

**EDWARD
WILLIAM BOK**

WHY I BELIEVE IN
POVERTY

Edward Bok
Why I Believe in Poverty

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Why I Believe in Poverty / As the richest experience that can come to a Boy:

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A FOREWORD

THE article in this little book was published in *The Ladies' Home Journal* for April, 1915. Much to the surprise of the author, the call for copies was so insistent as to exhaust the edition of the magazine containing it. As the demand did not appear to be supplied, the article is now reprinted in this form. It is sent out with the hope of the author that it may still further fulfill its mission of giving the stimulant of encouragement wherever it is needed.

E. B.

October

Nineteen hundred and fifteen

WHY I BELIEVE IN POVERTY

AS THE RICHEST EXPERIENCE THAT CAN COME TO A BOY

I MAKE my living trying to edit the “Ladies’ Home Journal.” And because the public has been most generous in its acceptance of that periodical, a share of that success has logically come to me. Hence a number of my very good readers cherish an opinion that often I have been tempted to correct, a temptation to which I now yield. My correspondents express the conviction variously, but this extract from a letter is a fair sample: —

It is all very easy for you to preach economy to us when you do not know the necessity for it: to tell us how, as for example in my own case, we must live within my husband’s income of eight hundred dollars a year, when you have never known what it is to live on less than thousands. Has it ever occurred to you, born with the proverbial silver spoon in your mouth, that theoretical writing is pretty cold and futile compared to the actual hand-to-mouth struggle that so many of us live, day by day and year in and year out – an experience that you know not of?

“An experience that you know not of”!

Now, how far do the facts square with this statement?

Whether or not I was born with the proverbial silver spoon in my mouth I cannot say. It is true that I was born of well-to-do parents. But when I was six years old my father lost all his means, and faced life at forty-five, in a strange country, without even necessaries. There are men and their wives who know what that means: for a man to try to “come back” at forty-five, and in a strange country!

I had the handicap of not knowing one word of the English language. I went to a public school and learned what I could. And sparse morsels they were! The boys were cruel, as boys are. The teachers were impatient, as tired teachers are.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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