

And now the sun dungeon is just the concrete expression of more of the Warrensville idea that a man is still a man and a woman still a woman when surly or violent.

When a man is taken up there he will find himself in a room 15 feet square. The tower contains three such, with an anteroom. Sunlight will flow in to cheer him. The rustle of the beech grove outside will send in cooling breezes. And from the windows he can look out on the broad fields of the farm, where the men who can be trusted are working in the fields or driving the wagons or doing any of the other free outdoor work that they would on a farm of their own if they had one. He will know that they are eating its good products while he has only bread and water.

"In instituting the 'sun dungeons' we simply try to put a man in normal conditions," said Director Cooley. "It will give him a chance to think things over and come to his senses. He will see that if he wants to be a member of society he must do as others do. But under this treatment he will lose no self-respect. Putting a man in the dark with vermin and darkness worked just the other way. It raised fury and revenge and hatred. This way a man will come out better, not worse, than he went in."

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### TO HENRY GEORGE.

By William Lloyd Garrison. Reprinted Here from The Public of April 16, 1909, in Memory of Mr. Garrison.

Would thou wert able to revisit earth  
And note the bounteous crop that from thy seed  
Cheers the wide world, sown by thy word and deed  
In days of sorrow and of parching dearth.  
Unceasing wonder that from humble birth  
Come the Messiahs who mankind have freed,  
Recasting human thought, subduing greed,  
Through revelations of life's priceless worth!

If death ends all, which thy belief denied,  
Sleep sweetly in the arms of dreamless death,  
Content with immortality of pen.  
But if, with an imperishable breath,  
Thou in another sentient realm abide,  
O may'st thou feel the gratitude of men!

Lexington, Mass., March 8, 1908.

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### PRIVILEGE.

An Address Delivered by Henry H. Wilson, of Beaver Pa., at the Henry George Day Banquet, Hotel Henry, Pittsburgh, September 2, 1909.

There are times when the dead meet with the living. On occasions like this their souls come

and whisper hope and help. I cannot refrain from quoting one of them:

So he died for his faith. That is fine—  
More than most of us do.  
But stay, can you add to that line  
That he lived for it, too?

In his death he bore witness at last  
As a martyr to truth.  
Did his life do the same in the past  
From the days of his youth?

It is easy to die. Men have died  
For a wish or a whim—  
From bravado or passion or pride.  
Was it harder for him?

But to live—every day to live out  
All the truth that he dreamt,  
While his friends met his conduct with doubt  
And the world with contempt.

Was it thus that he plodded ahead,  
Never turning aside?  
Then we'll talk of the life that he led.  
Never mind how he died.

He may have been thinking of himself, but I prefer to believe that in writing those lines Ernest Crosby had in mind no life other than the life of Henry George. Others are more capable of speaking of that life than I. My purpose in speaking is the purpose of all of us—to continue the work of that life in order that we, as well as Henry George, may not have lived in vain. The work of the "Prophet of San Francisco" was the work of every other prophet. Since the world began seer and sage have had no other task than to speak and spread the truth. For of all things truth is the most perishable. It has but one home, the open mind. It has but one friend, the open soul. When minds become clouded and souls become clotted truth perishes from the earth. If the "Parable of the Sower" means anything it means that, unless truth be cultivated constantly and with care, birds of avarice will devour it and weeds of ignorance choke it.

Many believe truth to be immortal; that right will prevail as certain as the seasons; that, while we sit idly by, God will fight and win truth's battles. Yet the world is planted thick with the graves of dead truth; and unless we place truth in the hearts of others, to grow when ours are stilled in death, truth dies with us, while the cynic again writes the epitaph:

Here is the moral of all human tales,  
'Tis but the same rehearsal of the past:  
First freedom and then glory—when that fails,  
Wealth, vice, corruption, barbarism at last;  
And history with all her volumes vast  
Hath but one page.

Why does history repeat itself? What murders truth? Are nations mortal, at their appointed time to be cut down and cast into the oven? Or

have they all carried in their veins some poison to sap their vitals and spell their doom? As past nations are dead so present nations are dying, and among men of honest mind there is little dispute as to the cause. Some may call it evolution—so it is. Some may call it God—so it is. What we all mean to say is that special privilege is the spade that dug the grave of empire, the power that swung back the pendulum of progress, the poison that stilled the pulse of truth. The epitome of history is not a page, but is the one word, "privilege;" and in "all her volumes vast" we read but the same sad tale—the overthrow of truth by privilege.

By privilege I mean the cause of slavery—that power that destroys free-agency, that forces man to work for others and forbids him to labor for himself. I mean tribute on land, tariff on trade, toll on travel—that tribute, tariff and toll which the law takes from the pockets of the many and places in the purses of the few. Without free land, free trade and free travel, there cannot be free men.

A land animal in the last analysis, man is a farmer and can labor for himself only upon land. A man's distance from land, measured in dollars, is the depth of his slavery. The man whose wage is on the line of subsistence is no nearer freedom than the chattel-slave whose wage is his food. Can the wage-slave of today buy freedom and a farm for less than that for which the chattel-slave could buy freedom and a farm? I answer no. But, you say, the slave had no chance to buy freedom and a farm, and the wage worker has. My friends, if chattel slavery had had the support of the argument of chance it would be in existence today. It is privilege's cunning appeal to universal avarice. But it is false. Games of chance are where something is gotten for nothing; only that is lost which is staked; only those lose who play. The game of privilege is a game of chance, but, unlike any other game, those lose who do not play. In the game of privilege we must own factories or railroads or lands, or lose—lose until we do own something privileged. The longer we stay out of the game the more we lose. Your landlord rents you your home today for \$10, and will sell it to you for \$1,000. Tomorrow the rent will be \$20 per month, and the selling price will be \$2,000. Unless we take advantage of land monopoly, land monopoly takes advantage of us. Unless we are privileged like the prince we are plucked like the goose on the common.

Yet, with all their power and all their past very little is known of privilege, very little is known of truth. Truth neglected dies—privilege neglected flourishes as a weed. Truth has one, privilege has a thousand forms. Truth is simple—privilege is a paradox. Privilege is a loathsome worm which to be killed must be crushed—

to divide it is to multiply it. Compromise by truth is surrender—compromise by privilege is victory. Aaron's rod swallowed all its fellows—so does privilege. Let there remain a single privilege, which like the prophet's cloud may be no larger than a man's hand, yet it is only a question of time until it, like Louis the Fourteenth, becomes itself the state with all subjects, its slaves and servants.

Privilege crucified Christ; stoned the prophets; enslaved Egypt; destroyed Greece and Rome; plunged earth into the dark ages, and fought to keep it there; causes every war, famine and plague; creates every prince and every pauper; gives every bribe; corrupts every branch of government; turns the "Sermon on the Mount" to a laugh and the "Golden Rule" to a sneer; and sits today in court, in senate hall and throne the absolute ruler of the world, so hedged by ignorance and corruption that few there be who know where and what privilege is. For privilege preaches in pulpits, teaches in schools, writes books, edits papers, controls politics; the first truth it kills is the truth about itself; and it is the policy of privilege to appropriate and parade itself in the clothes of dead truth. Privilege has no patriotism, no religion, no country, no creed, no king but craft, no god but gold. Privilege is the root of all evil. "Pandora's Box," whence come all the ills that flesh is heir to, and which forever holds hope a prisoner. It is a "Frankenstein" man has made with which to destroy himself. A creature of man made laws, its deed of deepest infamy is to bribe and to blind men into teaching that it is a creature of God's laws. Can any sin be greater than to accuse God of such a crime?

Not so broad, not so strong, whispers conservatism. It is impossible to denounce and describe privilege in terms either too strong or too broad. I deny that I speak too generally. I challenge history to furnish an exception to any count of the indictment. I defy privilege to meet truth in open debate. It never has—its only logic has been force, its only argument to kill the truth teller.

Yes, you say, privilege is a dreadful thing—in Russia. We should do all in our power against it. But there is nothing to be done here in the United States. Let us send a memorial of sympathy to the downtrodden subjects of the Czar. It is to laugh! Privilege is as deeply entrenched here as in Russia, and is more secure than in England, Germany or France. Privilege is the power to appropriate the labor of others. In what country has so much of the labor of the many been appropriated by the privileged few as in the United States? In what other country has the concentration of wealth been so rapid? With taxation and famine Joseph accomplished it for Pharaoh in fourteen years. A land of plenty

with never a famine the United States is a close second. In what other country is the person of the privileged so safe? In what other country is the property of the privileged so secure? European countries with one accord pass revenue measures taxing privilege. The United States passes a revenue measure creating and increasing privilege. Where is government so corrupt, so deserving of contempt, so rigid for people, so pliant for privilege? Where will the hold of privilege be so hard to loosen?

When the Grand Duke Alexis and his party were traveling in America they visited a Western army post and were taken on a long horseback ride across the plains. The Russians were believed to be poor horsemen, but all went well until a corporal saluted the commanding officer and said, "Beg pardon, sir, but one of them kings has fell off." Was one ever known to fall from the backs of the people? I am reminded that there are no dukes in America. Wealth, owned but not earned, is the measure of privilege. What, then, is the difference between the Duke of the Abruzzi and the Senator from West Virginia? Is not he most the duke who steals the most?

There may be personal privilege, such as precedence in place at a dinner or a dance. Real privilege is inseparable from property. A dollarless duke is as harmless as a dove unless he has the power to appropriate the property of others. His personal privileges are nothing except as they provide and protect property. We in the United States have destroyed the semblance and have multiplied the substance of privilege. The privileges we took from the prince we have conferred in greater measure upon property. By law we enfranchise wealth to appropriate yet other wealth, to take toll from the toil of others, to reap where it has not sown. These licenses to steal we have fatuously decreed property rights, more sacred than home, more to be protected than life. The sovereignty of state and nation may take from the home father, husband and son, and leave their bodies on battle fields for buzzards. But where, where is the sovereignty that can recall, or even adequately control, these privileges which sovereignty itself has granted? Does it exist? Is it sleeping? Or has it gone hunting like the god of Baal? The courts in effect tell us that it does not exist. They persuade us that there is a "twilight zone" that sovereignty cannot enter. The court itself is this "twilight zone." There is it that truth is distorted, or seen but dimly. Not people but precedent is sovereign in the courts, and the courts are their own precedent. The sovereignty of this no-man's-land was stolen by a judge, hidden beneath his cloak, the theft concealed by a decree that the thing stolen did not exist; and such is the power of privilege to block

amendment of organic law that this sovereignty, the birth-right of the people, can be recovered by an appeal little short of an appeal to arms. When the courts assume the unconstitutional privilege of vetoing sovereign acts of legislation they constitute themselves the citadel of all privilege, to be stormed by ballots while we may, by bullets if we must. If that be treason, make the most of it.

I repeat that privilege is a paradox—a child of sovereignty ever striving to dethrone its parent. The privileges created by law, together with those cradled in the courts, have become so many and so strong that today there is more sovereignty in privilege than remains in the people. I do not speak of the sovereignty that may be reclaimed by direct legislation. I speak of that sovereignty which may be reclaimed only by such sweeping constitutional amendment as shall destroy all privilege and most precedent.

Oh, the dead truth over which privilege has marched to its throne! The master builders tried to know the truth and believed that the truth would make them free. The Declaration of Independence declared all men to be born free and equal. Today that Declaration is more questioned than quoted. The Articles of Confederation of 1778 provided that the expenses of the federation should be borne by the several States in proportion to the assessed value of the lands of each. That provision lived but two years. How many times two years will pass before that provision is again the one principle of our taxation? A compromise between privilege and democracy—democracy dies and the Constitution of the United States becomes little more than sanctuary for offenders against the States. "No pain, no palm; no cross, no crown; no gall, no glory; no thorns, no throne," said William Penn as he founded a state the successors to whose soil have piled pain and gall and thorns and cross high on the backs of those who labor and are heavy laden, while palm and glory and throne and crown have gone to those who neither toil nor spin. Pennsylvania! Poor Pennsylvania! Independence Hall and Schoenville Hell! With a past to make the dull-est thrill with pride, she gives birth to the party of privilege, the Republican Party—can anything more be said in criticism of either? I do not mean the party of Lincoln; I mean the party of Aldrich, of Penrose and of Oliver. Yet, when asked if any good could come of Nazareth, Pennsylvania gives the world Henry George to lead in the war of truth against privilege.

Our Tom Johnson is wrong when he says that truth may lose a battle but never lost a war. I say that privilege may lose a battle but never lost a war. The war is still on. The call is out for enlistment for life. The questions this age is asking every living soul are: Will you, ye little prophets, continue to hide while privilege rules

the world? Or will you buckle on your armor and fight, side by side with truth? When error is in possession it must be driven out before truth may find a home. Where privilege holds title it must be ejected before justice may rear her temple. Cato never failed to cry: "Carthage must be destroyed!" If justice is to reign the motive of all concerted action, the one note to sound in every bugle call must be: *Privilege must be destroyed. Down with privilege! Up with justice!*

"This is a war budget—war upon poverty," said Chancellor David Lloyd George. His meaning would have been the same had he said, "War upon privilege." War upon privilege is war upon poverty. The lords of England are not fighting to maintain poverty, they are fighting to maintain privilege. War is usually destruction. But war upon privilege is not only destruction of privilege; at the same time it is construction of justice. For justice—against privilege—they mean the same thing. We are for single-tax because single-tax will destroy the privileges of land tenure. We are for absolute control of public service corporations because it will destroy the privileges of monopoly. We are for free-trade because free-trade will destroy the privileges of the tariff. Justice is merely the absence of privilege. Drive out privilege, and justice comes into her own; just as the sun in driving out darkness, at the same time brings on the day.

What is to be done? Agitate. Speak and agitate; teach and agitate; organize and agitate. Never fail to expose privilege; never miss a political meeting. Have a representative on every resolutions committee—one may make a minority report against privilege.

He is a coward who dare not speak  
For the fallen and the weak.  
He is a coward who dare not be  
In the right with two or three.

We may be slaves but we're not cowards. Agitate. Agitation may win. We have no other course open to us except to fight privilege to the last ditch with agitation.

If agitation fails, what then?

A husbandman had neither a yoke of oxen nor a team of mules. Owning one of each he worked them side by side. For some time the ox sulked and complained to himself that the mule was not doing its share of the work. So one night the ox stole from the barn and concealed himself in a far corner of the field. All day he lay there watching the master and the mule plowing. The ox was elated at the ease with which he had thrown off toil, and was very contented until sundown, when he became both hungry and thirsty. Also he was worried at the indifference of the master. Unable to stand the hunger and suspense longer, the ox slipped back to his place in the barn, there to find to his surprise food, water

and bed as if he had done a hard day's work. The ox was unable to understand the happenings of the day, and after thinking and coming to no satisfactory explanation, concluded to ask the mule.

"Mule," said the ox, "what did the master say about me? Did he talk to you?"

"No," replied the mule, "he said nothing to me. I saw him have a conversation with some man, but I didn't hear what was said."

"Who was the man?" asked the ox.

"I am not certain," said the mule, "but he looked to me like the butcher."

As I remember that we are here tonight to commemorate the birth of Henry George, I am conscious of reverence and awe. No darkness is so deep as where ignorance clouds the eye and avarice curtains the sun. In the midst of such darkness appeared Henry George, and men looked and asked, as they had asked eighteen hundred years before: "What is this which has come to pass?" Some there were who said it was a meteor that would swiftly pass and leave darkness but more dense. Some there were who said it was a will-o'-the-wisp to lead to pitfall and to bog. The ship-wrecked poor said it was a rocket of rescue carrying lines to draw them back to land. Today we know that Henry George was not a meteor, was not a will-o'-the-wisp, was not a rocket; but is a fixed star in the firmament of truth by which every mariner must steer or have the ship of state wrecked on the rocks of privilege.

When Tolstoy bade the son of Henry George goodbye he said: "I may never see you again, but I am certain that I will soon see your father. What message shall I carry from you to him?" "Tell him that I am keeping up the fight," replied the son. We must all keep up the fight. And while we are fighting let us pray the prayer I know was the prayer of Henry George:

Father, I will not ask for wealth or fame,

Tho once they would have joyed my carnal sense;  
I shudder not to bear a hated name,

Wanting all wealth, myself my sole defense.

But give me, Lord, eyes to behold the truth,

A seeing sense to know the eternal right;

A heart with pity filled, and gentlest ruth;

A manly faith to turn all darkness into light.

Give me the power to labor for mankind;

Make me the mouth of such as cannot speak;

Eyes let me be to groping men and blind;

A conscience to the base; and to the weak

Let me be both hands and feet; and to the foolish,  
mind;

And lead still farther on such as thy kingdom  
seek.

+ + +

How strangely men act. They will not praise those who are living at the same time and living with themselves; but to be themselves praised by posterity, by those whom they have never seen

nor ever will see, this they set much value on. But this is very much the same as if thou shouldst be grieved because those who have lived before thee did not praise thee.—Marcus Aurelius Antoninus.

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## BOOKS

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### CITY GOVERNMENT.

**The Government of American Cities.** A Program of Democracy. By Horace E. Deming. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London.

Mr. Deming drives a straight and true course between the theory that municipal government is politics and the theory that it is business. Regarding as fundamental the "difference between the policy-determining and the administrative sides" of municipal government, he would keep politics out of its administration and business out of its politics. By politics he means municipal politics, of course; for national politics is as much out of place as business is, in determining municipal policies. From these premises, the doctrine of local self government in respect of all local concerns is the inevitable conclusion which Mr. Deming reaches with irrefutable argument.

The influence of a "goo-goo" superstition is noticeable when he refers to the one-time reformation of the City Council of Chicago. It was no doubt an accomplishment to rid that city council of the dominance of the type of grafter who takes his graft raw; but when these were succeeded by a much more expensive set who want their graft cooked, the advantages of the reform are at least questionable. The Chicago Council has for several years been under the control of the type of influences which Mr. Deming describes with condemnation at page 193—"the enjoyers of special privilege," who are "constantly watchful of the conduct of city government and constantly active in securing the election and appointment of public officials favorable to their business plans." When reform members of a city council evolute out of poverty and into wealth, without any very visible reason for it but *pari passu* with the strengthening of privileged interests, it seems almost satirical to write of it as a body in whose honesty the people of a city confide. Yet this is what Mr. Deming does write of the Chicago Council.

In its spirit and purpose, however, and apart from some such pardonable slips in the use of illustrative material, Mr. Deming's work is the best since Howe's "City the Hope of Democracy;" and it is as emphatic in denying that failure in city government in the United States is failure of democracy. It is the denial of democracy to our cities, he argues, that has made them failures. They have been as subject provinces under State

control. And he regards the city as the natural battle ground between special privilege and democracy because it is in the city that "the struggle between privilege and the common good is most constant and most intense."



### A PROPAGANDA STORY.

**The Soul of the World:** By Estella Bachman. Equitist Publishing House, Sta. A, Pasadena, Cal. Price, \$1.00.

A rough-and-ready way of classifying works of fiction may recognize two groups, in the first of which the authors spend their art on analyzing and describing the world of life as they find it, and in the other of which we encounter the people the authors would have put into the world if they had had the making of it. In the latter group by some natural process of their creation are to be found most stories of propaganda, and "The Soul of the World" is no exception to this rule.

It is a well-written story with a style above the average of its type of fiction. The handsome, earnest characters have deep, wonderful eyes that flash at every climax in their strenuous conversations; and they fairly fall on top of each other in their sudden leaps upon the propaganda bait held out to them. While, on the other hand, there are dull, pompous, selfish persons, apparently lacking in good looks and eyes that have the power of flashing, who fail to grasp the proffered doctrines, and sometimes say stupid and irrelevant things about them. But where is the writer who believes that he has truths to offer that the world needs, who can entirely escape this naïveté in the construction of his dramatic persons?

The propaganda teachings of the book are chiefly two, with the introduction of the word "va" for a common gender pronoun in the third person, as a side issue. Second in importance is the theory of "annular evolution," the arguments for which do not seem very convincing, but it is of course difficult to introduce exhaustive arguments into a work of fiction, and Mrs. Bachman Brokaw has probably been wise in giving a picturesque rather than an argumentative presentation of the theory. And it is undoubtedly for the same reason that in connection with the chief propaganda doctrine of her book, that of "a balanced land tenure," she has presented no argument, that is to say, no argument to prove its soundness; chapters are devoted to arguments for its propaganda value. It is even difficult to gather exactly what she deems to be a balanced land tenure, but perhaps the following statement, made by the hero of the story, is as clear as any:

I have discovered that the labor applied to the maintenance of roads—or, more precisely, of those portions of the earth that must be used in common—results in giving advantages to some locations over others. Ricardo defined rent as the excess which