

## HENRY GEORGE.

A poem read at the recent celebration of Henry George's birthday, at Des Moines, Iowa.

Though he went from our midst too soon,  
Though the task of his fervid noon,  
His message with world-wide boon,  
Too suddenly fell from his fingers,  
He had wrought it in heedful haste  
As though life had no time to waste,  
With no tool at his hand misplaced,  
Nor a stroke that haltingly lingers.

It stands a symmetrical whole  
That sophistry cannot annul,  
Nor precedent—curse of the dull—  
Forever resist its appealing;  
And many who scoffed at his scheme  
As a theorist's idle dream,  
At the touch of his sunrise gleam  
Feel the eyes of their faith unsealing.

For those who have followed his trend,  
Have been to him brother and friend,  
Who faithfully met at the end  
The trust he had left to their keeping.  
Not on one may his mantle fall,  
But solemnly consecrate all,  
As watchman at midnight they call  
To a land still sodden and sleeping.

Though they stand not first in the fray  
Now blinding and blotting our day,  
Their rear guard alert on its way  
The plibroch of justice is sounding.  
With the sword of the spirit they fight,  
With the fervor of inborn might  
Stand fast for a God-given right,  
The land-tyrant's network confounding.

The voice of the leader is still,  
But his bountiful word and will  
Through speech of his followers thrill  
With the life of a grand ambition.  
So the sound of his name shall stand  
For a blessing, in every land,  
And the gracious work of his hand  
Clasp the world in final fruition.

D. H. INGHAM.

## THAT FULL DINNER PAIL.

The closing portion of an address delivered by R. T. Snediker at the celebration of the birthday of Henry George, held in Kansas City, Mo., September 3.

Look! In this great producing land of ours hundreds of thousands of workmen receive but nine dollars per week. Mark you well, \$36 per month, if they work every day. Is that high wages?

God save the mark! Is that a just distribution of wealth? If so, we have no right to complain. It is the law. Yea, the law of nature, the law of God! Thirty-six dollars per month for the free American workman, from which he is to support himself and those dependent upon him. Thirty-six dollars per month sounds big to those who roll it under their tongues and prate of high wages!

Let us examine it; let us take it apart, for nothing is greater than the sum of its parts. Let us itemize that \$36, I say, so we may see the justice enjoyed by our own free citizens.

The first item of expense to our workman is housing, to protect his loved ones from the storms. And

nine dollars per month in the cities does not secure very superb appointments. Environments are not the best at nine dollars per month. Then three dollars per month is not high for fuel to keep them warm; no coal will be carelessly burned with three dollars per month.

Three dollars per month for car fare is what the Metropolitan exacts. With this the good wife may go to town once each week and the children can walk.

Have I been extravagant? If so, I shall proceed to economize.

Thirty dollars for clothing per year for the man—too much, did I hear you say? But that only allows him one \$12 suit of clothes, two pairs of shoes and half soles. Four pair of overalls, half a dozen shirts, one hat, six collars, one necktie, some cotton underclothing and socks in cold weather.

Is that too expensive for a producer of wealth, who must put in 13 long hours in order to get in ten of hard work?

And the good wife, is she entitled to any clothing? Is \$20 per year too high? Are there any objections to her having one dress, a couple pair of shoes, one hat and a few undergarments?

Here we find the little ones; three or four strong of limb, bright faces, bright eyes. The workman and his wife love their children like all human kind. Shall we put clothing on them? How much? Twenty-five dollars, you say? Twenty-five dollars a year to clothe three or four children is not extravagant—do you think so? Twenty-five dollars be it. Seventy-five dollars per year to clothe a free American workman and his loved ones! Let us call it \$72, or six dollars per month. That is right, for I see the rich man nod. How it pleases the rich to see what comforts—luxuries—the honest workingman enjoys during these progressive times.

But, here, we find we have money left; money—some \$15 a month. What shall we do with it? Why, the family must eat, of course. Should not the man who makes wealth have something to eat? How much, ye gods, how much? They say \$15 worth is a just distribution in these prosperous times. Yea, \$15 per month!

From this large sum the horny-handed son of toil must furnish the carbon, the energy that makes it possible for us to live. He must furnish the good wife with wholesome sustenance; he must furnish nutritious food to make those boys and girls

strong, healthful, honest and virtuous men and women. From what must all this come? From the \$15 per month. Ah! I understand, \$15 for every 30 days!

Mr. Liveryman, stand up! "How much do you charge per month for keeping mules and asses?"

"Fifteen dollars."

"Fifteen dollars, did I hear you say?"

"Yes, \$15 per month for keeping one ass."

Fifteen dollars per month is a most generous amount from which to nourish a workingman's family, build a home and provide for old age! Fifteen dollars—50 cents per day—to keep a workingman's family, or—an ass!

## ARE WE APPROACHING THE ROMAN CATASTROPHE?

Take the little summer and winter villa city of Lakewood, in New Jersey, lying between New York and Philadelphia. I talked with a journeyman paperhanger and painter last night, who told me that he had been down there during the last fortnight on some very important work. He had charge of five men, who were 1½ days in fastening a piece of canvas on a ceiling in a house there. The house belongs to Mr. George J. Gould, of New York, and the canvas was covered with a costly painting, which had been measured to extreme exactness and had to be attached to the ceiling with white lead.

It seemed to me to be a most expensive matter to have six men work 1½ days in merely hanging a picture, and curiosity led to question after question, drawing out this story, which I relate as closely as I can recall the paperhanger's words:

"In the course of work for one of the large decorating houses in New York I have seen and worked on mansions that certainly will vie with the most famous palaces of Europe for quality of construction, ornamentation and furnishings. Indeed, I thought I had become familiar with all the present ideas of interior furnishings and magnificence, but a surprise was in store when I was sent in charge of several men to Lakewood. We were to hang a picture in the house of Mr. George Gould—a house to which its owner had given the name of 'Georgian Court.'

"We found 'Georgian Court' in a tract of pines, the pathway to the entrance winding about the trunks of fine old trees. About the building proper were polo and tennis grounds,

a skating rink and probably other places laid off for pleasure and recreation. The building itself, if I formed an adequate idea, would perhaps cover the space of two ordinary city squares. You perhaps have heard that this house contains a private theater, replete with the fittings of the largest public theaters; and that it has a gymnasium and swimming pool. Perhaps a most fitting idea of its size may be obtained from the fact that it has 36 separate sleeping suites, and that 80 more are shortly to be added.

"Mr. and Mrs. Gould were away, and the house was supposed to be closed. Nevertheless, an army of servants, high and low, were in the mansion and about the grounds. The whole interior seemed to be enveloped in upholsterers' coverings for protection against light and dust—pictures, walls, statuary, brasses, bronzes and glasses—the very woodwork, as well as the furniture and floor. Little of the real magnificence shone forth. But when some of the coverings were removed, then it seemed as if nothing but the treasures of an oriental monarch of the 'Arabian Nights' tales could possibly pay for them.

"What more impressed me in that house than all else was the woodwork. I believe I have seen much very fine woodwork in interior fittings, and paint that rivaled ebony and ivory. But I never before beheld such gilding of wood. A spacious passageway is there called, if I remember correctly, 'the Golden Corridor.' It is one blaze of gold. I should say that \$500 worth of heavy gold leaf must have been laid on one door alone.

"I stood gazing in amazement at this exhibition of magnificence, and was beginning scarcely to believe my senses, when I was shown the same gilding in various places and was told that it ran throughout the main part of the house. It seemed to me to denote a fortune behind it all of a proportion to exceed the dream of avarice. I was endeavoring to conceive some measure of this, when suddenly some one entered the apartment where we of the working craft were gathered, and said that the proprietor of the mansion had come to the house, and was coming to that apartment, so that we must instantly withdraw. Off we packed without ceremony, until the proprietor had made his progress through that part of the mansion. When he was gone we were told to return to work."

This little story, told me by my paperhanger friend, started a long line of thought after I parted from him

and was left to quiet reflections. I thought of times in Italy 1,800 years ago so much like our own—of the villas of the wealthy, which, if the indications we have are reliable, were puny and cheap as measured by the scale of the wealthy of our time. And then, when I recalled that the Gould fortune is based chiefly upon two forms of privilege—railroads and telegraphs—the parallel grew the more striking.

Another thing. While a vast system of chattel slavery existed in the Roman world, what was the status of the common citizens? To a very large extent it was that of dependents. They were free only in name. The emperor and nobles supplied "bread and the circus," and with them bought the suffrage of the Roman citizens whenever they deigned to take the trouble of going through the form of observing the old usages of the republic which were supposed yet to exist.

Coming to our own day one is led to wonder how soon a similar state of dependence on the part of many of our citizens may come, when the official record shows the masses of the population compelled to live in such circumstances that 700 babies died in the city of Brooklyn alone during last week.—Henry George, Jr., in Philadelphia North American of July 23.

#### "THOU SHALT NOT STEAL."

A greater portion of the speech delivered by William Jennings Bryan in Kent theater at the University of Chicago, in the afternoon of September 10, as reported in the Chicago American.

I like to talk to students, because students have ideas. I like to talk to students because they build their lives upon great fundamental principles. When a man gets old and absorbed in business and is tempted to make money by illegitimate means he may forget the commandment "Thou shalt not steal," but the student does not. When a man wants to steal on a large scale he may be willing to make an amendment so as to make it read: "Thou shalt not steal on a small scale," but the student does not so amend it.

The student bases his life upon an ideal. And I want to set before the student an ideal that I believe to be an American ideal. If I can succeed in placing before one student a high ideal of American life, that student goes out equipped with his college education to battle for that ideal, and he will make my work easier. It will make it necessary for me to make fewer speeches, if I can have more

going out and fighting the same battle.

I want to take as a text this afternoon the commandment: "Thou shalt not steal." I need not tell you that you must not go out on the highway and steal, for your own caution will tell you that that is not safe. I want to tell you that you can no more afford to steal when stealing is respectable than you can when it is dishonorable. You can no more afford to steal indirectly than you can afford to steal directly. You can no more afford to steal through legislation than you can in spite of legislation.

The moral character of an act is not determined by the number of people engaged in it; the moral character of an act is not determined by the method by which it is done. The moral character of an act is found in the intention of one man to take what belongs to another man. Whether he takes it on the highway or from the house, whether he takes it in the day time or in the night time, whether he takes it in violation of human laws or under the guise of legislation, it makes no difference. If I can leave upon the mind of every student here to-day that ideal I will not have talked in vain. And as I have studied the public question, I have become amazed at the amount of stealing that is done indirectly, and I state it as my solemn conviction that the amount of stealing done by law is infinitely greater in this country than all the stealing done in violation of the law; that the stealing done by those who are not in the penitentiary is infinitely greater than the stealing done by those who are in the penitentiary.

You take the subject of taxation. Is there any just rule for the collecting of taxes? I believe there is. What is the rule? That every citizen should contribute to the support of his government in exact proportion to the benefits he receives from his government. No man should be unwilling to contribute his just share to the expenses of the government. And no man should be willing to contribute more than his just share. And we ought to exercise ourselves to find out what that share is, and to collect that share, as nearly as human wisdom can enable us to do it.

Suppose a man who ought to pay ten dollars to the support of his government only pays five dollars; suppose another man who ought to pay only five dollars pays ten dollars. What is the result of the system which creates this inequality? The