



FRANCES E. WILLARD

Frances E. Willard¹

By Lady Henry Somerset

IN the life of Cardinal Manning, which has lately attracted so much attention in England, it is narrated that, while still a dignitary of the Church of England, Manning obtained an interview with the late Pope. As an English ecclesiastic he was much pained to find that the head of the Holy Roman Church was singularly ignorant of some of the most salient features of the Anglican Communion.

But the Pope was interested to know any particulars that he could give of a woman who had done much for prison reform and for the uplift of fallen humanity, and questioned him closely on Mrs. Elizabeth Fry, her work, and the sect to which she belonged (of which he seemed to know nothing), and eagerly asked every possible detail. The reforms which called out the consecrated energy of Mrs. Fry have to a large extent ceased to be matters of vital and immediate interest. Our prisons are no longer places where men and women are herded together like human cattle; and the best methods for the management of penal settlements occupy the thoughts of all who are interested in sociology. But the fact that the necessity for her work has in a measure passed away has in no way minimized the greatness of the woman who brought about such amelioration. She stands as the ideal prisoners' friend, in whose footsteps each one has endeavored to tread who has sought in any way to assist the friendless and forlorn.

¹ This article forms one in the series "Founders of Great Movements." A previous article in this series was that on General William Booth, by Commander Rallton, in *The Outlook* for February 22. Other articles will be on Dwight L. Moody, by Prebendary Webb-Peploe; on Bishop Vincent, by President W. R. Harper; and on Francis E. Clark, by John W. Baer.

In like manner I believe that long after the Temperance Reform has become a matter of past history, long after the "Woman Question" has brought about the equality of men and women, political, social, and financial, the name of Frances Willard will be remembered, not only as one who led a great movement, but as one who gave her life, her talent, her enthusiasm, to make the world wider for women and better for humanity.

Such a record will be associated with no particular form of philanthropy, but will stand among the landmarks of the ages that point the progress of the world along the upward way. Remarkable as a speaker, excellent as a writer, with a genius for organization, perhaps Miss Willard's rarest gift is the power of inspiring others with a belief in what they can accomplish. Many a speaker has attained oratorical fame and many a philanthropist has accomplished wonderful ends by devotion and hard work, but to few has it been given so to arouse women on every hand that on all sides captains have been called, companies have been enlisted, armies organized, and the most timid, undeveloped, and apparently commonplace individuals have been transformed, under the magic power of her



AN EARLIER PORTRAIT

enthusiasm, into untiring workers and gifted speakers. She possesses in a rare degree the quality of making others believe that they are capable, for the simple reason that she believes it herself. She sees the germs of a possibility where to the ordinary eye there is nothing but the

the Mecca of White Ribboners. It was a sunny autumn day; the rare tints of ruby and gold that gleam as summer's funeral torches in the glad New World were flaming in brilliant beauty along the shady alleys of that lovely spot on the shores of Michigan.



MISS WILLARD'S COTTAGE AT TWILIGHT PARK

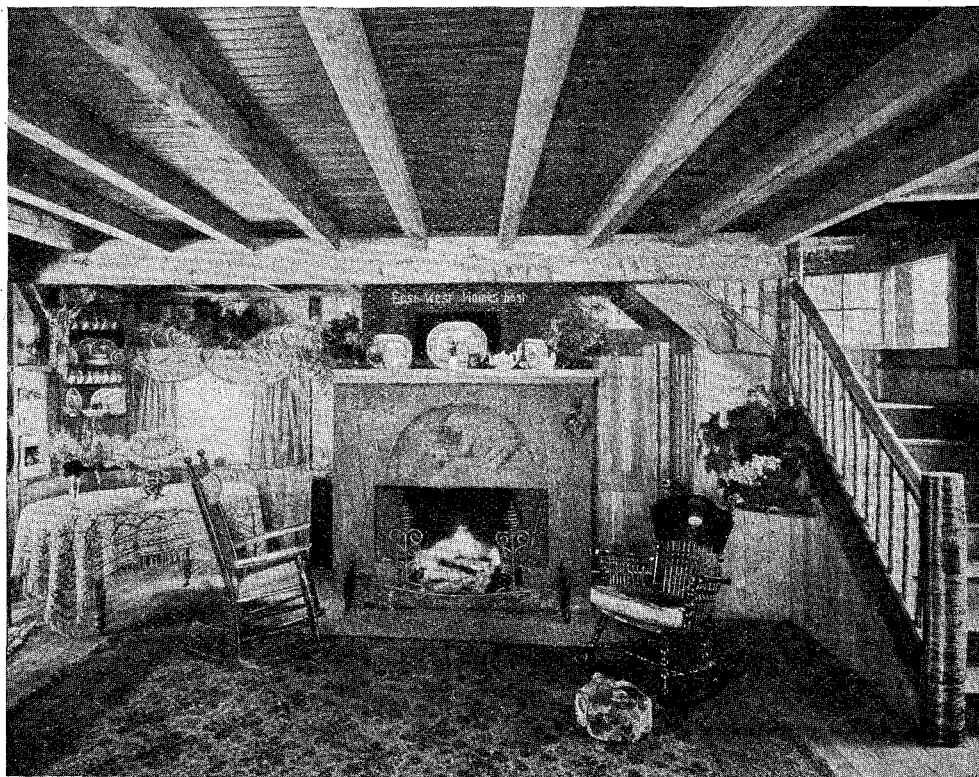
arid and commonplace, but under the sun of her sympathy this germ grows into a very harvest of accomplishment. There are women in America and England who have probably brought the question of the possibilities for women as clearly before the public mind as Frances Willard, but to none belongs the honor so much as to her of having influenced the masses of the home women. It is comparatively easy to convince a thinking few of the logical position which the advocates for women's liberty bring forward; it is extraordinarily difficult to penetrate the walls of prejudice which have surrounded the average woman, which has kept her a patient prisoner under the dominion of man in Church, in home, and in State, and which has been reinforced by the misquotations and misunderstandings of religious teaching, and cemented by the traditions which have been handed down for centuries; but when the history of these times comes to be written it will be found that this is actually what Frances Willard has accomplished. It has not only been carried out by the infinite patience, iron determination, and extraordinary personal sympathy of the woman herself, who, having devoted herself to a line of work, has gone forward as unswervingly as the arrow flies from the bow. Difficulties have not daunted her, sneers have not sapped her enthusiasm, fatigue and hardship have not held her back.

Miss Willard has been depicted so often in pen and pencil, in the mezzotint of the critic and the full coloring of the admirer, that it is difficult to present an original view of such a model; but, instead of "beginning at the beginning," as the children say, I propose to present Frances Willard as she appears to-day, and, looking down the avenue of time, trace that distant horizon which has caused her to be all that she is to the world of philanthropy and reform.

In October, 1891, I stood for the first time on the platform of the railway station in the "classic town" of Evanston. I had only landed in America a few weeks, but my steps were naturally bent to

hour I have felt that we were friends—friends not alone to joy in each other's companionship, but in that truer sense that binds souls, only to form a new link in the lengthening chain of love and loyalty that holds humanity to God.

A few minutes later I was in Rest Cottage, as it was then in its completeness; for since that day the sun has set on that great life that was the center of the home circle. Mrs. Willard stood there then in the doorway to meet me, erect and queenly still, in spite of her eighty-seven years! She greeted me with that gentle kindness that showed at once her innate refined and quiet dignity; and as we sat round the supper-table that night, amid the dainty, bright, yet simple surroundings of that charming home, and, later, gathered round the open hearth in Miss Willard's "den," or walked next day on the pretty lawn with its trees and flowers, grape arbor, and rustic dovecote, I felt that, in all my



INTERIOR OF THE TWILIGHT PARK COTTAGE

wanderings up and down the world, I had never found a more harmonious home—a spot which seemed to combine the breezy atmosphere wafted from the great wide world



ANNA A. GORDON AND FRANCES E. WILLARD

with the fragrant family life which remained unruffled in its holy calm.

A few days later I went to Boston to attend the World's and National Conventions of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. It was the most remarkable gathering I ever witnessed. The Convention opened on November 12 in Tremont Temple, and the immense building was thronged at nine o'clock, many taking their seats in the early dawn. The vast audience and their enthusiastic interest were the seal of the work accomplished by that great organization. From the hour we met in the bright sunshine of that opening morning till the time we parted, five days later, in the dim twilight of the closing hour, an unbroken sense of God's overshadowing presence rested upon the meetings. It seemed as though each woman there had responded afresh to her Master's call, and had given her life and power anew to fulfill the purposes of God.

During the Convention the crowds assembled were so immense that the great hall could not accommodate them. Six overflow meetings were held daily in different churches. Nothing is more significant than the fact that on the Sundays during these memorable days sixty pulpits were occupied in the city and suburban churches by women. The Convention itself was a sight never to be forgotten. Delegates from forty-four States and five Territories occupied the floor, alert, intelligent, and eloquent, all bent on the business of the hour. Perfect order reigned, and the galleries were filled with eager spectators. It would be impossible to look upon that wonderful gathering without knowing that the words of prophecy were fulfilled, and great indeed was "the company of women that published the Word." Philanthropic work of every description was represented, notably evangelistic, educational, preventive, and reform in all its branches—religious, legal, and social—classified into forty departments. The consecrated power of America's womanhood had united to redeem the country and the home.

On the crowded platform there stood the slender figure of the woman who led that Convention with a master hand. We are told that when Sir Michael Costa, the greatest conductor we have ever known, wielded the baton, and gave the signal for the mighty orchestra to commence, as the great harmony filled the air with a burst of melodious sound, the violins leading in plaintive refrain, supported by the volume of a hundred instruments, on a sudden the great master paused, and, looking up, said, "Where is the piccolo?" The magic culture of his sensitive ear missed

that one small sound in the harmonious whole. Miss Willard, with the same infinitely fine perception, knows each note that should be struck, each tone that should vibrate in the great White Ribbon chorus. Her marvelous power of calling forth the best arises, perhaps, chiefly from the fact that she expects the best, and each one wishes to meet the standard by which she is measured by her leader.

Such a gathering of women, such perfect command of the situation, are not mere chances. It is not often that rare talent is given to one woman by which she can bring so much to pass. Nothing *happens* in this world; "it is the toil of a life woven into the warp of womanhood," was the thought that crossed my mind as I watched this scene; and as I noted the delicate lines that had been drawn by the chisel of time on the pale face of the President, I knew that she was among those who had laid down her life to find it again in the women whom she was creating for the twentieth century and the glad good times she was helping to bring to the world.

Capacity for work, untiring and unremitting, is one of the great characteristics which the close friendship of these years has revealed; and, save when sleeping, I have never seen her idle. She knows no days of leisure; on the cars, out walking or driving, her hand is always busy making notes, or her brain planning, thinking, devising some new method to help forward the welfare of all the various enterprises with which she is connected. The secret of her success has perhaps lain in this, that she has set herself towards her aim, and nothing would tempt her from that goal. The most glorious mountain scenery will not deter her from accomplishing the allotted task she has in mind. She has written her annual address with her back to the White Mountains, determined to see nothing but her work. On the Hudson, one glorious day, sooner than not accomplish her task when all were rejoicing in the radiant beauty of that most wonderful scene, Frances Willard sat below because she "had work to do" for a coming Chautauqua meeting. She is among those who accomplish because she understands how to deny herself, and it is this constant habit that has molded her mind and made her work ring true.

During these past years this indomitable energy has been turned to pioneer work, and Miss Willard, having set herself the herculean task, or "stint," as she called it, in



GENERAL OFFICERS OF THE WORLD'S W. C. T. U.

Agnes E. Slack Lady Henry Somerset
Anna A. Gordon Frances E. Willard Mrs. Mary E. Sanderson

remembrance of the old farm days, of visiting every city of 10,000 inhabitants, and generally those that had but 5,000, accomplished in a few years a work that it would have taken many women a lifetime to build up. During those long days of travel her faithful and devoted companion, Anna Gordon, has told me of the ceaseless letters, articles, leaflets, that flew from her busy hand. Often she arrived after a weary day's journey only in time to go to the platform and face that great pitiless public which, in spite of its kindness and good nature, so little understands the vitality that is poured out when the speaker gives up himself and lays his best at its feet. It requires an energy as superabundant as Miss Willard's to carry on the multiplicity of interests that surround her life, the details of organization, and the responsibility of that vast association that has grown under her hand. "You have a fatal versatility," said a friend to her; and, with a little sad smile, she has often repeated the remark, for with her nature it has required a real consecration to consent so far to sacrifice her ambition as to be obliged to limit her powers to do the thing in hand less well than it could be accomplished, because it was to the interest of the work to limit the time allotted to any one department.

As a speaker Miss Willard is in her way unique, with a wonderful combination of eloquence, pathos, and humor; a sense of proportion and an understanding of her audience that make her utterance always harmonious with their requirements. It is probably this power of "rapport" with other souls that has been her greatest talent—the quick understanding that always seizes the perspective of



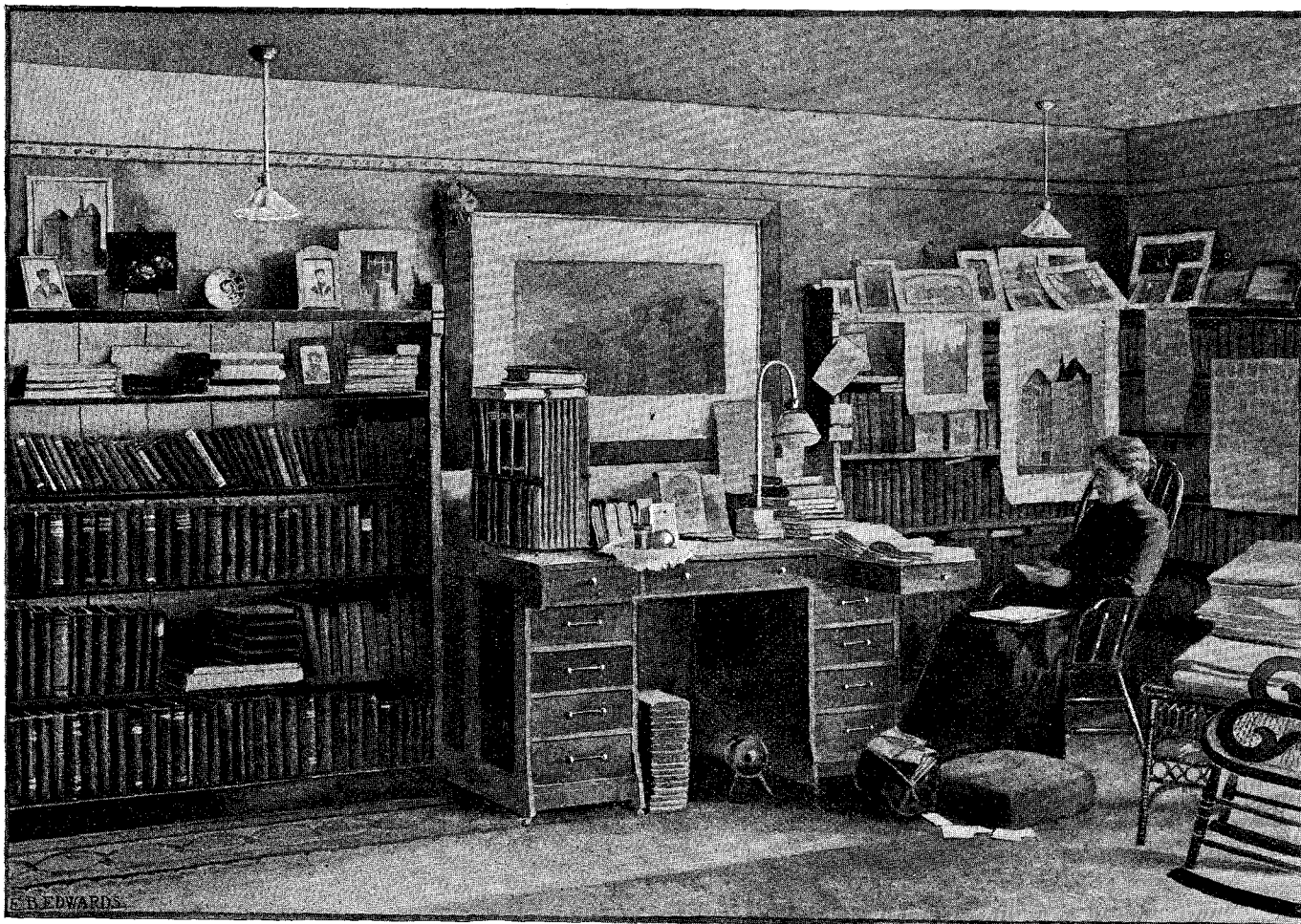
FRANCES E. WILLARD

every circumstance from another's angle of vision, and the intense humanness of the woman. The most difficult crises have been often averted by the gentle touch and the whispered explanation, "See here, honey!" and who could fail to feel that ill humor, bitterness, and carping must be laid aside, and that larger-souled charity reign which seemed to radiate from the heart of the President till the darkest corners lurking in the human mind were touched by its warmth and genial glow! "She is ambitious" is the worst condemnation of her enemies, but surely if there is a noble, a pure, a true ambition, it has been that of Frances Willard. For she, forsaking a career as brilliant as any that ever opened to a young woman, deliberately adopted a vocation that promised not one cent of money, consecrated herself to the most unpopular reform of her time, and devoted her best years to the most arduous and often

apparently thankless tasks.

An army of women the world over can testify to the unselfish interest with which she has ever placed those who worked by her side in positions of prominence, and labored for their advancement with greater eagerness than she has ever sought her own. Nothing has conduced more to the building up of the great edifice of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union than the way she has always with diligent care gathered these "lively stones fitly joined together."

Among those characteristics which have often struck me I may mention her utter absence of self-assertion. I have sometimes smiled when I have listened to conversations between her and younger workers. They will tell her all



"THE DEN," IN MISS WILLARD'S EVANSTON HOME



MISS WILLARD AT HOME

that it "is more blessed to give than to receive."

A great surrender is the price paid for all real success. Frances Willard was early called to choose between the pleasant path of culture and self-advancement and the dusty highway of the reformer. In 1871 she was elected the First President of the Women's College in Evanston. Her great capacity for leadership soon showed itself, and the extraordinary influence she obtained over the minds of her pupils was manifest in that development of individual character which has been her constant care. The question that was always kept before her girls was not, "What are you going to be in the world?" but "What are you going to do?" So that after six months under her tuition each of her scholars had a definite idea of a life-work. One of her pupils, now the wife of a college president, says:

In the most important part of her work as an educator—the development of character—I can speak from the most intimate knowledge. In this I doubt if she ever had a superior, and but for Arnold of Rugby I should have said an equal. Her power over the girls who came under her influence was most extraordinary. It is an amusing fact that some people regarded it with a mixture of wonder and fear, as something a little allied to witchcraft—an inexplicable spell not founded in reason. But she never used her personal power of winning friends for the mere purpose of gaining the friends. She never seemed to do anything from policy, nor to think whether she was "popular" or not. She was always planning for our happiness and welfare, and would go to any amount of trouble to gratify us. Then she was always reasonable. She never insisted that a thing must be simply because she had said so, but was perfectly willing to see and acknowledge it if she herself was in the wrong. Her ideals of life and character were very high, and she succeeded in inspiring her girls with a great deal of her own enthusiasm. I never, at any other period of my life, lived under such a constant, keen sense of moral responsibility, nor with such a high ideal of what I could become, as during the years in which I so proudly called myself one of "her girls."

Like many other speakers, her call to address large audiences came to her as by an accident rather than by design.

During the years 1868 to 1870, Miss Willard had enjoyed rare opportunities for travel in Europe and in the East, and at a women's missionary meeting in Chicago she had spoken of her visions of a new chivalry—the modern crusade which the women of her country should enter upon: the chivalry of justice; the justice that gives to woman a fair chance to be all that God meant her. The next day a wealthy, well-known Methodist called on her, and entreated her to use the remarkable gift she undoubtedly possessed, and to speak out to the world all that God had put into her heart. She appealed to her mother for advice, and with characteristic courage that large-hearted woman answered, "My child, enter every open door." And so it came about that Miss Willard addressed a great audience in Chicago, and the next day the city papers were filled with columns about the eloquence of this young woman.

they have done, their opinion on questions to the consideration of which she has given her life, and no word will ever escape her either of all she has accomplished or all she knows upon the subject. The gentle question will draw on the eager talker, who too often takes most literally the aphorism

In 1874 a very Pentecost of God swept over the continent, and Miss Willard caught the first sound of that new language of reform which had been given to the women who had been called to join the ranks of the crusade against the liquor traffic. In that year she resolved to resign her post as President of the College. After the union of the Women's College with the University at Evanston it had become impossible for Miss Willard to carry on her work according to the principles she had laid down, and sooner than abandon the methods she believed to be right she gave up the position she had delighted to fill. She suffered acutely in arriving at this decision, and it seemed to her, on leaving her cherished pupils and the institution she loved so dearly, as though her life-work was broken almost before it was begun. But the scholars whom God trains learn hard tasks to fit themselves for the work that he has prepared, and Miss Willard, in the pause that followed this great decision, clearly heard the call which was to her the opening of a new existence. The Woman Question had long been to her of vital interest because it formed part of the great human question. She saw that until woman participated in purifying political life the corruptions which everywhere undermine the real interests of the Nation could not be swept away. Years before this thought had matured she had anticipated the movement that swept over New York in 1874-5, and on looking back over her annual addresses we find page after page devoted to the thought that the political and municipal life of America must be brought into harmony with the religious and ethical teachings of that great country. There are those who, even in these days, condemn women for taking any part in public questions; but to Miss Willard politics is part of her religion, for she believes the government of the country to be an integral part of the service demanded by God from every loyal soul. It was inconceivable to her mind that women should forever occupy the position of ambulance nurses in life's great army, without pausing to ask themselves: why the sick and the wounded were strewn around them, and what was the real question at issue in dealing with the evils of the legalized liquor traffic. Almost every reformer



"AT LAST." MISS WILLARD'S VICTORY OVER THE BICYCLE

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is ahead of his age, and the message that he has brought to the world has been one of prophecy. It is only, probably, when the goal of life for him has been reached that his prediction has passed into fact, and men and women

forget that the age ever existed when such teaching called forth the severest criticism of the so-called Christian world. There must unquestionably be a movement of reform in the political and municipal life of the great free country across the Atlantic, and when that history comes to be written, the name of Frances Willard and the brave women who stood around her will be indissolubly linked with the crisis which made for the larger liberty of the land they love.

In 1878 Miss Willard definitely entered the temperance ranks, and was made President of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union in Illinois. The acceptance of this office was, however, coincident with a time of severe struggle for this ardent soul. She addressed at this period great gatherings of men in Chicago at midday, composed principally of the denizens of the saloon, the unemployed, and all the flotsam and jetsam of the great city. "I was glad often to think," said Miss Willard, "when I looked at their pinched faces, that I, too, knew what it was to be hungry." She had given up a remunerative position in order to "cast her bread upon the waters," and, as sometimes happens, it did not seem at that time as if she would find it even after many days. Her mother shared her struggle nobly, and together they fought the grim want that seemed likely to invade their little home. By the kindness of friends the bare necessities of life were provided for her in order to enable her to continue her work, and by degrees, when the fame of her lectures began to spread, she was enabled by her speaking to earn a subsistence for herself and the mother whom the women of the White Ribbon army have loved to call St. Courageous.

In 1879 Miss Willard was elected President of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and in 1881, accompanied by Miss Gordon, she made the tour of all the Southern States, and it is a remarkable fact that her extraordinary tact enabled her to speak along the most advanced lines without offending any of the conservative Southern women. There is, however, little doubt that her work accomplished more than this. As a Northerner going to the South so soon after the terrible conflict had rent the Nation, she was one of the first to take the olive branch and bring home the message that "all ye are brethren" in that greater struggle for the union of souls against the enemies of mankind.

From that time onward work thickened round her. First it was the Purity Department that engaged her attention, when the Nation was aroused by a cry that came from across the water, and Miss Willard dared prejudice in order to stand for women oppressed and downtrodden. Probably the greatest crucifixion of her life came to her when she felt that she must leave the Republican party, in which she had been reared and to which her father had been a staunch adherent, and throw in her lot with a political faction that took a decisive ground against the liquor traffic. Those are days the bitterness of which it would be difficult to gauge; for there is nothing so hard to bear as the criticism of friends beloved and of comrades in a good cause.

Miss Willard has since 1892 been editor-in-chief of the "Union Signal," the official organ of the World's and National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and to



The accompanying picture of Miss Willard and Miss Rebecca Krikorian was taken April 20, 1896, just as Miss Willard was about to sail for England. Miss Willard was one of the first to grasp the awful significance of the Sassoun massacre a year and a half ago, and she has not ceased, with pen and voice, to plead for the Armenian sufferers, and to warn Christendom of the terrible retribution that is sure to follow if this colossal crime against humanity is allowed to pass unatoned. The burden of Miss Willard's farewell address in Chickering Hall was a plea to the womanhood of America to extend the strong arms of their love and protection around their sisters in Armenia. Miss Krikorian, who is a very interesting and effective speaker, is the daughter of the able pastor of the great Protestant Church of Aintab. This venerable man, after forty years of faithful service, has been thrown into a Turkish prison for refusing to sign lying Turkish documents to the effect that the reported outrages were false, and that the Armenians had every reason to be grateful for the privilege of living under the beneficent shadow of his Majesty Sultan Abd-ul-Hamid.

her belongs the honor of having conceived the first really great international scheme that was to bind women the world over. Not content only with carrying out her plans in her own country, her great soul reached out to the ideal of uniting the English-speaking nations of the world, and, indeed, women the world over, by one strong link under the banner on which is inscribed the battle-cry of home protection. One by one she sent forth women to all parts of the world, apparently helpless, moneyless, and friendless; but the promise that "according to your faith be it unto you" has been wonderfully fulfilled in the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and as each went out she gathered around her in every part of the globe groups of women who have remained loyal and devoted, until now the international organization is a fact and not a dream. Perhaps nothing could speak more eloquently of the culmination of this work than the magnificent demonstration held in Albert Hall last year, when the fifty countries in which the Woman's Christian Temperance Union exists were represented—"a great human mosaic," as Canon Wilberforce eloquently described it. Her visit to England was the occasion of a magnificent recognition of her powers. "It is the finest speech I ever heard," was the verdict of the leader of the United Kingdom Alliance, after her great address in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester; and probably no man or woman has in our generation received from the philanthropists of this country a more generous ovation than was accorded to her in Exeter Hall when first she came to these shores. "The best-loved woman in the United States" is the saying that I have most often heard applied to her in her own country. But it would be impossible to know her and to conceive for a moment that any adulation or admiration could spoil the independence of her character. Of Puritan ancestry, tracing her descent from sturdy yeomen of a little village in Kent, where, in the crabbed handwriting of the fifteenth century, stands the record of her ancestors' births, deaths, and marriages, Miss Willard has inherited from her New England mother and her worthy father that fearlessness and backbone that enabled the pioneers to found the great nation of which Americans are so justly proud. Brought up on a farm in Wisconsin, Miss Willard seems to have retained



ANNE WHITNEY'S BUST OF MISS WILLARD, FOR WHICH WHITTIER WROTE THE INSCRIPTION:
She knew the power of banded ill,
But felt that Love was stronger still,
And organized for doing good
The World's United Womanhood.

all through her life the wholesome, breezy atmosphere of those early days, when she and her sister scampered like young colts over the prairie, and yet conned their books and listened to their mother's beautiful rendering of the finest gems of literature by the old farm fire-side. I have never heard of a single human being who, having admired Frances Willard on the platform or in her public work, was disappointed in her when he came to know her in her home; and this, I think, is the highest testimony that can be given to any public life. She brings to her work and to all her concepts of reform the winged spirit that must always fly above the ordinary level of the world's daily round; a soul that is ever looking upward, and that seems to expand in the conscious presence of the Spirit that guides her life and meets her aspirations. She looks upon questions of theology and reform with a wideness of vision that enables her to embrace the whole group of humanity, and yet she does not lose sight of the great horizon from which "the dayspring from on high hath visited" her. As I have studied her life in these last years I have been often reminded of the words she spoke before the Council of Women in 1888, which to me seem to be in complete harmony with the key to which her being is attuned in its growing sense of the world invisible:

"I go like a bee into the gardens of thought; I love to listen to all the voices, and I go buzzing around under the bonnets of the prettiest flowers, and the most fragrant, just like this bee; and when it is a lovely life and a sweet life, it seems to me I get a lot of honey; but I have a wonderful bee-like fashion of carrying it all home to my own Methodist hive. I couldn't do any other way. I am made that fashion; it is part of me. It is worked into the woof



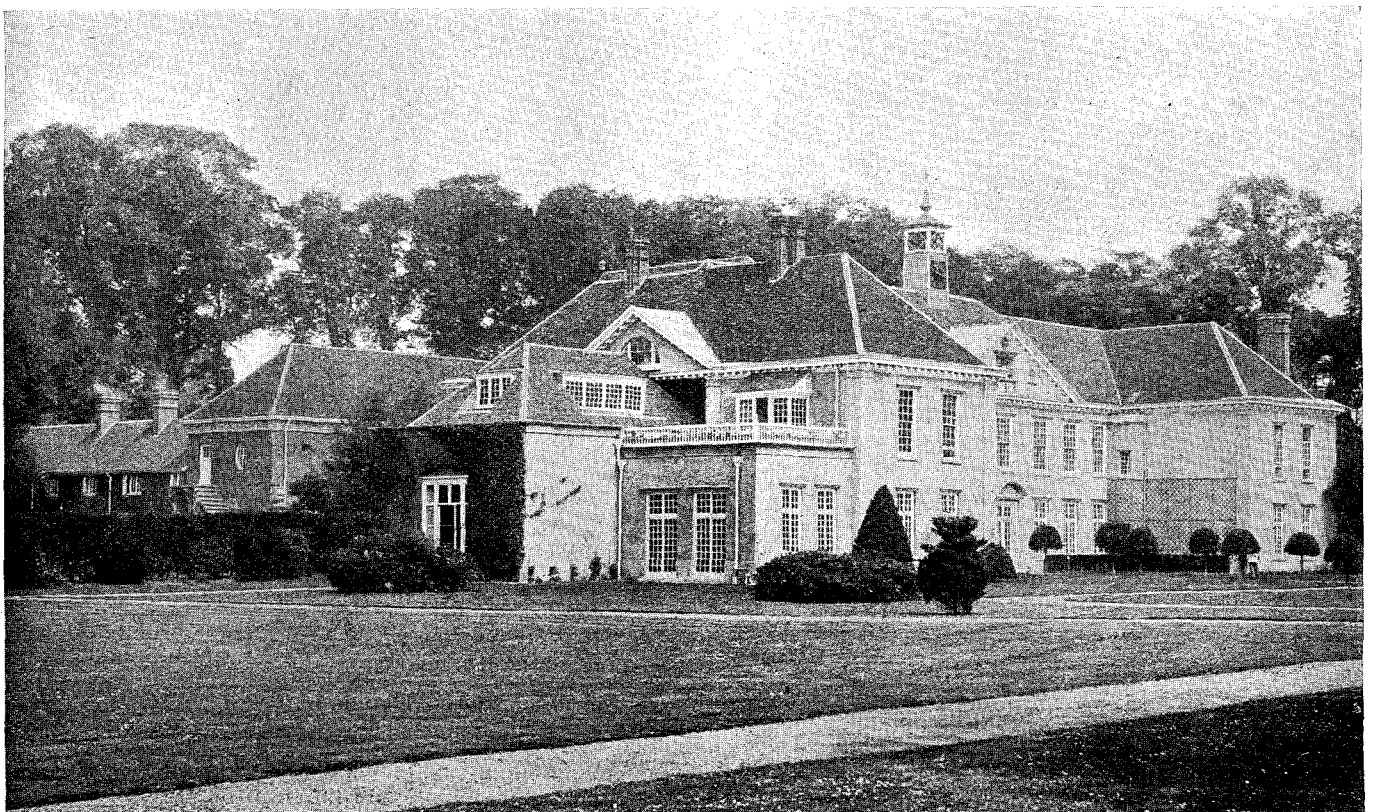
LADY HENRY SOMERSET

and warp of my spirit, the result of the sweet old ways in which I was brought up. I should have to deny myself in my inmost heart if I didn't believe what mother had taught me at her knee; if I didn't, above all the teachings and all the voices, reverence the Voice that calls to me from the pages of the Bible; if I didn't, above all things and always, in my mentality and spirituality, translate God into the term Jesus Christ: I cannot rest except there. The inmost Voice, deep down in my heart, says: 'Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!' Receive it as I sit here listening to women I love and revere and honor for their loyalty to what they believe is the highest and best. Receive it as I go forth into the crowded ways of life with so many voices calling me on every hand. Receive my spirit! It will be the last thought that this brain will think, it will be

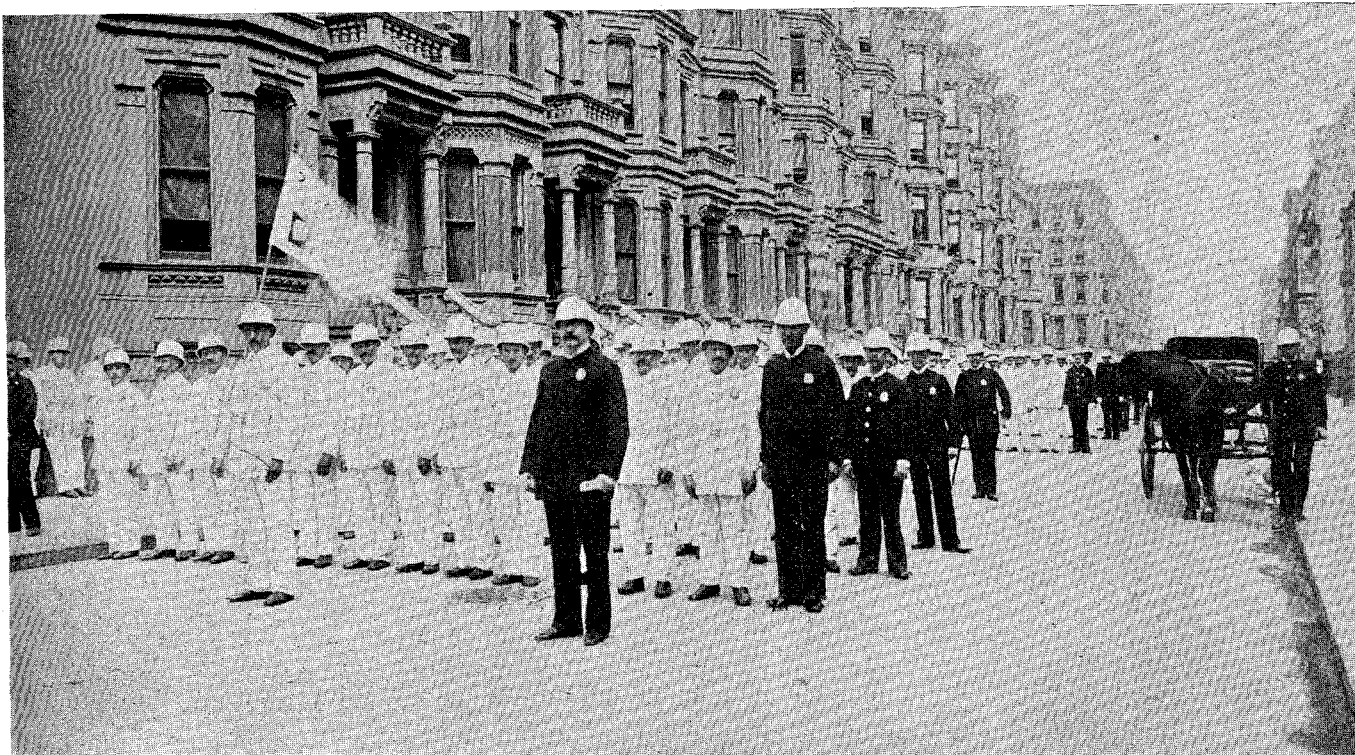
the last quiver of this heart that has ached and rejoiced. 'Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!'"

It must oft fall out
That one whose labor perfects any work
Shall rise from it with eyes so worn that he,
Of all men, least can measure the extent
Of what he has accomplished.

The temperance cause, in spite of the gigantic strides it has made of late years towards success, is still relegated to the shadowy land of unpopular and supposedly impracticable and visionary reform. The time, however, is at hand when it shall rise phoenix-like and triumphant; and the men and women of the future will look back over the pages of history where, written in golden letters, shall stand the names of the true patriots of this age, and none will be more clearly traced thereon than that of FRANCES WILLARD.



THE PRIORY, REIGATE, ONE OF THE HOMES OF LADY HENRY SOMERSET



WAITING FOR THE WORD TO MARCH
The Street-Cleaners' Parade in New York, May 26, 1896

Colonel Waring's "White Angels"

A Sketch of the Street-Cleaning Department of New York

By William W. Ellsworth



THE march of Colonel Waring's men down Fifth Avenue on a pleasant afternoon last May was one of the most inspiring sights that New York has seen in many a day. We have had "labor parades" before, but never one like this. Here was a body of men whose duty it is to do what is generally considered a menial work—to sweep our streets and take away our garbage—and they marched like honest, loyal citizens, proud of their glistening uniforms and proud of their organization and the man who led them. We who looked on saw one of the greatest examples of the truth of the old-time phrase, "Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war." It was a victory for honesty in municipal government, a victory for real reform, a victory for common sense over "practical politics." Perhaps some who stood upon the curb came to scoff, but no one in sight of the writer did any scoffing after the procession once swung into sight. The people applauded a good "alignment" as if they were looking on at a parade of the Seventh Regiment; and it is safe to say that they went home with a higher idea of the "dignity of labor" and a deeper consciousness of pride in their own city than they had ever known before.

There was infantry and there was artillery in the procession. The infantry bore no arms, and was clad in shining white. The artillery was made up of carts, clean and freshly painted, each one covered with white canvas. The five hundred and fifty drivers sat up straight, each man on the right-hand side of his cart; and the fourteen hundred foot-soldiers marched in close-set ranks, shoulder to shoulder, keeping step to the music of the bands which led each battalion. The Stars and Stripes fluttered over the ranks, and the one sign borne in the procession told the whole story:

420 MILES
OF STREETS
CLEANED DAILY

We all had seen the "white angels" on the streets, an odd man here and there, working hard and no longer leaning

wearily on his broom as in days of yore, and we had seen an odd cart going about now and then to collect the sweepings. We knew that these men worked under some sort of system, and that it must be a good one, but it is safe to say that the public had no suspicion of the thoroughness of Colonel Waring's organization until that procession went down Fifth Avenue. That the men and carts were divided into "stables," that everything was perfectly systematized, that there was a genuine *esprit de corps* in this body of street-cleaners—this was the surprise. And at least one on-looker made up his mind that he would find out more about it—and what he has found out is here set down for the benefit of the readers of The Outlook.

HOW THE STREETS ARE SWEEPED

On a June morning, a few preliminaries having been arranged, a smart horse and buggy drew up to the writer's door, driven by a young man clad in a modest uniform and a white helmet. The words "Department of Street-Cleaning" were lettered on the side of the buggy, and the young man was a "district superintendent" who was about to undertake the work of initiating his guest into the mysteries of street-cleaning. He was on his regular morning round of visits to section foremen, and before we had gone two blocks a bicyclist with a white helmet was seen pedaling along in the distance. When he saw us he stopped his wheel, produced his written report of the previous day's work, and the two men discussed the affairs of the district together. The report showed the number of sweepers who had been at work, regular and extra men, the number of cart-loads of garbage, ashes, and sweepings removed, closing with "No ashes or garbage left in streets." If anything has gone wrong in the district, the foreman is expected to telephone to the stable before eight o'clock, at which hour the superintendent makes out his general report to the main office and sends it by special messenger before starting out on his rounds. The superintendent does not have his foremen wait for him at any particular place, but prefers to drive around and find them. They do not know within an hour when to expect him, and from this time on he is liable to appear at any moment—and