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THE
COMING BROTHERHOOD

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

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THE COMING BROTHERHOOD.

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A synonym for "knight" is "chevalier"—that comes from the French "cheval," a horse, because the chevalier rode on horseback; those who tilled the ground were called villains, and they walked—stubbed around on foot—and were called "clodhoppers," and all sorts of things; and so the knights thought themselves of great account, because they could gallop off to the wars on horseback; war was the aristocratic profession, and labor was something very low down. But the good Book predicts the time when men shall "beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning-hooks." In these latter days, the word "knight" has been united with "labor," and thus has been formed the right relationship—the true knight, the true chevalier, the true gentleman, is the one who works, and not the one who goes off fighting and killing people, and devastating the world. We have come to a better civilization, and something of worth has been done for the country in giving it the idea of the "knight" as part and parcel of the "labor," bringing those two words which have been opposites, into one thought, and proving that the labor-

ing man can be a true gentleman, in all that goes to make up the beautiful significance of that word.

Many and urgent are the questions that the working men and women of to-day must help to decide. But whatever may be said of methods in general, and of special methods, as strikes, in particular, as a temperance woman, I am confident that the best strike is to strike against the saloon, and then to strike against all politicians and parties that do wrong to the workingmen. Those are the two strikes that will pay.

There are enough saloons in America, if they were set in a row, and one should go from Chicago to New York City direct by rail—there are enough saloons to keep one company without a break, a street reaching from Chicago to New York. In the eleven mountain states of the Union, in the West, there is a saloon for every forty-three voters. The boycott of the saloon is the greatest thing and the most helpful thing that has ever come to the Knights of Labor, or any similar organization. In one of the towns of Illinois, a banker put his private mark on the money he paid out on Saturday night to the wage-workers of the town who patronized his bank; and on Monday night, of the \$700 paid out, and marked privately, over \$300 had come back to him from the saloons of that town! There is nothing that cramps, belittles and dwarfs the possibilities of the labor movement in America like the saloons; and some guilds of workingmen show that they know it, by boycotting the saloons and all

liquor dealers, not allowing them to be seated with reputable men, whose work brings back a good return.

Legitimate traffic is like the oak tree ; in its branches the birds gather and make their pleasant music ; under its shade the weary herds and flocks find rest and shelter. There is nothing living, hardly, that can not get good out of an oak tree. It is like legitimate industry ; every other industry is benefited and helped by it. But the liquor traffic is like the upas tree, forsaken by every living thing because it is the deadly foe of every living thing, and drips, not dew, but poison. The labor question is a wonderful and mighty issue, but wage-workers would do well to study with it the temperance question, the prohibition question—do well to remember that nine hundred millions a year are expended by our people in America across the counters of the saloons and in the liquor traffic—nine hundred million dollars, to say nothing of the money that is lost by those who would be at work except for the temptation of the saloon.

If the women of the nation had the ballot, they and the good men of the nation would hold the balance of power. As white-ribboners, we believe that these great reforms must come in through the ballot-box. We believe that because they are physically weaker, women, by the very instinct of self-protection, are the enemy of the liquor-shops, because the manly arm that was meant to be their protection, when uncontrolled by the guiding brain, and frenzied by alcohol, becomes their dread. We believe it does n't make any difference whether

a woman is a Protestant or Catholic, whether she is black or white, cultured or ignorant, native or foreign-born; we believe that, as a rule, women, for the sake of protection for themselves, their children and their homes, stand solidly against the dram-shop. We believe that prohibition will come whenever woman has the ballot. Out in Washington Territory they gave the women the ballot, and it was such a terror to the saloon men that they worked away with the Supreme Court and finally succeeded in making out that they had left out a comma, or a semicolon, perhaps, or some punctuation mark, or else some little word, in the name of the bill, and so the Supreme Court said that the bill was not legal. What happened? There were bonfires and rejoicings in all the cities and towns and villages of Washington Territory. There were bells ringing, not the bells in the steeples, by a large majority, but the ding-donging of all the old cow-bells and sheep-bells they could get. There was beer to be had on tap, placed there by the saloon-keepers, and a great jubilee from one end of the territory to the other. Who got it up? The saloons. Why did they get it up? It was their celebration to think that the women had lost the battle. Tell us what the liquor men are afraid of, and the temperance people want it, and it is sure to be friendly to the home.

The workingmen are going to give us prohibition by their votes—but after they have driven the nail of prohibition in a sure place, they will need the hammer of woman's ballot

to rap it into place so that it will hold strong and steady and durable.

Another vital issue in the labor question is that of the wages of women.

"Alas! that gold should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!"

We read about women who make twelve shirts for seventy-five cents, and furnish their own thread, in Chicago; about women that finish off an elegant cloak for four cents; about children that work twelve hours a day for a dollar a week; about some women who are glad to get the chance that offers six cents for four hours' work. Things like that our papers are full of, and other things too bad to tell about. It is pitiful to read words like these: "We have six children at home; I give all my money to mother. Father is a builder, and is laid off for the best part of the year, and I don't have a cent for myself; I give it for meat and groceries. My sister is younger than I. She works on neckties, and makes nine dollars a week. Fun? You ask me if I have fun? I've no time for it. I'd a great deal rather be a boy. They have a better time. They keep their money. Girls have to give up all they make."

Now, many people say they do not believe in a paternal government. But we believe in a paternal and a maternal government, and that if a few more women had something to do with affairs, there would not be so many white slaves in Chicago.

The Women's Council can do something in this line. Representatives of about seventy

societies of women have already joined it. If those women, representing seventy different societies and tens of thousands of good-hearted members, if they would hold a council on the subject of white slaves, if they would work up a petition to City Councils, something would come of it: a City Council would not act because of the petition alone; but the people that sign the petition will think about the subject; let the petition ask that there shall be women appointed as inspectors; that there shall be a municipal ordinance, providing that in the given city there shall be women to serve without salary—well-to-do women, who would much better invest their time in this manner than to swing in hammocks and read story books—to be appointed to visit these places where women work, and to make official reports to the City Council. Then let the workingmen, who have the majority in every city, demand that there shall be a fire-escape to every building where there are wage-workers, instead of having them piled in there and killed and burned as thoughtlessly as if they were so many sardines in a box. Then let it be put down as another section of that law that there shall be just so many in a room of a certain size, and no more. Why, in some places, the girls are told they must take short threads, for if they did n't their needles would go into the eyes of the one in front! Then the law should provide that they shall have their lunch-room, and not have to stand up huddled together like so many sheep, to nibble away at their lunch; that they shall have an hour, and not an half-hour at

noon, and that there shall be the best sanitary conditions and conveniences.

But the law is nothing unless you have an enforcer. Let the women enforce the laws; and let the men and women sitting in their clubs and saying what a wonderful country this is, that a woman can dress so cheaply, that the sewing-machine has made such a difference that you hardly have anything to pay for your clothes, and have so much more time and money to improve your mind—let those women know how it is they get their collars and cuffs so cheap; let them look into the wan faces of the women who make these garments and receive these prices for their work. Women are too good-hearted to tolerate all this, if they know the cause. Bring them face to face with the workers and they will soon work up such a public opinion that the rates and hours of wages will be changed for the better.

Already much has been done in the way of having a police matron at every police station. Before this, women were arrested by whom? By men. Tried by whom? By men. Sentenced by whom? By juries of men. And taken to the Bridewell by whom? By men. They never saw anybody but men. It came into the hearts of women who had never thought of it before, "Now why don't we have some woman at the police station to be kind and friendly to these women?" The point gained in Chicago, the agitation spread to other cities, and success was ours.

If temperance women could do that all by themselves, what could seventy societies, united,

do for the white slaves of Chicago and other cities?

In order to get your minds stirred up by way of remembrance, read "The Prisoners of Poverty," by Helen Campbell. When I was in Boston, in the winter of '88, I read in the papers that some of the Professors of Harvard University had been having a great deal of talk with a Socialist. His name was Laurence Gronlund. He was a Dane, and those men said he was the most sensible Socialist they ever saw. Many think every Socialist an Anarchist, but here was one who was most reputable. I had the pleasure of an interview with him, and I was wonderfully interested in his ideas. He said to me, "People generally will not read my book, because it is dry; but there's a wonderfully gifted man who has put my book into a story, and the name is 'Looking Backward.'" So I read that, and Edward Bellamy, its author, says that from the year 2000 he looked backward to the year 1887, and he saw, from that blessed and wonderful time, the terrible condition we are in now; he tells what might be done, as if it had really happened. Of course there are characters in the story, and there's a spice of romance, and all that; but it is to me a wonderful book. I do not see why what is in it should not come to pass. If all would say, "Let us have no enmity, let us have no outrage, let us have mutualism, let us have collectivism, let us have arbitration, let us have co-operation instead of the wage system, and let it come not by revolution but by evolution," I think it might be. The best part of this evolution will

be the little white papers dropped into the ballot box—that is the way it is to be done.

Over in San Francisco some men got up a Bible class to study Christ's sermon on the Mount. They had been studying, over in the Epistles, that part where it said, "Servants, obey your masters"; "Wives, be in subjection to your husbands," and all that went very nicely, but when they began to take up the Sermon on the Mount, the Golden Rule, "Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you," that was hard-tack; it broke their teeth, spiritually speaking. Then came, "He that would have you go with him a mile, go with him twain," "To him that strikes you on the right cheek turn the left," "Give to him that asketh of thee, and from him that would borrow of thee, turn not thou away," "Give and it shall be given to you," "Lend, hoping to receive nothing again,"—at this the Bible class adjourned, and they said of the Bible class teacher, who really thought this meant what it said, and took it literally, they said he was a crank, and they would n't go to such a Bible class. And they went home, justified in their own conceit, as John Habberton tells us in one of his bright books.

Workingmen are reading the Testament. They are reading and studying about that wonderful character, the carpenter's Son. They are reading and studying about His ideal of brotherhood, and what kind of a world we could make this if we set out on the principles that He taught and on the principles that He lived. I am glad that they are studying the temperance

question, studying the woman question, and studying the New Testament. They are thinking whether we could not make a Heaven out of this world. Let them go on, those men who find that it is for their interest to have a great big trust, and a great big monopoly. Perhaps the people will sometime discover that there are two who can play at that game. They may find that the trust, with "We, Us & Co." for the name, that such a trust as that might make things go into a sort of brotherhood in this country, and that it could be brought about through the ballot box. Only a country that has Christianity could ever have ideas of brotherhood, only a country that has the broadness and sweetness of the Gospel could ever care for such things. When I read about Col. Ingersoll I say to myself, "Although I'm sorry for the things you say about Christianity, I am glad for your good-heartedness: you inherited it from Christianity; you grew up in this atmosphere, and you don't appreciate how much you got out of these Scriptures that you fight against." We never would have had manhood all over this nation so glad to hear the thoughts of women—manhood having the physical strength, so that they could say it should not be, if they wished; we would never have had the gentle heart, had not Christ, the gentlest-hearted of all, shown the love that we all ought to show. Bishop Simpson, preaching in Evans-ton when I was a student in college there, said, "Boys, the very buttons on your coats you owe to Christ." I pondered on that a great deal, and I concluded it was just God's truth. Car-

lyle, the great Scotch philosopher, said, as he sat under the hedge, side by side with Emerson, the great American philosopher, and pointed with his long finger across the meadow to a church spire, "Christ died on the tree! That built the kirk yonder, and brought you and me together." So it was Christ that died on the cross who put the bright light into the earth, that is spreading everywhere.

There is nothing so grand as to work.

"God says 'sweat' for foreheads: men say 'crowns';
God, in cursing, gives us better gifts than men in ben-
ediction."

Take an engine on the track. What does it want to be on the track for, excepting to go along? That is what it is for. What are we for, except to work and make the world richer and brighter and better? It is happiness to work.

"Labor, all labor is noble and holy;
Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God!"

Work is not great because many people have heard that we do it. Work is great because it is done in a royal spirit. Work is getting to be aristocratic; and not to work, dishonorable. It is not uncharitable to say that a person who does nothing is a drone in the hive, and does not amount to anything; it is the sweat of the brain and the sweat of the brow that makes us Somebody with a capital S, instead of Nobody with a capital N. Then let us be glad that we are workers with God, who never ceases in His ben-

efactions. We live in a world where every insect and bird and creature is always doing something, because to do something is to be happy; and so, when the time comes that the true aristocrats shall make the world something like a home, and not altogether like a desert; when they come to their kingdom; when they have the opportunity for the culture of their minds as well as the development of their hands, which they ought to have; when there are no grades in society except grades of moral excellence, grades of industry, grades of intellectual nobility; when there is no wealth that makes aristocracy, but when what we are, what we have done, fixes our place in the world, then I believe we shall see the world that Christ came to bring. We are going to see it far sooner than we think, because we are living in a time when ideas get around almost as quick as a flash of lightning. Every throb of sympathy from the heart toward such as the "white slaves," every outraged sense of injustice that ever stirred a human heart, has helped to bring about this great time of deliverance. We have talked a great deal about charity. I am glad to live in a day when we are talking something about justice. We women want justice; all that the laboring man wants is justice and fair dealing; all that these "white slaves" ask is that they shall not be slaves; that rich men shall not give so much to a school, so much for building a chapel, and so much for missions, as if they were great Christian philanthropists, yet all the time put the thumb-screws of everlasting stinginess on these poor girls. That has got to be

done away with. People's eyes are being opened. God grant that the doctrine of Christ, which is "fair dealing to others, as you would yourself be done by," may come to every working man and woman in America.

And yet the nation is full of real Christian men and women who "deal justly, love mercy and walk humbly with God." They heed the voice of Christ in its tender cadences, saying: "And all ye are brethren!" God grant their number may be multiplied! Even men of the world admit that London's four hundred city missionaries mean more for peace and quiet than four thousand police would mean. Even infidels admit that McAll's Mission in Paris prevents barricades and riots, by teaching the French workman a more excellent way to the brotherhood of which he dreams. For the Book of peace and good will says: "This is the fast that I have chosen, that ye break every yoke."

Let me give you my "shorter catechism" of Political Economy from Ruskin:

"There is no Wealth but Life. Life, including all its power of love, of joy, and admiration. That country is the richest which nourishes the greatest number of noble and happy human beings, that man is richest who, having perfected the functions of his own life to the utmost, has also the widest helpful influence, both personal, and by means of his possessions, over the lives of others. A strange political economy; the only one, nevertheless, that ever was or can be; all political economy founded on self-interest being but the fulfillment of that which

once brought schism into the policy of angels,
and ruin into the economy of Heaven."

Dear friends :

"Your bark is wafted to the strand by breath Divine ;
And on the helm there rests a Hand other than mine,"

other than yours, that steadfast, loving hand of
Him whose hand was pierced for you and for
me, who shall one day hold the scepter of the
world, who cared not for Himself, but whose
very prayer was for us all. There is no "I" in
the Lord's Prayer, it is all "we"; it is all the
brotherhood of man and fatherhood of God.

