stock exchange booms, or sought to make good their losses from falling prices.

A LITTLE vague, perhaps—very much so as an explanation, for it seems not to have occured to him that the only money that banks can lend is money derived from production, that the failure of a revival of industry does not lie with the banks but must be traced to the sources of production. He makes no reference to tariffs. This might lead him directly to the trail where the land question lies only partly concealed. But the trouble with Mr. Keynes and like minded observers is that they are concerned with *symptoms* and not with *causes*. And they move these symptoms like figures on a chess board, placing now one and now another in a position of supposed advantage. They never really play the game out because of the missing chess men, but it is a great game while it lasts. And they talk of banking and capital—which banks of course do not supply—without reference to the missing chess men, Land, Economic Rent and Taxes.

The Secret Is Out

IN another column we have expressed our distrust of *The New Republic* and our belief that it serves but poorly the cause of progressivism. This complaint was based chiefly on what that paper has refrained from saying, sins of omission in its varied preachments, not definite pronouncements upon which we could comment.

In our mild but long continued bewilderment as to what this periodical stood for, if it stood for anything at all, we earnestly hoped for some statement of policy that might go a little ways toward reassuring its readers that it had some sort of programme that might be useful in these "times of hesitation" and general muddlement.

At last we have it from one of the editors, Edmund Wilson, in an article in issue of Jan. 14, entitled "An Appeal to Progressives." Let us hope that there are few progressives like those to whom this appeal is addressed. This article is featured on the cover with a running head, "Should American radicals take communism from the communists and come out unreservedly for the collective ownership of the means of production?" To such a pass come those who have no anchor but drift with the drifting tide.

We are told that the liberalism which *The New Republic* has stood for in the past was derived primarily from Herbert Croly's book, "The Promise of American Life," written more than twenty years ago. Croly offered in this book "an original interpretation of American history which in its field set a new standard of realism." So says Mr. Wilson. That is no doubt important. We suppose that we need some realism now and then.

That we may understand just what we are to expect from this new declaration of policy a few quotations from this remarkable article may be given.

"The time may come, Croly tells us, when the fulfillment of a justifiable democratic purpose may demand the limitation of certain rights to which the Constitution affords such absolute guarantees." This is quoted approvingly, as is the following:

"What was needed was a frank confession that genuine democracy meant not unlimited freedom but a sensible and systematic curtailiment of the right of everybody in the interests of all."

And Mr. Wilson says further on: "A genuine opposition, must, it seems to me, openly confess that the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution are due to be supplanted by some new manifesto and some new bill of rights."

We would remark that "A systematic curtailment of the rights of everybody in the interests of all," has been the plea and defence of every despotism since Nero. But it comes curiously from the mouth of a "progressive." The idea that democracy demands the curtailment of any right is a wholly new doctrine. Of course, to rush pell mell into the arms of communism demands that human rights along with property rights must go into the discard.

Mr. Wilson is in a panic and the article is a wail. He sees the present system crumbling. He thinks the alternative is communism. He is mistaken—it is freedom. Salvation lies in the very thing he denies—the establishment of human rights, the contempt for which the French Assembly told us was responsible for most of the ills of mankind.

Maybe we shall embrace communism. But Mr. Wilson has given us some excellent reason why we should not. He tells us this in a great many words and promises to return to the subject in a future number. For the time being we leave him beside the Wailing Wall.

Henry George and The Gladstones

"MARY GLADSTONE, Her Diaries and Letters," is a fascinating book. We could perhaps have been spared the somewhat irritating evaluations of her editor, Lucy Masterman. Hereafter we shall contend that all volumes of Letters and Diaries appear unedited (except as emendated) and printed without comment.

This book is intensely interesting. It introduces us again to nearly all the great Victorians, and Mary Gladstone's remarks are shrewd, interpretative and revealing. We can pardon the wholly unquestioning admiration for her great father and her contempt for "Dizzy," sentiments quite natural in a devoted daughter, whose sympathies not less than her intellectual qualities are wholly admirable.

But it is what she says of Henry George that is of in-

terest to readers of LAND AND FREEDOM. On August 17, 1883, she writes:

Yesterday I began "Progress and Poverty," supposed to be the most upsetting book of the age. At present Maggie and I both agree with it, and most brilliantly written it is. We had a long discussions. He (W. E. Gladstone, the Prime Minister) is reading it, too.

On September 6: Finished reading "Progress and Poverty" with feelings of deep admiration—felt desperately impressed, and he is a Christian.

On March 8, 1884, she writes:

On the way to Town Hall for George's lecture. At first it seemed very doubtful whether he would be heard, and he was not well or up to the mark. Still, on the whole, considering the audience disagreed with him and were undergraduates, his fate was better than was expected, and certainly he has a good deal of the genius of oratory about him, and sometimes the divine spark—he is also a man possessed, and he often carried one away. Questions were asked him of all kinds at the end. He did not flinch, and had a wonderful way of leaping to his feet and answering with great spirit and manliness.

Again she writes:

To Trinity, where we had tea with Professor Stuart, meeting Mr. Henry George. Professor Stuart boldly rushed into "Progress and Poverty," and long and earnest and keen was the discussion on nationalizing the land, etc. We tried our very utmost to convert him, but alas! he far more nearly converted us. He deeply impressed us with his earnestness, conviction, and singleness and height of aim. I don't think we made the slightest impression on him, and he was very quick and clear in argument. Helen and Mr. Sedley Taylor and Mr. Butler, and the son of Henry George, sat mum throughout. I made two or three desperate ventures, and got red as my gown, but felt crushed. Perhaps Professor Stuart hardly stood to his guns. Walked to chapel with the man, and he told me of his horrid meeting at Oxford. Mem.: Lord Rayleigh in ante-chapel, and Henry George. We dined with Professor Stuart; also present, Nora Sidgwick. . . . . Stories only at first, but we got on to George and luxuries, and long and earnest was the discussion.

Later in her Diary she says:

We had, over tea, a conference with George; Herbert (Gladstone), and Professor Stuart, chief questioners and examiners; Alfred Lyttelton listening and putting in much sympathizing with Mr. George. A great success, for they much liked and softened towards the good little man; and as to Maggie, she was converted. On the whole, he stood his ground well.

That the subject was on her mind is revealed later by an entry in which she tells of a dinner at which she sat next to Alfred Milner, afterwards Viscount Milner, and talked of Henry George, but does not tell us what was said. A dinner in London a few days later found her seated with James Russell Lowel and the question of compensation to land owners was brought up. Lowell said he would not have been in favor of compensation to slave owners but thought there was a difference in kind as property between slaves and land. She breaks off, as she frequently does, with some girlish irrelevance, "He was a kill-joy somehow all the way through."

Of Henry George she says, with deep feeling:

"I think he impressed us all very deeply, and even if his remedy left the world in as bad a condition as it is now, I feel unspeakable admiration for the man who is fighting this battle. I often feel that we have no business to have one moment of peace or happiness because of the intense misery around us. He has not a moment's rest because of it and I honor and revere him for it."

She expresses her regret at the behavior of the Oxford students:

"I am very sorry indeed to hear how disgraceful had been the meeting at Oxford. At Cambridge, though they disagreed with him utterly, they treated him with courtesy. Arthur Lyttelton and Prof. Stuart went with me, and they were both struck. He answered questions in such a spirited way, I thought, leaping to his feet, and sometimes his action is so fine. We mean to tackle him once more."

An amusing entry is the following:

"Some one, chaffing Miss Max Muller, asked her whether she was not afraid Mr. George would run off with her father's forks and spoons, she answered, No, since her father had paid for them with his earnings—an answer that sounds sufficiently orthodox!

How explain, in view of the interest excited by the visit of Henry George, and the favorable impression made by his teachings on the Prime Minister's favorite daughter, that the only reference ever made in Parliament by the Great Commoner to "Progress and Poverty" was a sneer?

THE idea of a gasoline tax to pay for roads, has been pushed to the front * * * by land speculators to avoid paying * * * a part of the increased land values which the roads create * * *

The popular political slogan is: "When in doubt, put a tax on gasoline!" —Princeton, N. J. *Packet*

HE who owns more land than is necessary for him to feed himself and his family is not only a party to, but is to blame for that want and depravity and all those miseries from which the masses of the people suffer.

—LEO TOLSTOY.

EVERY one knows very well, knows without a doubt, with all his being, that all men are equal. And, at the same time, he sees round him the division of all people into two castes; the one laboring, oppressed, needy and suffering; and the other—idle, oppressing, living in luxury and making merry. He not only sees this, but willy-nilly, on one side or another, he takes part in this division of people which is rejected by his conscience; and he cannot fail to suffer from the consciousness of such a contradition and from his participation in it.

—LEO TOLSTOY