THE MAN WHO HAD GONE WRONG

BY CHARLES H. SHINN.

"He is a jail-bird, that fellow Mike Daley. Served time for theft. I only heard of it tonight. I'll fire him in the morning."

The speaker was the foreman of a construction crew, and the listener was the superintendent. A big company was building a reservoir, which involved roads, mills and all sorts of things.

"Now, Swift, I know just how you feel about it. Suppose you say nothing more, but send him to me. And how did you pick this up? From one of the new men?"

"Yes."

"Well, send the 'ex' to me in the morning, and send the fellow who told you in the afternoon. I want to try an experiment."

The foreman looked frankly disgusted. "I think it's a lot better to let him go quietly, and at once. Perhaps the other fellow had better go, too. But it's all around by now, I haven't a doubt. That 'con' can't live it down."

"You seem to think that I shall keep him on,' said the superintendent, laughing. "Perhaps it will not be the best thing. But really, Swift, what I want to do is to take time enough to find out what is the wisest course, considering the man himself. You know that he is a good workman."

"Yes, Mr. Rowland, none better."

Early the next morning Daley came to the office. He was a big, black-bearded fellow, neither young nor old. He had a slouch, and eyes that locked up their own secrets.

The superintendent studied him intently, but invisibly; he liked the man at once.

"Daley," he said, "your foreman says we have no better workman on the job."

Surprise glimmered a little in his eyes, and was banked at once; he had expected a very different salute.

"Now, Daley, I like you myself, and I believe that you have had a hard sort of a fight since you were a boy."

"Yis, sor, Oi hav," the man replied, fully on guard.

"So have I," said the superintendent. "I had to leave school and take care of my mother and sisters. I did all sorts of things. I was awfully tempted to go wrong, but somehow I didn't, though lots of better fellows that I grew up with got of the track. Some of them worked back again, and some did not try quite hard enough.

"Thin," said Daley, with a little twist in his voice, "ye think a man that runs crooked can get on the track again?"

"I do ;of course I do," the superintendent replied.

"There's none knows it, sor," said Daley, 'but I served me time for theft. Foive year it was. An' me wife died. Oi hov a bhoy in school, an' he is that innocent about it all. Nivir cu'd I tell him. Now, it is loikly ye'll fire me. Noine toimes this lasht two year thot has happen'd. I kape on at it bekase of the bhoy."

The superintendent did everything his own way; he was ever a law unto himself. He rose, drew a chair close, sat down by Daley, put a hand out on his.

"It's all right, my friend. You ought to be a happy man, because when you did wrong, society found you out, and made you pay the price. You have paid it fully. No one has any right to stick outside expense charges on you, Mike."

Daley looked at the superintendent. Something new and more wonderful than words could describe came up out of the depths of his eyes, and gazed at Rowland. Its name was Hope.

"My friend," said the superintendent, "I mean it all. Go to that shelf, and borrow any books you want. Come in and talk them over with me. You have ability; now study hard, and climb up." He shook hands with Daley and sent him back to his work with the request:

"Please tell Mr. Swift to come in at noon."

Mike Daley went out, in a sort of trembling rebirth, and entered the world of men.

"Twicst he called me his friend, twicst!" he whispered under his breath.

Swift came in at noon, and the superintendent took him into the inner office, looked at him thoughtfully, questioned within himself where to begin.

"I want to tell you about something which happened a great many years ago, Swift, back in Hartford. There was a boy there who became dissipated, fell under the influence of a bad woman, and—and, Swift, he finally stole quite a lot of money. Then his older brother, who was your own father, came along, and paid the money, hushed it all up, put the youngster at hard work out west, and made a splendid man of him.

"All that is gospel truth," said Swift, "but how in heaven's name did you know about it?"

"The man he stole the money from did not keep his promise not to tell. It became known to a number of people.

"That scoundrel ought to have been thrashed," cried Swift, in rage.

"Certainly," said the superintendent, going on to draw the deadly parallel with the case of poor Daley, and finally sending him out a firm ally in the cause.

Before Swift left the man who had told on Daley came in. The superintendent neglected him a while, watched and studied him, then suddenly turned loose:

"Malby," he said, "how long did you serve?"

"Six—no, sir. Never!"

"Where was it?" said the superintendent, overriding the denial. The man told him, yielding to the inevitable.

"That's where you heard of my friend Mike Daley, then?"

"Yes."

"Well, don't you feel just a little mean about all this? Mike is a better man than you are."

Malby began a series of voluble protestations and explanations. "It was an accident; it won't happen again."

The superintendent turned to Swift: "Send this man to the other end of the reservoir. If he talks any more about any of his fellow workers on this job, fire him quick. If he behaves, give him just the same sort of a square deal that the rest are having."

"Come on, Malby." said Swift.

—The Public.

THE VAMPIRES.

(As suggested by the painting by Philip Burne-Jones.)

A fool there was and he made his prayer
(Even as you and I!)
To a rag and bone and a hank of hair
(We called her the woman who did not care),
But the fool he called her his lady fair
(Even as you and I!)

On the years we waste and the tears we waste
And the work of our head and hand
Belong to the woman who did not know
(And now we know that she never could know)
And did not understand.

A fool there was and his goods he spent
(Even as you and I!)
Honor and faith and a sure intent
(And it wasn't the least that the lady meant),
But a fool must follow his natural bent
(Even as you and I!)

Oh the toil we lost and the spoil we lost
And the excellent things we planned
Belong to the woman who didn't know why
(And now we know she never knew why)
And did not understand.

The fool was stripped to his foolish
(Even as you and I!)
Which she might have seen when she threw him aside—
But it is n't on record the lady tried—
So some of him lived but the most of him died—
(Even as you and I!)

And it isn't the shame and it isn't the blame
That stings like a white-hot brand.
(It's coming to know that she never knew why)
(Seeing at last she could never know why)
And never could understand.

—Rudyard Kipling.

SERIES ON AMERICAN SOCIAL AND RELIGIOUS PROBLEMS—THE PROBLEM OF THE CITY

BY CHARLES STELZLE.

It requires a fool or a philosopher to prophesy what a generation may bring forth, and one may be about as trustworthy as the other in the matter of venturing an opinion as to the future of the city. It was a titled statistician who reasoned that a city's food supply could not be brought from a greater distance than 35 miles, because this was the traveling distance of cattle, and that this fact would set the bounds of a city's growth. Sir William Petty argued that if London continued to double its population every 40 years, while England doubled its population only once in 360 years, obviously the men on the farms could not possibly supply the city with provisions, as in his day, it required one man on the farm for every man in the city. The trouble with Petty was that he based his conclusions upon the supposition that all the factors involved would remain as they were. This is a common fault with many modern socialogists.

Malthus, the great economist, said that the time would undoubtedly come when it would not be possible to supply the world with sufficient food because, while the population was growing in geometrical proportions, food could be produced only in arithmetical ratios. How was he to know that a famous president of the United States would one day seriously discuss the question of race suicide, and that another man, whose name has become almost equally famous, would invent a wonderful harvesting machine which has revolutionized agricultural life and practice.

The problem of the city is by no means a modern one. Nevertheless, the factors which make the city of the twentieth century possible are of recent origin. The same causes which account for the rapidly growing American cities are responsible for the growth of the cities in foreign lands, for the problem of the city is world-wide. The modern city is the product of the newer civilization. It is the out growth of economic and social conditions from which there is no turning back.

In 1800 there were six cities in the United States with a population of 8,000 and over, as follows: Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore, Boston, Charleston and Salem, these cities having a combined population of about 200,000, or less than the total population of Portland, Oregon, which ranks twenty-eighth among the cities of this country. In 1910 there were 2,405 places of 2,500 inhabitants or more in the United States, which were counted as "urban" or "city", having a combined population of 42,623,383, or 46.3 per cent as against a rural population of 49,348, 883, or 53.7 per cent of the total population.

Men live in cities because they can drain vast areas of surrounding farm lands of their products. Petty's 35-mile limit no longer holds. London today eats grain which was grown in Manitoba. The milk supply area of our great cities covers several hundred miles.

Whatever other causes there may be—and there are many which we cannot enumerate—the social factor is one of the most important with reference to the development of the city. The city provides better educational facilities than does the country. Rrereation life is more advantageous. Standards of living are higher. The hours of labor are shorter. There is a better opportunity for social life. These have a strong tendency to draw the country man to the city and to keep the city man there. The cities will unquestionably dominate the nation. What is to be the character of the city in 1920 when it will govern all the people? What will happen when the city out-votes the country?

It seems almost incredible that the grossest forms of immorality should be protected in the first city in America through unscrupulous police officers who are commissioned and maintained to eradicate the evil, but have permitted a corrupt ring to gain control of our municipal life. The average citizen is concerned only when the evil somehow creeps over into his lot. He is not at all interested even though the corruption is eating out the heart of the city's life, provided that it does not seem to injure him. This is one of the gravest perils of the city.

We have permitted land speculators to build our cities for us—men who are interested in their own gain and nothing else. The greatest peril of the city is not the tenement dwellers. The greatest peril is the smug, self-satisfied middle-class, which is quite content with itself and with things as they are. They act as clogs in the wheels of progress. These are the people who must be aroused to a sense of their own personal responsibility.

"OUR" WILSON SPEAKS ON LABOR'S PROGRESS

DUBUQUE, Iowa, Oct. 17.—Congressman W. B. Wilson, familiarly called "our" Wilson, delivered an address in this city last week.

Mr. Wilson is chairman of the labor committee of the house of representatives, and delivered one of the most interesting addresses ever given in this city.

Information relative to the achievements of the labor group in congress was a revelation to the people not directly affiliated with labor organizations, and even to union members, they, too, being agreeably surprised when Mr. Wilson enumerated the number of measures favorable to labor which passed the house of representatives.

Those who heard Mr. Wilson's address were unanimous in their opinion that he is one of the big, broad, and able men in congress.

AT THE LYCEUM

SOUSA HERE SUNDAY.

After having received the praises of the greatest critics throughout the world, Sousa and his band found the keynote of popularity sounded by a writer in one of our prominent western cities, who said, in reviewing a concert: "While the regular numbers of the program were excellent, every one of them, it was the encore numbers which provided the real thrill of the evening. They were made up of the works of Mr. Sousa which swept the country in a wave of tremendous popularity from time to time during the past years. It is safe to assume that when the "Stars and Stripes Forever," "King Cotton," "Manhattan Beach," and "El Capitan," were played, some festive occasion was recalled, an occasion which had been rendered gala through the giving of these same numbers by some other band. No organization, however, can play Sousa's music like Sousa's own, and a veritable tempest of applause greeted the conclusion of each of these favorites, recalling happy days in the past."

MISS VIRGINIA ROOT

With Sousa's Band.

The same John Philip Sousa, the same Sousa's band, and the same three soloists, Miss Virginia Root, soprano, Miss Nicoline Zedeler, violinist, and Herbert L. Clarke, cornetist, who made the tour of the world, will be here, at the Lyceum, on Sunday matinee and night, Oct. 20.

SECRETARY MORRISON CHEERS STRIKERS

WASHINGTON, Oct. 17.—Secretary Morrison of the American Federation of Labor, addressed a large meeting of the strikers against the piano manufacturing factories in New York city on Oct. 8.

For some time the officials of the Piano workers have been organizing these employes, but the companies refused to enter into negotiations with the organized men, and the strike is now in progress.

Secretary Morrison proceeded from New York to Hartford, Conn., where he was called to testify in the Hatters' case.