

economic pressure—urged to crime, as it seemed, by necessitous conditions. The criminal of today has a new ethical code by which he justifies his acts, borrowing from the lax morality of the time his plea of extenuation. We owe that to the loss of idealities, to the glorification of material achievement, to the teaching of the gospel of success in terms of dollars and cents. We have not stopped long enough in our mad rush to ask of the individual how it fares with him in the life that he must live to himself. We have not cared. If we had realized the dangers to the individual resulting from the installation almost over night of a civilization run by machinery we might have reaped the advantages of the new system in its achievements toward material progress, and retained something of the old freedom for the individual that now seems in danger of being completely lost.

TO this mad, unreasoning pursuit of "progress" may be traced the weakening of the moral fibre and the loss of those inspirations which were the guiding influences of the past. The plain people were brought up on literature, which, whatever its shortcomings, leaned to the religious and humane. That has been replaced by the literature of the physical senses, by innumerable magazines of the picture sort, and the enormous spread of the "movies".

IN this atmosphere the individual life is lost in the standardization of the whole. No man lives to his ideal. The appeal made by modern agencies is to the superficial, pleasure-loving instincts of mankind. It is because of this that civilization as we know it in this hour is so trivial and materialistic in its manifestations, so neglectful of the finer appeal to what are matters of mind and spirit.

THE influences of the classics of our literature upon the mind have been replaced by other and lesser mediums. We have ceased to respect the Past—indeed, we do not know it any more. The civilization that we know lives almost wholly in the Present, for the Future does not seem to matter either. All the glory and sunburst of tradition that might radiate our lives are lost in the tinsel glitter of the modern day. The great souls of the past who walked with unshod feet over hot ploughshares no longer appeal to our imagination. Our heroes are the captains of industry, the successful politician, the author of some "best sellers," not the strong soul that fashioned some spiritual truth in the furnace of suffering and amid the taunts of men.

IT is a high price we are paying for our progress, so-called. Is it worth while to have lost so much that more bricks may be laid one upon another? Is it well to have lost the divine passion for a few books that a million volumes

may be housed in some great marble edifice? Is it well that the quest after the individual life be hampered that great cities may grow to unheard of dimensions and shapeless piles of brick and mortar blot out the sky? Our civilization in its devotion to material progress tends to perpetuate a sameness which is deadening.

How shall we escape from civilization into life?

Joseph Dana Miller

JOSEPH DANA MILLER has departed from this troubled world. He died, peacefully, on May the eighth, nineteen hundred and thirty-nine.

For the past year or so his friends had observed the inroads of time upon the editor, but it was hoped that a good long rest would restore him to something of his old self. Then early in February of this year he sustained a fall while on his way to attend a meeting of the trustees of the Henry George School of Social Science in New York. It appeared to be only a minor mishap, despite the nervous shock which resulted, and there was much rejoicing when, in a few days, he was again up and about. Thereafter, however, he began to complain of feeling tired, and consented with some reluctance to his removal to the Fairmount Hospital in Jersey City. Again he brightened up, and though he did little conversing with visitors, he enjoyed his food, and often walked around the corridors, apparently chafing under the restraint of enforced idleness, up to then never having had a sick day. His mind remained clear and alert all the while. But the good signs were not rewarded with the hoped-for recovery. His vital force began to ebb, and at the age of seventy-seven years, our beloved editor passed on. His body now lies at rest in Arlington Cemetery in Kearny, N. J.

We have spoken of his passing, but of course for those who understand the Georgeist philosophy, there is comfort in the knowledge that Joseph Dana Miller will always be with us. Like Henry George, his ideas and principles will live on, for such souls never die. Only in looking back upon the past will we remember him as the "grand old man" of the movement. In the present and future he will be enshrined as one of those of whom Swinburn wrote, the dew of whose word will keep the seed of freedom growing among men. For to Joseph Dana Miller *freedom* meant the freedom envisaged by Mazzini and George.

It was the wish of the editor and founder of LAND AND FREEDOM, as expressed in his Last Will and Testament, that the publication should continue after his death. To his associates, this wish is a command, and they reverently assume the task. Altho such a work should be accepted for its own sake, in deference to the memory of Joseph Dana Miller, there is another, and even more

important reason, why it ought to be carried on. For the rights of the living must also be respected. From them, in all parts of the world, has come a ringing appeal that LAND AND FREEDOM continue its work.

An explanation of this concern for LAND AND FREEDOM is not wanting. It is simply this: An institution for good deserves to live—and such an institution is LAND AND FREEDOM. Which takes us again to the man, as we recall from Henry George's essay on "Moses"—"It is true that institutions make men, but it is also true that in the beginnings men make institutions."

Conscious of the difficulties ahead and aware of the responsibility which is now theirs, the editorial successors entrusted with the publication of LAND AND FREEDOM wish to announce their intention to be guided by the policy which has made LAND AND FREEDOM the institution it is. In making this announcement, they trust it will not be deemed impertinent to mention the many reports of the favorable reception accorded their efforts in the last two issues, as well as the benediction thereon by Joseph Dana Miller himself.

This number is affectionately dedicated to the memory of Joseph Dana Miller. The tributes found herein present a cross section of views of Georgeists and others who appreciated him, and an attempt to express in words the charm and strength and goodness which constituted the greatness of the man.

It gives us pleasure to include in this issue a posthumous publication of a Comment and Reflection composed by Joseph Dana Miller himself. We have presented it, just as he wrote it, untouched by any other hand.

A Memorial Record of Joseph Dana Miller

FUNERAL CEREMONIES

HONORARY BEARERS: John W. Angus, John H. Allen, Frederick Barnes, Sr., John Correll, Otto K. Dorn, Walter Fairchild, Albert Amin, Lancaster M. Greene, Charles C. Heuman, Clifford H. Sandal, James F. Morton, Joseph Hiram Newman, Albert Pleydell, Albert E. Randall, Charles Jos. Smith.

BEARERS: Editorial Associates.

AFFILIATIONS: Founder and Editor of LAND AND FREEDOM, Trustee of Henry George School of Social Science, Brotherhood of the Commonwealth, "Fossils"—Amateur Journalists of the Past.

SURVIVED BY: Edmund W. Miller, Dorothy E. Miller Griffin.

BORN: New York City, July 1, 1861.

PASSED AWAY: Jersey City, N. J., May 8, 1939.

SERVICES AT: Bunnell Memorial Home, 41 Highland Avenue, Jersey City, Wednesday, May 10th at 8 P. M.

OFFICIATING: Rev. John Lewis Morgan, Simpson-Grace Methodist Church; Fred Cyrus Leubuscher, Lawson Purdy, Stephen Bell.

INTERMENT: Arlington Cemetery, Kearny, N. J., May 11th, A. M.

DESCENDED FROM: Edmund Butler Miller, New York City; Harriet Zillah Smith, New York City.

Henry George

By JOSEPH DANA MILLER

PROPHET, farewell! thy coming and thy going,
From birth to death, now that life's course hath run,
Leaves us with nothing worth our poor bestowing
For such high service done.

Lo! on the bier thou liest, but thy spirit
Is one with us—though stilled the mortal breath;
Who seize the people's crown of love and wear it,
Know no such thing as death!

Pass with thy banners through these open portals;
Thy bones and body mingle with the sod,
But thy white soul is of the great immortals,
Soldier and saint of God!

Soldier and saint! mankind grown weary waiting
Their champion, grovelled like the brutish swine,
And filled with dread revilings and with hating,
Cursed God and His design.

But now faith wakes in hearts where faith has slumbered;
We know the warring of the lands shall cease;
We know at last these dreadful nights are numbered,
And earth shall win its peace.

Let monuments of crumbling granite tower,
But till Time fade and stellar lights grow dim,
The whole round earth from this most tragic hour
Is sepulchre for him.

A Hymn of Hate

By JOSEPH DANA MILLER

And this I hate—not men, nor flag, nor race,
But only War with its wild, grinning face.
God strike it till its eyes be blind as night,
And all its members tremble with affright!
Oh, let it hear in its death agony
The wail of mothers for their best-loved ones,
And on its head

Descend the venomed curses of its sons
Who followed it, deluded, where the guns
Had dyed the daisies red.

All these I hate—war and its panoply,
The lie that hides its ghastly mockery,
That makes its glories out of women's tears,
The toil of peasants through the burdened years,
The legacy of long disease that preys
On bone and body in the afterdays.

God's curses pour,
Until it shrivel with its votaries
And die away in its own fiery seas,
That nevermore

Its dreadful call of murder may be heard—
A thing accursed in very deed and word
From blood-drenched shore to shore!