

sight or that he has a contingent claim on property which someone else holds on which that someone else is taxed."

The *Chronicle* has yet to discover that though "taxes are paid out of the product" they may nevertheless be laid upon land value—which is not capital—without diminishing the product. Taxes on capital are a burden upon the community because they increase the cost of producing wealth, but economic rent is an inevitable deduction from the total wealth produced that must be paid anyhow, taxes or no taxes. If the community does not take it the landlord will.

### A SOCIALIST'S TRIBUTE TO HENRY GEORGE.

ADDRESS AT GEORGE BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION  
AT ARDEN BY CHARLES ERVIN, OF PHILA-  
DELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 2, 1906.

Many men in many ages have dreamt many dreams. To few if to any has been given the supreme happiness of dreaming true for their own time or generation. A few have dreamed in one generation to find themselves acclaimed the practical minds of the next; some have dreamed in one century and have dreamt true for the succeeding one; but some of the world's greatest dreamers would have had to come back to this old earth of ours, a thousand, yea, thousands of years after to have found even the slightest tissue of their dreams woven in the woof and warp of men's lives. One has only to remember Plato's dream of the "Republic" and Moore's dream of "Utopia" to have this impressed upon the mind. Robert Louis Stevenson in a noble essay, "El Dorado," maintains that true happiness consists not in arriving but in always viewing our El Dorado just beyond the sunset. If this is true then indeed have the great dreamers of every age attained happiness. The man to whose memory we dedicate this day was a dreamer and we believe one of the world's greatest. But it was not given him to dream true for his own day or generation, and it may not be given to you, his followers, or your children to see that he dreamt true for the century following the one in which he lived and dreamed. That George clearly understood this and that it did not for a single instant lessen his holy enthusiasm for the cause of truth, will make the figure of the man loom more grandly through the mists of time than it would had he believed in the early fruition of his hopes for the well being of the race. Henry George believed that the ideal was the only real and no goal short of this could satisfy him. We cannot read too often or dwell too much on these words from "Progress and Poverty."

"The truth that I have tried to make clear will not find ready acceptance. If that

could be, it would have been accepted long ago. If that could be, it would never have been obscured. But it will find friends, those that will toil for it, suffer for it, and if need be, die for it. This is the power of truth. Will it at length prevail? Ultimately, yes; but in our times, or in times of which any memory of us remains, who shall say? For the man who seeing the want and misery, the ignorance and brutishness caused by unjust social institutions, sets himself, in so far as he has strength, to right them, there is disappointment and bitterness. So it has been of old times. So it is even now. But the bitterest thought—and it sometimes comes to the best and bravest—is that of the hopelessness of the effort, the futility of the sacrifice. To how few of those who sow the seed is given to see it grow, or even with certainty to know that it will grow. But for those who see truth and would follow her, for those who recognize Justice and would stand for her, success is not the only thing. Success? Why. Falsehood has often that to give; and Injustice often has that to give. Must not Truth and Justice have something to give that is their own by proper right—theirs in essence, and not by accident. That they have, and that here and now everyone, who has felt their exaltation, knows."

We who think the truths which George announced are so clear that not only "he who runs may read," but he *must* read, should find comfort and encouragement for renewed effort in these words of his. The majority of your fellows will continue to call you dreamers, impractical men, but we *know* we are the sane practical minds of the world and should never for a single moment lower our ideals even to accomplish that which might seem progress. Victory means nothing if we negative our principles in the winning of it. I know no finer words to dignify the memory of George with or none which more justly are his proper due, than those which were uttered by himself in summing up the life and death of the Leader of the Children of Israel out of the Land of Bondage to the border of the Promised Land. God grant that Humanity will find a Joshua to lead them into it.

"Leader and Servant of Men. Lawgiver and Benefactor. Toiler toward the Promised Land, seen only by the eye of Faith. Type of the High Souls, who in every age have given to earth its heroes and its martyrs, whose deeds are the precious possession of the race, whose memories are its sacred heritage. With whom among the founders of empire shall we compare him. To dispute about the inspiration of such a man were to dispute about words. From the depths of the unseen such characters must draw their strength; from fountains that flow only from the pure in heart must come their wisdom. Of something more real than matter; of something higher than the stars; of a light that will endure when

suns are dead and dark; of a purpose of which the physical universe is but a passing phase, such lives tell."

### BOOK REVIEWS.

#### A NOVEL BY HENRY GEORGE, JR.\*

This work discloses Mr. Henry George, Jr., in an entirely new role. We have often thought that if the father had turned his attention to novel writing he might have given us something notable in fiction. Perhaps, too, he could have written a great poem—either achievement seems not to have been impossible to the man capable of writing "Progress and Poverty." Imagination he possessed, and humor, too. Constructive ability was not lacking, and sublimity and pathos. As novelist or poet he would have begun his task with a far higher equipment than many of our most successful novelists. But he chose a different instrument for conveying his message—and it is far better that he did so.

This novel of the son, "The Romance of John Bainbridge," reveals ingenuity in the development of the plot, a pleasant little love story runs through it like a thread, and it maintains its interest throughout. It is a decidedly engrossing story. The book is dedicated to Mrs. George. May we hazard the guess that in inscribing this work to his wife the author discharges the debt he owes for some unmistakably feminine touches which, unless we greatly err, were not of Mr. George's creation?

It is an economic story. It is a novel with a purpose—but the purpose is not writ too large. It deals with privilege—privilege in streets. The lesson is not obtrusive, and for such reason is more effective. The characters are fairly drawn, and stand out with sufficient distinctness. But above all it is a story that will be read. The career of John Bainbridge will be followed with interest by the reader, and his example ought to be a splendid civic lesson.

If we were asked to indicate defect we should say it consists in the occasional infelicitous word. But these are infrequent. Now and then there is a quotable passage, which arrests the attention:

"Dr. Goff gave one of those contented little mirthless laughs that your consciously wise man gives when he wants to be sociable with the less wise." (P. 231.)

"Arlington was genuinely making every effort within his nature to unbend and adapt himself to Jessica. And it often happens that when we incline our wills in a good direction, Heaven inclines our hearts in that direction, also." (Page 234).

"Father, the fact that the railroads are in private hands explains why the wrong men are in public office." (Page 53.)

\*"The Romance of John Bainbridge." By Henry George, Jr. Cloth, gilt top; 420 pp. Price, \$1.50. The Macmillan Company, New York.

And this picture of the mind of the street railroad magnate is perhaps a not unfair description of his type:

"But Fenn did not regard himself as a tyrant or a monster. He realized his wider vision, his deeper thought, his surpassing command of ramifying details. With this knowledge he had the will. Why then should he not rule? Why should not the rule belong to the strong? Was not that the inexorable natural law? If opposition was overborne, if individuals were trampled underfoot, was *he* to be called to account? Nature's elements did the same; social progress did as much. Nature in her broader aspects was simply a clash of forces, and human development but the suffering of the mass for the production of the super or over-man. Napoleon in his foolish, theatrical way had not inaptly phrased it, 'The sword to him who can wield it.'" (Page 90).

There is little attempt at "fine writing"—which is well. But there are, here and there, passages which recall the elder George, and might indeed have been written by him. Of such is the following which with perhaps a trifling pruning of its wealth of adjectives stands as an eloquent passage:

"Except that it would not accommodate an extensive retinue, the house might well have been the palace of a proud and powerful monarch. As a matter of fact it was the "town house" of a plain citizen of the republic who had come up out of obscurity and grown to dazzling superabundance through the acquisition and manipulation of public franchise privileges. True, the acquisition, the retention, and the extension of these privileges had occurred through more or less foul politics, but the building and its contents carried no more suggestion of that to the close-at-hand beholder than do stones of the Parthenon, matchless even in their ruins, tell of the unrequited toil of the thousands who, at the direction of Phidias, reared them; or the mountainous pyramids in Egypt's waste of sands reëcho the agonizing cries of enslaved tribes and nations who, at the hiss and sting of whips, with incredible labor fetched huge masses of stone immense distances and raised them into those imperishable monuments of arrogant pride." (Page 107.)

We congratulate Mr. George on his work. He has written a story which deserves to be read, and has shown a somewhat surprising mastery of a kind of composition in which no one suspected him efficient.

J. D. M.

### PERSONAL.

The *Public* for July 28th contains an interesting and appreciative sketch of the life of Alfred J. Boulton, Single Taxer and register of the city of Brooklyn.

Among the recent visitors to this office was Allen Macdonald, of Adelaide, S. Aus.