

The Post Memorial Meeting in New York

AN assemblage of about 500 attended the Memorial Meeting in honor of the late Louis F. Post, held under the auspices of the Robert Schalkenbach Foundation on the evening of April 10 at the Community Church, Park Avenue and 34th Street, this city.

Charles O'Connor Hennessy, president of the Robert Schalkenbach Foundation, in opening the meeting, explained briefly the origin and purpose of the Foundation, which has been created through a generous bequest in the will of the late Robert Schalkenbach to promote a wider acquaintance with the social and economic philosophy of Henry George.

"Because Louis F. Post was one of the first of the citizens named by Mr. Schalkenbach to administer this trust" said Mr. Hennessy, "and because, since Henry George's death thirty years ago, Mr. Post had been leading expositor of Mr. George's ideas, it seemed to us proper and fitting that we should summon followers of Henry George and of Louis F. Post to join in a tribute of affection and regard to their memories and to the principles to which their lives were dedicated.

"It is hard to think of the name of Louis F. Post without thinking of Henry George. There are a number of men here tonight, and your chairman is very proud to believe he is one of them, who enjoyed the great privilege and honor of the friendship and confidence of Henry George, but it will not be questioned by anyone that Mr. Post enjoyed that friendship and confidence more intimately and completely during the historic events of their lives in this city than, perhaps, any other man.

"And from that day, more than forty years ago, when Louis F. Post, then a brilliant young lawyer of this city, became a convert to the great truth preached by Henry George, he took into his heart, as it were, the cross of a new crusade, and to the truth he was faithful to the very end when he passed a few months ago from life here to join the great spirit of Henry George in the Life Beyond.

"We would speak tonight of Louis F. Post, as journalist, lawyer, editor, author of many books, and high-minded and efficient public servant in an important and responsible post at Washington during the two administrations of Woodrow Wilson. I believe the influence of his life, his writings and his public utterances during the last forty years, have done much to uplift the standard of American life, and that the influence of his teachings will persist for many generations to come."

The chairman declared that the characteristics that seemed to him to distinguish Louis F. Post from other public men were his consistent Americanism, his devotion to the ideals and principles upon which the Republic was founded. He quoted from Mr. Post's stirring essay on "What is Patriotism?" in the "Ethics of Democracy"

and read approvingly from the editorial page of the *Baltimore Sun* the statement that none could more perfectly meet the test of 100% Americanism than Louis Freeland Post.

Chairman Hennessy presented Dr. John Haynes Holmes, who said in part:

"My presence at another meeting this evening would have made it impossible for me to be here tonight had it not been for two facts: First of all, I felt that it was my duty as well as my very great pleasure to stand upon this platform just for a few moments and to express the pleasure that I felt in my heart that this meeting in memory of a great and good man should be held within this church which I so love. I feel that this church is sanctified by the presence of this company and the spirit of this occasion.

"I can realize what Mr. Post did for one life. He didn't teach me about the Single Tax. I learned that from Henry George. But what he did teach me, so far as I can search the crannies of my mind, was the reality of a political democracy and what constitutes the betrayal of that democracy. Mr. Post taught me that democracy is betrayed when government is used to bestow special favors and privileges upon the rich and powerful who do not need them, and secondly, that the ideal of democracy is betrayed when government is used for the oppression of the great unprotected masses of the people. Mr. Post could recognize no classes in democracy. There could be no rich for the government to serve and no poor and helpless for the government to oppress. His ideal of our great republic was the ideal of Abraham Lincoln—a government of the people, for the people, and by the people, all the people together—and the thing for which he lived through all his many years was symbolized as well as defined by his second name—Freeland. God bless and sanctify the memory of this great and good man."

ADDRESS OF FREDERIC C. LEUBUSCHER

SO IMBUEED was Spinoza with the idea of the divine that he was called "God Intoxicated." To paraphrase this, we can call Louis F. Post "Freedom Intoxicated." Throughout his long life, in his public utterances and actions and in his books, there is insistence on individualism, on personal liberty. His attitude in the deportation cases, when he braved war-maddened public hysteria to uphold the rights of man, while the most sensational, was only typical.

Almost forty-four years ago, while I was a clerk in a law office, my employers gave me a vacation. At that early age my mental relaxation from the study of musty law books consisted in devouring novels—the more sensational the better. So on my trip to the country I picked up at a book stall a paper covered novel entitled "Progress

and Poverty." Imagine my disgust on finding it to be a treatise on political economy. But as I had nothing else with which to while away the tedium of a journey, I commenced to read it. I was soon enthralled by the beautiful style of the opening chapter; and before the two weeks of my vacation were over, I had finished reading "Progress and Poverty." Not only that, but I had become a convert to what was afterwards called the SingleTax Philosophy. For two years I did nothing to further the cause, except to call the attention of friends to the remarkable book.

In 1886 the newspapers were full of the candidacy of Henry George for the mayoralty of New York City. This emboldened me to go to his campaign headquarters in the old Colonnade Hotel, since razed. At last I was to meet the man pictured by my youthful enthusiasm as the greatest philosopher of all times. I might add that now, when my hair is white, I have not revised my early judgment. As I opened the door, I was greeted by a young, short, rather squatty man, whose Jovian head was covered by a mass of bushy hair. Thus I first met Louis F. Post. After introducing me to the candidate, who spoke to me as though I were an equal, while I felt like an urchin in the presence of the awe-inspiring teacher, Post took me aside to learn what I could do to aid the campaign. Discovering I had some knowledge of stenography, which was unusual in those days, he set me to work reporting Henry George's speeches.

After this most sensational campaign was over, Post suggested that he and I write a history of it. In the published book "An Account of the George-Hewitt Campaign of 1886," he kindly coupled my name with his as co-author, although my contribution to the work was largely that of amenuensis. This was also typical—never himself seeking the limelight, but always dragging a friend into it.

Post had the art of the campaign orator of injecting stories in his speech, so that his audience never tired even when listening to speeches that required the closest attention. Just imagine keeping an audience interested throughout an hour's address on political economy, mingling laughter with applause. In the '80s one of the leading radicals in New York was John Swinton, who published *John Swinton's Paper*. Swinton's panacea for all economic ills, his cure-all, was the greenback. He and Post had a joint debate on the comparative merits of the land and the money questions. Finally Swinton said, "If I could get all the money of the world you can have all the land." Quick as a flash Post replied, "Agreed; you have all the money and I have all the land—now get off my earth."

Hard work never kills, for if it did, Post would never have lived to be seventy-eight. During the '86 campaign, which lasted a month, I doubt if he averaged four hours' sleep out of the twenty-four. At headquarters during the day, speaking at night until eleven, and then taking up

his duties as editor of the *Leader* until 2 A.M. Every New York newspaper was opposing Henry George, so Post started a daily called the *Leader* which lasted a year until the Socialists captured it, when it soon died.

This week there will be many memorial meetings in honor of a man who died over a century ago. Thomas Jefferson's birthday comes on Friday. He was the great American exponent of democracy (with a small d). Post followed in his foot-steps. Before many years, the American people will have learned that were it not for Post and men like him who, despite obloquy, repelled assaults on the very fundamentals of Jeffersonian democracy, they might now be ruled by a Mussolini.

At the conclusion of this address, Frank I. Morrison, secretary of the American Federation of Labor, paid a high tribute to Mr. Post and dwelt upon his life-long interest in the labor movement. A notable statement of Mr. Morrison's was: "We can build monuments to the memory of Louis F. Post and other pleaders for social justice by entering whole-heartedly into that struggle."

ADDRESS OF FREDERIC C. HOWE

(IN PART)

TO me the things that distinguish Louis Post are the things that to him were important, and the things that to him were important are not in reality important to very many people. I fancy that they are more generally important to the friends of Mr. Post who have gathered here this evening, but to the generality of folks the things that he held important are not important. I should not emphasize the courage of Mr. Post as courage. I should not exalt the fight he made as such. The thing that distinguished Mr. Post even among his associates was the fact that he held the human mind to be important. He believed in the human mind. All his life, from the time he saw the Single Tax light, he challenged the idea that the world thought through its stomach, and I am quite serious about that because there is a very substantial economic and political group in the world that insists that the world only moves through its hunger and through its poverty. I am not referring alone to the proletarian classes or the Socialist party, but our bankers and business men act on the assumption that the world moves only through its wants, through its hunger, through its stomach. Yet Mr. Post did not question but that the truth, a logical truth, a truth that would stand the test of trial, could be presented with assurance to a landlord, to a banker, to a protectionist or to any class in society, and that if that truth were stated clear enough and often enough, it would make its way.

I am not at all sure but that in the realm of mature adult thinking, *The Public* in those days, edited by a very poor man, living on a very negligible salary, in politics a considerable part of the time fighting a fight for the school board, entertaining his friends and reading apparently

all the important things that came out, was as great an intellectual influence as we have had in this country.

ADDRESS OF ANNA GEORGE DE MILLE

IT is difficult for me to be impersonal tonight because I think no bond of blood could be stronger than this bond that bound me to Mr. Post, a bond of long friendship, of deep respect. I can't remember when he first happened in my life. He seemed always to have been there since my earliest memories, woven into the background, sometimes coming out vividly into the foreground and taking shape in the biggest crises I have ever had to go through, so that it is a little hard for me to speak. I could tell you so many things, so many personal things, so many anecdotes that perhaps some of you don't know, but this seems hardly the time.

This man was one of the best beloved friends of my father, and those of us, all of us, who have known him, know why that was, why he should have chosen this man of such tremendous mentality, of such wonderful judgment, of such tolerance. That clean mind of his that went along with a deep, mellow wisdom. He might have been anything he chose to be as far as power in the world went because he had this great legal mind and a most gifted pen. But these two gifts he did not dedicate to financial gain. He might have served great powers and might have been a rich man, but he died a poor man because he dedicated himself to the cause of humanity.

He put aside all dreams of personal ambition that he might follow the truth as he saw the truth. His life was one long unswerving service to this truth, and unselfishly he endeavored to bring economic justice and spiritual understanding.

There have been many times in my life when the world has seemed so out of joint that I have been almost destroyed, and I have made that pilgrimage down to Washington and found this gentle, quiet, strong, wise person waiting there with advice and comfort and strength, and in that home I have found the healing balm and have gone out again back into life with my spirit renewed, the tangles that had almost distracted me straightened out and a new faith in my heart.

Almost his last words to me when I saw him just a few days before he died were words of deep abiding faith and words of grief over the intolerance that so many of us who are also serving the same cause which Mr. Post served, the intolerance that so many of us have felt for so many others, all of us working for the same goal, but being so impatient with the other fellow because he may not be reaching for that goal in exactly the same way, may not be traveling exactly the same path. I had to quiet him and tell him not to worry about that, that we really were beginning to get the adult angle, that we really were beginning to be a little more tolerant of each other, and he was quiet and smiled again. In that same conversation I got

from him an understanding of death that was an amazing thing. I never saw anybody more completely ready. He was very tired, very, very tired, but he spoke as complacently of death as one of us might speak of going out of this church tonight. It wasn't death at all, really, it was birth, and he was so completely prepared for it that one could not grieve at his going.

He had that amazing sense of time, or perhaps I should say of timelessness. He seemed to understand as only the very great and deeply wise can understand.

ADDRESS OF LAWSON PURDY

The other day I received a pamphlet from Copenhagen, Denmark. It was the land value maps of the city of Copenhagen. I cannot read Danish but I can read land value maps. It was a very interesting thing to me indeed to see the first book of that kind from Europe, and thinking about tonight it seemed to me that perhaps through a humble chain of persons and circumstances, Louis Post was responsible for those land value maps in Copenhagen.

Forty-one years ago an old friend of mine who was not learned said to me, "Lawson, do you read *The Standard*?" I said, "No. What is *The Standard*?"

"The greatest newspaper that ever was published."

He kept that up week after week. I said, "Show it to me."

"I will not," said he. "Go and buy it at the newstand."

After a few weeks he had piqued my curiosity sufficiently so that I did buy *The Standard* at a newstand, and I read some of the addresses made by Henry George in the old Academy of Music for the Anti-Poverty Society and the addresses of Dr. McGlynn, and they were wonders of eloquence but they roused questions, and there on the column of the editorial page, next to the middle, I think it was, were questions and answers, and the questions were my questions and the answers were plain, lucid, logical, carried conviction, and Louis Post wrote them.

By and by, after perhaps three or four months of that education, of reading *The Standard* week after week, I met no Single Taxers, I met no one who knew anything about the subject, this old man who—My goodness, I think of him now as old, I don't suppose he was quite as old as I am now—wouldn't discuss the subject with me, and in that I think he was very wise, because, as I said, he wasn't a learned man. Perhaps he might merely have aroused my antagonism. I might have bettered him in argument possibly had we gotten to arguing the subject and I had taken the opposite. He never would discuss it with me at all. The time came when I said, "Well, there are tremendous claims made for this and it is about time that I read 'Progress and Poverty.' That seems to be the Bible of Henry George and I ought to do it." And so I did, and a new world was opened, light shone on all the problems both of this life and of the life to come, and that light has shone for me ever since.

Louis Post helped me immensely to see that truth and to bring me to the reading of "Progress and Poverty" in the right spirit.

Then a few years later, 1896 it was, I wanted to have a bill drawn to amend the charter to provide for a separate column for land valuation and the publication of the assessment roll. That idea of publication, I believe, came from Ben Doblin, bless his heart, and so I asked Louis Post to draw a bill for me and he did, and that bill, after various revisions and struggles and changes, became a law in 1903 and it has helped a little around the country to further what Henry George had at heart. Out of that came the land value maps of Copenhagen. May they do good for Copenhagen and spread the practical message of Henry George. That is all they are. For we need the mechanism along with the vision. It is only the vision, however, that will keep men preaching the gospel, and always Post had the vision while he was ever ready to talk the detail and expound the practical application of the vision that came to him from Henry George.

Chairman Hennessy introduced William Lloyd Garrison who spoke in part as follows:

ADDRESS OF WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON

The affirmative, vital, and humanity-loving men do not die, inasmuch as the world has lasting need of its teachers, saints and heroes, to nourish and sustain mankind. The only essential questions in the individual case are these: Did he love? Did he serve? Answer these queries affirmatively, and you have framed the syllables of the word "Immortality." If one ever pauses to doubt, think of Abraham Lincoln, the representative American hero, and consider the amazing and progressive unfolding of the great Lincolnian legend as it passes on from generation to generation.

To the Messianic men and their disciples is granted some identifying relation with the infinite and eternal. Emerson, paraphrasing this thought, has enshrined it in his verse:

"The word unto the prophet spoken
Was writ on tables yet unbroken;
The word by seers or sibyls told,
In groves of oak or fanes of gold,
Still floats upon the morning wind,
Still whispers to the willing mind.
One accent of the Holy Ghost
The heedless world has never lost."

In a similar sense, no effort for the social good, no spiritual consecration of the individual to social purpose, is ever wasted, or fails to be of recurring significance.

I owe to my father the privilege of acquaintance with Louis F. Post. They were both disciples of America's foremost economist-philosopher, and each respected and enjoyed the unabating ardor and forthright sincerity of the other. On the occasion of a Memorial Meeting held at the Park Street Church in Boston, October 16, 1909,

shortly after my father's death, Mr. Post was one of the notable speakers and in his analysis and evaluation of the qualities of his fellow disciple one finds the key and clew to the characteristic qualities of the speaker himself. Referring to his friend and co-worker, Mr. Post said:

"He realized the divine power of freedom among men. It was the same passion for human rights that identified him with so many other causes. To the unthinking, each of these causes seems alien to the rest. But they are (all) intimately related."

"The Single Tax cause came first with him because its democracy includes and vitalizes the democracy of all the others—with its basic principle of equality of right to the use of the earth; with its correlative principle of universal free trade; with its economic result of private earnings for private wealth, and social earnings for social wealth—with these characteristic elements, the Single Tax cause stands for democracy in its most fundamental, in its most comprehensive, in its most effective form."

In his closing characterization he said:

"Definite in his ideals, confident of their actuality, loyal to their demands, our beloved friend has faithfully traveled the straight and narrow path, which, to his view, led on toward their practical realization."

How accurate a summation of the philosophy and faith of the Editor of the Public! How characteristic in its lucidity, its vigor, its discriminating intelligence—and even in its insistent reiteration of the sacred word "democracy"!

Mr. Post was instinctively a scholar and a teacher—a man of the cerebral type, as that wonderful Leonine head so eloquently attested. Supporting that noble head was a muscular and enduring body that made possible the transition of the dreamer and thinker into the vigorous and indomitable man of action.

With unwearying zeal, through a long and active life, he explained the Georgian ideals, he expounded the Georgian ideals, he expanded the Georgian ideals, amplifying and illuminating their meaning and significance.

By so doing he built up his own philosophy and his own powers, and earned a merited reputation as an editor, an orator and a thinker, which made him a national figure, and a factor in the moulding and dissemination of economic and political thought throughout the United States.

The traits of personal courage and independent thinking which mark the individualistic school are among the most valuable factors in our national heritage. In an epoch when revolutionary socialism is paralleled by fascism on the one hand and by bureaucratic plutocracy on the other—a plutocracy of wealth based on land monopoly, and masquerading in the guise of democracy—in such an epoch, men of individual force and faith are sorely needed.

It will again become the fashion to think in the terms of Richard Cobden and of Henry George,—for the simple

reason that other forms of political control which put their faith in fiat, and not in freedom, will run in vicious circles, to such evil purpose, that the people will seek refuge on the higher and safer ground of that genuine self-government that is based firmly upon the popular will. They will rediscover the old truths in new guises in their efforts to escape the alternatives of universal exploitation or universal chaos. From such exploitation and chaos Louis F. Post sought to save his own generation by an appeal to reason and to understanding. The Great War, however, intervened, and put reason to rout—substituting a confused and blind emotion, not confined, it must be said, merely to the Tories of the world, but disrupting and depleting for a time the ranks of the genuine Radical element as well.

These Radical and Liberal ranks are now re-forming, and it is fitting that, at this juncture, we should meet here to honor the memory of one of America's most convinced and convincing individualists, a man of purpose and of power, an altruist and an optimist, who could lead and teach his fellowmen because he loved them, and was prepared to serve them.

ADDRESS OF NORMAN THOMAS

It is a matter of some gratification to me that the Chairman explained that I was here to represent the Civil Liberties Union, for it would be only honest on my part otherwise to make the explanation in this company of those who were so long and so closely connected with Mr. Post; my position might require some explanation not from any lack of affection or reverence for him, but because necessarily I did not know him as they did, nor was my gospel quite the gospel that they have professed so eloquently tonight. It may be well, therefore, as has been explained for me, that I do not come as a Socialist, though as a Socialist I am very happy to remember that there was a time when Louis Post refused to debate the question of Single Tax versus Socialism because he said the two things would have to come together to fight for the same goals in the end. I do come representing an organization to which in a narrow sense as well as in a very much broader sense Mr. Post did great service, the Civil Liberties Union, and that, Mr. Chairman, is a very unpopular organization. At the moment it is more unpopular than almost any organization with which I am connected. One can speak well of a great many of the heroes who have been mentioned tonight because they are dead, but Civil Liberties is only dying, and of that, one cannot speak so well, or perhaps it isn't dying at all. The fear that is aroused lest it be not dying may be proof that it is about to live. At any rate, Civil Liberties is no longer a slogan for admiration in America, one finds. Louis Post found it.

I am one of those who believe that wars can never be fought by Louis Posts. I confess that it seems to me an anachronism to imagine him in the heart and thick of the war, but though it seems a paradox, I am very glad for

every Louis Post who is found in such a place in time of war, and I am inclined greatly to admire what one brave man can do almost alone against his associates in government and against the mob sentiment of the time.

I am somewhat familiar with the history of Civil Liberties within the last ten years or more, and I know of no single act which required more courage, more intellectual keenness, more sheer ability, than Louis Post's single-handed fight to prevent the deportation of some three thousand or more men arrested under conditions of absolute infamy in the famous anti-Red raids in the last of 1919 and the first of 1920. The whole episode is one of the black disgraces on the pages of American history, and the only light that came was that before it was too late Louis Post in the Department of Labor saved literally thousands of those men from deportation.

They were arrested on the information of spies and informers. They were torn out of their beds at night. They were thrown into prisons scarcely better than the Black Hole of Calcutta. Some of them were separated from their families and would have been deported leaving wives and children at home to prove how America venerates the family, and Louis Post—well, he saved thousands of them, and he saved them at risk of misunderstanding. He saved them at the cost of going against that enormously oppressive yet subtle governmental atmosphere in which necessarily he lived in the city of Washington at the time. Not only did he do this thing magnificently, but he left a magnificent record of it in his "Deportation Delirium," a book which I profoundly hope will live in America and will become familiar to Americans, especially to American officials, for alas, it is a subject which is not entirely over. The delirium has passed perhaps, at least for the present, in all its extremity of horror, but that it will not return who can say in an age of D. A. R. black lists. On the day of the revelations of what the K. K. K. has done, on the day of the Chicago primaries, in the time of the oil scandals, who shall say that the delirium deportation has passed?

I am not sure that there is any memorial so true that we can bring to any man as the determination to carry out in our day and generation, in our way, something of that spirit which has made him a living and moving force, a flaming fire among us.

There is no particular loyalty in knowing only the backward look. It pays to look behind in order to get courage to press ahead, and it is in that sense, I think, that we ought to be mindful of Louis Post. While I have been sitting here I have been wondering with what invisible spirits this place of meeting may be tenanted. I don't know whether the thousands whom Louis Post saved from deportation even know that he is dead, and yet if they knew, how filled with life, with its sorrows and hopes and passions would this place of our meeting be, for there would come to honor Louis Post so many sorts and conditions of men, young intellectuals perhaps no longer young, who

caught some message from *The Public*, who got some understanding of national issues and social problems from its brilliant pages. They would be here. Ardent believers in the gospel of Henry George. Others who perhaps have not that faith in its pure form, but nevertheless need to be reminded from time to time how basic is the problem of land. Intellectuals, men of all sorts, and then would come those hosts of the foreign, of the poor, of the radical, of the bitter in spirit, bitter because of injustice, who found in him one sure defender, one of the few men who in power still believed in liberty.

What ways we shall find to honor him I do not know. How soon the unity of the spirit may unite us all I do not know. But this I do know: The country of black lists and persecutions, the country of lynching, of injunction, of the tragedy of the coal fields, of indifference to the vast millions of the unemployed, the country which has degraded democracy to the level of the Chicago fight, and Chicago is perhaps only the most conspicuous illustration of what goes on in America, that country needs profoundly not to forget its Posts, and that country in honoring its Louis Posts can only honor them by fighting on and on and on with the people and for the people. Whether we can agree altogether in the method I do not know. Whether you agree with me that the time has come in America when only a party definitely organized along these lines and for this purpose is the way, I do not know. But this I know: There is no honor to a great man which consists merely in the backward look, in mourning over one who is gone. Honor we pay only as we strive to solve the problems which challenged them, which made them great, and in facing which they served their day and generation.

The meeting ended with the reading by John J. Murphy of extracts from the last chapter of "Progress and Poverty."

England's Taxed Middle Class

IN the whole history of the world there has never been such ferocious taxation as the hard-working middle-class income taxpayer of England is now subjected to, and the atrocities of the tyrant are executed in an alien tongue unintelligible to the victim. The smallest penalty entailed by the arrival of his buff envelopes is another half a day's corvée in trying to understand the unintelligible. In all seriousness we maintain that the Englishman who has the misfortune to earn from £800 to £3,000 a year is the most oppressed person in the whole history of the world. Above that amount, he gives it up, and hands the whole problem over to the professionals in income tax; within that amount he cannot afford to do so, and has to wrestle with the problem himself. There are thousands of honest hard-working men going about under a load of debt for income tax incurred through the unintelligible complications of the income tax. They pile up their work to pay off arrears until their life is one of Egyptian bondage.

—London *Saturday Review*.

What Is The Trouble With Business Today?

An address delivered by Benjamin W. Burger, of New York City, before the Master Sign Manufacturers Association of New York.

Future historians will, I think, look upon our age distinctly as the age of business, big business.

Business is today the consuming passion of the world and particularly of the United States.

The work of satisfying human wants and needs is today being performed on a greater and more efficient scale than ever before in the history of our race.

The great mass of people, particularly in America, have more of the necessities and comforts of life than they ever before have had.

Certainly when we contrast the condition of the mass in the United States with that of the mass in Europe or Asia or Africa, we are indeed well off. Yet, no thoughtful man or woman surveying the scene can truthfully say that prosperity has yet filtered through our national life.

If it had, all of us who were industrious and able would possess as many of the good things of life as we desire and would have fine homes, good clothes, automobiles, radios, leisure to travel, etc., or if we did not care to possess these things, we would at least have the means of acquiring them.

Too many of us still live in flats or furnished rooms (less than one-half of America lives in what it is pleased to call its own home, but when you learn how small is the equity, I dare say not ten per cent. of us really live in our own homes.)

Only a small percentage of Americans read books. I believe the statistics show that less than one book per person is read in the United States annually. Even automobiles are owned only by about one half of American house holders and radios are even less common.

Our eighty-seven billion life insurance loses its impressiveness when you recall that this represents less than \$800. for every individual in this country, and as for regular leisure to travel, very few of us have the opportunity.

One of the tests of a nation's prosperity is:—What is it doing for its children, its oncoming generations.

In this country today, it is true we are educating them better than ever before, yet even here we are far behind. Only one boy in a hundred can afford to go to college. We have over 216,000 dependent children in our public institutions. Over one million children under sixteen years of age are compelled to work in factory, mine or field. In this city over 32,000 children under fifteen years of age are compelled to go to work. In this city over 690,000 women are engaged in working for wages.

In 1926, according to Professor Irving Fisher, a standard family of five in the United States (and in that category seventy-six million people in this country were included)