

refusal on February 18 to grant a writ of habeas corpus in the case of "Mother" Jones, illegally imprisoned at Trinidad, Colorado, at the arbitrary command of a militia officer.



The Judicial Vacancy.

Of the candidates mentioned for the Federal judicial vacancy caused by Judge Grosscup's retirement, there are two concerning whose qualifications there can be no question. One of these is Edward Osgood Brown, who has for many years been judge of the Appellate Court, first district of Illinois. Judge Brown's experience on the bench, together with his record for fairness, ability, and—above all—sound democracy, would make his selection ideal. The objection said to be urged against him, of his age, does not seem to be serious enough to warrant consideration. If, however, this should be considered an insurmountable objection, a good selection would be that of Edgar L. Masters. Mr. Master possesses all the qualifications that are required in a judge. He is fitted by legal training and ability. His democratic principles make certain that his court will not be like that of the former incumbent, a refuge for predatory monopolies. Neither will it be used to deprive members of labor organizations of constitutional rights. There will be no mistake made in the appointment of either Judge Brown or of Mr. Masters. There will be grave danger in the appointment of any of the other candidates so far proposed.

S. D.



The Chicago School Masque.

The spectacle which Chicago makes of herself before the educational world would be laughable, could we only forget the children. The antics of her school board would be very funny if Business and Commerce were not pulling the strings so visibly. The illusion is imperfect. But the facts seem too foolish to be fiction. The mayor of a great city, elected for general party purposes and special financial reasons, has practically full power of appointment of the Board of Education. That Board of Education has absolute authority over the purse and the pedagogy of the school system. It hires at considerable expense an educational expert—one of the best in the country, as it happened. The Board members then proceed to hack off that expert's money supplies and demolish her educational plans!



Are these men mad? Unfortunately, no. Never

saner. Is their persistent and angry heckling of the Superintendent a matter of personal pique? Possibly they think so. But personal quarrels, past and present, are merely being used as cat's-paws between cunning animal greed and the smouldering fire of public opinion. The truth is that the program of studies presented by the Superintendent of Schools, after consultation with her teaching staff, does not fit into the program for class-conscious industrial training that has been publicly proposed and privately determined upon for some of Chicago's school children by the parents of others.



One of the greatest educators in the world today, John Dewey, put it all into one sentence years ago: "What the best and wisest parent wants for his own child, that must the community want for all of its children." Certain of our Chicago citizens are engaged in applying the Golden Rule to education in about the same fashion that they use it in their business. How much longer will Chicago—the real Chicago—suffer their worldliness?

A. L. G.



John Sherwin Crosby.

While the remains of one great Singletaxer yet awaited the last sad rites of the living for the dead, a second call came, and John Sherwin Crosby followed Joseph Fels to his final abode. Of Mr. Crosby, who died at New York, February 24, it might be said that he saw the truth early, accepted it eagerly, and worked for it zealously. And back of this zeal was great ability. He not only worked, but he worked effectively. No more fitting praise could be given John Crosby than to quote his words at the memorial services of Thomas G. Shearman, December 30, 1900: "There can be no higher honor in human achievement than that which attaches to distinguished service in some great, unpopular movement essential to human freedom. There is no especial honor in espousing what is popular, however worthy it may be. 'Then to side with truth is noble, ere 'tis prosperous to be just.' The mental and moral characteristics necessary to the winning of such honor are those which, possessed in large degree, constitute true greatness in man."



Mr. Crosby came into the Singletax movement when it was anything but "prosperous to be just"; and he devoted through the long years a rare ability that in a more popular cause would have won him rare emoluments, great renown and high place. Emoluments he did not receive; for the friends of man are seldom paid in dollars. Great

renown was not his while living; for those who serve truth are appreciated only after they are dead. But high place he won in the hearts of his fellow crusaders.

S. C.



JOSEPH FELS.

Henry George, Tom L. Johnson, Joseph Fels—these three names are irrevocably associated with what is fast coming to be recognized as one of the great movements of the world's history.

Unlike in personality, yet alike in impulse, diverse in function but united in aim, theirs was a devotion of service of such a kind as to make it impossible to think of one without thinking of the others. Henry George, the prophet of this new crusade, was more than prophet. Tom L. Johnson, its municipal constructor, with his vision of a city set on a hill, was more than municipal constructor. Joseph Fels, its financier, was more than financier. The three had great characteristics in common which supplemented and harmonized all that was distinctive of each.

And so it is, as we view their life's work now in the perspective into which death has cast it, that these three men who as individuals were so different, stand out as instruments of human progress with so impressive an appearance of unity.

It is sixteen years since Henry George's body wearied of its work and he left it behind him. It is nearly three since Tom L. Johnson's task dropped from his hands as he rejoined his old friend and preceptor. And now Joseph Fels has gone to meet the other two. His work on this plane of life seems ended. So did theirs when they passed away. But theirs had only begun, as we all know now. May we not believe that this will prove to be as true of the work of Joseph Fels?

That follower of Henry George who doubts it, whoever he may be, must have learned little from the history of the crusade that George began. He can have learned nothing from that last great chapter of George's great work—the "Conclusion" of "Progress and Poverty."



But whether Fels's work is to go on or not, we have seen somewhat of its power, not alone in our own land but over the globe. The public ear was dull to the cause in the service of which Joseph Fels has died, when he called its friends to activity. The public ear is alert now to catch its echoes.

Nor did Joseph Fels do this work with money alone. He gave himself as well as his money. And

his wife joined him in his gifts and his work. They were rich, but riches did not appeal to them. The rights of the disinherited did. We are often told that rights are of no moment in comparison with duties. How the two principles can be separated remains to be explained, if it be explainable. But if rights be ignored and duties alone be considered, where in the history of our day is the man and the woman to be found—the rich man and the rich woman—whose sense of duty has been so keen that at its call they give all their income and themselves besides? And mark well the duty-call. It was to uproot social institutions whereby monopoly thrives at the expense of labor—institutions, moreover, upon which their own extraordinary income chiefly depended.

This man and this woman have lived modestly in order that their large income might go farther in the service of their chosen cause. For this reason they denied themselves some of the commonest luxuries, not only of the rich, but of even the moderately well to do. Into the service of that cause has been poured by them, year after year, one dollar for every dollar that anybody else would give. "Matching dollar for dollar," was Joseph Fels's method. "How much do you believe in this cause?" was his question, asked or implied. "If a dollar, here is mine to match it." "If ten, I match it with ten." And so the whole joint income of himself and his wife went out as fast as it came in.

Sometimes faster, perhaps. Outsiders know at any rate—they know from circumstances, for Joseph Fels took no one into his confidence as to the magnitude of his contributions—that he must have spent in Singletax work during the past five years not less than \$100,000 a year. There was \$25,000 or more in the United States, \$25,000 or more in Great Britain, \$10,000 or more in Australasia, and thousands on the continent of Europe, especially in France, Scandinavia, Germany and Spain.

All this was no mere matter of drawing checks against an overflowing bank account. It was a giving of one's income without stint.

It was more. Although Joseph Fels required the appointment of local commissiosers to receive contributions to match his own and to supervise expenditures and refused to dictate to these men, he never allowed his money contributions to serve as a substitute for personal activities. As speaker, as teacher, as organizer, as contribution solicitor, as adviser, he was incessantly active. If he had never possessed a dollar to give to any one or any thing, Joseph Fels would have been a serviceable and conspicuous leader in the Singletax