

Barabbas and the crucifixion of Jesus. The people could be safely trusted to deal with the robber. They could not be safely trusted to deal with the Prophet!

The modern elders, and scribes, and chief priests, and chief politicians, are as firmly convinced as their ancient prototypes that the people need to be *saved from themselves*—from the wild foolishness of supposing that they should have and enjoy what they believe to be good for themselves, rather than what a clique or a class believe to be good for them. But the world over, there is abundant promise today that the old conflict between the priest and the politician on the one hand, and the people on the other, will not have its old termination.

There is abundant promise that the reign and authority of those who "fear the people" is about to end; that the leadership and service of those who *trust* the people is about to begin.

There is abundant promise that not the select circle of the ephods and the breast-plates will prevail; but the *great multitude of the palm branches and hosannas!*



LEWIS JEROME JOHNSON.

Walter Lippman in *The American Magazine* for February. Reprinted by Courteous Permission of the Editors of *The American*.

Civil engineer and civic engineer, builder of the Harvard Stadium, leader in the Single Tax movement, author of an ideal charter for the city of Cambridge, propagandist for everything he believes in: Prof. Lewis Jerome Johnson of Harvard University is a tornado of efficient enthusiasm sweeping out the cobwebs of petty doubts, and the whole litter and rubbish of habits, caste-feeling, prejudice and snobbishness.

His pupils seem middle-aged and settled by comparison. He makes most people feel as if they were about half alive. Come within radiating distance of him, and if you have time to think of yourself, you'll feel like a listless, anemic putterer. In a few minutes you'll hear him go at a vested stupidity and smash it with a bludgeon of genial indignation which makes you want to laugh for joy at the sport of it. On top of indignation comes enthusiasm over a piece of democratic good news from Vancouver or Denmark, explained and expounded in spite of dinner, other engagements, and the routine of things. "Oh," he sighed to me once, "I can't stand it. Life's getting too interesting for me."

He hails you from across the street as you go sauntering along worrying about yourself. "You know," he will say, "the Grand Junction scheme for election of city officers is better than the Los Angeles one. Look here," and he fishes out of his green students' bag, charts, statistics, news-

paper reports, and proves it to you then and there in the sunshine with the cars clanging by.



But his energy doesn't sputter. It has the quality of completing effectively whatever it undertakes. In the city of Cambridge they need among other things a new charter, for the present one is obviously a treasure for the Historical Society which preserves so carefully the Washington Elm and the minds of some of the inhabitants. So with a few others, principally engineers like himself, he set to work to draw up for Cambridge the most democratically efficient charter it was possible to devise. He went for his inspiration and for his models to the experiments of democrats the world over—to New Zealand, and Switzerland, to Des Moines, to U'Ren's work in Oregon. He studied their failures and their successes, and he helped write a charter based on their experience.

"But," protested a Boston banker, "it's all very well in New Zealand and Switzerland, but that doesn't prove it'll work in Massachusetts."

"Well, it works in Oregon, doesn't it?"

"Ah, yes," replied the practical man to the theorist. "but Oregon isn't Massachusetts."

"I tell you," said Johnson, "what kind of proof you want. You want me to prove that it has worked well in Massachusetts for a hundred years.

Then you'll be convinced that it'll work well in Massachusetts. You're not from Missouri; you're from Massachusetts."

He told about this encounter at a dinner of more or less radical college students. "It's high time," he continued, "that the applied scientist took a hand in politics. We engineers are taught to make things for people to use and enjoy. We build bridges for men, not for dividends. When government is handled as an applied science, our politics will be as good as our bridges."

Men are bothered at first by all the precision and accuracy and efficiency of minds like his. They wonder, as I did, whether it means not only the end of waste and confusion but of beauty too, and the sense of wonder.

On the night of President Lowell's inauguration we marched to the Stadium by classes, carrying torches. There was a good deal of parading, and cheering, and speech-making. I met Professor Johnson the next day, and I asked him what he thought of our performance.

"Well, to tell you the truth, I didn't see much of it. I was watching the Stadium." It was the first time I had heard him comment about the thing he had built. "I was looking at the sweep of it. It was fine by the October light." I was satisfied, assured that the precision and accuracy of the scientist is coming not only to end waste, but to create things of use, and to enjoy them in their highest use, which is beauty.



A RONDEAU.

(Exodus xv. 27.)

Palm-trees and wells they found of yore,
Who, that Egyptian bondage o'er,
Got sight betimes of feathering green,
Of lengthened shadows, and between
The deep, long-garnered water-store.

Dear—dear is Rest by sea and shore;
But dearest to the travel-sore,
Whose camping-place not yet has been
Palm-trees and wells.

For such we plead. Shall we ignore
The long procession of the Poor,
Still faring through the night wind keen,
With faltering steps, to the Unseen?
Nay; let us seek for these once more
Palm-trees and wells!

—Austin Dobson, in Putnam's.



Let the value of land be assessed independently of the buildings upon it, and upon such valuation let contribution be made to those public services which create the value. This is not to disturb the balance of equity, but to redress it. There is no unfairness in it. The unfairness is in the present state of things. Why should one man reap what another man sows?—Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman at Leeds, March 19, 1903.

BOOKS

DANISH TRANSLATIONS OF HENRY GEORGE'S BOOKS.

"Protection or Free Trade" has recently been translated into Danish by P. Larsen, Olstykke, Denmark. An excellent full page halftone of the well-known portrait showing Henry George reading a letter, his right elbow resting on the corner of a mantelpiece and the left arm held akimbo, adorns the volume. The language is fine throughout, though not always as close to the original as might be desired. In the last paragraph but one, for instance, "ignorance, neglect, or contempt for human rights, etc.," is translated into Danish with the equivalent in English for "ignorance about, neglect of and contempt for human rights, etc." The substitution of "and" for "or" somewhat alters the meaning. As given by Henry George either of the three conditions may cause public misfortunes and corruption of government, but as translated all three conditions must be present. What is more regrettable, however, is the elimination of whole pages of the text besides eight footnotes with over 200 lines. In a preface these amputations are explained by a statement that the parts omitted are superfluous, but that seems a poor reason. Is anyone justified in using the title page of any of the books of Henry George for a translation not made in full and with something of the exactness a lawyer would employ in translating a legal document? In case of abridgment, the fact should be noted on the title page itself.

Similar faults aggravated are found in Jacob E. Lange's translation of "Progress and Poverty," where fully one-third has been cut out, partly by elimination, partly by condensation. A translator's preface excuses this as having been done to make the book more accessible to the public. But couldn't that have been better accomplished by using cheaper paper and somewhat smaller print? Surely it is far better in getting up a cheap edition to trim the material of a book than its text. Condensations of the text of "Progress and Poverty," however carefully done, are too apt to give rise to controversies which should be avoided. They are hardly warranted, either, in view of the fact that Henry George himself, before issuing his first edition, did all the condensing he thought justifiable. Now that his voice is still and his pen at rest, it should be an especial concern of translators of his books to perform their task with painstaking fidelity so that every word in every sentence is given its true equivalent in the foreign language. The same full page halftone picture of Henry George mentioned above is found in Lange's translation of "Progress and Poverty,"