

Softly the zephyr chants runes through the leaves of  
the laurel.

Hush! do y u feel on your cheeks its caress as it  
passes?

Nay, 'tis a Boreal blast from the caves of the Arctic,  
Hurling its arrows of sleet, that we feel in our faces!  
Somewhere for others—a few—may blow cinnamon  
breezes;

Not for Man yet as a whole are life's sunny Ber-  
mudas.

Up the wide beach curl the crests of the beckoning  
waters.

Softly they break and submerge the gay circles of  
bathers

Stretched on the sands or pursuing each other with  
laughter.

Join in their care-free delight, O my brothers, my  
comrades!

Nay, through the ice of the ages we strive and go  
stumbling!

Far from our reach trend the shores of Man's south-  
ern Pacific.

Courage, O thinkers! the systems of men are but  
transient.

Only the system of **MAN** is unique and forever!

**MAN** is the one, the eternal, the mighty, triumphant!  
All that is falsehood he spurns as the centuries  
hasten,

All that is wrong he outgrows as his vision in-  
creases;

Man is himself of his future the master and builder.

Courage then, workers! we strive not in vain in  
the conflict!

Upward he climbs—the rude man-child his glory dis-  
covers!

Truth shall be won, and mankind through the truth  
shall be victor.

Not for a few, but for all, are life's heights and life's  
splendors—

Summits of thought and of will! of the soul! of the  
spirit!

Hasten, O earth, to Equality, Brotherhood, Freedom!

JAMES HARCOURT WEST.

Boston.

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## TOLSTOY AND HENRY GEORGE.

Land Values, of London, for January.

The passing of Tolstoy has been the occasion for publishing various articles and notes of interviews with him. The following are taken from two, written by continental writers, and kindly translated "by another hand."

The first is from a Russian writer, who tells how a discussion was going on in Tolstoy's presence as to the teaching of Henry George, and whether Tolstoy should recommend it.

"George is dear to me," replied Tolstoy, "not because he created his system, not because he showed us this way, but because he, more than any one else, has helped to abolish the prejudice in favor of private property in land. Show me the man," concluded Leo Nicolaevich, "who does

it better, and I will leave Henry George and follow him."

The second is from a Spanish writer who saw Tolstoy at Yasnaya Polyana in 1905. After observing that a portrait of Henry George was near Tolstoy's writing-table, he says that Tolstoy received him heartily and began to ask about Spain.

"I am interested in Spain," he went on, "in her modern state. . . . The burning question in Spain, as everywhere, is the land question. . . . All that is connected with the land movement—all that is included in the social question in Russia and abroad—is the subject of my study. Europe interests me, not by her political organizations, not by parties . . . but by everything connected with the land question, because land must be our and everyone's property. . . ."

Proceeding, he said:—

"In the history of mankind every century has its problem. The nineteenth century has settled the question of slavery. . . . This century will have to settle the question of land monopoly. . . ."

And again:—

"The great reform . . . has its roots deep in our Russian history. What is the usual topic of our villagers? How did our village community arise? . . . Did not the epochs of highest prosperity in Russia and in the whole of Europe coincide with collective land ownership? . . . What were the causes of wars even from of old—Indian, Assyrian, Carthaginian, Roman, and other wars, down to the Transvaal and the Russo-Japanese wars? They have all been on account of the land. . . ."

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## HENRY GEORGE AND THE BLACKSMITH.

For The Public.

About 1868 a big, solid, quiet blacksmith appeared at the famous college school in Oakland, California. He was some thirty years old; his classmates were sixteen; he was supporting his mother and sister by making horseshoes Saturdays, and both after school-hours and before them. He afterwards became a State Senator, and he died, a loss to the world of thinking men, in the prime of his powers. His name was Henry Vrooman.

About 1870, when Henry George was toiling at his desk in San Francisco, and was writing that pamphlet published in 1871, "Our Land Policy," which so clearly foreshadowed "Progress and Poverty," Henry Vrooman had a memorable talk with Henry George. I suppose that I am the only person now alive who can tell it as it happened.

Vrooman was in many respects the sort of a man that George Eliot's "Felix Holt" was; both

Vrooman and Holt seem alive to me, and still at work somewhere. Thousands of people called him "Henry"—and no more; he impressed everyone just as Felix Holt did; he went his own way; he talked with, drew out and aroused everyone he met. One Sunday about 1870 he was in a barber-shop in San Francisco—one of the smallest and cheapest, in an alley on the edge of Chinatown.

As he expressed it to me, "I began to talk to the boys who were sitting on the bench waiting, as I was: they were foundry-men, you know. We talked labor questions, better government and a freer ballot. At that time a workman could be given a marked ballot and watched every minute till he put it in the box. He had to hold it up between his thumb and forefinger!"

"All at once," Vrooman continued, "a little red-dish-haired man who was half-shaved, in a chair, sat up, thrust the cloth aside, and began to talk to us, especially to me. He urged us to read more, think more, get more education. Then he took me by the arm and we walked over the San Francisco hills all the rest of that Sunday. He was half-shaved, and I was not shaved at all. When we came back the barber-shops were closed.

"He explained to me then what I never had been able to understand—the true theory of wages—that labor is paid out of the value created by itself. I accepted that. He did not fully carry me with him in regard to his single-tax idea, but I saw the importance of it years later. I remember that he called me 'Henry' and I called him 'Harry' before we had been with each other an hour."

That is the gist of the incident, as told to me by Henry Vrooman when I was a boy in Oakland, California. It remains in my memory as truly illustrative of the nature of that thirty year old newspaperman of old San Francisco, Henry George: it gives a glimpse of his fellowship with, and influence upon plain everyday workers.

CHARLES HOWARD SHINN.

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## WHO PAYS FOR ADVERTISING?

For The Public.

"Wasn't it Dr. Watts who said,

"When e'er I take my walks abroad

How many ads I see?"

"No? Well, it sounded like that anyway."

We were riding on a train, my socialist friend and I, and what prompted my remark was the fences of advertising that lined both sides of the track.

"Outrageous!" my friend growled.

"Look at that now!" he exclaimed a moment later, pointing to a full-page newspaper advertisement of a standard commodity. "Look at that and think of the enormous waste going on every day in advertising. All of it has to be paid for by the consumer and the cost of the goods correspond-

ingly increased. Why, only yesterday I was told about a man in Chicago who made \$100,000 a year in profits just placing advertisements. Do you wonder we are poor, eh?" And he glared at me as if I were to blame for it all.

"I deny the waste, in the sense you mean," I said; "and I deny that the cost of goods is increased by the expense of advertising. Just think a moment. You are the manufacturer of a standard commodity like this one advertised. Any one may make it. How much would it cost a man to make just one of these articles for his own use?"

"Perhaps \$20, counting time and materials," he replied.

"But, making them by the million, as you do," I said, "you can sell them at \$1 apiece and get a good profit, provided a million men are informed that you can supply them with this particular thing. Now, the advertising agent attempts to so inform them, and in so far as he succeeds in doing this he brings together the maker and those who want the goods. He is an essential factor in the co-operation and division of labor by which the goods are produced, and because of his aid each purchaser has saved the equivalent of \$19. Further than this, many men are enabled to enjoy the commodity who would otherwise have to go without it by reason of their inability to obtain the materials, or because of their lack of time or skill to make it. The man who advertises your goods is a producer just as much as you are or the book-keeper or mechanic in your factory. Hence he is as much entitled to wages as you or they are. And just as the wages of your employes do not come out of your pocket nor out of the pockets of your customers, neither do his. We, your customers, are not poorer by your work, the work of your employes and the advertising agent, but richer to the degree you have helped us to gratify our desires with the least effort. The real reason why we are poor—why anyone is poor—is another question."

C. F. SHANDREW.

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## GENERAL PROVIDENCE, NOT SPECIAL.

Herbert S. Bigelow in the Twentieth Century for February on "The Religion of Henry George."

Many in our day, sick with the world's sorrow, have found, in the pages of Progress and Poverty, a truth which has flooded with light the very darkest problem of man's life. A victorious faith has taken the place of doubt and dismay. They dare now to believe in God. The very poverty which staggered their faith has been turned to evidence of God's justice. The inspired pen of Henry George has traced for them, even in the dismal field of political science, the unmistakable outlines of God's providence. In the pages of this book they