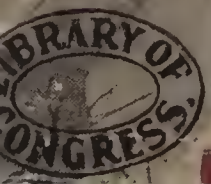




**IF CHRIST
CAME TO
CHICAGO**





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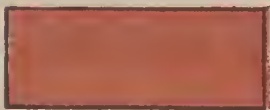
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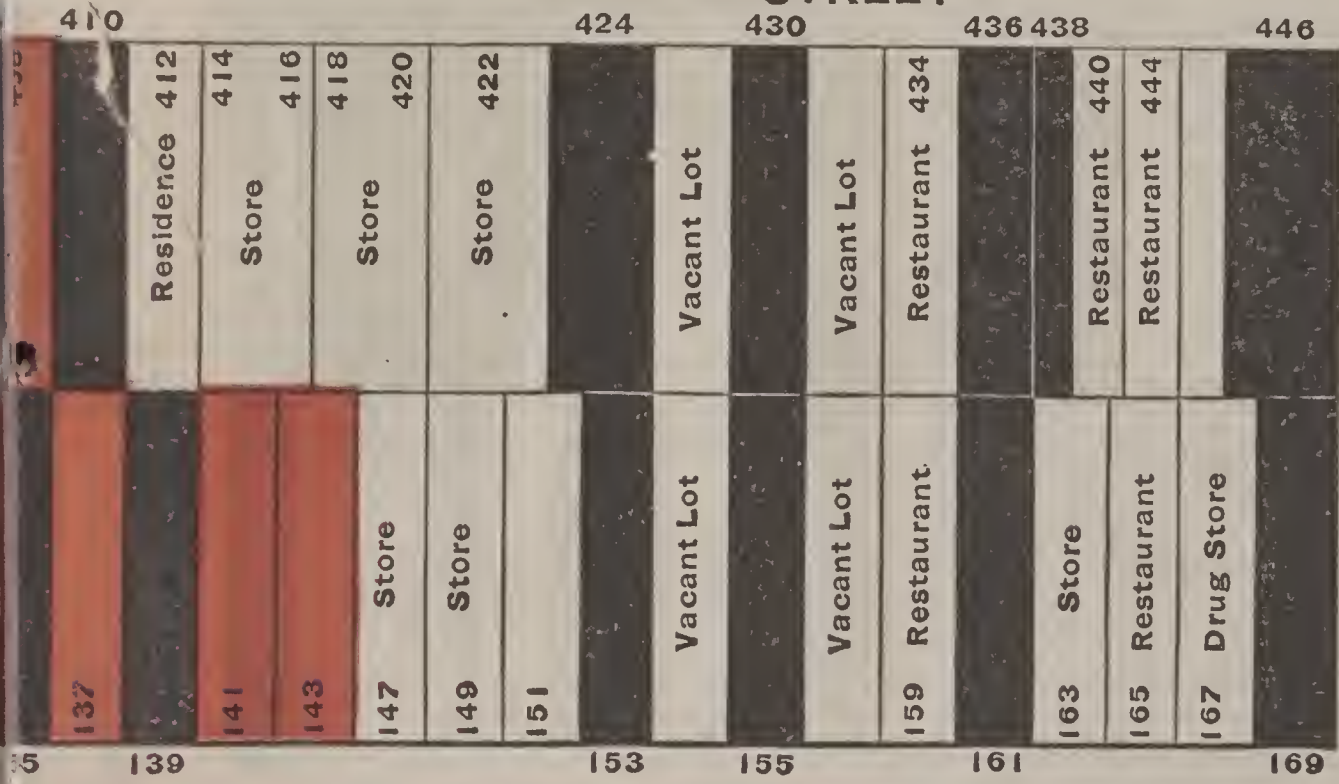
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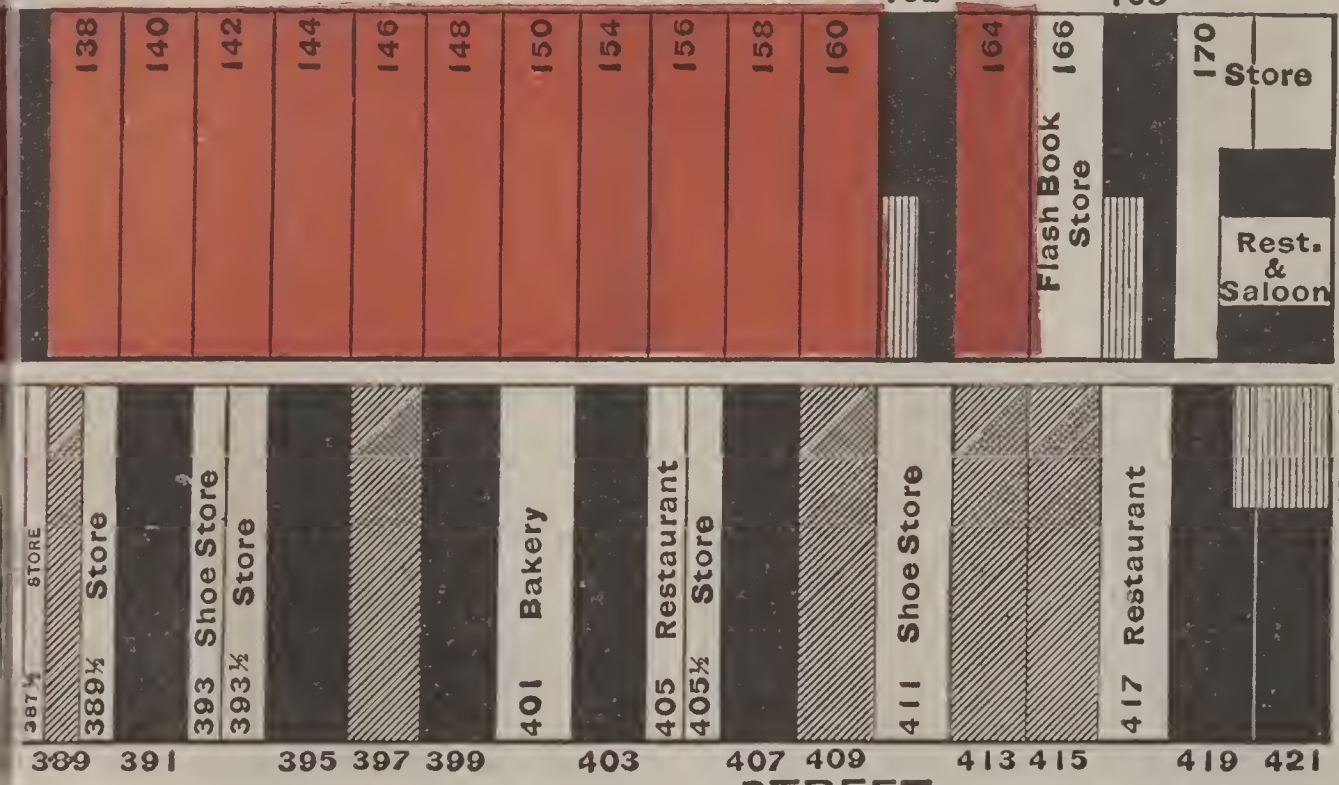
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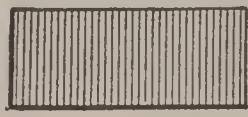


POLK

STREET

SALOONS

LODGING HOUSES





It is written, My house shall be called the house of prayer ;
but ye have made it a den of thieves.—*Matthew 21: 13.*

IF CHRIST CAME TO CHICAGO!

A Plea for the Union of All Who Love in
the Service of All Who Suffer

"Said Christ our Lord, I will go and see
How the men, My brethren, believe in Me."

—Lowell.

BY

Thomas

WILLIAM T. STEAD
"

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IF CHRIST CAME TO CHICAGO!

PART I.—Some Images Ye Have Made of Me.

CHAPTER I.

IN HARRISON STREET POLICE STATION.

“In the name of that homeless wanderer in this desert of stone and steel, whose hopeless heart lies leaden in his bosom, whose brain grows faint for want of food — in the name of that unnecessary product of American freedom and prosperity, the American tramp, I bid you welcome to the Imperial City of the boundless West.” So spoke William C. Pomeroy, Vice-President of the Trade and Labor Assembly, on behalf of the labor unions of Chicago, to the convention of the American Federation of Labor which assembled at Chicago in last December.

He but expressed in his own vivid way some of the bitterness of discontent which all men felt in Chicago last winter.

Among “the images which ye have made of Me,” the tramp is one of the most unattractive, and in December he was everywhere in evidence. The approach of winter drove him from the fields to seek shelter in the towns, which were already overburdened with their own unemployed. Like the frogs in the Egyptian plague, you could not escape from the tramps, go where you would. In the city they wandered through the streets, seeking work and finding none. At night if they had

failed in begging the dime which would secure them a lodging they came together in three great herds, presenting a sad spectacle of squalid misery and forlorn manhood. These nocturnal camps of the homeless nomads of civilization were all in the center of the city. Of these the most wretched was that which was pitched in Harrison Street Police Station.

The foot-sore, leg-swollen tramp who had wandered all day through the city streets, looking more or less aimlessly for work or food, sought shelter at night wherever he could find a roof to shelter him and warmth to keep the frost out of his bones. Some kenneled in empty trucks on the railway sidings, rejoicing even in a fireless retreat ; others crept into the basement of saloons, or coiled themselves up in outhouses, but the bulk of them were accommodated in the police stations, in the Pacific Garden Mission and in the City Hall. Such improvised shelters were all the appliances of civilization which Chicago in the year of the World's Fair had to offer to the homeless out-of-works.

There is something dreary and repelling about a police station even in the least criminal districts. But Harrison Street Station stands in the midst of darkest Chicago. Behind the iron bars of its underground cages are penned up night after night scores and hundreds of the most dissolute ruffians of both sexes that can be raked up in the dives of the levee.

The illuminated clock of the tower at the depot shines dimly through the frosty smoke-mist, as a kind of beacon light guiding the tramp toward his destined haven. Down Harrison Street, trailing his weary, shambling legs over the dirty snow, he crosses in succession the great arterial thoroughfares through which the city's miscellaneous tide of human life runs loud and fast, until he sees the road barred by the horizontal pole and the spot of green light which arrests traffic across the grade crossing of the railway. The bell of the locomotive rings without ceasing, keeping up its monotone as if

relays of sextons were tolling for the victims who that day, as every day, had been slaughtered on the tracks. A patrol wagon full of officers and prisoners drives up to the brick building at the corner of Harrison Street and Pacific Avenue and begins to unload. The occurrence is too familiar even to attract a passing loafer. The cold and frost-keen wind makes even the well clothed shiver. The tramp hesitates no longer. He pulls open the door of the station and asks for shelter.

Harrison Street Police Station is one of the nerve centers of criminal Chicago. The novelist who had at command the life story of those who, in a single week, enter this prim brick building surrounded by iron palings, would never need to draw on his imagination for incident, character, plot, romance, crime—every ingredient he could desire is there ready to hand, in the terrible realism of life. For the station is the central cesspool whither drain the poisonous drippings of the city which has become the *cloaca maxima* of the world. Chicago is one of the most conglomerate of all cosmopolitan cities, and Harrison Street Police Station receives the scum of the criminals of Chicago. It is also the great receiving house where the police and the bailsmen and the justices temporarily pen the unfortunate women who are raided from time to time “for revenue only,” of which they yield a goodly sum to the pockets of the administrators of “justice.”

The cells, if they may be called such, are in the basement, half underground. They resemble the cages of wild beasts in a menagerie. There are two short corridors into which the cages open on the right and left, while the remaining corridors have only cages on one side, the other being the stone wall. The floor is of stone. In each cell there is one bench on which the first comers can sit while the others stand. An open gutter at the back provides the only sanitary accommodation. One policeman and one police matron are in command. Each of the corridors is closed by an iron barred gate.

The place is lit with gas and is warm, but the atmosphere is heavy, sometimes fetid, and the cages and corridors reek with associations of vice and crime.

Into this criminal stock pot of the city the homeless tramps were thrown to stew in their own juice together with the toughs and criminals and prostitutes, the dehumanized harvest nightly garnered by the police of the district.

It is true that the tramps were not mixed indiscriminately with the criminals. The women, for instance, were kept in their own corridor. The prisoners were in the cages behind the barred gates, the tramps slept in the corridor between the cages and the wall. There was, however, nothing to hinder the freest possible communication between the arrested men and the casual lodgers. Conversation went on freely between the tramps and the toughs and occasional interchange of papers and tobacco went on easily through the bars of the cages.

The place had a weird fascination about it. It is not a locality where a very sensitive psychic could live, for its cages have witnessed the suicide of desperate prisoners who, while the jailer's back was turned, hanged themselves to death from the bars behind which they were imprisoned. Murderers red-handed have lodged there, maniacs have battered their heads against the iron gates, for there is no strait waistcoat or padded cell in Harrison Street; women shriek and wail in hysterics, and, saddest of all, little urchins of ten and twelve who have been run in for some juvenile delinquency have found the police cell the nursery cradle of the jail. Sometimes when the Justice needs dollars, and raids are ordered in scores that the bail bonds may be paid, there are two hundred women crowded into the cells. Many of them are drunk before they come in, others get drunk after they arrive, having carefully provided for that contingency before they mounted the patrol wagon; all of them, the novice in the sporting house, as well as

the hardened old harridan who drives the trade in human flesh, are herded together promiscuously with thieves and shoplifters.

They smoke, they drink, they curse, they yell obscenely, and now and then one goes into a fit of hysterical shrieking which rings through the gloomy corridors like the wail of a damned and tortured soul.

One night when I was there a French woman was brought in with her man. There had been a quarrel; her face was streaming with blood, she had been drinking and was in violent hysterics. I have seldom seen a more squalid specimen of human wretchedness. When they separated her from her companion, placing them in separate cells, she began to shriek at the top of her voice—and a shrill voice it was. She clung to the bars of the cage shrieking for Jacques, only stopping when she had to wipe away the blood that was flowing from her mouth and temple. She was shrieking and wailing with unabated energy when I left. The police matron told me that she kept it up for some time before she sank exhausted to sleep. Early in the morning she woke and at once began again the agonized cry and kept it up for two hours. Such was the music and such the companionship which were allotted to the lodgers at Harrison Street.

That was bad enough. But if the city had provided adequate accommodation for her lodgers even in this underground Inferno, there might be less to be said. Unfortunately, however, there was no accommodation other than the stone floor of the corridor and there the casuals were pigged together literally like herrings in a barrel. The corridor was some hundred feet long and ten feet broad. I shall never forget the moment when I first saw it with its occupants. From the outer iron gate to the further wall, nothing could be seen but a pavement of human bodies. The whole corridor was packed thick with this human compost. They lay "heads and tails," so that their feet and legs were inter-

mingled. At either end some favored ones propped themselves against the wall or the gate, drowsily slumbering. The majority lay on their sides with their heads on their arms; some had taken off their coats; many had prepared their bed by spreading an old newspaper upon the stone floor; other mattress they had none, neither had they pillow, bed clothes, or opportunities for washing or for supper. The city, like a stony-hearted step-mother, provided for her children nothing but shelter, warmth and a stone bed.

The spectacle of these human beings massed together along the corridor floor, recalled vividly to my memory a picture in an old Sunday School book, representing the Caliph of Islam riding over the prostrate forms of his devoted followers. But in the Moslem there was the enthusiasm and ecstasy of self sacrifice, the joy of the disciple at being made the causeway of the Commander of the Faithful. Here there were the bodies indeed, but there was no joy of surrender, only a sullen stone-broke resignation as they bowed themselves and laid down and let the iron-shod hoofs of *Laissez Faire* and *Political Economy* trample them to the dust. It was an ugly sight.

Only once had I seen anything like it outside the picture book. It was when I was in one of the worst prisons in St. Petersburg. The officials demurred rather to let me enter, but ultimately gave way and with many apologies allowed me to see the inmates of the House of Detention, where the riffraff of the capital were herded together to await the weekly clearing which dispersed them to Siberia or to the four winds of heaven. Only in that Russian prison had I even seen men crowded together as beasts are crowded in cattle trucks. But in Russia they were more merciful than in Chicago. They at least provided a sloping wooden bed with straw pillows for their prisoners. But what Russian humanity deemed necessary even for criminals, the city of Chicago

did not vouchsafe to the honest workman tramping around in search of a job.

The curious thing to a stranger was the apathetic indifference of the sufferers themselves. They made no audible or articulate complaint. Their patient endurance, their passive acquiescence in treatment against which English tramps would have blasphemed till the air was blue, was very strange. Everything that was subsequently done to improve their condition was done from the outside, and was received by them with the same apparent passivity. They did not even make a demonstration or frame an appeal.

Another remarkable thing was the apparent indifference of the better-to-do citizens, not merely the rich, but the employed working people. When, immediately after my arrival in Chicago, I ventured to tell the Trade and Labor Assembly that the workingmen of London would not tolerate the treatment to which the tramps were subjected at Harrison Street, and urged them to take action in the matter, this was the way in which a leading evening paper thought it right and safe to refer to the subject:

In this self-respecting city of the West, the "cause of humanity" stands in no need of advice from British fanatics who base an argument upon the analogy of the London pauper system. The American tramp is *sui generis*. He would not work if work were offered him. He deserves not the tear but the lash. We know how to deal with him. Mr. Stead does not. The toe of a boot by day and a cold stone floor by night—these be the leading courses in the curriculum by which we would educate into self-respect such tramps as are capable of it. The tramp is a pariah and we ought to keep him such.

It was on the eve of a contested election, but the editor, although a keen partisan, never seemed to dream that his language might be used to the detriment of his party when the polls were opened.

As a matter of fact no electoral use was made of this utterance by the other side. And as a matter of justice I should add that the same paper after a few weeks' further agitation became so strenuous in its demands for more liberal charity in dealing with these outcasts as to

leave far behind it even "the maudlin sentimentalism of the Stead school of philanthropists."

The doctrine that the American tramp is a pariah and that he ought to be kept such is not often formulated so bluntly, but it embodies the underlying doctrine of the American method in dealing with the tramp. We have in England made so many failures in our attempts to deal with the sturdy vagrant that we have no pretention to teach others. But we have at least learned from our failures sufficient to see that to refuse to deal with the tramp excepting as a temporary human nuisance, to be hustled on to the neighboring town with the utmost dispatch, is the worst possible way of solving the question. For even if the tramp is the spawn of the devil, as it is constantly assumed, instead of being a son of God and brother of Christ Jesus, to persist in a practice which entails of necessity the quickest possible dissemination of the spawn aforesaid over the widest possible area of territory is of all courses the most fatal. But when anything is proposed either by way of reclamation or of redemption, there is an outcry against "pauperizing the citizen." So the work of criminalizing him goes on apace.

"Oh, he's only a bum!" was the cry which at first met all efforts to arouse a Christian sentiment in Chicago. That was supposed to settle all things. A bum was outside the pale of human sympathy. A bum was supposed to possess all the defects of human nature and none of their virtues. He was declared to be an incorrigibly idle loafer, a drunkard, a liar and a reprobate. The grim old Calvinistic doctrine of reprobation seemed to be revived expressly to make his damnation irrevocable. And yet nothing was being done to prevent the steady degradation of the honest willing worker to the level of the bum.

As a genial speaker at the Presbyterian Social Union remarked, even the most respectable of men, if compelled to tramp about for a week without change of linen or

opportunity to wash, would feel he was becoming very bummy. There is of necessity, in every period of depression, a considerable number of men who are thrown out of work. These men take to the road, are driven to it because they have no means of transporting themselves from a place where there is no work to a place where work may be had. If the present system or no system goes on, they will tend irresistibly to gravitate to the bum pariah class, and the practice of massing them together in herds in Harrison Street and the City Hall accelerates the process.

Take but one instance, the impossibility of keeping clean or free from vermin under the present conditions. "You can always tell the bum," said a justice, "by his smell. There is an ancient stink about him which you can detect in a moment."

There is no greater barrier between man and man, and still more between woman and woman, than that raised by the sense of smell, with its suggestion of the presence of filth. Most people can put up more readily with a criminal than with a filthy man. But how can the willing worker or tramp keep clean when he is pigged together with a foul-smelling herd on the floor of a prison?

One night at Harrison Street I witnessed a strange Rembrandtesque scene. In the center of the corridor allotted to the tramps at Harrison Street, the men had made a bonfire of old paper. It was not quite so crowded as it had been before, and there was room in the center. They were diligently feeding the fire with shreds of paper. The blaze illuminated the dark and forbidding surroundings of the prison, casting a flickering glare upon the dirty, careworn faces that surrounded it. I asked the officer in charge whether he thought it was safe to allow a mob of men to make a bonfire on the floor of the station. "I don't blame them," said he, shortly; "I don't blame them. An old bum got in there who was literally alive with vermin. When they found it out we fired

him out, but the few papers he had been lying on were lifting with lice, so that is what they are burning. And I don't blame them," he repeated: "what else could they do?"

For one man who is so verminous that the very paper on which he lay lifted with the insects dropped from his rags, there must have been scores and hundreds more or less haunted by the unpleasant habitues of uncombed hair and unwashed bodies. Their tendency is constant to multiplication. The longer a man goes unwashed, the denser becomes the colony of parasites; and the more closely he is compelled to herd with his neighbors, the more widely does the loathsome contagion spread. Hence the willing worker, forced into contact with the idle and shiftless and worthless bum, becomes himself bummier and bummier until at last he is branded as one of the pariah class and "he must be kept such!"

The Harrison Street Police Station, although the most conspicuous sheltering place of the outcast wanderer, held by no means the largest crowd. The Pacific Garden Mission, at Van Buren and Clark Streets, accommodated a larger number of homeless ones than the police station. The spacious hall of the mission was turned into a dormitory, where, night after night, some five or six hundred persons occupied chairs till morning. Every evening there was a religious service, after which the attendants were free to remain all night. The place was warm and orderly, and it had the advantage over Harrison Street Police Station of enabling each man to sleep by himself. But, as a Cheshire man told me, who had crossed the Atlantic many times as stoker on the transatlantic ferry boats and who had for some months past been firing steamers on Lake Michigan, it is little sleep you get unless you can lie down flat. The poor fellow's story was very simple; he had spent three nights in the mission and four days tramping round hunting work. He was out every morning before seven, and on his feet till after nine at night always meeting with the

same response. "When you're on your feet all day," he said, "and cannot get a lay-out at night, your legs swell almost to the knee. You become lame and cannot even go hunting the job no one seems able to find." He was a stalwart, strapping fellow, who literally wept when a little friendly help was given him. But in process of time that man would also become a bum, unless he could be arrested on the down grade along which he was being hurried by no fault of his own.

The great sleeping place of the tramp, however, was neither in Harrison Street Police Station nor in the Pacific Garden Mission. The heart and center of Chicago is the huge pile of masonry which reminds the visitor by its polished granite pillars and general massive and somber grandeur of the cathedrals and palaces of St. Petersburg. The City Hall and Court House form one immense building, in which all the city and county business is transacted, both judicial and administrative. The peculiar system under which Chicago is administered makes the City Hall, in a peculiar manner, the center of the floating unemployed population. I have never seen a city hall so thronged by loafers during the day time. The politician out of a job, the office-seeker waiting impatiently for his turn, the alderman and his strings of hangers-on, the ex-official, the heeler, the jobber swell the throng of those who do business until the air in the corridors is heavy with smoke, and the pavement is filthy with the mire of innumerable boots and stained with the juice of the tobacco plant—for not even the American allowance of spittoons can suffice for the need of the citizens in their Civic Hall. This court and reception room of the sovereign people—where Coughlin was being tried for his life on one side, and the multitude were being vaccinated in droves on the other, while all the multitudinous wheels of municipal machinery revolved between—was selected as the chief camping-ground of the nomadic horde.

The City Hall cost five million dollars to construct.

It is the solitary municipal building of any pretensions in the city. In it are kept the city archives, the records of the courts, and all the documents relating to the registration of property and the due transaction of public business. Here is the headquarters of the best equipped and most efficient fire department in the world, and high overhead is the accumulated wealth of the public library of Chicago. In this building, crammed with invaluable documents, the seat and center of the whole civic machinery, for want of any better accommodation, there were housed night after night, through the month of December, from one to two thousand of the most miserable men in Chicago. Most of the men were penniless; almost all of them were more or less desperate; many of them were smoking. As they used newspapers as mattresses, the corridors were littered with paper, amid which a single lighted match might have made a blaze which might not easily have been extinguished. Yet the risk was faced perforce for want of a little care, a little forethought, and a little necessary expenditure.

The tramps were not accommodated in the Council Chamber or in any of the offices. They were allowed to occupy the spacious, well-warmed corridors, and make such shift as they could upon the flags. No one was admitted to the upper stories, but every stair up to the first landing was treated as a berth by its fortunate occupant. Less lucky lodgers had to content themselves with a lay-out in the corridor. They lay with their heads against the wall on either side, leaving open a narrow track down the center. Down this track came reporters, messengers to the fire department and other offices, followed before many nights were over by curious philanthropists, university professors, ministers of religion, and then by the representatives of the Federation of Labor, all of whom marveled much and said many bitter things about the contrasts of the great city where "Mammon holds high carnival in its gilded

palaces, while little children hunger, mothers grow faint for food and die, and strong men weep for want of work."

But after a time that narrow pathway was choked up, and even reporters could not elbow their way through the crowd; for the City Hall corridors were very warm; the midnight air was nipping keen, and when all sleeping room was filled men preferred to stand in the warm, close air, rather than shiver in the frost and snow. It seems strange, but it appears to be undisputed that the habit of allowing the homeless to shelter in the corridors of the City Hall is no new thing in Chicago. Indeed the only new thing last winter seems to have been the limitation of the area of improvised casual ward to the ground floor and the first flight of stairs. It was not till the 12th of last November that wire doors were placed on the stairs, and all access to the upper part of the building shut off. This necessary precaution was taken not in order to avoid peril by fire or pillage, but simply because the lodgers quarreled so fiercely among themselves for favorite locations that for the sake of peace and quiet they were stalled downstairs. There they were quiet enough, smoking, sleeping and doing a little talking in an undertone. But for a floating population with the reputation of the bum, the crowd was singularly quiet, patient and well behaved. In the Pacific Garden Mission the superintendent reported the presence of 500 sleepers every night had been attended by so little disturbance, that the upstairs tenants were never conscious that there was a crowd below. The officer in charge at Harrison Street declared that the genuine bum was in a greater minority than had ever been observed before. Most of his lodgers were hard-working men, honestly anxious to find work.

It was, of course, impossible to do more than sample the mass of human wretchedness thus caged up nightly in a few centers, but Professor Hourwitch, with a band of students from the university, subjected 100 of the crowd of 2,000 odd to a searching analysis. His report is

very interesting. Only ten of the 100 selected at random from the lodgers in the City Hall belonged to labor unions. Only two had worked for less than a dollar a day. More than half, sixty-four out of 100, had earned from \$1 to \$2 a day, twenty from \$2 to \$3. Almost all classes and conditions of men were represented in the motley crowd — except millionaires. Fifty-nine were native-born Americans, forty-one foreigners. Of the latter the first place was taken by the Germans, followed by the Irish and the Scotch in the order named. Most of the men were in the prime of life, from twenty to forty-five; only one was below twenty, and four over fifty. Their professions or occupations, as stated by themselves, were as follows: Common laborers, 33; teamsters, 6; painters, 6; waiters, 5; molders, 4; bakers, 4; miners, 3; cooks, 3; rolling millers, 3; sailors, 3; machinists, 2; cigarmakers, 2; shoemakers, 2; carpenters, 2; wood finishers, 2; while a brickmaker, a clerk, a glass packer, a plumber, a florist, a varnisher, a brewer, a druggist, a glazier, a draftsman, a wood carver, a cooper, an upholsterer, a boxmaker, a stove polisher, a chair factory man, a steam fitter, and a salesman completed the list.

Several of the men were well educated. One was a graduate of the University of Nebraska. Most of them had come to Chicago from other towns seeking work, and none of them could find it. Of all the disheartening occupations that of seeking work and finding none is one of the worst. The curse that in the Old Book is said to have followed the Fall is often in the New World an unattainable boon. It was a quaint but true conceit of Mrs. Browning's that "God in cursing gives us better gifts, than man in blessing." But whether malediction or benediction, work was what these men wanted, and work was the one thing they could not get. If they only had been horses there would have been men eager enough to claim them to feed, to lodge and to care for them. But, alas, they were only

men! Even then, if they had been slaves, liable to be sold at the auction mart, and whipped to work on the plantation, this army of 2,000 able-bodied wanderers in the prime of life would have probably brought at least a million dollars at the auction block. But as they had the misfortune to be free men, free citizens of the great republic, none would give even a nickel for their services or provide a bed in which they could shelter.

It was a composite industrial army, capable of doing much good work if only it could but find leadership and tools and rations. All were wanting, the first most of all. For the loyal confidence of man in man, which is the tap root of all true leadership, does not spring up easily in the camps of the unemployed. The nomads of the prairie and of the steppe have more of that element than the nomads of civilization. Hence, if they are left to themselves they threaten to gravitate ever downward. From poverty and homelessness comes despondency, loss of self-respect follows on enforced dirtiness, and the undescrivable squalor of filthy clothes. Work being unattainable, they beg rather than starve, and if begging fails they steal. Thus by steady inevitable forces, as of adverse Destiny, the dislodged unit gravitates downward, ever downward into the depths of the malebolgic pool of our social hell. Industry, honesty, truthfulness, sobriety are rotted out of the man, and at last the only remnant of the soul that aspires is visible in the craving after drink. In his cups, at least, he may drown his regrets for a vanished past, and may indulge for some brief moments in brighter visions of the unattainable tomorrow. For in the utterly demoralized tramp, the only symptom of the God within is often that very passion for drink which, by its sore intensity, testifies to the revolt of its victim against the injustices and abominations of the present. Yet, of him, also, let us remember what Lowell wrote of another lost unit of the human family :

The good Father of us all had doubtless intrusted to the keeping

of this child of His certain faculties of a constructive kind; He had put in him a share of that vital force, the nicest economy of every minute atom of which is necessary to the perfect development of humanity. He had given him a brain and heart, and so had equipped his soul with the two strong wings of knowledge and love, whereby it can mount to hang its nest under the eaves of heaven. And this child, so dowered, he had intrusted to the keeping of his vicar, the State. How stands the account of that stewardship? The State, or Society (call her what you will) had taken no manner of thought of him until she saw him swept out into the street, the pitiful leavings of last night's debauch, with cigar ends, lemon parings, tobacco quids, slops, vile stenches and the whole loathsome next morning of the bar-room — an own child of the Almighty God! I remember him as he was brought in to be christened, a ruddy, rugged babe; and now there he wallows, reeking, seething — the dead corpse, not of a man but of a soul, a putrifying lump, horrible for the life that is in it. Soon the wind of heaven, that good Samaritan, parts the hair upon his forehead nor is too nice to kiss those parched, cracked lips; the morning opens upon him her eyes full of pitying sunshine, the sky yearns down to him, and there he lies fermenting. O sleep! let me not profane thy holy name by calling that stertorous unconsciousness a slumber! By and by comes along the State, God's vicar. Does she say, "My poor forlorn foster-child! Behold a force which I will make dig and plant and build for me." Not so, but—

let us hustle him out of the town and thank God we are rid of the nuisance of his presence!

But with at least fifty thousand able-bodied tramps in ordinary years patrolling the country at an estimated minimum cost of ten million dollars per annum for means of subsistence, making no estimate of the indirect damages to property and morals, it is beginning to be increasingly doubtful whether the popular expedient is paying in the long run. Of course, so long as each city or village or township bases its policy on the question of Cain, nothing can be done. But even in Russia, which so many affect to despise as semi-barbarous and inhuman, they do better than that. For there they christen their tramp a pilgrim and by brotherly kindness and generous hospitality convert every wandering brother into a means of grace.