

so well that thousands of new converts have been won over to the Henry George theory recently.

## RELATED THINGS

### CONTRIBUTIONS AND REPRINT

#### THE UNINVITED GUEST.

For The Public.

("Washington, D. C., Feb. 2.—[Special.]—The \$30,000 dinner and reception given by Mr. and Mrs. Edward McLean in the old Thomas F. Walsh mansion, in Massachusetts avenue tonight was one of the most elaborate social functions Washington has seen in many seasons. With the palatial rooms of the house decorated with 4000 lilies brought from England at a cost of \$8000, with two stars from the Metropolitan Opera company to furnish entertainment, and with Mrs. McLean wearing, for the first time, the famous \$180,000 Hope diamond, the guests were astonished at the lavishness. Mr. McLean is the son of John R. McLean, the newspaper proprietor and financier, who is many times a millionaire. Mr. McLean's wife is the daughter of the late Thomas F. Walsh, multimillionaire mine owner. . . . Mrs. McLean wore a gown of white satin with overdress of silver net, gracefully draped, and a broad border of white roses about the satin skirt. Her only jewels were two diamonds of world wide fame, the precious Hope stone being arranged tastefully in her hair, just over her forehead, and a still larger one suspended from a platinum chain about her neck."—The Chicago Tribune, Feb. 3, 1912.)



I fancied, while the feast was at its height,  
To sudden silence fell the laugh and jest;—  
The feasters saw before them, robed in light,  
The Son of Man—an uninvited guest.  
He moved among them to a vacant place,  
Slowly and thoughtfully, with downcast head;  
Then gazing full upon them for a space  
In mournful wonderment, He spake and said:

"Are ye My followers, who renounce Me thus,  
Who flaunt this loud denial of My word,—  
Who sumptuously fare, while Lazarus  
Pleads at your gate for succor, all unheard?  
Above your feasting hear ye not the cry  
Of those, My children, who are sick for bread?  
Me do ye starve, and Me do ye deny,  
While yet the least of these is left unfed.

"Fair are your lilies from across the seas,  
Purchased to lend their beauty for a night;  
But there are lilies precious more than these,  
Nearer at hand, and fairer in My sight,—  
Frail human lilies of young maidenhood,  
Trampled beneath the careless feet of men,  
Which with your squandered treasure, if ye would,  
Ye could lift up and make to bloom again.

"Sweet is the costly music at your feast;  
But sweeter in My ear would be the song  
That all might sing, from greatest to the least,  
If man would end the sway of Greed and Wrong:  
The song of happy labor through the land,—  
Labor that travails now to earn what ye  
And others like ye spend with heedless hand  
To feed your pride, your ravenous vanity.

"Bright is the jewel fastened in your hair,  
And radiant is the jewel on your breast;  
But gems of greater price, more strangely rare,  
Not to be purchased, would become ye best:  
The jewels that I set upon the brow  
Of those who from My mandates never turn,—  
The pearls of Justice and of Truth, which now  
Ye spurn and mock, as Me ye mock and spurn."

WALDO R. BROWNE.



#### THE DAWN OF OPTIMISM.

For The Public.

As a very small boy, I distinctly remember that stories of discovery and invention made a deep impression on my childish mind; and I shall never forget going one day to my mother and saying:

"Oh, dear, I wish I had been born before everything was discovered and invented. Now, there is nothing left for me to do."

Brooding over it, and wondering why it should be so, my boyish soul felt deeply the tragedy of being born into an uneventful age. Picture then my joy when, in the course of my later studies, it slowly dawned upon me that the age in which I lived was, after all, an age of unparalleled activity. I saw the much vaunted discoveries and inventions of by-gone days in their true proportions. They no longer pre-empted the whole world,—present and future, as well as past; but freed from romance, the successive steps in human achievement, from the use of fire to the harnessing of electricity, ranged themselves in the form of a foundation upon which the structure of civilization is building. The discoveries and inventions of the past need not, and would not prevent me from achieving in the present—nay, they might make a resting-place, if I could but find it, for my feet; they might hold up my hands; and place within my grasp the keen tools with which I should do my work.

The school boy, passing from an attitude of contemplation and wonder before the things of the past, into an attitude of active recognition of the necessities of the present, experiences the evolutionary development of the race. The savage, Sir Henry Maine tells us, lives in a state of abject fear, bound hand and foot by the sayings and doings of his ancestors and blinded by the terrors of nature. The Lightning flashes, and the untutored mind, trembling, bows before the wrath of a jealous God; the Harvest fails, and the savage humbly submits to the vengeance of an incensed deity; Pestilence destroys the people, and the primitive man sees, in this catastrophe, a punishment inflicted on him for his failure to propitiate an exacting spirit—in these and a thousand other ways uncivilized peoples accept the phenomena in which Nature displays her power, as the expressed will of an omnipotent being. One course alone is open to them—they must bow down before the unknown,

accepting as inevitable those forces which they can neither understand nor conquer.

Civilization has meant enlightenment and achievement. In Lightning, Franklin saw a potent giant, which he enslaved for the service of man; in Famine, Burbank discovered a lack of proper adjustment between the soil and the crops—thereupon he produced a wheat or a vetch that would thrive on an annual rainfall of twelve inches; in Pestilence, Pasteur recognized the ravages of an organism which he prepared to study and destroy. Lightning, Famine and Pestilence are, to the primitive man, the threatening of a wrathful God; to the progressive thinker they are merely forces which must be utilized or counteracted in the work of human achievement.

As a boy I believed my opportunities to be limited by the achievements of the past. As a man I see in these past achievements not hindrances, but foundation stones laid by the past, and builded upon by the present, in order that the future may erect the perfected structure of a higher civilization. I see all of this clearly, and I see one thing more. In the old days which I had erstwhile envied, one event of world import might have been chronicled for each decade, but in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, such an event may be chronicled for each year, or month or even for each day. The past was an age of uncertain, hesitating advance; the present is an age of dynamic achievement, leading on into the future of human development. Because the past has built, the present is building—building in order that the future may stand higher in its realization of potential life.

SCOTT NEARING.



## TRUE LITTLE TALES OF MINOR REFORMERS.

6th and Last. The Librarian.

For The Public.

The young school-teacher seemed to himself a failure that Winter. He had been taking too many things for granted; there were many, too many, people, also, who knew about his foolish little affairs. His formerly delightful school had somehow ceased to be very interesting. Chiefly, he was much in debt, because he had gone in partnership with a poor neighbor (who was a much poorer farmer) and the badly put in wheat crop had only given half a yield which the school-teacher had turned over to the poor farmer's large family—he was not a pig, he thought, even if he was a stick-in-the-mud, and a draggle-winged gander.

"Bread and butter, butter and bread," he thought to himself, "and stupid, small falsehoods

all about a fellow, in an atmosphere of total depression."

Some neighbors in the valley, who cared for the young man, and the old Catholic priest (who never remembered that he was a heretic), and several mothers of children he taught, watched him that Winter with growing anxiety. It was commonly (and untruthfully) reported that a girl in Los Angeles had handed him a large-sized mitten.

"There is something in Carlyle," said the teacher to himself one Friday afternoon: "'Reduce thy desires to zero.' I'll saddle up tomorrow at daybreak and ride over the ridge to the nearest library, and read old grumblers like Carlyle."

So, on Saturday afternoon, he was in a little, old-fashioned town library, built and kept up by local subscriptions. He found an atmosphere of peace, and of something more that he could not just then define.

The Librarian was a small, slender woman, very plainly dressed, and no longer young. She was lame and frail, and he had understood that she supported herself and an invalid husband. She had a very sweet voice and cheerful, far-seeing, motherly eyes, and beautiful, work-worn, transparent hands.

Open to everyone were the book-shelves, which the teacher liked. He took out a volume of Carlyle, and Alton Locke, and Felix Holt. Then he read a little while, but the gray-haired Librarian drew his thoughts. She was writing something, with a troubled and indignant look, but he felt dimly that it was not for herself that she struggled towards expression.

"Perhaps," he guessed, "she is writing a poem for a magazine or a letter to Jim Barry's 'Star'."

The Librarian slipped what she had written under the pad, and began to move around the room. The school-teacher perceived an astonishing and all-including fellowship. In fact, he felt that he was a part of it. In the first place, the Librarian seemed to know every book on the



Charles Howard Shinn.