The Woman Whom Justice Brewer Would Make Mayor of Chicago.

Jane Addams Head of the Hull House Settlement in Chicago and the woman whom a member of the Supreme Court says could govern the Windy City.

Miss Addams The professional neighbor emerging from her private office where she accomplishes more work in one day than any three ordinary men:

Justice David J. Brewer.

"Miss Jane Addams Is Known All Over the Land for the Wonderful Work She Has Been Doing in Hull House in Chicago. Her Aptitude For Executive Control Has Been Well Tested. Does Anyone Suppose That She Would Fail as Mayor of That City?" Asks the Eminent Jurist.

MAYOR JANE ADDAMS, of Chicago! How does that sound? Justice David J. Brewer, of the United States Supreme Court, thinks it sounds very well—too good to be true. And of course, it's only a dream—or, perchance, a prophecy. Justice Brewer has spoken right out in meeting in favor of woman as a voter and an officeholder. He has said that he sees no reason why a woman should not be President. He declines to believe that the suffrage will de-womanize her; he points out her greater honesty, her keener sense of responsibility, and answers very thoroughly the time-worn argument that she lacks executive capacity.

It was in an address to the students of Vassar College that Justice Brewer came out in favor of woman suffrage. He was talking to the students on the problems facing the American citizenship. When the girls suggested that these problems did not concern them, inasmuch as they were not voters, he retorted that they ought to be, and before they knew it they probably would be. Later he explained himself at some length in the New York World, saying that as women now have full suffrage in four States and vote on certain questions in some of the other States, it is not "visionary to suggest that the next half-century may extend full suffrage throughout the Union. One thing is clear, that if it tends to the better life of woman it will bless all and should be adopted. If it injures her, it will injure society and should not be extended."

He winds up his carefully prepared statement in this wise:

"While in this country, it is true, we have had no conspicuous illustrations of higher municipal or State officeholding by woman, yet she has often been elected to and filled the place of superintendent of instruction in both city and State, and of my own experience in Kansas I know that she has discharged the duties of those offices, superintending all school affairs with marked success.

"Is it to be supposed that successful in one branch of municipal affairs, to wit, the educational, she will fail when she is placed in charge of other branches. One illustration comes readily to mind: Miss Jane Addams is known all over the land for the wonderful work she has been doing in Hull House in Chicago. Her aptitude for executive control has been well tested. Does anyone suppose that she would fail as mayor of that city?

"Only a Woman."

"How many, without intending any disrespect to the present or past mayors of Chicago, would rejoice to seeing her tested in that office, believing that, for vigor of control, purity of administration, and wise judgment in all municipal affairs, she would have no superior and perhaps no equal in the history of that great commercial metropolis? And yet she is only a woman.

"After all, we must be content to watch the result in those States where woman suffrage is being tried. If there it proves a success; if it does not injure her, and does help society, we shall all delight in seeing it extended throughout the Union.

"Surely to the women of those States there has come the golden hour of a great opportunity."

Justice Brewer could hardly have disarmed criticism of his rather radical exposition of his views more thoroughly than by instancing Miss Addams as a woman who would make a good mayor. Those who agree with his views are likely to shout triumphantly, "Of course she would." And those who irreverently characterize the venerable gentleman's remarks as "hot air" are given pause, and forced to admit the possibility with a grudging "Well, if any woman could, Jane Addams could,"—that is, if they know anything of Jane Addams. As to whether Miss Addams would—that is quite a different proposition.

It would depend largely upon whether she saw it her duty. For Miss Addams is a person of an elongated conscience. She has been called "the conscience of Chicago," and heaven knows Chicago, or any other big city, needs one. But to have a city run by one—well that certainly would be a pleasing novelty.

"Is Life Worth Living?"

Miss Addams was born at Cedarville, Ill., in 1860. She has never been a female "of uncertain age." She graduated from Rockford College in 1881, and for a few years lived the pleasant young lady life of the period, visiting and being visited, going out among her friends, reading, studying, traveling. But gradually her elongated conscience began to get busy. What excuse had she for living? What was she contributing to this great Republic of which she was a passionately patriotic citizen? She determined to do what she could to help the poor answer the question, "Is life worth living?" and she realized that the best way to do it was first of all to make them fit to live.

She decided to become a physician, believing that in that capacity she might find a natural place among the poor, without any of the artificiality which characterizes most charitable work. To that end she took a year's medical course in Philadelphia, all the while under treatment of a special trouble from which she has always suffered. At the end of this strenuous year she was obliged to rest. So she went to Europe for a year's travel and study—study along the lines in which she was most interested, travel to places where experiments in the right relationship between people were being made.

She saw Toynbee Hall, and heard the message, "Go thou and do likewise." She came home and founded Hull House in Chicago, which Hall Caine has designated as "the most complete social settlement in the world,"—and which everyone knows is merely an extension of Jane Addams' personality. She is not merely its life; she is its soul.

Hull House is a remarkable block of red buildings set down in the squalor and confusion of Halsted street, Chicago. Hull House proper, the nucleus of the settlement, is a substantial, roomy house built originally as the home of the substantial man for whom it is named. He had thought the town would grow that way, that that would become a great residence section. It did, but not of the sort he anticipated. It became one of the most crowded residence sections in Chicago, one of the densest centers of population—mostly of alien birth and alien speech, and of decidedly alien habits, and an alien dislike for any reckless extravagance in the matter of soap and water. And so the dignified old house stood silent and aloof, in the dingy squalor and noise of its surroundings until Miss Helen Culver, a niece of the original owner, became interested in Miss Addams' plans for an American Toynbee Hall, and gave her the use of Hull House and the adjoining ground rent free.

A City Within a City.

Around the nucleus of the original Hull House has grown literally a settlement. It has its museum, its theater, its club house, its restaurant, its creche. Nearby and allied to it is the Jane Club, a club of self-supporting young women who are trying to live up to the ideals of their namesake. And all of these, except the Jane Club, are directly under Miss Addams' control. The engineer who has charge of the steamheating, the electrician who is responsible for the lighting of the buildings, the cooks, the waitresses, all are directly responsible to Miss Jane Addams. Hull House has twenty-six "residents," all working under Miss Addams to the accomplishment of her ends, which are also their ends. These also come to her, if not for orders, at least for advice.

And as Justice Brewer points out it takes no small executive ability to run an establishment of that sort, to direct all its diversified interests. Apart from that Miss Addams is a member and an active member, of the school board. They are trying even now to induce her to take the chairmanship of one of its committees, assured that if she does the friction which has militated against its effectiveness will be a thing of the past. There is never friction under Miss Addams. She is continually writing and speaking along the lines of her own work. And she is easily accessible, personally accessible, not only to every cry for help, but to every visitor who is moved, as she is by the desire for "right relationship between all people."

To the left of the stairway as one enters the main house is a big sitting room. Back of that is the library, and to one side, the "octagon," as Miss Addams' study and office is called, from its shape. Here she is most frequently to be found. Here the engineer and electrician, the matron of the creche, heads of various branches of the settlement's work report to her, and talk things over. Here she does her writing and prepares her lectures. It is not an ornate room, it is the workroom of a thinker. Its furniture is simple, appropriate, dignified. All of the furniture in Hull House has the supreme beauty of fitness. Apart from that it has quality, workmanship, design. No; Miss Addams is not extravagant. Her surroundings would always be those of a lady, because she is a lady and is used to refined surroundings. But of her own initiative they would not be luxurious—as indeed they are not, for luxury would not be appropriate—or costly, which they frequently are. They are the gifts of friends, sometimes of Miss Addams' friends, sometimes of friends of one or another of the residents, sometimes merely of friends of the scheme in the abstract, who believe in the educational value of beauty. Hull House has become in a measure a museum. Its friends have sent it beautiful furnishings which they have picked up here or there, salving their consciences for the extravagance of purchasing them by giving them to Hull House. None of the money given for the work of Hull House has ever gone into its furnishings.

And money has been given freely. Miss Addams has always been a welcome guest at the houses of wealth. And everywhere she goes she preaches the doctrine of Tolstoy that the rich should get off the backs of the poor. One of her admirers—and Chicago is full of them—says: "Her attitude of mind has always been that of a student. She has a large patience which includes all men, all sins, all conditions, all prejudices, all superstitions. Whatever else may be be said of her, she is largely tolerant. Possibly she is the most largely tolerant soul in this great community of souls who do not commune; this Commonwealth which is not common, this industrial corporation called Chicago in which industry crushes and makes men."

There are not many pictures in Miss Addams' octagon. Those that there are, are portraits and a sure indication of her turn of mind. Tolstoy is there, and Abraham Lincoln, Savonarola and Peter Krapotkin, Henry George, Mazzini, and Altgeld—all radicals in the cause of humanity. Men of no particular age, and of no particular land, all workers for the advancement of human brotherhood. And in this goodly company just one woman—George Eliot.

Over there on Halsted street Miss Addams is counselor, nurse, chaplain, and friend to the whole neighborhood. The "Nineteenth ward," in which Hull House is located, contains some 50,000 people, speaking probably fifty dialects. They all come to her. When sick horses have to be killed she is sent for that her judgment may back the owner's and there may be no trouble about insurance. When babies succumb to heat and poverty in summer or cold and exposure in winter, she is sent for. Orphans are sent to homes, sick children to hospitals, women into sanitary houses, and men into positions through her help.

Socially her neighbors swear by her; politically they will have none of her. For years the Nineteenth has been represented in the city council by Alderman Johnnie Powers, and probably will be as long as he chooses, though he is one of the most notorious of the gang alderman. "It is not his corruption," says Miss Addams, "many of our people deprecate that; it is the big, kind heart of him. He knows even better than Hull House does the condition of each family; knows which of the sons are in prison, and if he can't get them out, helps the family while they're away; knows where there is sickness and where there is death; understands his people and their little sentimentalities as a better man who was not one of them never could. Above all he knows how strong in them is the primitive desire in all of them to honor their dead. He will pay funeral expenses, send an extra carriage or two that the procession may be more imposing, or a fine 'floral piece,' according to circumstances—while we 'practical reformers' think it more necessary to spend money on the living than on the dead."

The "Standard" of Nineteenth Ward.

So year after year Johnnie Powers, saloonkeeper, represented Hull House and the Nineteenth ward in the city council. Miss Addams has about given up any hope that he can be ousted so long as he chooses to remain. They have their campaigns, the reform element puts up a candidate, and they bring down speakers from the Lake Shore, patrictic, public-spirited men who none the less in nine cases out of ten do more harm than good. Because, as Miss Addams says, "their standards are so different." The standard on the Drive is upright dealings in positions of public trust; the standard on Halsted street is being "good" to the poor and speaking gently of the dead.

Miss Addams' creed embraces both standards. She is not a religious woman, if religion means asceticism or mysticism, the seeing of visions and the regarding of herself as a martyr or a spiritual leader. She does not undertake the instruction of the soul. She has no creeds, no formulas. She tries to maintain the Tolstoyan attitude toward life in the midst of a complex American civilization. She gives the world friendship and accepts humanity. All sorts of doctrines are preached at Hull House in the course of the year, some of them doctrines which startle and shock Miss Addams' conservative friends. She lets all unburden their souls of their bitterness. Simple kindness is her answer to anarchy, and, knowing that truth frequently dwells in it, she always wants to hear the minority report.

There never was anyone less bigoted, less fanatic than Jane Addams. She is the first to ask of any proposed plan "Will it work?" She is a recognized factor in Chicago's civic affairs, and in matters educational. She has been dubbed the social educator, and she deserves the name. When she speaks she always speaks to the point. There is no waste of words; neither is there any harshness or bitterness. She is always accorded the closest, most respectful, nay, the most affectionate, attention. She has reached the stage in Chicago, where she is known and loved, of being thoroughly believed in. If anything that she does is not thoroughly understood, the public is quite satisfied to wait until she has time to make her motives and meanings clear.

Professional Neighbor and Conscious Patriot.

Judge Brewer would make her mayor. A hard-headed business man once broke off a business discussion to remark: "There goes one of Chicago's best citizens—one whose statue I'd like to see in the most conspicuous place that could be found." It was Jane Addams. Again, the writer recalls a leading club woman saying: "If Miss Addams and I do not agree on any subject, you can take my word for it that I am in the wrong." And she was not a woman given to acknowledging herself in the wrong. Another—not usually an enthusiastic soul—said: "Jane Addams! Why, if it will forward any of Jane Addams' plans to use me as a door mat, I'll be proud to serve."

And so it goes. Jane Addams—professional neighbor and conscious patriot—is acknowledged today as one of Chicago's leading citizens. If any woman alive could be a big city's model mayor, it is she.

A Soldier of Fortune Who Rules an Empire

(Continued from First Page.)

shot in Morocco. Years ago he lost the sight of his right eye through ophthalmia, and he promptly learned to shoot from his left shoulder—a fact which has given rise to the statement that he is left-handed; for there is nothing in the appearance of his eyes to suggest that either one of them is out of commission.

Throughout the length and breadth of Morocco his name is regarded as synonymous with inflexible justice, tact, and indomitable energy and pluck. He has the unique distinction of having driven a hansom cab from the coast to Fez, a distance of 120 miles over impassable roads. He had brought it back with him from one of his trips home, as one brings toys to the children when one goes to the city. The Sultan had read of the hansoms of Piccadilly and yearned for one of the curious vehicles. So the kaid brought it to him. But once landed the question of how to get it to Fez loomed large and apparently insurmountable. No one in Morocco dared trust his neck to that swaying, unsteady contraption. So finally Maclean flung himself into the breach—or rather tucking his ample robes around him, mounted the box and with a flick of his whip he was off.

It was not a particularly dangerous journey, but it certainly was a trying one. Much of the way there was absolutely no road. It was a case of driving 'cross lots—and driving a hansom 'cross lots is not exactly a picnic. In one place the wheels had to be removed and the body of the cab slung between camels and carried over a pass in that way. After several other vicissitudes, the hansom reached the Sultan, who was as pleased as a child with a new toy.

The strenuous fighting life has kept Maclean young. He has not cared much who or what he was fighting—fighting barbaric tribesmen, fighting the cholera scourge, fighting the wiles of European diplomacy—it was all one, so that the foe was worth fighting. He is intensely popular with his own men. They love to tell of his adventures—of the dispatches he has carried when no one else dared, of the forlorn hopes he has led, of the brilliant defenses he has made, of the rescues and the narrow escapes "Coroni," they call him—and "Coroni" is the chief of all their heroes. And among the many claims he has on their lasting gratitude, it is not among the least accounted to his credit that he has managed to convince the Sultan of the advisability of once in a while paying his army. For that alone he deserves a place in their prayers.