

eyes, or with the eyes of some competent inspector; that the joints of the drain-pipes are hermetically sealed, that the earthen soil-pipes are not deflected, and cracked or perforated by rootlets, that the outlets are securely trapped, the sewers unobstructed, flushed, clean and ventilated? Is there a pool of fecal matter under your cemented cellar-floor? Does the polluted sewer-air, shut off perhaps from your bed-rooms, find its way through some neglected or unthought of kitchen-sink or some plumber's ingenious labor-saving overflow, and permeate every part of your beautiful home? If you have not this assurance and your wife or your child die from typhoid, from diphtheria, from scarlet fever, then let your conscience say to you as Nathan said unto David, "Thou art the man. The evil that has arisen against thee in thine own house be on thine own head." Do not, like a wealthy friend of mine, whom I met at a summer resort where he was seeking to recuperate the health of his wife and himself from a sickness they had shared with the child, who died, sit down and wring your hands and bemoan your lot when, as in his case, a windowless, unventilated closet, most convenient to the luxurious chambers of his Philadelphia palace, had made it a viler habitation than the peasant's well creviced hovel or the frontiersman's open-sided log-cabin.

Are you, thou merchant, thou banker, thou learned judge and reverend divine, and thou, too, oh sapient doctor of St. Louis, is this milk, real milk, your children are drinking? this sugar, only sugar, they are eating? Is it butter, honest butter of the churn and not of the laboratory, they are spreading upon their bread? and is that bread of flour or of chalk and alum and starch and what not else? Are your bakers and butchers and dairymen honorable men, whom it is superogatory to suspect and whom you therefore never question, neither yourself nor the well-paid, intelligent, skilful inspectors whom you have employed to do this questioning, and to see that no tainted and diseased meat, no immature and decayed vegetables, no pernicious or adulterated groceries are offered for sale, nor even brought within the limits of your fair city?

But bread and meat, fruit and vegetables, food and drink may all be good and wholesome, and still by your culpable, criminal carelessness you may deliberately admit into your bodies an impurity that is fouler than

all others. Since the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul, that breath of life has been to him the one essential of his living.

Deprive him of air, he dies; poison that air, he becomes diseased. Bountiful nature supplies him without cost of labor or thought with this great need of existence. A boundless ocean surrounds and permeates him. Foul it, it purifies itself. Only when the devilish ingenuity of man thwarts nature's efforts, cribs, cabins, and confines it, does it retain the poison he has added.

Citizens of St. Louis, are you of this devil's handiworkers; do you inure yourselves and your children in houses where foul air has no exit and pure air no entrance? Do you do all you can, besides breathing into it and adding to the effete exhalations of your bodies, to befoul it by sewer and coal and illuminating gas and hot-air furnaces? Do you congregate in churches to hear the Word that is to save your souls, and implant in your lungs the seeds of malign growth that will destroy your bodies? Do you go to theatres to be made merry and come away with cause for tears? Are you sure that here to-night the air around us is not full of abominations, that only need be made visible to cause you to rush pell-mell out-doors?

Are you weary with my catechising? One question more. Do you go to school with your child? Do you ever ponder why it does not eat; why its face is wan, its shoulders rounded, its form bent, its gait tottering, its sight bleared? Why it is petulant and peevish and perverse? Why it talks and walks; its sleep, sees ghosts, or does not sleep at all? Have you ever worn the magic ring of Mr. Bultitude, and put your intelligence in the childish form and breathed the vitiated school-room atmosphere it breathes, sat on the racking benches, in the blinding glare, sniffed the latrines that even dogs shun, and then with glad, grateful hearts, boasted how much grander are the education and civilization of the nineteenth century than when unkempt teachers taught in the open air under the shade of green trees?

What shall we do to be saved? we, who live in cities. The means are simple—*Organize!* Individual effort may accomplish little, very little, but the concerted, systematic efforts of intelligent men and women can change the face of nature; and this is the