

"The Tribunal was very much impressed by the case of Dr. McGlynn, but it took them forty-five days to ascertain whether or not Georgeism was a revolutionary doctrine. Since I held no high political position, and since I have never been involved in a crime, I was not sentenced to death, but was given a life sentence. During the forty-five days, however, I was in prison among those sentenced to death. Each night I saw my companions taken out to die, and one night I thought they were going to take me, too. You see, I was on the brink of being the first Georgeist martyr!

"After my sentence was confirmed, I was transferred to the Prison of San Miguel de los Reyes in Valencia, where I remained completely *incommunicado* until August 26, when I was liberated. Due to a reviewing of sentences, mine has been reduced to six years.

"My present status is that of prisoner in my own home, and of course I will not be reinstated in the University to continue my teachings. My immediate problem is to be able to live, since the authorities have confiscated my home and everything I possessed, including my clothing, and even my professional diplomas. I am living now through the kindness of my sister. I hope that the authorities will at least allow me to work as an attorney. If not, I will be compelled to request help from you to approach the Spanish Embassy in Washington to give me a passport to the United States, so that I might establish myself in your country as Professor of Spanish and Economic Philosophy. For two years I was lecturer in Spanish at the University of Liverpool, England.

"Since the middle of 1938, I have not received any word from you, and I have been out of touch with the movement in America. I trust that the Henry George School is still growing. We have to recognize that Oscar Geiger had a great idea, and thanks to him, our Cause has entered a new period of efficacy. If we had continued with the old methods, we could never have reached our ends.

"We have to accept the fact that Henry George's words are the most efficient means for converting people. To us, his pupils, it remains only to propagate his works and succeed in making the people read his books directly. To this end, the best means is to offer students the opportunity to study collectively the works of Henry George; and this is the method of the School, the great vision of Oscar Geiger.

"I wish to renew my acquaintance with all my Georgeist friends in America, and request that you supply me with Georgeist literature. Cordial regards to all the Georgeists, and affectionate greetings to you, my dear friends."

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(We have already communicated with Washington, and hope to assist Prof. Alonso to come to this country, should the occasion warrant. We will keep our readers informed of developments.—Ed.)

I Rest Awhile

But I Shall Awake To Strive Again

FROM Mrs. Bessie Beach Truelhart we have received an obituary of Laurie J. Quinby, who died November 17th at the age of 71. Mr. Quinby was elected to the Nebraska State Senate in 1915. With other work there he accomplished the consolidation of Omaha and suburbs. He was one of the active promoters of the new State Capitol and the New Constitution for the State providing for Unicameral Legislation. He was the author of several books and pamphlets, among them, "Three Paths," "The American Republic of States and Democracy of Citizens," and "The Natural Basis of Morals and Ethics."

Mr. Quinby's funeral was unique in that he had written his own obituary, with the request that it be read at his funeral. We present it herewith.—Ed.

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GENTLE FRIENDS, HAIL AND FAREWELL.

For me, this act of the play is ended. In Life's Drama I played but a minor part. Into this part I put the best that was in me. Not always did I confine myself to the written lines, but wherever I felt that revision of them might be made by me, I did not hesitate so to revise them. Whether such was for good and betterment of all, Time alone will tell. Yet, looking back, I feel that much more I might have done. Many actors in this Drama I have loved. To them I am indebted for the contributions they made to my faith in mankind. However dark each day's shadows were, I found that at heart mankind is divine.

The everlasting play shall go on. Its players, day after day, shall step aside, only that greater artists may appear upon the stage to play their parts. That, through some divine law, I was given a part in this Drama is to me of infinite satisfaction. "I thank whatever gods may be" for Life's glorious experiences.

In the Drama of Life, from childhood to this day, I was in and felt the tragedies of its many scenes, but into my heart came joy and gratitude for the struggle. Though, at times, I felt quite alone, yet I was not alone. Back of me was a parentage that did not cramp my forming years. Into my life came friends devoted and true. For the affection and love of splendid women and the strong support and assistance of noble men, I render to Life the gratitude of a devoted heart.

I experienced want and poverty. I knew the weight of Privilege, for I strove beneath its feet. In the darkest days of it all, I mustered all the elements of my patience—even to the point of reducing that "patience" to mustard, whose pungent tang at times quite o'erwhelmed me. Yet, upon reflection, knowing my own weaknesses, this knowledge impelled me to overlook the foibles of others. Though, occasionally, I did not hesitate to criticize, deep within me there was no feeling of resentment. I did not wish to make of myself a section of "the day of judgment." I caught glimmerings of Natural Law under which, through his inadequate knowledge, man had struggled and fallen, but rose again to fight and to carry on. Yes, to carry on forever in unity and harmony with and under the Natural Law of Justice. Truly, the trend of the universe is good.

For the inspiring beauty of his poetic concepts and expressions of Life, more than speech may ever tell, I am beholden to the master, Shakespeare. "What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving, how express and ad-

mirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!"

For what visions of Infinite Love I caught, I shall forever pay my homage to the Prophets of all religions, at the head of whom I place the gentle Gautama and the tender-hearted Nazarene. To Emerson and to Henry George I pay my heart-felt tribute for the concepts of Natural Law that must forever guide us. The Sage of Concord instructed me in the knowledge that "We are begirt by laws which execute themselves," and he addressed to all men the question, "If one could, in the least particular, alter the course of Nature, who would accept the gift of Life?"

The Prophet and the Seer of civilized society and social progress, Henry George, gave me insight into the truth that all the sufferings of men are due to man's violation of Natural Law, obedience to which he proved would advance personal and social peace among the brotherhood of men. He admonished me and all men to —

"Look around today.

"Lo, here and now, in our civilized society, the old allegories yet have a meaning, the old myths are still true. Into the valley of the Shadow of Death yet often leads the path of duty, through the streets of Vanity Fair walk Christian and Faithful, and on Great-heart's armor ring the clanging blows. Ormuzd still fights with Ahriman—the Prince of Light with the Powers of Darkness. He who will hear, to him the clarions of the battle call.

"How they call, and call, and call, till the heart swells that hears them! Strong soul and high endeavor, the world needs them now. Beauty still lies imprisoned, and iron wheels go over the good and true and beautiful that might spring from human lives.

"And they who fight with Ormuzd, though they may not know each other, somewhere, sometime, will the muster roll be called."

Yes, Strong Soul, I was mustered into that host that caught the gleams of Natural Justice. That host whose eyes saw the dawning of a better day, where want and misery among mankind should be no more. That host whose mind grasped the truth that before the Primal Pioneer placed him upon this planet He made full provision for man, that from Whose Storehouse—the land—man might secure every element for his nourishment and good, without let or hindrance. That host whose understanding saw that Privilege had entered in and through unjust enactments by governments, had preempted Nature's bounties and levied tribute upon men who sought the blessings their Father had provided for them. Now, to these hosts—

All hail, strong champions of a noble cause!
 Defenders of Eternal Justice, hail!
 True heralds of the time when, from the heights
 Of mankind's rich attainment of the goal
 (Whereto the seers of every age have urged)
 Majestic Liberty shall loud proclaim
 The winners of her Diadems of Peace—
 Above the ranks of kings and potentates,
 Shall stand Apostles of our Henry George.
 When scoffers jeered and Truth was in eclipse,
 He stood for common Justice and the right
 Of every man to freedom of the land.

To hold aloft the emblem of this cause,
 Where eye of man may everywhere behold,
 In acts heroic when the lords of earth
 Would from this storehouse of our world withhold
 The hand of Toil and brain of Enterprise.
 For such they do when these they blight and check
 With taxes levied on the needs of man.

When all have plenty, then the bitter strife
 (Dark foe to onward, upward march of man)
 Shall end, and in its place the Song of Peace
 (To which the lyres of Ancient Bards were strung)
 Shall sound along the highways of the world.
 For plenty is the fruit of Toil alone,
 Applied to Nature's bounties which our God
 For all mankind, has lovingly ordained.

'Tis not God's will that pomp and glory shine
 Through shutting from His land the race of men.
 And, by His Law, eternal and supreme,
 Who close the land against the right of Toil,
 Shall, by that act, deprive themselves of good;
 For naught that is unjust shall here remain,
 While God is Love and Justice is His Law.

For the vision of a glorified humanity, under the glow of Liberty and Justice through obedience to Natural Law, I owe a debt of gratitude to the immortal Henry George. When in early life, first I caught that vision, I resolved that gratitude for it demanded of me the gift of my heart's devotion. I kept that pledge. I fought the fight. Yet still the vision gleams before me and lures me on to greater effort. Toward it, still may I strive on in larger spheres of influence, until upon this earth no child shall go to bed ahungered; not one mother fear for the safety of her brood; nor one father among men strive against his brother for Liberty and Justice and the Peace of the World. You, all of us shall move forward until these blessings shall flow into the lives of men, filling and surrounding them with the happiness of Life, as the golden orb of day illumines our universe with light.

Fervently I rest serene in the thought that, as I bid the world farewell, leaving my beloved ones to the kindness of mankind, shall be greeted by those to whom I gave my heart's devotion there upon the other Shore of Life. Toward that shore, upon a widening channel, I float into and over the Infinite Sea.

Laurie J. Quinby

Postscript—

Since nothing in its complete essence ever is begun, neither is anything ever finished. (Not even this posthumous letter, as will be noted.) Whatever is, had a heretofore and shall have a hereafter. It is inconceivable that anything can spring from nothing. It is equally inconceivable that annihilation can result for anything that now exists. If this be true of the atom, can it be less true of the mind—or whatever that may be which we denominate the soul. Then, as every atom is essential to the universe, not one soul can be spared from the Unity of life. The same Thought which, before time, called me into individual mortal life, shall call me back again when It shall have need of me here. Just for a while—

Farewell.

Laurie J. Quinby

THE liberty of the press, trial by jury, the Habeas Corpus Writ, even Magna Charta itself, although justly deemed the palladia of freedom, are all inferior considerations, when compared with the general distribution of real property among every class of people. Let the people have property and they will have power—a power that will forever be exerted to prevent the restriction of the press, and abolition of trial by jury, or the abridgment of any other privilege.

—NOAH WEBSTER