

cannot be credited to lightness. Of the other three, only judge correctly. God is my witness, that I did not take them out of lightness, towards which I have no leaning. If fate had given me in my youth a husband whom I could have loved, I should have always been faithful to him. The trouble is that my heart would not live a single hour with-

out love. They say that one should strive to cover over this human vice, as if it had no foundation in goodness of heart! . . . If you would bind me to yourself forever, then give me your friendship as well as love, and above all love and speak the truth."

KATHARINE ANTHONY.

## The Sacred Cow

*Attorney Hotchkiss:* Now, a word as to the nits and vermin . . . Would you say that that was a condition which, if developed by the State Board inspectors, should have been called to the attention of the authorities?

*Dr. Smith:* Why, as regards bedbugs and lice, and so on, they are general scavengers that are looking for filth to live on, and they are not harmful in themselves; in fact, they are sometimes useful in cleaning up a dirty child. They are harmful only in one respect, that they may convey contagious diseases.

*Attorney Hotchkiss:* In that way, you distinguish the difference between a bath and a bedbug in cleaning up a dirty child?

*Dr. Smith:* No; I think both are useful.

**I**N this brief narrative Dr. Smith, quoted above, is a minor character. As to the welfare of certain New York children, however, he is a major phenomenon. Dr. Smith, a pathetic old man uttering silly cruelties in defense of unclean things, is a symbol of a hideous public fear.

In the state of New York Dr. Smith is not a complete anomaly. It is true he holds a position of **responsibility and trust**. For twenty-three continuous years he has been a member of the State Board of Charities. He has not been paid for his services but because of them, from the age of seventy to the age of ninety-three, he has been perpetuated in office. It is the bitter fact that the qualities which his testimony illustrates fitted Dr. Smith to carry out the purposes to which the State Board of Charities has conformed.

Those purposes were not public purposes. It was no deep solicitude for dependent children in New York that perpetuated Dr. Smith in office. The purposes he served were those of a special privilege. Through obscene ignorance like his, and a perversion of public spirit which was equivalent, that special privilege has maintained an immunity—an immunity which it did not itself regard as pernicious, one for which it battled and connived, which it asserted and secured.

When there are wise, brave and impartial officials there can be no shirking of supervision for charitable institutions aided by the state. The American state is not conceived as medieval. Just as it assumes

to educate all its children it assumes to care for its dependent neglected or delinquent children. Great numbers of these it consigns to private charitable and religious institutions, but it does not relinquish its responsibility. It provides by law for the supervision of the places to which it sends its wards. If the state is not satisfied with their care, if it can show cause for its dissatisfaction, it has an immediate practical recourse. It can withhold funds. Granted alert and disinterested authority, it would not be possible to evade the public will in this event. But there is such a thing as politics. The use of political pressure is not a mystery. Neither is the invocation of political fear. By summoning every resource in their power, by complicated manipulation of elected and appointed officials, officials paid and unpaid, the men who preside over private charitable institutions have in certain established instances measured their strength against the state. Utilizing to their own ends the ignorance, cowardice and disloyalty of officials, and fostering those qualities, they have availed themselves of state funds without proper supervision. The extent to which their institutions fall short of decency and humanity is a direct measure of the immunity they have been conceded, chiefly in deference to their power to injure men in public life.

How long the State Board of Charities in New York would have deferred to this power is an academic question. It gave few signs of confronting it. But New York is a governmental monstrosity. It has a child, New York City, with a will of its own. Since the Mitchel administration the city has had a new type of commissioner of public charities, John A. Kingsbury, and it was for him, seeking the proper care of the 23,000 dependent children in the city, to precipitate the forces that the State Board held in solution in its immunity bath.

When Mr. Mitchel was elected Mayor of New York City it was understood he was not a regular politician. The electorate chiefly knew him as a man who held and applied convictions as to economy and efficiency. These are not magnetic convictions. With the exception of the men who worked

to elect him, New York was not excited about Mayor Mitchel. It approved of economy and efficiency. It sanctioned political milk-toast. But, outside those who foresaw lean years in politics, it was not passionate. It resigned itself to an aseptic administration.

New York did not guess the import of its choice. It saw Mr. Kingsbury made commissioner of public charities as "the best equipped man available." It did not realize what this shift in the public charities meant. Economy and efficiency seem to be cold convictions. They suggest bloodless reform, salvation by bookkeeping. But in appointing "the best equipped man available" to the department of charities Mayor Mitchel knew what he was doing. He was driving straight by economy and efficiency into the deepest realities of public life.

From the moment it became clear that Mr. Kingsbury was not amenable to those influences which had long warped the city and state connections with charitable institutions, it was evident that he would meet reprisal. And it soon appeared that this opposition was to be disclosed within official ranks as well as outside.

The secretary of the State Board of Charities, Mr. Heberd, has since seen fit to resign. But he did not resign until a state commissioner was in process of investigating his board.

The reports of the State Board on private charitable institutions were the first quest of Mr. Kingsbury. From those records it was promptly evident that the Board was singularly easy to please. As a supervising body the State Board issues to aided institutions monthly "certificates of compliance" with its rules. There are over 600 institutions in the state, requiring about 7,500 certificates annually. In 1910 the State Board withheld its certificate eighteen times; in 1911, nine times; in 1912, thirteen times; in 1913, fifteen times. The "compliance" in this situation seemed to be principally exercised by the Board. The reports furnished to Mr. Kingsbury raised the whole issue of compliance. He determined to appoint an Advisory Committee to report conditions in those private charitable institutions which received public money.

The institutions inspected by this advisory committee number thirty-eight. They come under the Catholic, Protestant and Jewish denominations. In view of this fact Mr. Kingsbury appointed as experts on his committee Rev. Brother Barnabas, a Catholic, superintendent of an orphanage of the best type; Dr. R. R. Reeder, a Protestant, superintendent of a model cottage orphan asylum; and Dr. Ludwig B. Bernstein, head of a cottage institution of the best type. Another Catholic, Deputy Commissioner Doherty, was chairman of this committee.

Before the city investigation was well under way two signal events occurred. Mr. Doherty, the chairman of the committee, had himself been reared in a Catholic orphanage—"digged from the pit," as a famous pamphlet later put it. He had been aided in his career by a powerful Catholic layman, the late Mr. Mulry, a member of the State Board. When the advisory committee was announced Mr. Mulry sent for him and in company with Mr. Heberd, the secretary of the State Board, urged that the investigation was a "mistake." Mr. Doherty could not see the mistake. As a consequence Mr. Doherty has been accused in a pamphlet sanctioned and distributed by the Catholic Church of striking an old and long tried friend, striking "the foster mother who cared for, sheltered and made him." "Had Mr. Doherty any sense of honor he would have declined to serve." For intimating that a new chapel in one of the controverted institutions absorbed more money than other duties should spare, it was indicated that he had a despised exemplar. "His name, well known by the way, is Judas Iscariot." The ostensible author of this pamphlet, one of three which were circulated after mass to the extent of 700,000 copies, was a Brooklyn priest, Father Farrell; but responsibility for them was claimed by the chancellor of the archdiocese, Monsignor Dunn.

The other event that marked the course of the advisory committee was the prompt withdrawal of Brother Barnabas. Within three months he was transferred from the head of his orphanage at Lincolndale to another capacity up-state.

In view of these tactics the reports of the advisory committee are significant. Twelve of the institutions were not "controverted." Half of these were Catholic. Of the remaining twenty-six, twelve Catholic and fourteen non-Catholic institutions were put on the controverted list.

There were no sensational cruelties in the institutions unfavorably reported, but the advisory committee found innumerable instances of malconceived and maladministered institutional life. There was hardly a condition which could impoverish, retard, warp, coarsen or humiliate the dependents that was not found in one or other of the so-called nurseries, asylums and homes. It was not merely that filth of the most disgusting kind existed, with bad food and improper clothing and neglect of medical care. The failures on the educational side were conspicuous. Vocational training turned out to be the most brutal kind of child labor in some cases. There was a general ignorance and stupidity as to recreation. There were practically no ideas or practices as to "after-care."

It is a curious commentary on this report that both Catholics and Protestants joined in assailing it. The Episcopal bishop of Long Island took seri-

ous umbrage while "a nasty anti-Catholic animus" was detected on the other side. And the report was not completed without various attempts to discredit Mayor Mitchel and Commissioner Kingsbury. It was not till afterwards that Mr. Kingsbury was advertised in the Catholic pamphlets as a former hobo and jockey. But during the investigation the State Civil Service Commission was invoked in what was officially stigmatized as a "general attack" on the Mitchel administration. Through the New York County Grand Jury, moreover, there was an attempt that seemed to be promoted from the State Board to abolish the commissionership of charities and substitute a triumvirate to be designated by the very private institutions that come under review.

During the happy days of immunity the control of the distribution of city funds was largely in the hands of Dr. Daniel C. Potter, a Baptist clergyman who has long been without a congregation. When Dr. Potter was in office his conduct was investigated in 1910-11 by a committee of Messrs. Prendergast and Mitchel. It was charged that he had had improper financial dealings with the institutions. There was a voucher that suggested he had been helped out of financial straits by Catholic institutions to the tune of \$5,000. Admitting that "misguided friends" had sought to help him, but denying that they had effected their purpose, Dr. Potter resigned. He resigned and, after an unhappy experience on the Ambulance Board, he became secretary of the Associates of Private Charities receiving money from the city, an organization with which Father Farrell is identified.

This is the Dr. Potter who appeared in the New York County Grand Jury foray, the Dr. Potter who went into consultation with Mr. Hebberd at the time Father Farrell wrote to Governor Whitman to block a state investigation, the Dr. Potter who made common cause with Mr. Hebberd after Mr. Hebberd's resignation and was at hand when the Farrell pamphlets were devised.

Commissioner Kingsbury's report to the Mayor was dynamic. "When we found on the certified lists of the State Board institutions in which the beds were alive with vermin, in which antiquated methods of punishment prevailed, and in which the children were given little else save religious instruction, we found it necessary to decline to commit children to these institutions and to discontinue to accept as reliable the official reports of the Board." The day after Governor Whitman received his copy of this report he appointed Charles H. Strong to investigate the State Board of Charities.

One of the incidents of this investigation, which has been completed but not yet made the subject of recommendation, was the tapping of telephone wires by the New York police. One of the needed

witnesses was Dr. Potter. He could not be found. The police allege that Monsignor Dunn was overheard arranging to give him \$100 so that he could decamp to Philadelphia. He did go to Philadelphia and he did avoid the witness stand during the days of stress. But Monsignor Dunn says there was nothing serious in his promise of "a hundred." He suspected his wire was being tapped, it was simply "a lure to bait the police."

Whether Monsignor Dunn is lying or not remains to be determined. The point here is rather the close association between men like Monsignor Dunn, Father Farrell, Mr. Hebberd and Dr. Potter in a crisis that involves the vicious immunity which Mr. Hebberd and Dr. Potter helped to preserve. It is the last desperate effort of a body that takes city money but refuses to submit to proper supervision, and moves heaven and earth, earth even to mud, to carry the day.

Were the private institutions enlightened in their management, there would still be no question as to the rights of the state. But in so far as they are stupid, dirty, ignorant, careless and lax, the rights of the state become a paramount duty. The crime of Mayor Mitchel and Mr. Kingsbury is that, in the teeth of malevolence and misconception, they have carried out this duty, not only as economy requires, but as modern conceptions of charity plainly demand.

It may be argued that many Catholics do not accept the modern conception of charity. Many still refuse to believe that "the history of civilization is the history of secularization," that "charity has become a business and a social duty, a thing of the head rather than of the heart, a coöperation in social uplift rather than a mere avenue to saintliness for the giving of alms." This is a question by itself. What New York discerns is not this conflict as to charity. It is instead the devious and vicious schemes by which Catholic officials have sought to frustrate the work of the state and for a long period succeeded, to the detriment of children who thereafter recruit unemployment, disease, and crime.

It is idle to talk of "priest baiting." It is idle to denounce Mayor Mitchel and Mr. Doherty as delinquent Catholics. The issue is civic, not religious. The Catholic Church cannot throw itself athwart humane treatment of dependent children. This is the issue that Mayor Mitchel has had the strength and resolution to fight in the open. It is idle to denounce him as prejudiced and wanton. He has simply followed out the principles on which he was elected. Whether a public official dare do this in America, against privileges which put themselves above inspection, is a matter that summons every decent impulse of enlightened citizens, whether they be Catholics or not.

FRANCIS HACKETT.



## VERSE

## Pittsburghers

[NOTE: The following verses are from an unpublished poem entitled "Pittsburgh," in which Lucretius, Dante and Goethe spend a day in Pittsburgh talking with the inhabitants and arriving at their own opinions of the city.]

## A PITTSBURGH YOUTH

I am no butcher of cattle like Chicago;  
Nor, like Chicago, London and New York, am I stevedore  
and broker;  
Nor do I turn out, like Paris, new fashions and philosophies;  
Nor waltz music, like Vienna;  
Nor religions, like Boston—nor for that matter, O city of  
the Cod, school-teachers, either;  
Nor beer, like St. Louis.

The effete flinch at my name,  
And those who wear white shirts are disturbed.  
For I speak in the wheeling cranes, in the hissing steam, the  
blast of furnaces.  
Passive in my yards a thousand locomotives puff  
And wait the heavy alternation of great rolls.  
All about me, up and down five rivers, is grime, smoke,  
flame,  
A workshop.

I mock at those who say  
It's no use for me to go making iron and steel,  
For steel rails and steel ships to marry races and make distant  
continents bride and groom;  
For bridges to span rivers, and sky-scrapers to infringe  
upon infinity;  
Because nothing is any use anyway,—not even my steel;  
Because the age of steel has led to no more joy  
Than the age of bronze.

It takes more brains to make steel  
Than to doubt life;  
And the deepest skepticism is no deeper than my assurance.  
It's a fact, I'm burnt to the core by joy,  
Fierce joy of the steel on which our age is built.

I gather my children about my knees: Homestead, Brad-  
dock, Swissvale, Rankin, Turtle Creek, McKees  
Rocks, Charleroi, Duquesne, Aliquippa, Woodlawn,  
Monessen.

And my blessing is upon my young men afar: Gary,  
Pueblo, Birmingham, Duluth, Bethlehem, Midvale.  
I am without equal, and without superior.

I have heard the muttering of Leeds and Essen, of Bir-  
mingham, Newcastle, Sheffield, and Brussels; I have  
dared these cities to fight me.

But the mighty of the earth are timid, and forty years  
has my gage lain untouched.

Belching smoke, blot out the sun of day!  
Liquid metal, light the clouds of night!  
And at ten thousand forges let my multitudes  
Work with a great gladness.

## THE BIG BOSS

Every moment of every day, down at the works,  
I'm talking, telephoning, telegraphing,  
Bending over blue prints, noting reports,  
Comparing my mills with others,  
Swearing at department heads not on the job,  
Keeping an eye on good men,  
Scheming for more efficiency in man and machine  
(Everything subordinate to that:  
Waste must go—even the wasted gesture of a workman);  
Resisting, persuading, complying, demanding,  
Tempting, refusing, cajoling, finessing,  
Resorting to threats, gifts, praise, buncombe;  
Getting my way, or accepting some way that's more profit-  
able,  
Using every ounce of me and of my men  
For constant, consistent, organized victory.

When the day is done,  
Needing relaxation, dreading to let down a second,  
I go at top speed to my club,  
Have my Friday Fifty-Two,  
Dine with Bill and Tom,  
Loop it down-town,  
Cross a river, hit a country road,  
Let the big car out to the last notch.  
Then I don't give a damn what breaks:  
All I see before me while I rest at the wheel  
Is white light on a dancing road,  
Zigzagging trees and reeling fences.

## HERO WORSHIPPER

Everything I do, I do to please one person.  
When my boss puts his hand on my shoulder,  
I feel as though he were knighting me—  
It's romance, if you like, and that sort of junk,  
But it's perfectly straight.  
If he asked me to cut off my right hand,  
I'd do it.

## THE MASTER-MECHANIC

Pittsburgh is like the republic, Dick,  
And the republic is like a blast furnace.  
Into the hopper we're all thrown, native-born, stranger,  
With political equality as the fluxing limestone to remove  
all foreign substance.  
And down below fusion level  
Roaring white-hot, comes by the tuyeres  
Brotherly love as the reducing gas;  
And as the centuries go  
The most obstinate will yield to that all-conjuring heat,  
And flow pure and molten out through the iron notch;  
While the slag will be blown through the cinder-runner  
And be carted away.

## A YOUNG WOMAN

We talk of heaven and hell.  
Both are here, here at this corner:  
These street-cars, limousines, motor-buses, furniture vans,  
delivery trucks, Fords, refuse-wagons,  
Are visible parts of heaven and hell.  
So are all the signs along the street:  
Zotter's Bakery, the Vienna Restaurant, Goodlow's Good  
Clothes,