

speeches were an incitement to that end." Nowhere does it appear that he actually taught assassination of rulers; his nearest approximation to the doctrine of force was in the "universal strike," which he advocated; and that meant the utterly visionary suspension of work by all the workers of Christendom at the same time in order to compel, by the usual strike method, the inauguration of the ideal of government which he favored. That Turner denounced the hanging of Spies at Chicago as "a legal murder" must be considered in connection with the fact that many respectable and law-abiding citizens in America have held the same view; and that Gov. Altgeld, of Illinois, in pardoning the anarchists who were left unchanged, made a severe criticism of the trial at which they were condemned. Much as we disagree with Turner's opinions and repudiate any championship of his cause, it is necessary to point out these facts in order to comprehend the true bearings of his case.

Conceding, however, for the sake of avoiding controversy on points of fact, that Turner's teaching contained the germs of incitement to others of less self-control to use force in attaining the ideals of theoretical anarchy, the curious situation in which the United States is left by the affair remains to be considered. The situation is this, that if Turner were an American citizen, he would not be molested. Unless his public utterances were an actual incitement to disorder, he would enjoy the same liberty of movement and freedom of speech that the rest of us enjoy. He would not be arrested, were he an American citizen, for advocating a universal strike, nor for denouncing the hanging of Spies and Parsons, nor even for speaking in his usual vein from the same platform with John Most. Emma Goldman wanders about this country at will; and frequently delivers public addresses. Turner, who evidently is much less of a "red" than the Goldman woman, is deported. Thus the absurdity arises of tolerating in American citizens what we will not allow to persons coming from abroad. We permit a freedom of speech to ourselves which, exercised by a foreigner, leads to his expulsion from the land. Turner's opinions are obnoxious; but is it not a futile and absurd proceeding to drive him out of the country while our own citizens can with impunity deliver the same speeches that Turner delivers? The logical outcome of the case would be to deport all others in America who agree with this Englishman. But that cannot be done because of the protection af-

forded American citizens by their Constitution.

The futility of the act of expulsion need not be emphasized, yet who can believe that Turner's departure has increased by an iota the security of our institutions and our government, or has rendered the lives of our officials a particle more secure? Our home brood of anarchists are still with us, and it needs no great discernment to see that their bitterness against government has not been lessened by the recent performance. Anarchy has been advertised; Turner, in the eyes of his sympathizers, has been martyred. In the opinion of the discontented, the embittered, the brooding class of society, the government by this act is more likely to be regarded as a tyrant. And it is from that class of our own citizenship that ugly and disturbing crimes against authority are the most likely to spring.

Congress may enact laws expelling aliens of the Turner type and the government may enforce them; but it is the deliberate judgment of not a few of our best citizens that they fail to accomplish what is expected of them. The history of mankind demonstrates that attacks on opinions, or states of mind, through the coercion of law, are almost invariably an error on the part of governments. True, a government has the power of self-preservation. But is it not also true that there is a right and a wrong time to exercise that power? The socialists of Germany are hostile to monarchy, and there is talk in that country of disfranchising all socialists in order to save monarchical government. Disfranchisement, however, would prove a mistake, because the act would inflame the situation and render peace less secure. These anarchists, whether "active" or "passive," may well be treated with a method calculated to enhance their importance and dignify their menaces as little as possible. They are exceedingly few in number; government as an institution can afford to ignore them utterly; and as for the personal safety of kings and presidents, there is no possible way to insure it except by the constant watchfulness of personal guards.

Much as we dislike to say it, the deportation of Turner is also, in a sense, a break with our past, especially with the tradition of free speech and free thought which have been our pride for generations. Despise this man himself as we may, his expulsion because of his opinions marks a precedent which not a few of us dislike to see established. It apparently marks the beginning of an effort to combat erroneous and pernicious

ideas with other weapons than those of reason and the truth. There can be no permanent victory over human error and fallacious conceptions save by the arts of peaceful persuasion and the general dissemination of truthful information and culture. Deportation, even of an anarchist, smacks too much of a system that has always characterized despotisms rather than free republics whose chief security has rested in the affections of the people.—Editorial in Springfield (Mass.) Republican of May 20.

#### THE YOUTH OF A CAUSE.

Speech of Louis F. Post at Northwestern University Settlement, Chicago, May 14, 1904, on the occasion of a celebration of the twenty-fifth year of Henry George's "Progress and Poverty."

In the life of a man, a quarter of a century is a long lapse of time. Look back over the past 25 years of your own lives and note how revolutionary the change has been. Some of you have passed from infancy to manhood or womanhood, some from youth to maturity, some from middle life to old age. And between these extremes there are experiences so varied and numerous as to make a glance back over your memories seem like the vision of a vista into some by-gone age. Twenty-five years mark the passage of what is indeed a long, long time in the life of a man.

Even so is it in the life of the man whose work we celebrate to-night. Twenty-five years ago Henry George was setting the type for his then unpublished manuscript of "Progress and Poverty." Outside of California his existence was unknown. In California itself his name was not familiar beyond the suburbs of San Francisco, and was hardly familiar there; while the book upon which he had spent so much labor lived only in his own sublime faith and in the fond hopes of his personal friends. But the passage of these 25 years has left a record of great changes regarding this then obscure man and his then famous book, a record of changes great enough to make the period verily seem like an age.

The book is now a familiar volume and a living force in English literature. By translations it has forged its way into the literature of every other civilized tongue. The man's name has grown into a household word throughout his own country and almost so wherever our language is spoken. He himself, passing from a vigorous manhood through the struggles of a nobly strenuous life to the achievement of the highest of all earthly rewards—popular recognition as a leader of advancing thought in behalf

of human brotherhood—has gone on beyond our ken across the horizon of death. All in 25 years! The time is even shorter, for from that 25 years no less than seven must be deducted for the turf to strengthen upon his grave, for the pathway toward it to harden under the tread of the pilgrims who visit this mound in Greenwood which marks the resting place of his body.

In the life of Henry George as in all our lives, a quarter of a century, with its many events and their wondrous contrasts, with its little beginnings and their amazing climaxes, with its hills of expectation and its valleys of experience, with its sowings and its reapings, is a long lapse of time.

But that which is an age to the individual may be but the youth of a cause; and the greater and more enduring the cause, the longer the period of its youth.

Religion, the greatest and most enduring of all causes, began with the consciousness of the race; but it is not yet out of its youth. Philosophy, the handmaiden of religion, is as old as history; yet it, too, is still in its youth. Science, destined to be as enduring for time as religion for eternity, is not out of its swaddling clothes. Except in the realm of physics, and only on the outer margins of that realm, it babbles like a babe.

In minor causes—sub-causes would perhaps be the better word—this same rule of development holds good. To the causes that are superficial, a few years are as an age. They blossom, bloom and die, like garden flowers. But those that approximate the fundamental, as does the cause to which "Progress and Poverty" gave the impulse, years are as days. Some causes that have sprung up within the past 25 years have already gone. With some that are flourishing in the full flower of maturity, the brevity of their youth is prophetic of their early disintegration. But still in its youth with this close of its twenty-fifth year, our cause is wholesome in spirit, normal in development, sturdy in its youthful strength, and enduring in its possibilities.

From its very nature this cause must be slow of growth. It is farther from the surface and nearer to the core of sound social philosophy, than any of the causes with which it might be compared. In considering problems the human mind naturally proceeds from surface to center, from without inward, from that which seems nearest to that which seems remote, from that which is most obvious to that which at first blush is less so. Normal advance in thought, is, therefore, not from the

fundamental principles of "Progress and Poverty" to those of anarchism and then to those of socialism, and so on, but the reverse. It is from the money question, most superficial of all the substantial economic questions, to socialism, and thence through anarchism to the dominant principle of the book we are celebrating.

Probably most of the disciples of Henry George have gone sympathetically through those several phases of thought, but so quickly as to be unconscious of the process. Others may have been dimly conscious of one or another of the logical steps. But there is at least one man who has not only been conscious of every stage in the process; he has actually lived in every stage, and loved its thought. I refer to our chairman, George A. Schilling, whose work on the taxation report of the Illinois Bureau of Labor is one of the most useful contributions to our cause; and I am going to tell his experience at some length, because it is more exactly typical of the logical processes leading up to the single tax philosophy than any other I know.

When Mr. Schilling first realized the injustice of poverty, he drew the most obvious inference. Poverty consists, he thought, in lack of money; for if you have enough money, you are not poor. Therefore—such was his conclusion—therefore, what we need is more money. So he became a greenbacker, and for a period sympathetically lived the thought-life of the greenbacker.

But after awhile he saw that the problem went deeper down than any supply of money could reach to. It was not money, but the products of labor, that men really needed, and the reason they failed to get these was because government leaves men to shift for themselves, and the powerful capitalist is therefore free to despoil the weak laborer. Mr. Schilling accordingly demanded that government take over all the instruments of production, and establish a governmental industrial regime. He became a socialist, and for another period lived sympathetically the thought-life of socialism.

This phase of his experience also, in due time, passed its period of youth and decrepit old age, and Mr. Schilling began to realize that the solution of the social problem lay beyond the reach of socialism. He was awakened to that realization by an experience at a socialist meeting, where the leader carried things with a high hand, making an exhibition of that autocracy which is inseparable from centralized power. "It is bad enough," thought Schilling, "to

have that man rule our little socialist body with a rod of iron, but I can secede from that body, and I can't secede from society. Suppose his power were to extend to the whole community, and thereby to the regulation of the individual rights of those composing it!" Mr. Schilling had thus seen in minor drama a picture of the man-on-horseback, who would come with socialism as certainly as ice comes with the northern winter. So he swung clear over to the other extreme, and became an anarchist. Much centralized power means tyranny, and government means centralized power; he would abolish government altogether. Society no longer seemed to him as a unit of individuals in combination. It now appeared as a mass of individuals in aggregation. He would have no government, no coercive laws, no power, no opportunity for the man-on-horseback.

This was an advance, but Schilling had not yet reached the central truth. He had seen society as an all inclusive solidarity, and rejected the notion. He now saw society as a loose aggregation of individuals, and he embraced the thought. But he did not see that there is a measure of truth in the idea of social solidarity, as well as a measure of truth in the idea of pure individualism, and that these two ideas, instead of being discordant, are harmonious. What he had overlooked was the fact that in respect of certain classes of things society is a unit which must have coercive powers of regulation, and that in certain other classes of things it is merely aggregative and should have no coercive power whatever. He had not yet seen that the truth lies in that middle ground, between socialism and anarchism, which requires that government functions be confined to common affairs, and that government be securely fenced off from meddling in individual affairs. This central truth he learned through an accident.

One day while attending strictly to his own business, thinking perhaps as he walked, of the wickedness of the government idea, he stepped upon a slippery banana peel which some unsocial individual had dropped upon the sidewalk. In an instant he lay flat upon the hard cement. His head had struck it as he fell, and he saw a whole milky way of the most dazzling stars. In the midst of these stars, moreover, he discerned just the slightest twinkle of a brilliant truth, which he forthwith began to make his own. "By jimini," he exclaimed to himself; "there ought to be government enough and coercive law enough at least to make folks stop

throwing slippery banana peels on the sidewalk!"

With that little vision of the central social truth, Schilling began to grasp the truth itself. He learned that there is a natural sphere for society as a solidarity, and a natural sphere for the individual as an individual, and that neither must be allowed to invade the sphere of the other. As he pondered upon this newly discovered truth, the path of the single tax philosophy opened before him, and he followed it until he had seen in full completeness the graceful outlines of the single tax cat.

I have ventured to tell this so fully, I repeat, not for the humor there is in the climax, but because Schilling's experience seems to dramatize what I regard as the logical progress of thought, and as possibly the actual progress of social reform, from existing social evils to their radical remedy.

The symbol of the single tax movement, which I have said that Schilling saw, namely, the single tax cat, might be usefully explained right here. It came into vogue some 15 years ago as the result of a story told by James G. Maguire, then a judge of the Superior Court of San Francisco, afterwards a member of Congress from California, and later the Democratic candidate for Governor of California. Judge Maguire told the story in the course of a speech at the Academy of Music, New York City, in 1887, to illustrate the character of the difficulties in the way of understanding the single tax philosophy, and the effect of overcoming them. Let me recall what he said:

"I was one day walking along Kearney street, in San Francisco, when I noticed a crowd around the show window of a store, looking at something inside. I took a glance myself, and saw only a very poor picture of a very uninteresting landscape. But as I was turning away my eye caught the words underneath the picture: 'Do you see the cat?' I looked again and more closely, but saw no cat in the picture. Then I spoke to the crowd:

"Gentlemen," I said, "I see no cat in that picture. Is there a cat there?"

"Some one in the crowd replied:

"Naw, there ain't no cat there. Here's a crank who says he sees a cat, but nobody else can see it."

"Then the crank spoke up:

"I tell you there is a cat there, too. It's all cat. What you fellows take for a landscape is just nothing more than the outlines of a cat. And you needn't call a man a crank either, because he can see more with his eyes than you can."

"Well," the Judge continued, "I looked very closely at the picture, and then I said to the man they called a crank:

"Really, sir, I cannot make out a cat. I can see nothing but a poor picture of a landscape."

"Why, Judge," he exclaimed, "just look at that bird in the air. That's the cat's ear."

"I looked, but was obliged to say:

"I am sorry to be so stupid, but I can't make a cat's ear of that bird. It is a poor bird, but not a cat's ear."

"Well, then," the crank urged, "look at that twig twirled around in a circle. That's the cat's eye."

"But I couldn't make an eye of it."

"Oh, then," said the crank, a little impatiently, "look at those sprouts at the foot of the tree, and the grass. They make the cat's claws."

"After another deliberate examination, I reported that they did look a little like a claw, but I couldn't connect them with a cat."

"Once more the crank came back at me. 'Don't you see that limb off there? and that other limb under it? and that white space between? Well, that white space is the cat's tail.'"

"I looked again, and was just on the point of replying that there was no cat there, so far as I could see, when suddenly the whole cat burst upon me. There it was, sure enough, just as the crank had said; and the only reason that the rest of us couldn't see it was that we hadn't got the right point of view. But now that I saw it, I could see nothing else in the picture. The landscape had disappeared and a cat had taken its place. And, do you know, I was never afterward able, upon looking at that picture, to see anything in it but the cat!"

From this story, as told by Judge Maguire, has come the slang of the single tax agitation. To "see the cat" is to understand the single tax.

In beginning that story Judge Maguire asked: "Did you ever hear Henry George's cat story?" This was an allusion to a paragraph of "Progress and Poverty," pages 292-93 in the Library Edition of George's works, which had really suggested to Maguire the narration of an actual occurrence as a picturesque adaptation of George's concealed picture illustration. What George had written was this:

As land is necessary to the exertion of labor in the production of wealth, to command the land which is necessary to labor, is to command all the fruits of labor save enough to enable labor to exist. . . . So simple and so clear is this truth that to fully see it once is always to recognize it. There are pictures which, though looked at again and again, present only a con-

fused labyrinth of lines or scroll-work—a landscape, trees, or something of the kind—until once attention is called to the fact that these things make up a face or a figure. This relation once recognized is always afterward clear. It is so in this case. In the light of this truth all social facts group themselves in an orderly relation, and the most diverse phenomena are seen to spring from one great principle.

We are celebrating the twenty-fifth year of the book from which that quotation is made. Let us hope that before the year closes it will have been celebrated wherever the single-tax idea has taken root.

In this celebration we commemorate the first 25 years of the youth of a great and growing and enduring cause. We do not point to vast numbers of professed believers. A man must have an intelligent comprehension of our principles before he dares admit that he is one of us, for he knows that he must be ready to give a reason for the faith that is in him. The mere sentimentalist does not join us, or if he does he soon quits. To excuse himself he usually says that he has gone farther; which invariably means not that he has pushed on but that he has backed out. It is easier to be vague than to be specific.

But enduring strength lies in definiteness and not in nebulosity. So we are encouraged by the backsliding of those whose vagueness proves that nebulosity has superior charms for them. Yet, if our perfect converts are few, the advances our cause has made more or less imperfectly among the classes who are described in bulk as "the average man," testify to the invincible truth that vitalizes it.

We have fewer newspaper organs than some kindred causes, but no other cause at all radical exerts so much influence as ours through the regular newspaper press. One daily Johnstown Democrat (and there are several such dailies), one weekly San Francisco Star (and there are several such weeklies), none of them single-tax organs but all of them single-tax exemplars in journalism, is worth more than a whole newspaper directory of mere organs.

So also while we have few clubs; while we seldom nominate candidates through political parties of our own, refusing to play at politics with parties of the political-toy order, yet the influence of our cause is felt in greater or less degree in most clubs, in all civic associations, in the politics of both the great political parties, and in influential public office. A Gov. Garvin, a Congressman Baker or a Mayor Johnson is worth more to a cause in the development period of its youth than any possible influence to be had from isolating

the cause from the common thought and the common interests of the time, even if these are superficial. We envy no cause the more than dubious advantage of being wrapped in the insulating folds of some lilliputian third party.

In this youth of our cause, during this period of 25 years, so brief in the life of any cause that is fundamental in character and enduring in its possibilities—even in this brief period, he who looks with an intelligent eye may easily see that the cause which originated in "Progress and Poverty" has made normal progress. It resembles not the pith of the multitudinous elder stalk, which withers in the very season of its birth, but the strong heart of the giant oak, which endures and serves while successive generations of men pass away.

#### THE UNIVERSAL TARGET.

Speak kindly to the millionaire;  
Perhaps he does his best.  
Don't try to drive him to despair  
With rude, unfeeling jest.  
Don't laugh at portraits which display  
His face with comic leer,  
And when he gives his wealth away  
Don't take it with a sneer.

Speak kindly to the millionaire,  
He has a right to live  
And feel the sun and breathe the air  
And keep his coin or give.  
You may be rich yourself, you see,  
Before your life is through;  
Speak kindly, and remember he  
Is human, just like you.

—Washington Star.

#### BOOKS

##### STORY OF A BOOM TOWN.

If boom towns and the general phenomena they exhibit are characteristic features of American life, and who would dispute it, then Herbert Quick has written one of the few truly American novels. The title suggests the spirit of the story—"Aladdin & Co., a Romance of Yankee Magic" (New York: Henry Holt & Company. Price, \$1.50); and the reader quickly discovers that the author has studied not only the subject of boom towns, which holds his story together, but also the varieties of human nature which the boom craze develops. His opportunities for such study at first hand have been excellent, as may be supposed when it is known that Herbert Quick is none other than J. Herbert Quick, of Sioux City, that boomiest of boom towns in its day, of which Mr. Quick was an early inhabitant and where he has served as mayor.

There is an abundance of food for serious thought in Mr. Quick's novel, but he never once presents it in a didactic manner. He leaves his readers to draw the impressive moral of the story, as the thoughtful ones among them might were they to experience

what Mr. Quick's characters experienced. Some of those characters evidently did infer the moral, but Mr. Quick does not say so. From first page to last he never forgets that he is writing no treatise to instruct, nor any sermon to admonish, but a wholesome story to entertain. And he has succeeded in his purpose. There is not a heavy page in the book. The narrative flows like a stream.

It is not without a love plot, but this is subordinate to the main line of the story. Love experiences are pretty much the same everywhere, and it is not this universal experience that Mr. Quick aims to portray, except as an indispensable part of human life in boom towns as elsewhere. The boom town is his theme; and so his story is concerned principally with business exploitation and exploiters, land speculation and speculators, commercial journalism and journalists, and gum-shoe politics. There are touches, too, of high finance, which bring the boom town of the story into interesting and faithfully pictured relations with the railroad monarchs and bond syndicates of New York and their confederates of Chicago.

The fundamental conceit of the story, which comes to the surface here and there as the narration proceeds, furnishes ample opportunity for delicate bits of satire, and Mr. Quick takes frequent advantage of it. The principal characters, schoolmates in their boyhood, amuse themselves by speaking of their boom venture as if it were the realization of their boyhood dreams of romantic piracy. This conceit is cleverly sustained throughout. For example, and these are only two of many, the chapter in which the supposititious narrator enters into partnership with his old school chum for booming the village of Lattimore, is entitled: "I Go Aboard and We Unfurl the Jolly Roger," and that in which the inevitable crash is foreseen with its army of confiding and ruined investors, is described as "Relating to the Disposition of the Captives."

One of the strong minor characters in Mr. Quick's book is Gen. Lattimore, a level-headed survivor of the civil war, who belonged to "a sort of ancient and exclusive caste" in the town—and how familiar that caste is everywhere!—"which prided themselves on having become rich by the only dignified and purely automatic mode, that of sitting heroically still and allowing their lands to rise in value." Gen. Lattimore was a "knocker." He predicted the inevitable crash from the start. On one occasion this was what he said:

"You don't seem to see it, but you are straining every nerve merely to shift people from many places to one and then to exploit them. You wind your coils about an inert mass, you set the dynamo of your

power of organization at work, and the inert mass becomes a great magnet. People come flying to it from the four quarters of the earth, and the first-comers levy tribute upon them, as the price of standing room on the magnet. . . . Not only that, but people begin forestalling the standing room so as to make it scarcer. They gamble on the power of the magnet, and the length of time it will draw. They buy to-day and sell to-morrow; or cast up what they imagine they might sell for, and call the increase profit. Then comes the time when the magnet ceases to draw, or the forestallers, having in their greed grasped more than they can keep, offer too much for the falling market, and all at once the thing stops, and the dervish-dance ends in coma, in cold forms and still hands, in misery and extinction."

But an admonition like that could have no effect upon the boomers in the hey-day of "the most prosperous times" the town had ever seen. They talked lightly of the wise old general, and one of them cynically spoke of him in confidence to another as playing "in the role of Cassandra," and so the financial dervish-dance ended in the coma of hard times.

#### PAMPHLETS.

Commemorative exercises, especially those in celebration of the birthday of the "Father of His Country," the more especially if under the auspices of a Union League Club, are not well calculated to make interesting reading in pamphlet form. An exception is the report of the exercises in commemoration of the birthday of Washington held under the auspices of the Union League Club of Chicago, February 22, 1904. This is an exception because it contains two interesting and instructive speeches. One is the speech of Mr. Edith Root, formerly secretary of war, in which at length and with much moral stress he argues regarding the Panama question that the sovereignty of little nations which you can conquer is a limited sovereignty if they possess something you want. The other is a delightfully refreshing speech to school children by Mrs. Marjorie Foster Washburne. It is exactly the kind of speech that school children would welcome, because while appealing directly to the youthful mind, it is absolutely free from childishness. In the elemental simplicity of its moral tone, Mrs. Washburne's speech is in wholesome contrast with the sophisticated subtlety of Mr. Root's.

#### PERIODICALS.

The New York Independent, of May 19, reads Capt. Mahan a lesson on modesty ancient the captain's recent defense of battleships in the Sun. "With modern ships," says the writer, "he has had no practical

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