and averse to publicity. Hence probably he will not like this piece when it is "called to his attention"—which will undoubtedly help some.

BOOKS

"MY STORY."

My Story. By Tom L. Johnson, edited by Elizabeth J. Hauser. New York, B. W. Huebsch. Price, $2.00 net; postage, 20 cts. (Second review.)

Most books that deal with sociological problems and with all kinds of reforms are likely to be uninteresting. Pity it is that it is true, but true it is. A book to be interesting must not only have in it the stuff of fact and thought, but it must have the element of art, which most books on sociology sadly lack. This saving quality of art does not at all mean that the author must consciously and purposely set about being artistic; as a matter of fact he is generally thinking little or nothing about his art, but the art must be there, not only to make the book live, but to make it alive and readable and effective. The art of "Progress and Poverty" is almost as wonderful as its great argument. Henry George probably thought little about rhetoric or grammar, and he occasionally makes a slip from technical rules, even as many of the greatest writers have done, but he was nevertheless an artist with his pen. Hence his books will live, having both the stuff and the style. General Grant, in his Memoirs, told his story simply and straightforwardly, not thinking of style, and yet he hit the high mark, and produced a book which Matthew Arnold, a critic of literature, called America's greatest prose work. It is not easy to say how the thing happens. One striking fact is that it often happens with men of action who have never professed to be bookmen or writers.

I picked up Johnson's "My Story" with the frank expectation of not finding the book very entertaining. I knew it would have some interesting facts and valuable lessons, but I did not expect a book that would entertain, and carry one on, as the saying is, like a novel. Yet this is what it does; it carries one on like an interesting story, which it is. It is more than a sociological story, or an economic story, or a reminiscent story, it is a human story. It is a book which will find more and more readers, not only because of its unique value in giving us a first-hand picture of certain phases of public life peculiar to our time, but because of the fine human element which its writer lets shine through from his noble personality. Anyone who knew Tom Johnson, who had ever looked into his mild and magnificent eyes, ought to have known that it would be so.

From this autobiography the reader will become acquainted with one of the most remarkable men of our day, remarkable for what he did and for what he was, a man intensely practical and as intensely enthusiastic in his faith in what we call the ideals of righteousness and justice, a man of belief and healthy-mindedness. No one has better illustrated Carlyle's saying that "belief is the healthy condition of a man's mind." So healthy-minded was Tom Johnson that nothing could sour his thoughts or embitter his spirit. "How he contrived," says Miss Hauser, "to keep his spirit strong and glad is something one may not hope to comprehend." Was it not his strong faith that solved the riddle? Most of us talk about the power of righteousness and truth, he believed in it. He actually and vividly believed that however great the setbacks, the truth would always win, was always winning, even in its defeats. "If a movement," he says, "is really based upon a principle of right, upon a fundamental truth, nothing injures it. Its progress may be checked but it cannot be permanently stayed. Its enemies aid it in the long run." Read his closing words in this book and his words of good-will and good-cheer throughout all his busy years, and it will be seen that it was this healthy condition of belief which made him free. It was this faith which gradually wrought in his face, and especially in his wonderful eyes, the beautiful look of sweetness and clear brightness, mingled with inevitable sadness, such as is seen in several of Botticelli's madonnas.

I could not keep from thinking, as I read this book, what an education there is in it. Is there any college course which could teach life like this book? What could a young man better do to fit him for life than to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest a book like this, telling in its own simple way the lessons of perseverance, of patience, of the quest of truth, of loyalty to truth, of hopefulness, and greatest of all, the lessons of charity? And not only would the young man find these lessons for character, but he would find here just those practical facts of life in business and politics and in economics which he will have to deal with and ought to know. And he will find here that highest lesson, that in dealing with his fellows the charity which St. Paul preached and Tom Johnson believed in is the supremely practical and only successful course for his life, because it means good-will and the love of justice to all which must inevitably follow. I should not know how to do a better thing for any youth than to put this story into his hands and induce him to read it carefully and thoughtfully. It would go a long way in helping to make a man of him, for it was of the spirit of this man to make men. "The greatest thing our Cleveland movement did," he says, "was to make men."

The book abounds in passages for quotation, but they must be left for the reader's own marking. The closing page of Chapter VII may be com-

mended heartily to anyone who wishes to get a clear idea of the Singletaxer's position, and there are pages which would serve as guide to all municipal reformers. Then there are passages of even dramatic interest, such as the stories of Johnson's dealings with such men as Mayor Pingree and Senator Hanna.

Miss Hauser's introduction is excellent, and her closing chapter tells in simple, unaffected words the end of the life. The editing has been well done, although it must have presented special difficulties arising from the circumstances of the writing. "By sheer force of will," says Miss Hauser, "he dictated 'My Story' after he became so ill that the slightest physical or mental effort was a severe strain." On page 5 "Corner" Springs is a mistake, and Withville should be Wytheville. On page 113 should not "settling" be "selling"? The awkward expression "different—than" occurs several times, and might well have been changed. But the few slips only emphasize the fact how well the editor has done her work.

J. H. DILLARD.

PERIODICALS

The Twentieth Century.

With its January number The Twentieth Century under Charles Zueblin's editorship acquires more distinctly the flavor of his supervision. An intimate sketch of Senator La Follette, "the father of insurgency," pictured in his personal relations as "My Friend," is one of the features; while another, far removed from the first in its externalities but related essentially, is Edith J. R. Isaac's view of "What Jewish Women are doing for the Jews." Sidney Webb argues for "The National Minimum" of social life; the question of a fair deal for Abe Ruef is opened up by George Wharton Jones; Iceland as one of the obscure democracies of Europe is described by Jerome Hall Raymond, and Lucy Fitch Perkins tells "A Middle-Aged Love Story." A serial novel, "Atlantis," by Gerhart Hauptmann, is promised for the year, its first installment to appear in the February number.

The Century.

In view of the question regarding our proposed arbitration treaties with great Britain and France, which Mr. Roosevelt has opposed in The Outlook of December 30, and in his letters peremptorily refusing to meet President Taft at the peace dinner in New York, President Taft's impressive defense of these treaties, which appears in The Century for January, should be thoughtfully read. In addition to its importance with reference to the time when battle flags shall be finally furled, that question may be a burning question in home politics before many months. This number of The Century produces the third and last installment of Charles Johnson Post's picturesque story, with illustrations of his own, of his trip through the wilds of South America—across the Andes and down the Beni through the rubber country into the Amazon.

The Single Tax Review.

The November-December bi-monthly number of The Single Tax Review (New York) opens with a report in full of John W. Bennett's excellent address on "Henry George and the Tariff" at the George birthday dinner in St. Paul last autumn, to which it adds the eloquent tribute of Alexander Mackendrick to the memory of Henry George at the Glasgow Conference on land values taxation early in September. Gustav Büscher's series on the abolition of poverty by restoring equal rights to the earth, and Dr. Brunk's "Land History of the American Colonies," are continued. In the news department there is an extended and faithful report by L. S. Dickey of the Chicago Conference of the Joseph Fels Fund Commission.

Said an English clergyman, "Patriotism is the backbone of the British Empire; and what we have

December Renewals

Did you do your Christmas shopping early? Good. And your December renewing?—The renewing of your subscription to The Public, I mean.

A great number of our subscriptions are due in December. If yours was, will you kindly renew as promptly as you can, now that you've bought all those Christmas presents and got the New Year well started?

Second renewal notices mean a certain amount of bother for you, and unnecessary postage and work for our Subscription Department. We don't mind the work in the least, but want to switch all the surplus energy onto the getting of new business—new advertising, new subscriptions. So we thought we would pass along the renew-as-promptly-as-convenient suggestion to our December-renewal friends.

Stanley Bowmar, Manager.

P. S.—Don't forget the Club proposition when renewing: $2 pays for three subscriptions, two of them new; $4 pays for six; $6 for nine. If you can't convert your friends to the cause of reform, let The Public be your Gold Dust Twins.