

after there would be a revolution.

In the parish house of a neighboring church I saw a crowd of young people, girls and boys from the shops and factories, whom society ladies were waiting upon and attending in the most obliging manner. You would have thought that the spirit of caste were really passing away and the rich, in that parish at least, were anxious to surrender their privileges and welcome the dawn of brotherhood.

But wait! On the walls of this parish house was a picture—a picture of the Garden of the Gods. The painting was not unworthy of the subject. As I stood looking at those stupendous snow-clad peaks, it was explained to me that the man who gave the picture was the private owner of the Garden of the Gods, and that it was his brother's money which built the parish house.

The Garden of the Gods the private property of a mortal man! For the moment the idea staggered me. Then another word explained it all. This lord of the Garden of the Gods was a railroad man. Then I remembered that to these railroad men the United States has made a present, all told, of 213,000,000 square acres of the public domain. I recalled a computation I had once made that this railroad grant equals in extent the States of New York, Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan and Illinois. The pity of it is that the same law which gives to one man the Garden of the Gods dooms ten others, of economic necessity, to live in some devil's dive, sweated and despoiled. But the rich themselves do not understand this, and many of them, wanting to do some good and not knowing how, build parish houses and support the National Sunshine Legion.

If you want to help the poor to help themselves, it is not a Sunshine Legion that you need. It is a Land League, agitating to restore the earth, the Garden of God, to the sons of men.

There is a Christmas charity nobler even than building parish houses and tending work-women's babies. Take taxes off from industry. Redistribute them according to the value of a man's land. This will reduce the taxes of the small farmer and home owner. It will tear down the fences which private monopoly has built around the Garden of the Gods. It will unlock doors now closed to labor. It will open countless opportunities to men. It will give them a chance to earn their own Christmas dinner and re-

alize the truth of that maxim: "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

#### MRS. TITLOW'S VISITOR.

This story was originally written for Henry George's Standard by the late Thomas L. McCready. It appeared in the Standard of February 23, 1889. It was reprinted in the first Christmas number of The Public, December 24, 1898; and is now again reproduced, by request.

"Dear Mrs. Titlow," said the archdeacon, blandly, "you must not be discouraged. Such experiences come every day to those who work among the poor. They are providentially intended for our guidance, and not for our discouragement."

And the archdeacon sipped his tea. It was five o'clock in the afternoon, the tea drinkers' sacred hour, and Mrs. Titlow's tea was excellent.

"But doctor," said the lady, half querulously, "it does seem so impossible to do anything for the poor creatures. It's so hard to do anything with them. Don't you know, when I go on one of my visiting rounds I feel just as though I were looking at something through a plate-glass window. I can see everything plainly enough, but when I reach out my hand to touch anything I find I can't get at it."

The archdeacon smiled benevolently. "You will get over that feeling after awhile," he said. "It probably comes from self-consciousness on your part. Keep on saying to yourself: 'These people are my friends,' and after a time you'll feel that they really are your friends. Then everything will be easy for you."

"Yes, but they're not my friends—that's just the trouble. I don't know why. I'm sure I feel interested enough in them, and friendly enough toward them. But when I give them good advice I can see that they haven't the slightest idea of following it. And I know they often tell me lies in answer to my questions. Now you know, doctor, that's not being friendly."

The archdeacon smiled again and finished his cup of tea before he spoke. "We must recognize the situation," he said, "and not expect too much. The poor are often very hard to deal with. They are prone to rebel against the decrees of providence. They are not always as contented as they should be in the station to which it has pleased God to call them. They are often ignorant and thriftless. And as a rule they are sadly lacking in truthfulness. But all this, dear Mrs. Titlow, only makes it the more necessary that we should labor earnestly among them. In this scheme of God's wise providence we

have been set apart to be the stewards of his bounty. He might have so arranged the world that there should be no poor. But He knew better. 'The poor,' He tells us, 'ye have always with you.' They stimulate our benevolence. They keep our sympathies alive. And we, in turn, if we do our duty by them, will develop in them the virtues of thrift and temperance, and teach them to look with gratitude, not to us, but to the Father who loves all his children equally, and has appointed the wiser and better educated to dispense his bounty among the simple and untaught. Think how objectless your life would be if there were no poor for whose improvement you could labor. Think how wretched the lives of the poor would be if there were no people like you to visit and assist them. Keep up your district visiting, then, and let your poorer brothers and sisters see that, while you are not blind to their faults, you love them still, and want to be their friend."

The archdeacon put down his cup and rose to go. Mrs. Titlow was conscious of a sense of moral exaltation, as though she had just been to church.

"If you please, ma'am," said the housemaid, "there's a woman in the hall that wants to speak to you."

"A woman, Mary?" said Mrs. Titlow. "What woman? Didn't she give any name?"

"No, ma'am. I asked her what her name was, and what she wanted to see you for; and she said you wouldn't know her name, but she knew you'd be glad to see her. I'd ha' sent her off, but I thought she might be one of them charity society women, and you might want to see her after all."

"Good gracious! Mary, you mustn't leave strange women sitting in the hall like that. Why, she may be robbing the drawing-room at this moment! Run downstairs and say I'll be there in a minute, and don't leave her alone until I come."

When Mrs. Titlow descended she found the visitor seated on one of the straight-backed comfortless chairs that flanked the hatrack, while Mary, the housemaid, lingered near, making a pretense of doing something with a duster. Mrs. Titlow gave a gasp of relief. Not a thief, after all. Probably some poor person come a-berging. That was the worst of this charitable work—that it led to unauthorized intrusions of this kind. Mrs. Titlow mentally decided to refer the woman to the office of the Good Samaritan society, where the secretary could investigate her case. It would never do to

encourage visits from people of that kind.

As Mrs. Titlow drew near, the visitor rose and extended her hand. Mrs. Titlow involuntarily put out her own. The stranger grasped it, and held it with a gentle pressure. "You are the lady of the house," she said.

"I am Mrs. Titlow." She made a slight effort to withdraw her hand, but without avail.

"Dear Mrs. Titlow, I am delighted to know you," said the other, sweetly. "I am making my first round of visits this morning, and I am so glad to have commenced with you. But come," this strange woman went on, with a final pressure of the lady's unresponsive hand, "we must not stand here like two strangers. Take me into the parlor, where we can sit down together, as dear friends ought to do."

Take her into the parlor, indeed! What could the woman mean! Mrs. Titlow could do nothing but stare at her. The stranger walked deliberately into the drawing-room, and seated herself in the most comfortable easy chair. Mrs. Titlow followed in bewilderment, and remained standing.

"What a delightful chair," said the visitor. "So restful to the back. I could almost go to sleep in it. Ah! my dear, you rich people have a great deal to be thankful for, after all. Of course, it's sad that you should be so helpless, and need so many people to work for you and wait on you. But you must fight against that sort of degradation, and think, meantime, how good God is to provide you with all these pleasant things. How much more of a burden your helplessness would be to you if you had no nice, spacious house and no comfortable furniture in it. Have you ever thought of that, my dear, in your moments of discontent?"

Mrs. Titlow drew herself up. She was half afraid of this extraordinary female, but she felt it would never do to show her trepidation. "Did you want to see me about anything special?" she said. "If it's any charity business you can leave me your address and I will see that a visitor calls on you. Or, perhaps, you had better go direct to the Good Samaritan office and see the secretary." Mrs. Titlow made this last suggestion with a faint hope that the stranger might take the hint and go at once. But the hope was disappointed. The stranger only settled herself more comfortably in the easy chair and answered:

"See you about anything special? Why, of course, it's something special, or I shouldn't intrude on you in this un-

ceremonious fashion. And it is charity business, too, however you happened to guess it. You must know, I am a member of the Needle's Eye society."

Mrs. Titlow felt more comfortable. Some sewing women's organization, no doubt, that had sent this queer delegate to solicit her patronage. "Yes," she said, encouragingly, "and what sort of work is it you want to do?"

"Oh!" said the stranger, "I'm coming to that in a minute. But do sit down, won't you? Now I insist upon it"—as Mrs. Titlow remained standing—"you must sit down. I want to feel that I am your friend; and how can I think you feel that, or talk to you as a friend should talk, if you persist in standing while I'm sitting in this comfortable chair. Now sit right down, or I won't say another word."

Mrs. Titlow sat down. As she did so, her suppressed indignation at the stranger's impertinence hardened into a resolution that the Needle's Eye society should get mighty little sewing from her. Then the visitor went on:

"There! Now we can have a comfortable talk together. Do you know"—with a little laugh—"it just occurs to me that I haven't introduced myself. That was stupid of me, wasn't it? How could I expect you to look on me as a friend when you didn't even know my name? I am Mrs. Jones—Sophronia Jones. I hope you will learn to call me Sophy. And what shall I learn to call you?"

"I don't think we need go into that, Mrs. Jones," said Mrs. Titlow, with mild haughtiness. "If you will be kind enough to state your business in as few words as possible I will be obliged."

"Dear, dear!" said Mrs. Jones, "how unsympathetic you rich folks are. I suppose it's one of the evils of your lot in life. If you only knew how much good it would do you to look on me as your friend, and to call me Sophy. But you'll do it by and by. God meant the rich and poor to be brothers and sisters, you know."

Mrs. Titlow felt a chill run down her backbone. This was the sort of thing she had brought upon herself by engaging in charitable work. She felt as though she would never want to go district visiting again.

"You see, dear," Mrs. Jones went on, "you must not think the poor are altogether selfish and heartless. Many of them are so, I know, but not all. Some of us have a keen sympathy for the rich, and long to do them good. It is dreadful, I know, to have all your pleasure in this world, and nothing to look forward to but hell fire in the next. It makes my heart—"

"Good God, woman!" cried Mrs. Titlow, fairly shocked into profanity, "whatever do you mean?"

"Is it possible," said Mrs. Jones, "that you haven't read the Bible? Don't you know that it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God? You know Christ said that—the same Christ that promised you should always have the poor with you. But, my dear, we must not take the text too literally. It cannot mean that all the rich people will go to hell, but only that most of them must go there. There must be room for some of them in heaven. Oh, dear, dear Mrs. Titlow, how happy shall I be if I can bring you comfort, and make the future less terrible to you. Let me be your friend. I want to be your sister. Now, can't you call me Sophy?"

And really, for a moment, Mrs. Titlow almost felt as if she could call her Sophy, and find relief in doing it. For the woman's strength of earnestness carried conviction with it. She so evidently believed what she said, she was so full of tender sympathy and pity, that the rich woman's heart went out toward her for a space as to a refuge from an impending awful doom. Then Mrs. Titlow remembered the archdeacon, and her soul regained its balance. If the text about the needle's eye were to be strictly interpreted, surely the archdeacon would have told her about it before this. So she said nothing, though she looked at Mrs. Jones with a plainly startled glance.

"Ah, well," said Mrs. Jones, "we'll be friends some day. And now I must tell you about our society. Its objects are to induce the poor to cast the mantle of their charity over the rich, and to teach the rich that the poor want to be their friends and to divide their inheritance of eternal glory with them. We poor folks don't want to keep the promise of heaven all to ourselves. We feel as if we were, after a fashion, only stewards of God's bounty, because we want to widen the needle's eye to make it possible for the camel to pass through, and for the rich man to enter the kingdom. And we have arranged to visit among the rich, each one of us in a certain district—to listen to their stories, to investigate the manner of their lives, to find out those among them who are deserving of charity, and to show them that we are indeed their brothers and sisters, more lucky than they are, to be sure, but just the same flesh and blood. And now that you know just what brings me here, try and confide in me. Tell me all about yourself and your family. What is your husband's business? Is he honest in it? Does he treat you kind-

ly? What are your own besetting faults? You see, I'm ready to hear your whole story."

"Archdeacon Ramsay-Brown!" announced Mary, throwing wide the drawing-room door. Mrs. Titlow gave a great gasp of thankfulness. To her surprise Mrs. Jones rose up and greeted the newcomer with effusion. "My dear archdeacon," she said, "I've been studying the texts, and I understand them all. It's just as you said—the rich and poor are brothers and sisters, and meant to be each other's dearest friends. Look at me and Mrs. Titlow. We love each other dearly. And we've organized our society—"

"Yes, yes, I know," said the archdeacon. Then, with a movement of apology to Mrs. Titlow, he led the representative of the Needle's Eye society apart and spoke to her earnestly for a few minutes. "You really think so, doctor?" said Mrs. Jones, aloud, at last.

"I really do. You know you must not force your friendship upon your richer sisters. They might think you were inclined to patronize them."

"All right," said Mrs. Jones. "Then I'll say good-by to Mrs. Titlow for the present. But remember, dear, that I want to be your friend, and if you find yourself in need of charity don't hesitate to send for me."

The archdeacon showed the visitor to the door and returned. "A sad case," he said, in pitying tone; "a truly sad case. Of course you saw that she was crazy. I'll have her sent to the asylum on Blackwell's island to-morrow."

#### THE OLD ANTHEM.

For The Public.

"Make a bright, new Christmas anthem—"

That was how the message came,  
In a kindly, pleading letter,

Signed by many a well-loved name.

'Twas my classmates' choral union

In the dear old church at home;

Vainly o'er this task I pondered

For the new words would not come.

From the past a line came floating:

"Hark! the herald angels sing."

It was but the chastened echo

Of a young heart's triumph ring.

So, when dawned the blessed Christmas,

And my friends were gathered round,

Though no new song pealed its greeting,

Each and all a lesson found:

That the old words keep their beauty

And their mystic power to cheer,

When we read their truest meaning,

Searching deeper, year by year.

So we sang that grand old anthem,

And lived o'er our youth again—

"Glory, glory in the highest!

Peace on earth, good will to men."

MARY McNABB JOHNSTON.

Many a man thinks that it is goodness that keeps him from crime, when it is only his full stomach. On

half allowance he would be as ugly and as knavish as anybody. Don't mistake potatoes for principle.—Carlyle.

The following explanation from a little book put out by the Bureau of Associated Charities of Chicago, seems appropriate for publication in connection with our story, "Mrs. Titlow's Visitor," to be found on another page:

A friendly visitor is exactly what the name implies. In a spirit of genuine friendship the visitor goes to a family in "hard lines." The visit is not made for the purpose of doling out aims. It is made because the visitor has a heart full of sympathy for distress, and desires to make life happier and more useful. Naturally some visitors are not successful. Many are. The idea is undeniably good. The Bureau has organized and is directing an army of about 600 friendly visitors.  
—Public of Dec. 24, 1898.

What becomes of pins, pens and needles? A doctor of a curious turn made up his mind to find out. From experiments made in his garden he remarked that pins, little by little, fall into dust. Hairpins, which he watched for 154 days, were worn away with rust by that time. Brass pins only last a very short time. For highly-polished pins it requires nearly a year and a half for their dissolution, while for polished needles nearly two years and a half are taken. Steel pens disappear after 15 months, while their wooden holders are still intact.—Manchester Guardian.

## BOOKS

### CHILDREN'S STORIES.

Bolton Hall, whose fables have introduced him so favorably as an ingenious and entertaining, as well as thoughtful writer, has ventured into the field of juvenile literature. He enters with a delightful collection of children's stories under the title of "Monkey Shines." Although these stories (New York: A. Wessels Company. Price \$1.00) are described on the title page as "little stories for little children," the foreword appreciates them better when it intimates that they are interesting to all children from three years up to sixty.

Mr. Hall has never done better work than this. It is not too much to say that "Monkey Shines" is equal to the best books of the children's story class.

These stories have morals, as all stories ought to have. The story without a moral isn't worth either the reading or the writing. That doesn't mean, to be sure, that the moral must be pointed and labeled. It means that the story must be faithful to some phase of human life, for every phase of human life has its moral. While Mr. Hall's children's stories have morals, he remembers what

so many writers of moral "juveniles" forget, that it is just as offensive to thrust the moral of a child's story down the throat of the child as to thrust the moral of a novel down the throat of the adult. "To explain the moral," says Mr. Hall, "is to make a child hate the story;" and he never does explain it.

But it is there, and no child will hate the stories for it. They are stories of real life, full of incident and vital with character. The scenes are every-day scenes—the commonplaces which to children and grown-ups alike are interesting above all things else when the pen of an artist portrays them.

The delight of it all is in the telling. The language is simple and adapted to immaturity, yet not childish; and the atmosphere of the real is always present. "Willie's uncle went down to Florida," one of the stories begins, and then comes this crisp and unique explanation of going to Florida: "When you go to Florida you sail out of New York and turn to the right, and go by the side of the sea as far south as you can get in the United States. There it is warm, even in winter time, so that oranges get ripe down there." What a picture of coastwise sailing, with orange orchards at the end, and a map between!

The author's insinuating method of emphasizing a moral is often picturesque, and must be effective. When the little Dutch boy has proved his truthfulness under a severe test, his story closes with the remark: "After that I think if Hanschen had said that a trolley car chased him upstairs, the people would have said: 'I don't see how that could be, but if Hanschen said it, it must be true.'"

Mr. Hall is fortunate in his illustrator, Leon Foster Jones; and also in being able to preface his book with an introduction by the late Bishop Huntington, probably one of the last things from the pen of that kindly man. He is more than fortunate in having infused his stories with a warm feeling of fatherly affection. This is due doubtless to the fact that Mr. Hall invented the stories from time to time for the entertainment and moral development of his own children.

### JOHN CHINAMAN.

Some weeks ago, being moved by the spirit of honest appreciation, I attempted (p. 414) to give some idea of the scope and value of "The Letters from a Chinese Official." By the combined strength of internal evidence and external testimony, I was led to believe and strongly assert that the author must be a Chinaman, born and bred, and to give praise to "the scholarly Oriental who can thus grasp and express the very essence of a life and condition so vastly different from his own."

After more thorough investigation, based upon less dubious testimony, it has been found that neither personal con-