

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)