

impatient because miracles cannot be wrought offhand, dropping its plans before they can be tried. Perseverance is a lesson that democracy has yet to learn. Its enemies learned it long ago.

THE OLD WORLD.

British Radicals have to deplore the defeat of the Progressives in the London County Council, their eighteen year stretch of office having been brought to an end. Charges of reckless extravagance in the conception and carrying out of the many municipal enterprises upon which it had entered seem to have been the main cause of the party's defeat. Possibly it was going too fast for slow-moving John Bull; but, however this may be, nothing can be more certain than that those who rejoice most at its defeat are the great monopolizers of London's soil, who saw in its ascendancy a growing menace to their inherited privilege of living in luxury on the depleted earnings of their countrymen.

In Germany the Kaiser has succeeded in getting a Reichstag more nearly after the desire of his heart than the one which he dissolved on its refusal to vote supplies for his war of conquest in South Africa. He may yet enjoy a proud distinction as monarch of the most backward country in Europe, politically speaking, Turkey of course excepted; for Russia's new Douma, despite all the government's effort of disfranchisement, is as radical as the last one and as little disposed to acquiesce in half-way reform, though this time it is pursuing its ends in an extremely cautious manner, hoping thereby to avoid its predecessor's fate.

While Germany still struggles over her little bit of Africa, Great Britain plumes herself on the organization of the first Transvaal colonial ministry, and is preparing to make an imperial hero of the new Boer Premier, her former arch-enemy, General Botha. Apparently the Boers, mollified by the liberal and enlightened course with colonial possessions that Great Britain has learned by bitter lessons to pursue, are prepared to acquiesce without outcry in the new order of things and to use the powers put in their hands rather than expend fruitless efforts in endeavors to bring back the past. None the less, the colonial status is an anomalous one in this stage of the world's progress. Except over that queer order of medieval minds that love kings and courts and cherish the homes of their ancestors rather than their own it has no charm. However fully the Transvaal may come to govern itself, its people, English as well as Dutch, will chafe under the remaining deflected and implied inferiority of colonialism. In bonds of commerce and fellowship between independent states, not in ties of empire, however light, lies the hope for the world's future solidarity.

THE LATE ERNEST CROSBY.

Tributes to His Memory and Services from Margaret Lacey, William Lloyd Garrison, Bolton Hall and Louis F. Post.

The appropriate word regarding the late Ernest Crosby is not easy to write, and no attempt will be made here to utter it. To Single Taxers of course his activity in their chosen field will seem the chief distinguishing feature of his career. Despite his espousal of many causes, too, this doctrine unquestionably remained to him the one of fundamental importance.

But he will not appear to others in the same light. Many will love to let their thoughts dwell upon him as a disciple and exponent—perhaps the chief exponent in this country—of Count Tolstoy. Others will contemplate him as a peace advocate, and see in his great services to that cause (among which are his many admirable speeches and his satire, *Captain Jinks*, which, with its wonderful quality of irony, still seems to us Mr. Crosby's most notable contribution to literature) the more distinguishing features of his life of service to humanity.

To women again—or at least to many of them—his chivalric personality and the great charm of gentleness and knighthood in their presence will cause him to appear in a wholly different guise, in which they will unconsciously merge all those intellectual traits which made him the protagonist of so many noble causes. Of this aspect of Crosby the Man—not wholly unrecognized, of course, by men themselves—our contributor, Miss Lacey, in a manner perhaps unduly emotional, bears eloquent testimony.

To the socialists with whom Mr. Crosby had so long maintained friendly relations, he appeared as a sort of amicable courier from the almost wholly antagonistic Single Tax army—an antagonism which we cannot help, but deplore as fatal to a better understanding of those points upon which we agree and those upon which we differ.

There have appeared many tributes to Mr. Crosby's memory. One of the noblest of such tributes appears in *Mother Earth* from the pen of Leonard D. Abbott. Much of this is worth quoting here:

"Ernest Crosby was a man of amazingly large sympathies; he was as remarkable for his poise and tolerance as for his intensity. He was inspired by no hope of sudden or dramatic social change. 'I do not look for anything special to happen,' he would say; 'we must simply keep on working.' His own personal life was almost austere in its simplicity and loneliness, but his mind ranged over the whole field of life and thought. His vegetarianism was not a fad, but a deep-rooted conviction which he lived out at much personal inconvenience. His hatred of militarism was a passion with him."

Elsewhere in this article Mr. Abbott says:

"By reason of its contrast and its apparent paradoxes, Crosby's career was in some ways the most remarkable, the most romantic, that I have ever known. He came of conservative environment and married a very wealthy woman. During the greater part of his life his ideals were merely conventional. He was thirty-eight years old when the great change fell upon him that revolutionized his whole nature. He was living in Alexandria, Egypt, at the time, and he was getting \$10,000 a year as a judge of the International Court there. The whole story of the inner change through which he passed may never be known. But he has told me that quite suddenly, quite definitely, one day, a radiant vision, an entirely new thought of life, came to him. He had been unhappy and in great spiritual travail. The heartless and luxurious life around him, a growing sense of the hideous injustice involved in Egypt's slavery to the powers, a growing disinclination to sit in 'judgment' upon any man—above all, a chance book of Leo Tolstoy's that had fallen into his hands—all these things had paved the way for a kind of spiritual rebirth. He threw up his position at Alexandria, made a pilgrimage to Tolstoy in Russia, and then came back to the United States to devote his life to a crusade in behalf of ideals. Tolstoy was always his master. It was Tolstoy who told him of Henry George, and through George's influence he became an ardent Single Taxer. The third great influence, in his life was Walt Whitman."

The *Johustown Democrat* says:

"It will be Crosby's great honor that, to a great degree, the advancement

of the race will be measured by the appreciation given to men of the Crosby type."

"The *Public* thus comments upon Mr. Crosby's great moral awakening:

"Awakened by Tolstoy to the great realities of the ideal, Mr. Crosby found in Henry George, as Tolstoy had told him he would, the method of social regeneration. From the hour of that awakening, he lived a new life—a life from within outward instead of one from without inward, from himself to others and no longer from others to himself. It was a short life, but none of it was wasted. In essay and speech and poem, Ernest Howard Crosby has left a record of idealistic work that will continue to serve the human race long after the work of the most successful among his sordidly practical contemporaries has been thrust aside as rubbish and forgotten."

Joseph Leggett in the *San Francisco Star* says:

"Ernest Crosby formed lofty ideals and, like his great exemplar, Tolstoy, he lived up to them. No purer, gentler, kinder spirit ever walked this earth. To us it seems as though he was called away before his work was finished. Let us thank God that he was spared to us so long, and that he has left behind him so much to instruct, encourage and delight us."

The *Arena* for March contains a lengthy article on Mr. Crosby by B. O. Flower, the accomplished editor of that forward periodical. Says Mr. Flower in an eloquent passage in conclusion:

"Ernest Crosby saw and felt the hour's august demand and he consecrated heart and brain to the service of civilization, to the enfranchisement of the enslaved and to the ennoblement of man. He was a sower of the light, a son of democracy, an uncompromising foe of all forms of despotism and injustice, a lover and an unfailing friend of the weak and all in need. To such a man death is but an incident, a promotion, an emancipation."

One of the most eloquent tributes to our dead friend was an address delivered by Frank Stephens at the Lincoln Dinner of the Women's Henry George League in New York on the evening of February 12th. This address was characterized by deep feeling, and we regret that we have not the space to print it. It appeared in full in the issue of the *Public* for March 2nd.

An interesting communication from Mr. I. Lancaster, of Fairhope, contains something of interest regarding Mr. Crosby's excursion into a field little explored, and is an example of his breadth of mind. We are not competent to pronounce upon the value of Mr. Crosby's opinion, so shall content ourselves with quoting from his letter to Mr. Lancaster, and the latter's comment thereon, in connection with which it may be said that Mr. Lancaster has devoted many years of his life to the subject of aerial flight. Mr. Crosby says:

"Your statement that no attempt should be made to supply a force to overcome weight, but that gravity should be transformed into some other force, seems to be a solution of the problem of flight. To put your statement into other words: if weight is changed into a force which acts in all directions, instead of downward only, then the effect would be the same as if gravity acted in all directions. The wings of a bird are the contrivance, or machinery, that does the transforming work. Of course, if gravity acted in all directions like air pressure, the air would be navigated at once with ease.

"*You would use weight not to navigate the air with, but to make another force that would navigate the air.*

"It is certainly surprising that no one got this idea long before this time. It is simply axiomatic."

Commenting upon this, Mr. Lancaster says:

"I have no hesitation in saying that the twenty words I have underlined are worth more to the subject of artificial flight than anything that has been

said or done since Montpelier sent up his balloon. It is the most conspicuous case of the swift intuition of genius that I ever knew. Crosby was almost a Newton in a mechanical field, and I said to myself that man, were he to devote himself to aerial problems, might yet navigate the air."

At the memorial meeting held in Cooper Union, this city, Tolstoy, "the soul of Russia" from whom Mr. Crosby received the inspiration that made his life work possible, sent a letter, and to Bernard Prieth, of Newark, N. J., Tolstoy also sent the following:

"I delayed my answer to your letter because of illness. I knew the sad news of Ernest Crosby's death before, but nevertheless I thank you for your letter.

Though a sad one, it is a satisfaction to see a true appreciation of the rare qualities and high character of one's best friends.

"What you say of him, that he never said an evil word of anyone, is one of the greatest commendations that can be said of any man. I hope that Ernest Crosby did not estimate me more than I loved and estimated him."

We are glad to present the tributes that follow. They are evidence of the fact that Mr. Crosby had touched some of his contemporaries profoundly. It is conceivable that in the intellectual atmosphere that prevailed in New England in the days of Thoreau, Emerson, Ripley, Margaret Fuller, the life and death of such a man would have occasioned far wider newspaper comment than was called forth by Mr. Crosby's death. But from the intellectual atmosphere of to-day the moral enthusiasms of those times are gone. It is saddening to reflect that the death of Mr. Crosby occasioned only the briefest mention in the great dailies. The lesson that could be drawn from his life and death was not such as to appeal to a generation in whom generous impulses and high purposes have been allowed to slumber. To these such ministry as that of Mr. Crosby comes as the language of a foreign tongue, wholly unintelligible.

Editor *Single Tax Review*.

HE DWELT UPON THE HEIGHTS.

(*For the Review.*)

By MARGARET LACEY.

Ernest Crosby can never die.

Like a solitary mountain peak Mr. Crosby towers above the patriot, the reformer, the social worker, the preacher, the literary aspirant.

In a vigorous, calmer, rarer atmosphere he felt his unity with all effort and all progress. A great exponent of the Law, his was the greatness that includes the less, the inclusiveness that holds in its grasp the truth of every vital movement in progress to-day.

No one more clearly saw than Mr. Crosby that only by the possession of an idea outside himself could man grow to self-understanding and self-expression.

In consecration to humanity, and unselfish devotion to ideals, the baby-man grows into the mature man, and wherever Ernest Crosby saw men plodding, for the freedom of the race, in simplicity and honest conviction, there he stood beside them.

But, for himself, he saw always the larger truth, the truth beyond those with whom he served, and, while lending his force to their strength, it was essential for him to maintain a positive independence and freedom.

Mr. Crosby's attitude was frequently open to misunderstanding; the ardent Single Taxer, the enthusiastic socialist, the settlement worker, and the