

from before their lips and the mayoralty of our metropolis decided by an Irish Archbishop at the behest of an Italian Pope.

And not only did orthodox voters prove traitors to the cause of him whom they had up to then hailed as their "Savior"—the Irish editors and politicians quickly found excellent reasons for avoiding the company of him whom their church had branded as heretical.

One Roman priest remained loyal to Henry George, the noble rector of St. Stephens, the beloved Father McGlynn. But his loyalty cost him, if not his life, something vastly more precious. McGlynn was forbidden to enter his own church or to hear confessions, was ordered to do penance in Rome and when he claimed the right of an American citizen to think politically, he was formally excommunicated.

It was in reference to this noble priest that Henry George wrote in the summer of 1886. "There stands today hard by the Palace of the Holy Inquisition in Rome a statue which has been placed there since Rome became the Capitol of a United Italy. On it is this inscription: *"Galileo Galilei was imprisoned in the neighboring palace for having seen that the earth revolves around the sun."*

"In after years when the true hearted American priest shall have rested from his labors, and what is now being done is history, there will arise by the spot where he shall be excommunicated such a statue and such an inscription.

"And days will come when happy little children, such as now die like flies in tenement houses, shall be held up by their mothers to lay garlands upon it."

Henry George was made for friendship; his heart opened smilingly to anyone approaching him in search of truth. He was never irritable when sceptical interlocutors nagged him with shallow objections. He bore no grudge against those who calumniated him in the press or from political platforms. I never even heard him denounce Patrick Ford, who had professed the warmest faith in him until Archbishop Corrigan ordered him to recant. The *Irish World* had up to that moment been the mouth-piece of George's admirers, both lay and clerical.

It is a great privilege to have known in the flesh one whom the world at large regards as created by God Almighty for a lofty purpose. To me he was the embodiment of heroism, filled with divine ambition to serve his fellow man. Whatever his dress, he had such noble features that when I talked with him I saw only his firm gentle yet penetrating blue eyes and then the sympathetic lips that veiled or made one forget the strong jaw at the back.

Henry George was not a tall man, but eminently dignified and very broad and deep and muscular about the arms and chest. He had nothing of the histrionic self advertiser. Nothing of the Rooseveltian bluster and boasting. I never saw him embarrassed in his manner,

much less was he capable of playing the snob. He met rich and poor; the noblemen of England and the Crofters of Skye, and with all he was the same dignified, yet sympathetic searcher after the truth.

Of course he was a political and social failure; so was Jesus. Had he lived a few centuries earlier he would have died, like Molinos, in the dungeons of the Inquisition or have been roasted alive by pious Christian priests. As it was, his life was prematurely stopped by domestic burdens too heavy for even his broad shoulders. He died before even reaching the early age of sixty, and he died a poor man having known but poverty all his life. He was grossly misunderstood and shunned by those who were easily frightened by the bugaboo of anarchist and socialist. He could not have been elected to any of the older and more conservative clubs or societies of New York. Yet the time is not far off when the cities of the world will be clamoring for monuments to his glory.

Did I say that Henry George lived poor? If I did, it referred merely to the vulgar definition of poverty.

Posterity will call him rich, for what can the sage desire more than what Henry George possessed, a wife whom he loved and honored and who loyally sustained him at every step of his weary tramp. In his children he was equally blessed, for they were a living testimony to the qualities of both father and mother.

And how rich in friends was he, friends throughout the world! He had many secret admirers, people who dared not publish their friendship for fear of social ostracism. In short, I cannot think of Henry George as being the object of any man's hatred save as the cur hates when sicked on by a cruel master.

Blessed be Henry George, for he so loved his fellow man that he sacrificed himself on our account, he died that we might live, he spoke the truth.

## Fairhope As an Object Lesson

ADDRESS OF A. E. SCHALKENBACH AT THE HENRY GEORGE CONGRESS, SEPT. 13, 1927.

I HAVE been asked to substitute for Mr. Gaston, without having any idea of what he intended to say, so I feel obliged to present to you my personal observations of Fairhope, since the text assigned me is "The Success of Enclaves." Fairhope's growth and effect as a Single Tax demonstration seems to me the only proper presentation to make.

My interest in the Single Tax philosophy dates back to 1884, when my brother Charlie arrived from an absence in the west of eight years. On his arrival he handed me a book, saying that in the railroad station in Chicago he bought it to occupy his mind while enroute home, that he was very much impressed with the book and asked me to read it and if possible find fault with it.

I read the book and am glad that I had brains enough not to try to find fault.

I then took the book to dear brother Bob; told him of Charlie's and my opinion and asked him to read it and find fault with it if he could. It is now one of my fondest memories that I had a hand in bringing dear Bob to the acceptance of the philosophy of Henry George.

During these past years I have kept informed of the many methods employed to educate society to a clear understanding of the George philosophy, I have witnessed the many attempts to carry on propaganda through political action, I have seen literature of every variety broadcast over the land. I have seen lecture courses established with brilliant orators, all of which have fallen far short of our fond hopes.

There was but one agency remaining of which I had no knowledge, that of enclaves.

With the passing of dear brother Bob, my interest was further aroused. I determined to give more of my time to the cause he loved so deeply; so in 1924 I visited Fairhope, the first enclave established about 1894, by two families starting from Iowa and being joined by some from other states.

I found Fairhope a beautifully situated community on a high bluff overlooking Mobile Bay, with a population of between 1,500 and 2,000. When I left New York I was possessed with the idea that the great drawback of enclaves lay in the desire of most men to own title to land and that leaseholds would not appeal to the type of man essential to a successful community.

My first impression was the three states of progress. The first showed lack of confidence or poverty, or both, in the type of buildings erected. The second period showed a gain of confidence, through the erection of better types of buildings, while the third, or present stage showed the best of modern construction. My next step was to visit the surrounding country to see if some comparison could be made and if the effect of the economic policy at Fairhope would be discernable.

Investigation further into the value of adjacent lands proved beyond all doubt that Fairhope with its free land policy was the direct cause of retarding the rise of land values in the surrounding country.

We must remember that Fairhope, prior to the aid of Mr. Fels, was a poor man's effort. It was not an industrial undertaking, exploiting natural resources.

During this session we have heard much about training the young. Fairhope has a school, (private, supported by donations and fees) and having a national reputation, with young people coming to it from many states. Here lies an opportunity to provide a teacher in economics who will instruct these young people in the philosophy of Henry George, preparing them as missionaries to go to all points of the compass.

Repeated attempts at land booming have been made

in the surrounding country. During the recent Florida boom attempts were made to awaken land speculation adjacent to Fairhope. The boomers purchased whole page advertising space in the *Fairhope Courier*, published by the pioneer, Mr. Ernest Gaston, who in turn used his editorial page to great advantage in destroying the boom.

With these facts clearly fixed in my mind I became a member of the Colony and established a residence there for seven months of each year.

Here I find an excellent field for missionary work among the visitors and tourists coming from the North and West, attracted by the appearance of the town as compared with most other towns, and who are always interested to learn of the economic principles upon which Fairhope is conducted.

When we consider the great mass of readers who patronize libraries, magazines and newspapers, only a small percentage of whom care to read economic literature, it must follow that there is a very large percentage of intelligent men and women who can only be attracted through a practical demonstration.

It is this type that the enclave propaganda appeals to. Fairhope is no longer an experiment; it is beyond all question of doubt a demonstration. Fairhope's greatest need is additional land to widen out, it being now about 6 miles long and about one mile wide.

Fairhope is not literature that can be thrown in the waste basket nor a book that can become musty lying on the shelf, but it is a living throbbing, thing of life that cannot be laid aside or forgotten. It is therefore in my opinion one of if not the most effective forms of propaganda that we can employ.

It has been said that he is a good man that makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, but he is a better man who makes a happy community grow where none grew before.

## Sex and Economics

ADDRESS OF GRACE ISABEL COLBRON AT THE HENRY GEORGE CONGRESS, SEPT. 13, 1927.

**M**OST of us are fully awake to any opportunity of bearing witness to the Truth as we see it. We disciples of Henry George are willing to step into any discussion and try to swing it our way. Indeed, we have that reputation everywhere. As one worried chairman of a big meeting put it, "O these Single Taxers, . . . no matter where they start they always come around to Single Tax!" I don't know yet whether he meant it as the very high compliment that it was, this remark of his.

But the above holds good of discussions along lines political and economic. And then we ourselves mourn over the fact that these discussions have not the ear of the general public which is more interested in the Tabloids and the movies. Very well then, why not carry