

boy got his early education at that famous seat of learning. He spent two years, however, at the University of Moscow, where he got the degree of

this greeting from our distinguished adherent in the empire of the Czar, and we thank the writer for the attention he thereby has shown our cause in Denmark.—Editor of "Ret."]



Arvid Järnefelt.

bachelor of jurisprudence in 1889. His life's crisis came in 1891, when he gave up the prospect of a brilliant official career to become a follower of Tolstoy. Since then he has lived the peasant's life of hard labor on the soil and with frugal fare, its monotony relieved only by his literary work. He translated "Progress and Poverty" into Finnish in 1906, and is active in promoting the George movement throughout Finland.

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A VISIT TO LEO TOLSTOY IN THE LAST YEAR OF HIS LIFE.

From the May, 1910, "Ret."* Translated for The Public by C. M. Koedt.

[The well known Finnish author, Arvid Järnefelt, who is a friend of Leo Tolstoy (whose ideas of the simple life he himself carries out), and of Henry George's reform thoughts (he translated "Progress and Poverty" into Finnish in 1906), has delighted the editor of "Ret" by sending for publication in this journal the letter below, telling about a recent visit to Leo Tolstoy's home. We have no doubt the readers of "Ret" will with great interest receive

*"Ret" is published at Slagelse, Denmark. We republish this article from its pages of a year ago—a time when Tolstoy was still living—both because of the intrinsic interest of the narration, and for the connection it establishes with Mr. Arvid Järnefelt, whose personality assumes reality to us in the preceding summary of the George movement in Northern Europe.

I must not omit to tell you about my visit to Leo Tolstoy. All conjectures that Leo Tolstoy now, in his later years, may have become less devoted to Henry George's land reform ideas are idle. He talks more than ever about Henry George. In Tolstoy's study in Yasnaja Poljana, where I noticed that Henry George's picture stood in first place, for more than an hour we conversed about Georgeism. Our talk revolved mostly about the ways in which the reform could best be brought about. You are aware, of course, that Tolstoy does not believe very much in parliamentary methods. When I doubted the possibility of ever obtaining real reform through our present parliament, Tolstoy answered that it was certainly very remarkable how many people (he meant politicians especially) are accustomed to let their perception of what is right be controlled by egotistic utilitarian reasons. They are so used to always subordinate themselves to their own utility viewpoints, that they do not even observe that thereby they falsify their own perception of what is right. But, said Tolstoy, although such reforms as Henry George's, which cannot be satisfied with partial or local accomplishment but must be promoted over the whole globe, have their own way to reach fulfillment, which the local groups and nationalities have not yet entered upon, one must nevertheless not abandon these "local ways," nor the parliamentary one. For all endeavors lead also to the goal; at least they smooth the road for the idea to reach men's consciousness.

With great pleasure Tolstoy told of the visit paid him last year by the son of Henry George. The son had made an especially favorable impression upon him, and Tolstoy was glad that he so devotedly believed in his father's ideas.

During the conversation Tolstoy's daughter, Tatjana (married to the owner of a manorial estate, Suhatin), informed us that during a journey in foreign parts she had written an article on Henry George, and under an anonymous masculine name sent it to her father to find out his opinion about it. (You are aware that Tolstoy depreciates the scribblings of ladies.) With great pride Mrs. Tatjana Suhatin related further that she received an answer from her father in which he encouraged her in warm phraseology to continue to write on the same lines, as well as held forth the great importance of Georgeism for humanity. This report caused great merriment among us, because the father had been "fooled" so thoroughly, and now had to admit that women indeed also could produce something meritorious

on such subjects. The old Tolstoy himself joined us in a most hearty laugh.

Gerknös, Finland.

ARVID JARNEFELT.

† † †

A WORD WITH ANDREW.

For The Public.

I'm sure 'tis laudable to work for peace,
For days when murder by the state shall cease;
But far more laudable, it seems to me
(If you'll permit me, Mr. Carnegie),
Is to seek out the causes, and to ban
The things that make for war 'twixt man and man.
Now there's the tariff, to which cause is due
The swollen fortune that has come to you;
Then there is land monopoly—the twain
That made for wars may make for wars again.

Then there is Homestead, or its like, where men,
Dwarfed in their stature, sink to beasts again,
Failing for nourishment of soul to see
The glorious demigod that Man might be!

Peace is not, Andrew, something in itself,
Nor possible to age of sordid pelf;
But Peace is a condition, and must rest
On more, I fancy, than you ever guessed;
Think not that lasting peace can come with these—
The laws that make the wealth of Carnegies!

JOSEPH DANA MILLER.

BOOKS

CITIZENSHIP IN THE CONCRETE.

An American Citizen. The Life of William Henry Baldwin, Jr. By John Graham Brooks, author of "The Social Unrest," "As Others See Us," "Conflict of Monopoly and Good Citizenship." Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston and New York. Price, \$1.50 net.

The biography, from the pen of a sympathetic writer, of a strong yet kindly man, successful in business but honest to the heart's core, and a practical idealist.

Mr. Baldwin was born in 1863, went through Harvard, became president of the Long Island Railroad in 1896 after ten years of subordinate service with other railroads, and died in 1905.

As a railroad executive he was unique. His "whole idea of the railroad was to develop it in the interest of everybody along the route," making its prosperity the common prosperity. He believed that "the first obligation of public corporations is loyalty and fidelity to their public trusts." And he had a wholesome contempt for make-believe philanthropies designed to destroy labor organization. "If they want to fight trade unions," his biographer quotes him as saying, "that is their privilege; but let them do it openly and not in the guise of baths, gymnasiums, cheap lunches, entertainments, or profit-sharing." This was not the

exclamation of a plutocratic daredevil; it was the sentiment of a man of principle, who recognized his employes as co-operators, and as equals in all that pertains to men's rights. On the question of organized labor he held that "every manager should treat with the representatives of the organization," and this for the reason as he once explained, "I need, as an employer, an organization among my employes, because they know their needs better than I can know them, and they are therefore the safeguard upon which I must depend in order to prevent me from doing them an injustice."

He did not believe in the "closed shop," unable to realize that the "open shop" and effective labor organization cannot long survive together; but his opposition was candid and for what he believed to be right reasons, not by the test of advantage to the employer but by the moral test of fair dealing—the same test that made him insist upon the right of workingmen to bargain collectively. His fidelity to this test is illustrated by the way in which he cut wages when he found a cut unavoidable. Men whose wages were \$50 a month or less were not cut, but all above them were, himself included, and by higher percentages as wages were higher. He regarded himself as "a wage-earner, drawing his support from the same sources as the men."

In no degree does the biographer overleap the limits of worthiness which all who knew William H. Baldwin concede to him. Frequently even yet flashes of memory recall him, and invariably as a man to whom success unrelated to real service was essential failure, a man whose love of right was for all the race.

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THAT DECISIVE BATTLE.

Gettysburg, The Pivotal Battle of the Civil War. By Captain R. K. Beecham. A. C. McClurg & Co., Publisher, Chicago. Price, \$1.75, net.

The author of this book was a member of the First Corps of the Army of the Potomac—a corps that lost over six thousand men in that fight at Gettysburg, sixty per cent of its strength—and no better reminiscent equipment should be needed for any man when he feels the fever of printer's ink stirring his blood and the itch for the pen pricking at his finger tips.

Unfortunately Captain Beecham has elected for himself the dry didactic paths of military analysis and criticism and has fallen a victim to garrulous detail. Drearily itemized descriptions and opinions plod and countermarch while the weary and uninspired dust rises in clouds from the pages until even the accompanying patter of pompous rhetoric is refreshing with a specious limpidity. The author desires to prove that General Lee was a fool at the battle, but that General Meade had not sufficient ability to take advantage of that fact, or, at least,