

# The Triumph of Civilization

Freedom Press

October, 1886

On the outskirts of a great city,  
A street of fashionable mansions well withdrawn from all the noise  
and bustle;  
And in the street--the only figure there--in the middle of the road,  
in the bitter wind --  
Red-nosed thin-shawled, with ankles bare and old boots--  
A woman bent and haggard, croaking a dismal song.  
And the great windows stare upon her wretchedness, and stare across  
the road upon each other,  
With big fool eyes;  
But not a door is opened, not a face is seen,  
Nor form of life down all the dreary street,  
To certify the existence of humanity,--  
Other than hers.

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