

HENRY GEORGE.

A poem read at the recent celebration of Henry George's birthday, at Des Moines, Iowa.

Though he went from our midst too soon,
Though the task of his fervid noon,
His message with world-wide boon,
Too suddenly fell from his fingers,
He had wrought it in heedful haste
As though life had no time to waste,
With no tool at his hand misplaced,
Nor a stroke that haltingly lingers.

It stands a symmetrical whole
That sophistry cannot annul,
Nor precedent—curse of the dull—
Forever resist its appealing;
And many who scoffed at his scheme
As a theorist's idle dream,
At the touch of his sunrise gleam
Feel the eyes of their faith unsealing.

For those who have followed his trend,
Have been to him brother and friend,
Who faithfully met at the end
The trust he had left to their keeping.
Not on one may his mantle fall,
But solemnly consecrate all,
As watchman at midnight they call
To a land still sodden and sleeping.

Though they stand not first in the fray
Now blinding and blotting our day,
Their rear guard alert on its way
The plibroch of justice is sounding.
With the sword of the spirit they fight,
With the fervor of inborn might
Stand fast for a God-given right,
The land-tyrant's network confounding.

The voice of the leader is still,
But his bountiful word and will
Through speech of his followers thrill
With the life of a grand ambition.
So the sound of his name shall stand
For a blessing, in every land,
And the gracious work of his hand
Clasp the world in final fruition.

D. H. INGHAM.

THAT FULL DINNER PAIL.

The closing portion of an address delivered by R. T. Snediker at the celebration of the birthday of Henry George, held in Kansas City, Mo., September 3.

Look! In this great producing land of ours hundreds of thousands of workmen receive but nine dollars per week. Mark you well, \$36 per month, if they work every day. Is that high wages?

God save the mark! Is that a just distribution of wealth? If so, we have no right to complain. It is the law. Yea, the law of nature, the law of God! Thirty-six dollars per month for the free American workman, from which he is to support himself and those dependent upon him. Thirty-six dollars per month sounds big to those who roll it under their tongues and prate of high wages!

Let us examine it; let us take it apart, for nothing is greater than the sum of its parts. Let us itemize that \$36, I say, so we may see the justice enjoyed by our own free citizens.

The first item of expense to our workman is housing, to protect his loved ones from the storms. And

nine dollars per month in the cities does not secure very superb appointments. Environments are not the best at nine dollars per month. Then three dollars per month is not high for fuel to keep them warm; no coal will be carelessly burned with three dollars per month.

Three dollars per month for car fare is what the Metropolitan exacts. With this the good wife may go to town once each week and the children can walk.

Have I been extravagant? If so, I shall proceed to economize.

Thirty dollars for clothing per year for the man—too much, did I hear you say? But that only allows him one \$12 suit of clothes, two pairs of shoes and half soles. Four pair of overalls, half a dozen shirts, one hat, six collars, one necktie, some cotton underclothing and socks in cold weather.

Is that too expensive for a producer of wealth, who must put in 13 long hours in order to get in ten of hard work?

And the good wife, is she entitled to any clothing? Is \$20 per year too high? Are there any objections to her having one dress, a couple pair of shoes, one hat and a few undergarments?

Here we find the little ones; three or four strong of limb, bright faces, bright eyes. The workman and his wife love their children like all human kind. Shall we put clothing on them? How much? Twenty-five dollars, you say? Twenty-five dollars a year to clothe three or four children is not extravagant—do you think so? Twenty-five dollars be it. Seventy-five dollars per year to clothe a free American workman and his loved ones! Let us call it \$72, or six dollars per month. That is right, for I see the rich man nod. How it pleases the rich to see what comforts—luxuries—the honest workingman enjoys during these progressive times.

But, here, we find we have money left; money—some \$15 a month. What shall we do with it? Why, the family must eat, of course. Should not the man who makes wealth have something to eat? How much, ye gods, how much? They say \$15 worth is a just distribution in these prosperous times. Yea, \$15 per month!

From this large sum the horny-handed son of toil must furnish the carbon, the energy that makes it possible for us to live. He must furnish the good wife with wholesome sustenance; he must furnish nutritious food to make those boys and girls

strong, healthful, honest and virtuous men and women. From what must all this come? From the \$15 per month. Ah! I understand, \$15 for every 30 days!

Mr. Liveryman, stand up! "How much do you charge per month for keeping mules and asses?"

"Fifteen dollars."

"Fifteen dollars, did I hear you say?"

"Yes, \$15 per month for keeping one ass."

Fifteen dollars per month is a most generous amount from which to nourish a workingman's family, build a home and provide for old age! Fifteen dollars—50 cents per day—to keep a workingman's family, or—an ass!

ARE WE APPROACHING THE ROMAN CATASTROPHE?

Take the little summer and winter villa city of Lakewood, in New Jersey, lying between New York and Philadelphia. I talked with a journeyman paperhanger and painter last night, who told me that he had been down there during the last fortnight on some very important work. He had charge of five men, who were 1½ days in fastening a piece of canvas on a ceiling in a house there. The house belongs to Mr. George J. Gould, of New York, and the canvas was covered with a costly painting, which had been measured to extreme exactness and had to be attached to the ceiling with white lead.

It seemed to me to be a most expensive matter to have six men work 1½ days in merely hanging a picture, and curiosity led to question after question, drawing out this story, which I relate as closely as I can recall the paperhanger's words:

"In the course of work for one of the large decorating houses in New York I have seen and worked on mansions that certainly will vie with the most famous palaces of Europe for quality of construction, ornamentation and furnishings. Indeed, I thought I had become familiar with all the present ideas of interior furnishings and magnificence, but a surprise was in store when I was sent in charge of several men to Lakewood. We were to hang a picture in the house of Mr. George Gould—a house to which its owner had given the name of 'Georgian Court.'

"We found 'Georgian Court' in a tract of pines, the pathway to the entrance winding about the trunks of fine old trees. About the building proper were polo and tennis grounds,