEHALL, Prof. of English, Univ. of Indiana, says: "This unusual book reflects the unusual human contacts of a most unusual man. Armed with a perceptive mind, a compassionate heart, a genius for friendship,

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and a lucid pen, Dr. Beck has vignetted the 'low road' of Chicago life earlier in this century and at the end of the last. Characters, places, and institutions of the city in its most turbulent and intellectually fecund days come provocatively to life: Lenie the Limp and Mr. Porter, Emma Goldman and the fabulous Ben Reitman, Jane Addams and the womenfolk of the Haymarket Rioters, Madison Street and Bug House Square, Hobo College and the famous Dill Pickle Club. With such materials (strange enough for folklore but instant as history) most writers would either have resorted to satire or an outside cultural perspective. Dr. Beck admirably succeeds in the difficult task of placing himself with them, among them, in them. The result is a charming, exciting, and fascinating book which somehow facets and focusses the sociological groundswell of a great city."

"The day came," writes this minister, "when I desired franker speech and freer relationships with all manner of men than I then had. So I trusted my life to the pull of my heart . . . "

And thus, for a time when the century was younger, Dr. Beck left the traditional highway of a minister of the Gospel and walked boldly with the denizens of Chicago's Hobohemia, a distinct and colorful segment of the urban world, whose mentality was born of revolt against life.

Not for romance nor glamor was the detour taken. This minister simply wanted *to know*, so that his horizon might be widened, so that he might have new truth to pass on – but chiefly so that he might serve more effectively.

Among the pilgrims on this lower road he found all manner of men and women. The nameless trudged in step with the notorious and the revered – Emma Goldman, the Anarchist, and the immortal Jane Addams of Hull House. Here and there was one who would make headlines and history.

Dr. Beck writes without favor or prejudice, but with insight and sympathy. "The good in *any* life is exciting and inspiring," he says. And, along with almost unexampled sordidness, he found much good.