GOLDEN-RULE JONES, THE LATE MAYOR OF TOLEDO. BY ERNEST CROSBY

In the evening before he sailed for France I had the good fortune to listen to a lecture by Charles Wagner of Simple Life fame,—the only lecture which he delivered in his native French tongue in this country,—and I was impressed from his first appearance upon the stage by his resemblance to the late Mayor Jones of Toledo, Ohio. A larger, taller, heavier man, the Frenchman was in feature, build and coloring very like the American, and when he spoke, at home once again in his own language and before an audience of his compatriots, there was the same frankness and earnestness, the same friendly relation with his hearers, the same effect of thinking aloud, which I had so often noted in Mayor Jones, and, finally, when he said, "I have always continued to be something of a peasant" (Je suis toujours resté un peu paysan"), I could almost fancy that it was the Mayor who was talking. I understood then for the first time the secret of M. Wagner's influence. His message, too, was not altogether dissimilar from that of Mayor Jones. Both of them preached the simple life as they respectively saw it, but here the resemblance ends, for while the Simple Life of Wagner means a gentle smoothing and retouching of things as they are, that of Mayor Jones involves little less than a revolution. M. Wagner does not insist upon any profound change in the externals of life, while Mayor Jones never felt comfortable in what seemed to him the unbrotherly relations involved in our existing social system. Nothing less than a new world, the full flower of love to neighbor carried to its logical limit, could satisfy him.

It was in Chicago in the winter of 1895-6 that I made the acquaintance of Samuel Milton Jones. We had both been invited to some kind of a conference and were entertained at one of the "settlements" of the city. His fame had not reached me at that time, for he had not yet entered politics and the reports of his strange doings in the field of business had not traveled as far as New York, but I was attracted at once by the open and childlike way in which he expressed his extreme democratic views to everyone. There was in the house in which we stayed, a crippled man of unprepossessing appearance who looked after the furnace and did other odd jobs in the cellar. He was, if I
am not mistaken, a reclaimed tramp, one of the fruits of the good work
of the residents. It was not long before Jones had discovered him
and they were soon old friends. By a certain instinct he carried his
brotherly feeling where it was most needed and where it would be
most valued. And I remarked then, as I often did afterward, that
Jones, while frequently engrossed in his own experiences and in the
problems arising from them, even to the exclusion of external sugges-
tions, was, notwithstanding, entirely free from conceit and acted with-
out the slightest reference to appearances or to the opinion of the gal-
lery. He followed out his own impulses as simply as a child.

I was naturally curious about this interesting man, and I heard
some stories at this time which I have never forgotten. But perhaps
before I tell them it would be best to give a brief outline of his life.
He was born on August 3, 1846, in a laborer’s stone cottage in the vil-
lage of Bedd Gelert, North Wales. When he was three years old his
parents emigrated to America with their family, taking up a collec-
tion first among their friends to raise the necessary fare. They made
the voyage in the steerage of a sailing vessel, and from New York they
went by canal-boat up the Hudson and the Erie Canal to Utica and
thence by wagon into Lewis County, New York, where his father
found familiar work in the stone quarries, and still later became a
tenant-farmer. Sam went to the village school, and thirty months’
attendance there constituted his entire formal education. He had a
great dislike for farm work, but he was obliged to take part in it as a
lad. At ten years of age he worked for a farmer who routed him out
of bed at four o’clock in the morning, and his day’s work did not
end till sundown, for all of which he received three dollars a month.
At fourteen he was employed in a sawmill and his natural taste for
mechanical work began to show itself. He had been considered lazy
on the farm, but he assures us that he never had a lazy hair in his head,
and he makes his own case the text for a sermon on the importance of
finding congenial work for boys and men. From the sawmill he
passed on to the post of “wiper and greaser” in the engine-room of a
steamboat on the Black River and learned a good deal about the man-
agement of engines. An engineer advised him to go to the oil regions
of Pennsylvania, and soon after he arrived alone at Titusville, the
center of that district, with fifteen cents in his pocket. For a short
time he knew what it was to search for work and not find it, and all

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the rest of his life he felt the deepest sympathy with men in that sad condition. He had the greatest confidence in himself, however, and, as he often pointed out, it was much easier to get work then and there than it is now anywhere. On arriving he had registered in a good hotel, trusting to luck to earn money to pay his bill, and in a short time the bill was paid. He wrote a letter home to his mother, but did not have a cent to buy a stamp with. Seeing a gentleman on the way to the postoffice, he asked him to post his letter, and then pretended to examine his pockets for the necessary three cents, whereupon the man offered to pay for it himself, which was just what young Jones had hoped he would do. Afterward Jones condemned this deception of his, and cited it as proof of the evil effect of conditions which deny the right of work to anyone. During his weary tramp in quest of a place one employer whom he accosted spoke kindly to him and encouraged him, giving him a letter to a friend of his who had oil wells twelve miles away. These kind words Jones never forgot and he always had at least a friendly smile for the “man out of a job” as a consequence of them. At last he found work and remunerative work, too, in managing an engine which pumped the oil from a well. He liked the work and advanced quickly, till, with occasional periods of hard times, and after doing all kinds of work connected with boring for oil, he saved a few hundred dollars and started digging for himself, and became an employer. In 1875 he married and after a very happy married life of ten years his wife died, as did also his little daughter. These blows were almost too great for Jones’s strength, and he followed the advice of his friends and removed with his two boys to the oil-regions of Ohio, in order to divert his mind by change of scene. Here he was very successful, as these oil fields were just opened and developed very rapidly. “I have simply taken advantage,” he says, “of opportunities offered by an unfair social system and gained what the world calls success.”

In 1892 Jones married again, and about the same time he invented several improvements in oil-well appliances which he offered to the “trust,” but they refused to touch them. His experience is evidence of the fact that our “trust” system does not encourage invention, being often satisfied to let well enough alone, the managers sometimes buying up patents for the express purpose of suppressing them, and of thus saving the money already expended in old-fashioned plants.
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Jones was sure that his inventions were valuable, and hence he founded the "Acme Sucker-Rod Company" and began manufacturing at Toledo on his own account, and made that city his home. He had never lived in a city before, and Toledo, with its 150,000 inhabitants, proved to be a new world to him. City life was very different from the life he had hitherto known. In the oil-fields society was simple and there was no great gulf between employer and employee, but in town it was altogether different. In the factories which he visited the men were mere "hands," and were not considered as human beings, and in each shop there was a long list of precise rules posted, invariably ending with the warning that immediate discharge would follow any infraction of them. This made Jones's blood boil and he determined to manage things otherwise in his factory. The idea occurred to him to put up the Golden Rule instead of a placard of regulations, but he fought against it in his mind, knowing that it might seem peculiar and that it would be misunderstood, but the thought took possession of him and finally up it went, "Whatsoever ye will that men should do to you, do ye even so to them," or, as he was wont to translate it in conversation, "Do unto others as if you were the others."

When, on opening his shop, he sat down with his foreman to make out the pay-roll, the latter took from his pocket a statement of the wages paid by other companies. "Put that away," cried Jones. "What has that got to do with it? What can we afford to pay?" And the result of this novel plan was that he always paid the highest wages for the shortest hours of any employer in Toledo. One of those kindly critics who invariably find fault with honest efforts to do good blamed him once for paying high wages when so many men were out of employment.

"You might employ twice as many if you cut down their wages one-half," he said.

"If there is to be any cutting down," was the answer, "it seems to me it ought to come out of my share, and not from men who are getting much less than I am."

Once when he was visiting the factory of a neighbor the latter said to him: "See here, Jones, here is a case that troubles me. How would you treat it according to your new ideas? I have a man here who has spoiled three sets of castings in a week and that means a loss of so much. What would you do with him?"
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"The first thing I would do," Jones replied, "would be to imagine myself in his place. How long have you employed him?"
"Two years, isn't it?" answered the proprietor, turning to his bookkeeper.
"Yes, sir, two years and three months."
"Has he ever spoiled a casting before," asked Jones.
"No."
"How much vacation has he had since he came?"
"Look at the books and see," said the employer to the clerk.
"Let me see," answered the latter, taking down a blank-book and turning over the pages, "two, three,—just five days in all."
"Why, I understand it very well," said Jones with a smile. "His nerves have got out of order with continual wear and tear. If I were you I would give him a fortnight's vacation!" And in his own shop each employee had a week's holiday each summer with full pay, an unheard-of luxury until he introduced it.

On one occasion one of Jones's workmen got drunk and injured a horse belonging to the company by driving it into a telegraph pole. The next day the foreman came into the office and said, "Of course Brown must be discharged to-day."
"Why?" asked Jones. "He was dead drunk, wasn't he, with no more sense than a stick or a stone? Now, suppose we could take a stick or a stone and make a good citizen for the State of Ohio out of it, don't you think it would be even better than making sucker-rods? Send Brown to me when he comes in." And when at last Brown came, shame-faced and repentant, into the private office, Jones said nothing, but took down his testament from the shelf and read the story of the woman who was accused before Jesus, ending with the words, "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more." And that was all the reproof the man received. He was often blamed for keeping intemperate men in his employ, but his object was to reclaim them. "It would be an easy matter to 'fire out' every drinking man in the shop and fill their places with sober men," he says. "That would be easy. Any 'good business man' could do that. But to make conditions in and about a shop that will make life so attractive and beautiful to men as to lead them to live beautiful lives for their own sake and for the sake of the world about them, this is a task calling for qualifications not usually required of the 'successful business manager.'"
Such were the anecdotes which I heard with regard to Jones when I first met him at Chicago. And the strange thing was that his business methods were completely successful. He turned the vacant land next to his factory,—space which was sorely needed for his increasing business,—into a park and playground and named it Golden Rule Park. He established an eight-hour day, although none of his competitors followed his example, and yet his business and his income grew. "If I don't look out," he said to me once, "I'll become a millionaire, and what should I do with a million? It's a curious fact that while I never thought of such a thing, this Golden Rule business has helped the company. People give me four hundred dollars for engines which they won't pay over three hundred and fifty dollars for to other manufacturers. I don't understand it at all." I was present once at his office in Toledo while he and two of his managers were discussing what to do with a recalcitrant debtor. They had delivered a machine to this man a year before, and, although he was amply able to pay, he had never sent the money. The two men were trying to persuade Jones to bring suit against him, but he would not look at the case in that light. He did not like the idea of going to law, and would only promise to think it over. One thing which troubled him was the handsome house in which he lived and which he had built or bought before his democratic nature had fully matured. The "settlement" idea impressed him at Chicago. "If I had only known of this before," he said, "I would have built my house down among the homes of our workmen." He felt like an exile in the fashionable quarter of Toledo, and he made it a point to take his midday meal with the men in "Golden Rule Hall," over the factory, where he organized a common dining-room for them at cost.

Jones actually loved his fellow-men, not in theory only, but by instinct, and it is interesting to watch a man who acts upon such unusual principles, for you are always wondering what he will do next. What would a lover of his kind do under such and such circumstances? It is as interesting as a chess problem, "white to move and check in three moves." He dropped in upon a coöperative restaurant once in New York and found the young men and women employed there with two or three hours of leisure on their hands. He solved the problem on the spot by taking all hands off to a baseball match, and a merry and unconventional party they must have been.
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In his "Autobiography," which forms an introduction to his book, "The New Right," published in 1899, Jones gives us his first impressions of business life in Toledo. "I think," he says, "the first real shock to my social consciousness came when the swarms of men swooped down upon us begging for work, soon after signs of life began to manifest themselves around the abandoned factory which we rented for our new enterprise. I never had seen anything like it; their piteous appeals and the very pathos of the looks of many of them stirred the deepest sentiments of compassion within me. I felt keenly the degradation and shame of the situation; without knowing why or how, I began to ask myself why I had a right to be comfortable and happy in a world in which other men, by nature quite as good as I, and willing to work, willing to give their service to society, were denied the right even to the meanest kind of existence. . . . I soon discovered that I was making the acquaintance of a new kind of man. Always a believer in the equality of the Declaration of Independence, I now, for the first time, came into contact with workingmen who seemed to have a sense of social inferiority, wholly incapable of any conception of equality, and this feeling I believed it was my duty to destroy. Without any organized plan, and hardly knowing what I was doing, I determined that this groveling conception must be overcome; so we began to take steps to break down this feeling of class distinction and social inequality." He arranged for an occasional picnic or excursion, to which the men came with their families, and he invited them to his fine house at receptions to which his wealthier friends were also bidden.

It was these experiments of Jones's which attracted public attention in Toledo to him. In the spring of 1897 a convention of the Republican party in that city was held to select a candidate for mayor, and it so happened that there was a deadlock between the supporters of three contending candidates, no one of whom could secure a majority. It was necessary to compromise upon a new man, and the belief that the name of Jones would appeal to the labor vote caused the selection to fall upon him. He had always been a Republican and a church member and was supposed to be entirely conservative and respectable,—a little eccentric perhaps, but with eccentricities which might prove good vote-getters. Toledo was a Republican town and Jones was elected by a majority of over five hundred. If Jones's
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nomination was a surprise to the party managers, his course in office was still more so, for he refused absolutely to listen to partisan advice of any kind and devoted himself to the task of applying the Golden Rule to the administration of the city government. He tells us that he thought that the great need of municipalities was the formation of ideals. Looking upon us as "a nation of Mammon worshipers, with gold as our god," he endeavored to "lift the public mind in some measure into the domain of art and idealism." "I believe," he adds, "that it is the artistic idea of life that helps us to see the possibility of a social order in which all life, every life, may be made beautiful." In this way he took up the ideal of social justice, and advocated an eight-hour workday for municipal employees, and succeeded in establishing it in the police department and the water-works. He induced the police commissioners to adopt the merit system of appointment to the force. In his second annual message to the common council he made many recommendations, including the ownership by the city of its own gas and electric-light plants, a larger share of home-rule to be obtained from the Legislature, the referendum upon all extensions of public franchises, the abandonment of the contract system of public work, the addition of kindergartens to the school system, larger appropriations for public parks and for music in the parks and for playgrounds and baths. But it was not so much the specific measures advocated in it as the spirit of brotherhood which breathed through the whole message which drew wide attention to this unusual document and brought letters of approval from Count Tolstoy and W. D. Howells. When the Mayor's two years' term of office drew near its end, the Republican convention met again to name his successor. The supporters of Mayor Jones were almost numerous enough to nominate him, but by underhand means they were prevented from securing the necessary votes and the choice fell upon another. Jones at once announced himself as an independent candidate, believing that the people approved of his administration, and the liveliest campaign ensued that Toledo had ever seen. The Democrats nominated a third candidate also and all the power of both "machines" was exerted to put down this political upstart. He was actively opposed by all the newspapers of the city. The clergy turned against him, because he was considered too friendly to the saloon-keepers, the fact being that he could not help being friendly to everybody, while he believed
that the Sunday laws should be enforced "according to the standard of existing public sentiment." One of the reforms which he had instituted was the substitution of light canes for clubs in the hands of the police. "I have sought to impress upon the patrolmen that they are the public servants and not public bosses," he says in a letter of defence of his mayoralty during this campaign; "I have told them individually and collectively, and especially impressed upon the new men, that the duty of a patrolman is to do all in his power to make it easy for the people to do right and hard for them to do wrong, and I have added, 'an officer can often render better service by saving the city the necessity of arresting one of her citizens by helping a prospective offender to do right instead of waiting for him to be caught in a fault in order that he may be dragged a culprit to prison.'" And he pointed with pleasure to the fact that the number of arrests had fallen off about twenty-five per cent., or a thousand cases, in a year, and that the city was more orderly than ever notwithstanding. The real issue of the local campaign was, however, the grant of a franchise for practically nothing to an electric-light and street-railway company, and the false issues of the saloons and the police were brought in to cloud the mind of the public. The labor unions promptly rallied to the support of Mayor Jones and his own employees organized a band and glee-club which accompanied him wherever he addressed the people, singing labor songs written by himself. The enthusiasm of his meetings was unlimited, and a blinding snow-storm was not sufficient to curb his followers, who carried out their programme of a procession notwithstanding, their energy being only stimulated by "two or three inches of snow" on their umbrellas. The newspapers on the eve of election predicted the overwhelming success of their candidates, but when the votes were counted Jones had received 16,773 out of a total of 24,187, while his opponents divided the remaining votes pretty evenly between them. He had received seventy per cent. of the vote against the united and determined opposition of all the parties and the entire press. It was a personal triumph such as is rarely experienced in popular elections, and not only a personal triumph but a demonstration of the power of the spirit of the Golden Rule over the multitude when it is frankly expressed in the life of a man. Mayor Jones was re-elected in the spring of 1901 and of 1903 and held the office at the time of his death. His knowledge of political parties gained in
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office led him to doubt the value of these institutions, and he soon after his second election announced his conviction that parties were evils, and occasionally he signed his name as “a man without a party.” In the autumn of 1899 he was a candidate for Governor of Ohio upon a no-party platform, and received 125,000 votes, the campaign giving him an excellent opportunity to preach his views in all parts of the State. He might have gone to Congress the following year, but he declined the nomination. The last time that he was a candidate for Mayor, in 1903, the animosity of the press was so great against him that the editors of Toledo agreed not to mention his name, referring to him, when it was unavoidable, as “the present incumbent of the Mayor’s office,” but still he was elected by a plurality of 3,000 votes.

The most picturesque portion of the official life of Mayor Jones was that which he passed as a police magistrate. If it is hard for an employer to express love for neighbor in his life, how much more so is it for a magistrate and chief of police, and as mayor, he had to fulfill the functions of both, and the result was sometimes amusing and instructive. The charter of Toledo provided that in the absence of the police-justice the mayor could occupy his place, and on several occasions he did so. He had formed the opinion that our police courts are “largely conducted as institutions that take away the liberties of the people who are poor” and he resolved that they should never be so used in his hands. On the first day that he sat there was only one prisoner, a beggar who pleaded guilty, but besought the Mayor to let him leave town. “This man has a divine right to beg,” said the Mayor. The policeman informed him that the prisoner had been arrested for drunkenness the preceding Friday. “Only the poor are arrested for drunkenness,” replied Jones. “You would not arrest a rich man for drunkenness. You would send him home in a hack.” The beggar asked again to be allowed to leave Toledo. “I do not see what good that would do,” said the Mayor. “You would only go elsewhere and would not be any better off. We cannot drive a man off the earth, and the worst thing that can happen to any man is to be out of work. Under the circumstances I think we shall have to let you go; but you must keep out of the way of the officers. You are dismissed.”

On the next court-day three men were brought before him on charges of burglary and petty larceny, and two of them pleaded
guilty. The newspapers report that the Mayor watched the men during their arraignment with a "peculiar expression of face." Then he began to philosophize: "I do not know how it would benefit you," he said, "to send you to the workhouse. If I thought it would do any good to send you to the penitentiary, I would send you there for five or ten years, but I never heard of any person being benefited by serving time in that institution. I would not send a son of mine to the penitentiary, although it is not a matter of sentiment with me. If I thought it would do him any good, I might send him there. . . . Now take the case of this young man," and he pointed to one of the prisoners, "he is suffering from a loathsome disease,—crime is a disease, you know,—and imprisonment would not to my mind effect a cure for him. I will continue the case for decision."

On the following morning before going to the court-room the Mayor went to the turnkey's office and, calling the three men before him, he gave them a good talk. "He reminded the Wilsons," says the newspaper reporter, "it was a crime to steal from the poor, at least that was the way his argument sounded" (but perhaps the reporter missed its full effect). "He spoke to the men at length, and then, shaking hands all round, told them to go home and be good citizens." No announcement of any decision was made in court, but on the docket the Mayor entered the words, "dismissed, sentence reserved," the meaning of which is perhaps a little hazy.

On this day another case came before him involving the misdemeanour of using a gambling device in the form of a "penny-in-the-slot" machine. The Mayor was very impatient of the time consumed by the lawyers and apparently was not much shocked by the transgression. "The best way to dispose of this case in my opinion," he said in conclusion, "is to turn the machine over to the owner and let him stand it face to the wall. . . . The defendant is dismissed."

Two months later the Mayor again held court in place of the regular magistrate. Five men were brought before him on the charge of begging. The Mayor addressed them paternally. "It was like a parent threatening to chastise wayward children, but withholding the rod in view of their promises to be good," said the Toledo "Bee." They were discharged. Then came the case of a tramp, found drunk with a loaded pistol on his person. The Mayor held the pistol up so that everyone could see it and declared that it was a devil-
ish weapon, intended solely to kill human beings. It was worse than useless; it was hellish, and worse than whiskey a thousand times. The prisoner was sentenced to smash the revolver to pieces with a sledge-hammer, and the court adjourned to another room to see the sentence carried out. As they left the court-room “the Mayor laid his arm affectionately over the shoulder of the prisoner, who grasped his hand with a sudden pressure that indicated how little he had expected the unusual sentence.” So runs the newspaper report. A policeman put the pistol in a vise, the prisoner was given a sledgehammer, and in an instant he had smashed the weapon to fragments and was a free man again. The last case which came before Mayor Jones was that of three young men who had indulged in a free fight over a game of ball and whose appearance testified to the fact.

“You stand up where I can see you!” cried the Mayor. “There you have it without saying a word,—brute force,” and after a stern lecture he let them go.

The Legislature of Ohio soon got wind of the fact that a man with a heart was holding court in Toledo and they promptly repealed the law allowing the mayor to take the magistrate’s place. At his last appearance on the bench Jones made a little farewell address which explains his course. He said: “The Legislature is greater than the people and it has seen fit to take the power of appointing temporary police-judges from the hands of the mayor. I have no fault to find with the arrangement. I have no unkind feeling toward anyone connected with this police-court, and I have made friends down here who will last as long as life. It is a comfort to reflect that in all my experience as acting police-judge I have done nothing either as judge or as a mayor that I would not do as a man. I have done by the unfortunate men and women who have come before me in this court everything in my power to help them to live better lives and nothing to hinder them. I have sent no one to prison, nor imposed fines upon people for their being poor. In short I have done by them just as I would have another judge do by my son if he were a drunkard or a thief, or by my sister or daughter, is she were a prostitute. I am aware of the fact that many people believe in the virtue of brute force, but I do not. For my part I would be glad to see every revolver and every club in the world go over Niagara Falls, or, better still, over the brink of hell.” In a letter to the Toledo press he further explains
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that his actions in court were based upon the Golden Rule. "There are two methods," he says, "of dealing with people whose liberty makes them a menace to society,—on the one hand, prisons, penalties, punishment, hatred and hopeless despair, and on the other, asylums, sympathy, love, help and hope."

The last time I saw Golden Rule Jones (for by this name he was known), only a month or two before his death, he showed me a letter from a condemned murderer in the Toledo jail, a man who has probably since then been executed. It was dated "Lucas County Jail, April 14th, 1904," and contained the following paragraphs: "During my confinement at the Central Station and the County Jail, and of all the large number of men who have come and gone, I have never heard one word of anything except praise and admiration for you. And this is not caused by a false conception of your theories—far from it! They all understand how thoroughly and unreservedly you condemn crime. But the theories of punishment advanced by you are what calls forth their admiration. And the majority of these men do not fear corporal punishment, for they constitute a class who can never safely be driven, but they can be easily led, providing the leader strikes the proper note." That there is truth in what this man says is shown by the reduced number of arrests in Toledo during Mayor Jones's incumbency, and the improved order of the city, while the number of drinking places under his liberal policy was actually diminished.

Opinions will doubtless differ as to the value of Mayor Jones's contribution to the science of penology, but I am sorry for the man who does not appreciate his spirit. His attitude on the bench and his comments are the natural outgrowth of the heart of a man who takes his place as judge with a deep love of mankind within him. His position was necessarily tentative. The precedents of hatred, fear and retribution are piled up in our law-libraries, but the precedents of love and sympathy have yet to be established and Mayor Jones was a pioneer in this department. The day may yet come when his example on the bench will be cited with greater respect than many a learned decision which is now regarded as impregnable.

The Legislature not only removed Mayor Jones from the police-court, but from time to time it curtailed his power in various ways, taking away the right of appointment to office, and building up hos-
tile forces in the city government. The common council was always opposed to him, and outside of the mayor’s office the franchise-grabbers had it all their own way. Still he succeeded in accomplishing a few practical things, which his friend Brand Whitlock has summarized in an article in the “World’s Work.” He humanized the police, introduced kindergartens, public playgrounds and free concerts, established the eight-hour day for city employees and a minimum day’s wages of $1.50 for common labor. He used the carriages of the Park Department to give the children sleigh-rides in winter, devised a system of lodging-houses for tramps; laid out public golf-links in the parks and organized a policemen’s band. He gave away all his mayor’s salary to the poor and his office looked like a charity bureau, so many were the applicants for relief who besieged it. Nor did he turn away from any one. A thorough democrat in feeling, he never was conscious of any inequality when he met the great and rich, or when he dropped in at the jail to talk with the prisoners.

He was a born orator in the best sense of the word, that is, he could think out loud before an audience in such a way as to reveal to all his love for them and his earnest desire to follow the right as he saw it. He drew crowds and those who came from curiosity stayed to hear and learn. Mr. Whitlock gives an example of the way in which he reached the hearts of his hearers.

“What’s the Polish word for liberty?” he asks of an audience of Polish workmen. They shout a word in reply. “Say it again,” cries Jones, turning his head to listen. They shout it again still louder. He tries to pronounce it and fails and they all laugh together. “Well, I can’t say it,” he says, “but it sounds good to me,” and he proceeds to speak at length on freedom.

Mayor Jones was an author as well as an orator. He published three books, “The New Right,” and two volumes of “Letters of Love and Labor,” containing letters which he wrote from week to week to his own employees and handed to them with their pay-envelopes. It is safe to say that no such communications have ever before been made from the hirer to the hired. One letter, for instance, is entitled “The Slavery of the Wages System.”

“Dear Friends:” (he writes) “. . . . It is true that the present system of relation among men and women whereby some work for or serve others for hire is a system of modified slavery, the degree of
slavery varying somewhat according to the master or mistress. . . . The most conspicuous evil of the present system is found in the fact that it gives some men arbitrary power over others, and this sort of power of one man over his fellow-men is in reality tyranny, no matter by what other name it may be called: and because it is tyranny, it is damaging alike to the ruler and the ruled. . . . Because I believe in equality,—believe that you spring from the same divine source that I do—because of that; I believe that the natural impulse for you and for all men is to desire to do the right thing because it is right. Therefore we have been trying to direct the business of the Acme Sucker Rod Company from that standpoint. . . .” Another letter is on the subject of “Love and Reason or Hate and Force,” and was called forth by the adoption of strict rules by the men to govern their insurance society, in fear of each other’s dishonesty.

“We have the authority of the greatest teacher the world ever knew,” he writes, “for saying that the way to overcome evil is with good. The gospel of force and hatred as represented by laws, policemen’s clubs, constables, sheriffs, jails, prisons, armies, navies and legalized murder in many forms has had its inning; and crime, wretchedness, misery and war still curse this beautiful earth. Let us try the other plan. Let us try, in a small way, to overcome evil with good—that is to put out fire with water rather than with kerosene oil. Let us manifest our faith in God by our faith in the God (the good) in our fellow-men, by our faith in humanity. Believe me, dear friends, there is good in every soul that breathes. All the rule that you really need is just enough to provide for Equality, that all shall be served alike, and I am sure that by trusting your fellow-men, trusting to the rule of love and reason and appealing to the manhood and honesty in them, you will be far more likely to succeed than by imitating lawmakers and rulers in an effort to ‘force’ men to be honest.”

The object of these letters was “to lead to a more perfect understanding” between him and his employees, and he placed a box in the office in which letters of criticism, anonymous or signed, could be dropped by the men, a privilege which was sometimes availed of. These letters of Jones’s treat of a great variety of topics. In them he advocates trade-unionism, although he declares that he is “far beyond” it. “I want a condition where there will be no war nor need
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of war measures.” He deprecates the caste-feeling which exists among workmen and the contempt which skilled labor exhibits toward that which is unskilled. He points out what he has been able to accomplish in the factory, to wit, a minimum wage of $2 a day for every man who had been in the service of the company for a year, no child labor, men being paid to do “children’s work,” no “piece-work,” no work “contracted-out,” no overtime, no time-keeper, each man reporting his own time, and a cash dividend of five per cent. on the year’s wages at Christmas. In the oil-fields he stuck to full pay for an eight-hour day while all other employers required twelve hours’ work. In one letter he urges the claims of co-operative insurance upon the men. If the men agreed to leave 1 per cent. of their wages on deposit for this purpose, the company contributed a like amount for the same end, to be paid out as insurance in case of sickness or injuries. Still later a system by which the men could receive stock in the company was devised and put in operation.

His Christmas letters to the men perhaps go the deepest. One of them is on the “Christ principle” of love to enemies, doing good to those that hate you and overcoming evil with good. Another is devoted to “peace on earth and good will toward men.” “My meaning will be made clearer,” he says, “when I say that I am addressing Jones as much,—perhaps more,—than I am addressing anybody else. My very intimate acquaintance with Jones leads me to say that he has not yet come into that realization of ‘peace on earth and good will toward men’ that is his privilege, and the privilege of all who listen to and obey the promptings of the voice within. . . . The practical application of it is, you must live the Christ spirit, you must refuse to fight, you must refuse to kill, you must reject force, you must deny that under any condition a big man has a right to force a little man or a child, you must stand for love as the only arbiter of right, and you must stand for it at any cost. . . . I am hopeful to the last degree, for I can see that just as soon as the people awaken to the idea of oneness and unity, of brotherhood, the common soldiers will throw down their guns, and, refusing to fight, will fall into each other’s arms and laugh at their masters, and thus all war will end just as soon as the common working-men determine that they will not kill each other. This is the promise that the Christmas bells annually renew in our ears—‘Peace on earth, good will toward men.’”

[To be concluded in The Craftsman for March, 1905]