

put him on the track of a tenor who needed money, so no harm was done. However, I decided that I had human nature as bad as the rest of 'em.

But, while it is all very ridiculous, there is a pleasant side to it. Take the man who is all business. Once in a while we run across him. He'll sell the coat off his back, or the shoes off his daughter's feet, or his good name off his family tree. If you're willing to pay him for singing he'll sing, even though he have no more voice than a centenarian tenor with a cold. He'll rent a friend's house to you and take a commission for doing it. Everything he does he does on a money basis, and he is thoroughly unlovable. And he is more apt to live in the city than in the country. Your countryman comes in for a large share of comic-paper ridicule, but he is the one who will give you a lift for nothing if you are toiling along the road ;

his cousin in the city would drive you off his truck at the point of his whip.

Your countryman will bring out a glass of milk when you have asked for water for yourself and bicycle, and he will laugh at the idea of your paying for it—he isn't in the milk business—he raises sheep for the market. Business is business with him, but he is willing to give much for the mere pleasure of giving ; and if you call on him to buy a basket of apples in an off year when apples are high, he will like as not give you a bag of plums for nothing, just out of friendly feeling.

So, while I chuckled at my friends Nathaniel Bradford and Winfield S. Barton, my heart grew warm as I reflected that, after all, each in his own way was a good neighbor, and that neighborliness—*i. e.*, brotherliness—is one of the cardinal virtues, and thrives best under the country sun.

Lowell, the City of Spindles

By Lillian W. Betts

APPROACHING Lowell from Boston the traveler passes through scenery that compels him to note that ours is a new country in spite of the record of years we call its history. For miles the country is so sylvan that even traveling at the rate of sixty miles an hour is forgotten ; one lives in the stage-coach days. Upland, meadow, hills, and valleys through which streams wander and divide, bearing no record on their rippling, dancing, tortuous surfaces of the work they have done before they found their freedom, separate the little hamlets here and there. The now rapidly developing town sites contradict these intervals that seem to have been as they are from the beginning of time. Suddenly one is carried into the midst of a city the factory walls of which so dominate that the thought of homes is not suggested. It is work, wages, profits, that the first glimpse of Lowell suggests. The two rivers, the Merrimac and the Concord, that have made it one of the great manufacturing centers of the world, made it the favorite camping-ground of the Pawtuckets and their related tribes.

Lowell, within its corporate limits, contains one of John Eliot's praying towns. It was the home of the noble Passaconaway, who urged Eliot to come and live with the Pawtuckets. Commenting on the proposal, Eliot said : "Truly my heart yearneth toward them, and I have a great desire to make an Indian town that way"—the first suggestion of a Settlement, as we use the word to-day, in our history. The treatment Passaconaway and his tribe received from the white settlers stands in sharp contrast with their treatment of the intruders. His farewell speech is worthy of record, for it shows the far-sightedness of the statesman who reads the signs of his times :

"I am now going the way of all the earth ; I am ready to die, and not likely to see you ever meet together any more. I will now leave this word of counsel with you : Take heed how you quarrel with the English ; hearken to the last words of your father and friend. The white men are the sons of the morning. The Great Spirit is their Father. His sun shines bright about them. Never make war with them. Sure as you light

the fires, the breath of heaven will turn the flame upon you and destroy you."

Early in the history of the settlement of this region the great possibilities of its natural waterways were recognized. Every encouragement was extended to manufacturers. Grants of land were given, and mills were located on the rivers.

The rapids of the Merrimac at Pawtucket Falls made rafting difficult and dangerous. The genius of the early settlers overcame this by building a canal one and a half miles long, connecting the Merrimac and the Concord. The idea was projected in 1792, and the canal was opened in 1797. The next year Middlesex Canal was incorporated. It was thirty-one miles in length, beginning above Pawtucket Falls and extending to Charlestown. This was the first canal in the United States to carry passengers, which it continued to do until the railroads absorbed the business of the canal.

It can be said with truth of Lowell that "Man made the town." The water-power of the two rivers commanded the attention of the ablest, most progressive and far-sighted manufacturers of those early days. These men, traveling in Europe, studied not only the application of science and invention as applied to textile manufacture in Great Britain, but they studied the evils of the factory system as it prevailed there. The town of New Lanark, in Scotland, where Robert Owen fought the fight for his fellow-workers and proved for all time that profits and humane treatment of working men and women are not antagonistic, made so deep an impression on these men that when they built the first cotton-mills at Waltham, Massachusetts, they built houses, churches, and schools at the same time. The success of the enterprise compelled the company to find a site offering greater water privileges. By accident the resources of Lowell were brought to their attention, and the Locks and Canals Corporation was chartered in 1821, followed in 1822 by the incorporation of the Merrimac Manufacturing Company. This laid the foundation of Lowell: a unique city, incorporated as a town in 1826, as a city in 1836.

The idea transplanted from New Lanark to Waltham was transferred to Lowell. Plans for houses, churches, schools, halls

for the use of the operatives, were projected and built at the same time as the mills. Teacher and minister were among the corporation factors. The boarding-houses were managed by widows selected with great care by the superintendent. Rules and regulations controlling the houses were posted for the guidance of tenant and operatives. In the counting-room of the factory was kept not only a record of the earnings of the factory hands, but in which of the corporation houses each one lived. Notice of a change of residence had to be given in the office, and no tenant of a house was allowed to have as a boarder any but factory operatives without special permission from the corporation. The front doors of the houses were locked at ten at night, and permission to remain out later must be secured from the matron. Men and women boarded in separate houses. The character of the operatives of this period was remarkable. The steady wages and low cost of living—board for women was \$1.25 per week, for men \$1.75—brought to the factories teachers, men who wanted to earn money for a professional education, and sisters who wished to help brothers through college, as well as the daughters of farmers throughout the State. Study classes and clubs were formed. The lyceum was born in Lowell. One of the early superintendents gave the first lectures. It was in a Lowell mill that Lucy Larcom began the noble life that dignified wage-earning for all women. The Lowell "Offering" was published for years in Lowell, owned and edited by a group of girls working in the mills. To this day families of wealth and position in Lowell refer with pride to ancestors who began their wage-earning in its factories.

In 1834 a French economist, M. Chevalier, visited Lowell, and on his return to France published an article in which he said: "Lowell is neither a pious foundation, a refuge of the persecuted, nor a military post. It is a speculation of the merchants of Boston. The same spirit of enterprise which last year suggested to them to send a cargo of ice to Calcutta, that Sir William Bentinck and the nabobs of the East India Company might drink their wine cooled, has led them to build a city wholly at their own expense, with all the edifices required by an advanced

civilization for the purpose of manufacturing cotton cloths and printed calicoes. They have succeeded, as they usually do in their speculations." He called Lowell, twelve years after the incorporation of the company that established it, "a little Manchester." Of the women employed, he wrote: "The nuns of Lowell, instead of working sacred hearts, spin and weave cottons." So deep an impression was made by the women factory workers that in 1867 M. Chevalier urged that a group of these workers be sent to the Paris Exposition.

The discovery of gold in California wrought a quick and radical change in the population of Lowell. The Americans left the mills and sought the new Eldorado and the larger fields of the West. The influx of foreigners began about this time, meeting the necessities of the mill-owners. These people would not accept the conditions imposed by the corporation on the tenants of the corporation houses, and the paternal attitude which had been accepted without question since the foundation of the town was changed. The operatives lived beyond the corporation limits, established homes—for families came to work in the mills—and naturally they chose to settle in close neighborly relation with people who spoke their own tongue, ate and lived as they had in the land they called home. In the beginning this coming of families was a flitting to accumulate money that would mean ease in their native land on their own farms, or payment of mortgages, or the purchase of more land. For years the French-Canadians returned to their farms each spring. Gradually a change has come, and the French-Canadian population, the most transitory, has become a fixed population. Priests and superintendents testify that this is largely due to the women, who, after the excitement of a mill town, are most unhappy when they return to settle on the farms which they left reluctantly. The young people marry and the mills offer surer support than the farms, and very much larger opportunities for excitement and recreation. The opportunities for advancement appeal to the ambitious, and every year fewer Canadians leave Lowell. Much might be said of the effect of mill life on the women. The French-Canadian priests in Lowell,

the French-Canadian women who have settled there, say that the family life with their people changes rapidly; the worst faults of the wage-earning Americans develop; the children grow independent of the parents "like Americans." The young married women object to child-bearing, and fewer children are born. When the French-Canadian families come to Lowell, the intention is to return to Canada as a family. Often at the first sign that indicates the possibility of marriage for a son or daughter the parents take fright and the return to Canada is attempted, with the chances very much against the return of the older children, who have established themselves in the factories. Now girls and boys come without parents, living with relatives, and often breaking entirely with home and family. The priests then become the tie between the two, the Church the medium that keeps the mother tongue alive.

To-day there are twenty-four thousand French-Canadians in Lowell. A large section of the city is called "Little Canada." The houses of this section are wooden tenements three and four stories high, built on courts and alleys. The signs and names on the stores are as distinctly French as in the city of Quebec. Eleven women and girls were asked a question on the streets of this section, at the noon hour, before one was found who understood English. The children on the street, when playing, use French almost wholly. The churches are the churches of Canada transplanted, barring the empty pews during working hours. The French Catholics support a very large French parochial school. In answer to the question, "Why do you keep up a French school when you and your children are going to live in America always?" an intelligent woman shopkeeper said: "It is the tongue of my own country, and I want my children to learn it; we never use English at home." Here, as everywhere, this segregation means the keeping alive of foreign languages, festivals, customs, and habits of thought, the preservation of which obstructs the amalgamation of the population.

This affects the political life of the town, for, as the people center in one section, they evolve the political "boss" whose business is to prove his ability to further

the interests of his countrymen, not as Americans, but as French-Canadians, or Greeks, or Poles, or whatever group of un-Americanized citizens he may represent.

There is a section of the city where the swarthy, black-eyed sons of Greece have imposed their national stamp. Italy and Poland have claimed their share of the city, while the Hebrew citizens have their quarter that seems like a small portion of the lower East Side of New York transplanted. The older sections of the city, where the houses are small, seem greatly overcrowded and neglected. The newer tenement-houses have balconies on each floor. Many of them permit of outdoor life for the family, if not privacy. The buildings on three sides of a court, the fourth side open to the street, unfenced, seem to be the favorite model. There is a remarkable absence of children on the street during school hours, but the streets where the working people live are crowded with children after school hours, who show the results of untrammelled freedom in language, manners, and treatment of one another. As in other manufacturing towns, a grandmother, a grandfather, or a woman beyond the factory-working age who will care for the baby is highly prized.

The approach to the mills is very attractive. Nearly always the approach is over a bridge crossing a canal through a Gothic nave of trees leading to handsome iron gates opening into the courts of the mills. The well-kept, tree-lined street has on either side unbroken rows of brick houses of a severely simple, dignified type of architecture, known even now as "corporation houses," though many of them no longer belong to the mill corporations. Just beyond them rise the walls of the mills, making a harmonious background.

It is almost impossible to convey a picture of a factory town. The stranger can choose a point of vantage, say the steps of the counting-house of a mill commanding the gateway of two or three factories five minutes before the time for dismissal. A cloister stillness prevails. There is not a sound but the pleasant one of rushing waters. Suddenly a bell, deep-toned, and whistles break the stillness, and a human tide rushes out like a volume of water let loose by a broken dam. Thousands of human beings of all

ages, all types, all degrees of development, pass singly in groups, in families, through the gates and through the streets; from one mill three thousand, another twenty-eight hundred, two thousand, till one is overwhelmed with the sudden realization of the tremendous forces held in the bondage of necessity, greed, or ambition. At first the people who pour out of the gates come laughing, joking, dancing, in all the joyousness of youth, and the stranger responds to the spirit of hope and fearlessness; he sees that Cupid is busy, here as everywhere. The lover and his lass meet joyously, timidly, trustingly, as the case may be. But the spirit of the scene changes. The quiet groups of women in middle life, walking soberly along as befits their years, appear. Among them is the woman whose shabby black, and young son or daughter at her side, tells the story of widowhood, while a Darby and Joan go quietly along in happy companionship; for them any other life than this would be hardship. One's heart grows glad when there darts out from the corner of a fence or from behind a tree, where refuge from the rushing tide of humanity was taken, a small, chubby boy or girl with the glad cry of "grandpa" or "grandma" in any of half a dozen languages, and Darby or Joan is grabbed round the knees. Then, last of all, come the pilgrims, bent, gray-haired, sometimes feeble, but yet with the love of life alive and urging to effort.

The return is quite as interesting, but the order is reversed. The old return first; youth lags, and it is a question of a race against time to reach the gates, always with some shut out.

Saturday the mills close at noon. Before twelve the peddler with mechanical toys, the man with a tray of candy, the jolly man who always sells puzzles, the one-armed man with pencils, the one-legged man with a wheezy organ, take their places and are ready for business. Each reaps a harvest, and one-half hour later the stillness of the streets suggests a New England Sabbath.

The pulley-lines, the yards, and the balconies testify to the family preparation for Sunday cleanliness. Shades are up, curtains tied back, rugs and mats are being shaken and hung to air. The pews in Catholic churches are filled with people, while every confessional holds priest

and sinner. The girls from the factories who belong to the church societies are getting the altar draperies ready for the Sunday services. After four on Saturday the stores are crowded. Everywhere on the streets the people are found spending the hours of freedom as the race impulse dictates. The saloon flourishes; the street corners are populated; empty doorways are filled. Activity and idleness; the rush and worry of a week's housework crowded into four hours of daylight; the drifting that comes when the bonds of compulsion are removed—all this Saturday afternoon in Lowell represents.

Churches, schools, libraries, were born with the mills and are a part of the life of the people. The High School is not far from the mills; the beautiful library is accessible from the poorest section. The Educational Union has taken, in the new civilization, the place of old Middlesex Mechanics' Association; the Textile School brings to Lowell the student of applied arts and mechanics, and she still teaches the country the secrets of successful manufacture of textiles, bringing to the new problems the service of science.

The history of this beautiful, unique city is the history of American intelligence applied to every department of National life. Her sons have served the country in times of peace and of war. Within her borders one of the greatest industries of the country has grown up, its interests shaping National legislation. Wealth and culture equal to that of any other city in the Union are found in Lowell, while a solidarity of interest and of sentiment prevails that scarcely exists in any other city. This is due largely to the community of interests that gave her birth. The interdependence of the employer and the employed, the education and natural intelligence that often made them equals, are fixed elements in the character of the people of Lowell. Changes have come in the working population that have brought problems, and the people of Lowell are awake to them.

Where else would a Fourth of July celebration take the form of that of 1900 in Lowell? All the foreigners in Lowell were encouraged to take part in a procession in their native dress where it was distinctive, preserving the features that would make each section a national procession.

The idea was carried out, and the native citizens of Lowell watched the procession of foreigners, who are a part of its population, contributing to its commercial success, making its political and social problems.

As a result, a system of education in American history and civics has been introduced. Illustrated lectures are given by the aid of interpreters. Every effort is made in the giving of a knowledge of the country to have the language acquired; not merely a commercial vocabulary rendering the voter the easy victim of a designing "boss," but the language of the American citizen imbued with a knowledge of his country's institutions and spirit.

Is Lowell showing every American city with a growing foreign population how to preserve its integrity and develop American citizenship? It has every problem peculiar to a cosmopolitan city: race sections; houses built for one family housing a dozen; alleys and courtyards places of general refuse; parentless children numbering thousands during all the working hours of the day; young girls numbering hundreds without natural protectors, feeling the independence of earning their own living, refusing to accept control or even advice, and making a separate problem.

All the modern agencies for the care of the helpless and sick poor, for dependent children, for temporary relief, are well established in Lowell. The Settlement does not exist. One wonders why. No community offers larger or greater opportunities for the social center that a settlement always provides than a manufacturing town. What it would provide for the children left without their natural protectors for so many hours cannot be overestimated.

The churches are progressive in their secular work. The church schools flourish, the pupils numbering thousands. It is stated with frankness that the city could not provide school accommodations for the children of school age. The citizens in Lowell are, and always have been, actively interested in public education, and the public schools represent this active interest, keeping abreast of the most progressive educational thought.

The paternal relation has disappeared between the employer and the employed,

The trades-union has come. The combination of capital and of commercial interests is fixed. The wonderful resources of water-power have centered the attention of many manufacturing interests, and Lowell is feeling the benefits and the disadvantages of competition. As steam was called to meet the demands of her manufacturing growth, so electricity will yet harness her water-power to meet the needs of future demands.

So well planned was the manufacturing

center of the city that it is to-day peculiarly attractive. The dignified architecture, the handsome iron gates focusing at the end of the corporation streets, the green-fringed waterways, the bridges, make a modern Venice, whose canals carry wages to waiting, working thousands, giving to the city a distinctive character that time cannot destroy, whatever changes may be wrought in the motive power or the methods of business in this leading city of spindles.

The Papacy¹

THE latest volumes to appear in the "World Epoch-Makers" series are noteworthy because of the new light which they shed on papal history. They are, first, an account of Saints Francis and Dominic, and, second, an account of Savonarola. Dr. Herkless (Professor of Church History in the University of St. Andrew's) has published an acute appreciation of the work of the two great thirteenth-century saints, both as mutually contrasted and as influencing the Middle Ages. He first points out the high ideal animating both Francis and Dominic, whose spiritual lives were dramatically projected against that of the materially-minded Innocent III., a Pontiff farsighted enough to know, however, what the work of the two saints might one day be worth to the Papacy. The Pope ultimately made emissaries of the mendicants wandering in all countries, and he made them preach the Gospel of papal supremacy in such guise and in such a way that they preserved for Rome at least a semblance of that power which Gregory VII. attained, and which Innocent III. had wielded at fullest measure. Indeed, there has hardly been any political or social movement with which the Papacy

has not made some sort of alliance in order to make it useful to its own purposes. Professor Pastor shows that Julius II. and Leo X. utilized the great creative art epoch of Italy; Dr. Nippold points out that even such reactionaries as Clement XIV. and Pius VI. had, at least in the first part of their reigns, furtively advanced some degree towards the liberal tendencies of their times. These exceptions, however, only prove the general rule that papal absolutism opposes the modern world of ideas; papal absolutism is inconsistent with either ecclesiastical or political liberty; the Franciscan poverty degenerated into mendicancy, and the Dominican propaganda developed the Inquisition. While the personal power of Francis and Dominic controlled their orders, the kingdom of heaven was indeed seen in the midst of men. Alas! as the historian laments, that the Franciscans should wander far away from the poor penitent of Assisi and the Dominicans from the Master of the Sacred Palace!

However humiliating the periods of the Avignon residence and the Great Schism up to the close of the fifteenth century, Dr. Ludwig Pastor, in his "Geschichte der Päpste" (well translated under its corresponding English title of "History of the Popes"), is not embarrassed by the flagrant personal immorality of certain of the Popes. Dr. Pastor holds the chair of history at the University of Innsbruck (Roman Catholic), and is everywhere recognized as a man of acute intellect, of vast information, and of remarkable power of accomplishment. He has the true historian's instinct for accuracy of statement;

¹ *Francis and Dominic*. By John Herkless, D.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.25.

Savonarola. By George McHardy, D.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.25.

Geschichte der Päpste. Von Ludwig Pastor, Herder'sche Verlagshandlung, Freiburg, Germany. Vols. I., II., III. \$18.

History of the Popes. By Ludwig Pastor. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., London. 6 vols. \$18.

Geschichte des Katholicismus. Von Friedrich Nippold. Frericks'sche Buchhandlung, Elberfeld, Germany. \$5.

The Papacy in the Nineteenth Century. By Friedrich Nippold. Translated by Laurence Henry Schwab. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$2.50.