

is here as they would to beat the Germans who are not here?"

*College President:* "Sir, that is a very direct question. We preach to our young men a great deal; they mean well, they are fine fellows, but most of them will soon be getting salaries and dividends out of Special Privilege—Tories, I fear; and if the truth must be told, they will not fight for the common good within as they would fight the Germans without."

*Patriot:* "Then these are the Cowards of Peace."

J. RUSSELL SMITH.



## LITTLE TALES OF FELLOW TRAVELLERS.

### No. 11. A Man and His Wife.

For The Public.

Now that the chief actors are no longer living, one who is much with the pioneers of San Francisco may occasionally hear an allusion to something which happened in the famous Argonaut saloon, which Colonel Cremony used to call "our own happy-go-lucky Argo."

In those days one went there to meet leading business and professional men, for whom it was almost a club-house. One also met the bonanza miners, the newest authors, the latest lions of society. Original paintings, sketches, and framed manuscripts hung on the walls. Thomas Rowland, the owner of the Argo, had a striking and attractive personality; he collected signed sketches by Nahl and autographed first editions of Californian books. Bret Harte once wrote a little poem to him, never yet published, in which he was called with some truth the "Mæcenas" of local art and literature.



The story really begins with Lucy Metcalf. She was beautiful and intelligent; also, she had the beat of social standing. Then she married James Williston, the young attorney of quite another and a wealthier set.

When the announcement of her engagement was made that famous clergyman, Dr. Stebbins, who had followed Lucy's career since she first entered his Sunday School, somewhat shook his head. "She has an exhaustless interest in life," he said, "and still she seems to have kept the best home-ideals of our mothers. She ought to go far, and straight to the mark. But Williston, though the most brilliant lawyer of his years in San Francisco, drinks a little, gambles a little, leans a little toward machine politics. Lucy will have to fight for those home-ideals."

But they were married, and before long Lucy knew one of her troubles. She knew that her husband's associates, who drank more than he did,

were heedlessly helping him to form a habit which, to one of his ardent and highly social temperament, would be almost impossible to break. She gradually became convinced, too, that whatever might be right for others, he was so constructed that even the after-dinner glass was never safe. For a year she watched the habit growing upon him.

Meanwhile she made herself more and more a part of his life. She knew and studied all his friends; she blossomed out into new realms without in any degree sacrificing her home-interests. Everywhere she was admired and honored; her husband, who loved her exceedingly, grew very proud of her triumphs. She was a thoughtful and attractive woman, in the full flush of her beauty, and very much in love with James Williston.

More than once, Lucy thought herself close to victory, close to having him feel as she did about the dangerous effect upon him of any such artificial excitement. She would not urge him to make a promise which he might break, and so lose self-respect. She studied the abnormal psychology of the subject; she brooded over his one weakness, as a wife, almost as a mother, and sometimes, in the greatness of her longing, it would have seemed to some divine on-looker as if she was his guardian angel, watching, hoping, praying, persuading and inspiring.

"Why can't you urge James to take a total abstinence pledge, Lucy?" said her mother and her old pastor, when they could no longer keep silence, "He may do that, for you."

"Oh," she cried out, "it must go deeper. He must walk among his associates, to many of whom there seems no harm in the use of what are to him intoxicants, and no more take a drink than he would tell a lie."

"But how can you bring this about?" asked Dr. Stebbins. "How can you wake in his nature that deepest response—that Everlasting No?"

She smiled upon her good friend. "Let us not discuss it any more. There is some path up those rocks, and James and I will find it together."

She kept on saying to herself "Together! Together!" for days after that. The word had struck old chords of her life in a new way.

"I wish," she thought, "that everything could once more be crystal clear between us. I shall break down under the strain, some of these days, and then what will become of him? I shall lose my beauty—it is going fast—and my interest in life, and what hold I have on him will lessen—is lessening now, I think. I can't make any more of a home for him; I can't pull him any farther." Such black doubts came over her at times! Such cold fear seized her in the watches of the night!

What did she care for his cases won, his rapid rise to influence in the councils of the great men of the commonwealth, if they were driven apart

by this wedge of separation, this habit of "tippling" (how she loathed the word!) which every now and then overcame him?

"If only I could know and understand that in him which will not yield up to anything created, nor to any thought's urgency," she cried to her inner self. "I go forward only so far, and I meet something within him unawakened, not to be moved. I know that he loves me; he knows what I wish for us both; his reason acknowledges the logic of the situation. But in some hidden chamber dwells that which will not accept the fact that for him this thing spells ruin!"

It was election year, and San Francisco, torn by its usual class-conflicts, was everywhere in a turmoil. Williston made several great speeches, and won multitudes of new friends. Men who saw the Willistons going out together, or met them among the notables, said: "A wonderfully fine couple, and so devoted to each other!"

Two inside circles spoke of Williston about this time. A capitalist group said: "His associates are broadening his mind; in a few years more he will make a first-rate lawyer for us—possibly even a Governor."

The other group said: "Williston was cut out for a man who would stand for Right Things, but his standards are lower than they used to be, and he seems to be a trifle dissipated."

Thus, to those who watched, the long-trembling scales had begun to turn against Lucy.

Before the polls had closed that day, she, the daughter of a long line of crisis-meeting ancestors, had resolved to go forward and face the situation in the open, putting her future on one last effort.

Lucy Williston put on her armor, her weapons of body, mind and soul, as never before so superbly, and went out in her husband's footsteps that election night.

Meanwhile the Argo was full of excited politicians of the victorious party. Williston and half a dozen of his intimate friends stood in front of the bar, drinking to the new Governor and his aides. Another round had been started; the full glasses stood before them.

"This is to Williston, the leader of the San Francisco bar!" said one.

Before a glass could be raised, Lucy entered the door, dropped her cloak, flung back her veil, slipped up beside her husband, took up the drink that was before him.

"I am just in time, James," she said, smiling upon him with utter love, earnestness and renunciation. "Pour out another glass for Mr. Williston," she said to Mr. Rowland, the proprietor, who was himself waiting upon these friends of his. He obeyed, in silence.

The room hushed, absolutely. Hardly one man there had not often met Mrs. Williston; they knew and greatly respected her. They felt, too, the

utter simplicity with which Lucy had entered and had spoken. As one of them said afterwards: "Great Heavens, what a lovely and womanly woman she was, as she stood there beside him! She made the old Argo seem like her own drawing room."

There Lucy shone, trembling, and yet radiant with a new light. "My dear, dear husband," she said, "let me drink with you now and just as much, and as many times, as you do in the coming years. Let me walk the road with you, clear to the end, till we lie in the same grave at last. Whatever the road, it must be together."

She forgot that anyone else was in the room; she looked at him as might one of the saints from Paradise, and, as she lifted the glass to her lips in that awed silence, every man in the room thought of his own wife and children, and his heart rose against her act.

Williston tore the glass away, and it broke on the floor. They looked into each other's faces, and she knew that all was clear between them, that the uttermost depth of his nature had at last answered her. She flashed out instantly with a new glory, as of a Joan of Arc riding victorious down the front of war.

As she took her husband's arm, and they turned to go, her eyes swept the entire group, from the white-haired judge in whose office Williston had studied law, to handsome, eagle-eyed Rowland, behind the bar. Answering their good-will and comprehension she said: "My friends, I thank you."

When they were gone, the old Judge rapped for silence. "Gentlemen," said he, "what has happened here cannot be told outside." A murmur of assent followed. "Those friends of ours," the Judge continued, "are fellow-travelers for time and for eternity. Let us hold up her hands in this whole thing." A still deeper sound of approval was heard, and by common consent the group began to separate though the night was hardly half gone.

Lucy and her husband went home in a silent and solemn happiness. Then she broke down, and was long ill. The price had been paid to the last farthing, but, as Williston felt, it went to the limits and it was unforgettable.

He was a man of immense power for good and for evil among men because above his fine executive talents dwelt a constructive imagination. When he first saw his wife in the Argo, there had come to him once for all a comprehension of how and why she had come, how and why she had suffered, and without a pledge against it, his whole nature had turned with hatred from the habit which up to that moment had really held him fast.

As he sat by her bedside, she knew without a shadow of doubt that he was now safe—that the spider threads of customary use were broken, never

again to be spun about him. She knew, also, that he understood the absolute truth, that not in mere bravado, nor to play for a doubtful advantage, had she come to the Argo, but because if he could not walk in her way, she would nevertheless, by free choice, have taken his road. Better than all else, she knew, looking in his eyes, that he rejoiced in her act.

CHARLES HOWARD SHINN.



## "TAY PAY" ON THE SINGLETAX IN GREAT BRITAIN.

Special Correspondence of the Chicago Tribune of August 25, 1912, from T. P. O'Connor, M. P.

When Henry George came to England many years ago he got a curiously mixed reception. At first there was a certain coldness and hostility, and, still more, unbelief. He came to preach a revolution and a panacea, and Englishmen do not care for revolutions and have little faith in panaceas.

This was the attitude of England. In Ireland he had no adherents, with the exception of Michael Davitt. In a country where already hundreds of thousands of peasant proprietors had got possession of their lands it was vain to preach the gospel of the Singletax.

Once or twice Michael Davitt nearly came into conflict with other leading Nationalists because of his pronounced views against peasant proprietorship, and, indeed, for some years there was a certain coldness between him and several of the Irish leaders. But Davitt was at bottom an amiable man, and these passing misunderstandings disappeared. He died at peace with all men, or nearly all men. However, he never made any progress with his Singletax program.

The one kingdom, curiously enough, in which Henry George made any progress was Scotland. To the surprise of most people, at least of those who did not know Scotland, Henry George not only found enthusiastic audiences, but left behind him a strong school of Singletaxers. The ground had been prepared for his gospel for years.

There used to be in the city of Glasgow—he died some years ago—a fervid, eloquent, and active Irishman named John Fergusson. He was a paper dealer, and had to travel the three kingdoms in his business. He became a friar preacher of the new gospel, devoted to it time, money, and energy, and preached it from innumerable platforms.

This fervid Irishman was one of those Presbyterian Ulster Nationalists who are more often enthusiastic than their Catholic fellow Nationalists, and bring to their creed something of the dour and fanatical spirit of their Scotch ancestors.

Every Irishman of Scotch blood who belongs to this type always reminds one a little of John Knox, one of the first of the race of fearless and

fanatical prophets, and John Fergusson was a John Knox after his fashion.

In Glasgow, with its gigantic increase of the price of land inside the city boundaries, owing to the gigantic increase of the size and wealth of the city, was splendid seed ground for the new land gospel, and there gathered around John Fergusson a large school of Singletaxers.

They brought every year to the House of Commons a bill founded on their theories, and at last got some of its proposals carried. Thus it came about that Scotland, more than any other of the three kingdoms, was won to the gospel of Henry George.

Meantime the movement obtained some recruits of importance in London. First must be mentioned a man who is not an Englishman at all, though he has made most of his large fortune in England.

Joseph Fels, American by birth, Jewish by race, belongs to that section of his people which gives to ideal causes the splendid gifts that are usually devoted to finance.

Jewish enthusiasts play a larger part than is realized in the advanced forces of Europe. They are often the revolutionary leaders of Russia; they form the journalistic forces behind the Socialist movements in Germany; they are the most devoted republicans in France.

In England a large number are among the leading spirits in the press and in Parliament of the Conservative forces; they also form a considerable section belonging to the Liberal Party.

There are, for instance, three members of the race in the present Ministry, Sir Rufus Isaacs, Herbert Samuel, and Montagu.

If they figure in the Labor movement they have as yet produced no man who has come to the front in that body.

Joseph Fels is a little man with a fragile frame. But he is one of those delicate beings who often in the history of the world have played big parts by the burning ardor of their spirit.

Fels is never at rest; never cool; never silent. Meet him anywhere and he bursts at once into a long discourse on Henry George and the Singletax.

He spends a considerable portion of a big income in propaganda, subsidizes organizations, issues pamphlets and leaflets, makes innumerable speeches, attends innumerable conferences; in short, this fiery little spirit seems to live, move, and have his being in the Singletax idea.

He has no children. His wife, like himself, a fiery spirit in a fragile frame, seems as devoted to the cause as her husband.

Neither ever touches wine. They lead the simple life in the fullest sense of the word. Men and women of this type, above the ordinary temptations and indulgence of mankind, are always for-