

crowded East Side and put better housing accommodations within reach of the poor. It is not as far-reaching a measure as should be adopted, but is a move in the right direction. But it will also affect unfavorably the profits of those who hold valuable land out of use or only put it to partial use. This clearly weighs more heavily than any question of public welfare with the Times, the Allied Real Estate Interests and the others who are moving heaven and earth to prevent even a popular expression on the matter. If their efforts at opposition succeed they cannot escape moral responsibility for the result. Every victim who this year contracts tuberculosis because forced by poverty to live in crowded, unsanitary quarters in New York City may justly attribute his misfortune to opponents of the Herrick-Schaap bill. The mother of every infant driven to a premature death will have good cause to remember what these respectable Tories have done. The poor of New York City have a valid moral claim for support this year from the individuals, organizations and newspapers that have declared as "unfit to be voted on" a slight effort to make it possible for them to help themselves.

S. D.



### A Rejected Opportunity.

The National Conference on Unemployment met in New York City on February 27 and 28. Its object was supposed to be to find some solution of the unemployed problem. If so, it has failed. According to reports most of its time was taken up with discussion of the establishment of national labor exchanges or employment agencies. Such institutions are useful enough, but however efficiently conducted they may be they can not give labor access to unused opportunities. In commenting on the conference's failure a Pittsburgh correspondent remarks: "I can stand on my roof and throw stones on twenty-five good jobs. They are all in sight and they are all vacant, and I don't need anybody to find them for me. All I need is permission to use my hands on them." How such jobs could be made available to labor there were competent men ready to explain to the conference. The Manhattan Singletax Club had asked for just twenty minutes to present a constructive proposal to that effect and was refused. Why, is not evident. Surely the program might easily have been arranged to permit it. Through this denial the conference threw away an opportunity to perform a valuable service to the unemployed.

S. D.

### The Masses and the Associated Press.

Whether it shall be safe for a paper—especially a small, weak one—to criticize a powerful corporation, will be determined by the outcome of proceedings brought by the Associated Press against *The Masses*, the illustrated Socialist weekly. For publishing a cartoon charging that corporation with coloring the news the editor and artist have been indicted for criminal libel. However unreasonable these criminal proceedings may be, to effectively fight them requires a defense fund and an appeal for help is made by *The Masses*. The issue is not what will become of the threatened newspapermen, but whether an attempt will succeed "to put down by force of legal procedure the few free and independent critics of the Associated Press." If it should become unsafe to criticize the principal dispenser of news in this country, then every monopoly and grafting institution will be protected against publicity.

S. D.



### Which Is the Better Way?

Last week a man of great wealth passed away. He was one to whom fortune had been most generous; for, while yet a young man, he inherited a large fortune, and though he gave little attention to business that fortune had increased five-fold before his death. He was a modest man, who eschewed the follies of society, and spent his energies in the creation of a fine country estate. He acquired 100,000 acres of land in the mountains of North Carolina, spent a million dollars in leveling and grading a mountain, and erected thereon a house of 236 rooms. The house and grounds are said to be among the finest in the world. But he did more than this. He raised blooded stock on his model farms, and propagated rare plants and trees. And the newspaper obituaries contain the significant and all-embracing phrase: "He had a number of charities."



It may be said of this man that he lived according to his light. Yet how different his life from that of Joseph Fels! With a fortune many times greater he was content to accept a fabulous toll from his fellow men, and give in return—charity. A sop to charity was sufficient, as he viewed his responsibilities, to discharge his debt to that army of men, women, and children whose toil created his income. There might be long hours at nerve-racking labor, and hard fare of insufficient nutrition. Wages of grown men might be too small to keep a family, and children might be sent into

mill and shop to eke out a bare living. He was sorry; such things were unpleasant. But he contributed to a "number of charities," and busied himself with his superb estate in the North Carolina mountains. Whole families might be living in single rooms, in order to contribute to his income, but he saw them not as he wandered through the 236 rooms of his own house. Children might be huddled in tenements, far removed from trees and flowers, but in the midst of his 100,000-acre estate he saw only peace, loveliness, and prosperity. He was not a bad man; he did not mean to be unjust; and he was not unkind. For did he not contribute to charity?



But did this man discharge his full duty to his fellows? Is it sufficient that they of vast incomes hire agents to distribute alms to the victims of a system that makes vast incomes possible? What is the opinion of mankind? Can we imagine memorial meetings held throughout the country, nay, throughout the world, in memory of such a one? Will men speak in reverent tones of his life and deeds long after he is gone? Will the historian name him as one of the factors making for progress in the toilsome climb of the race toward a higher plane? In generations to come the wandering tourist may be shown through the palace of 236 rooms; but he will marvel less at the great building, and its rare treasures of art, than at the strange economic conditions that made it possible for a man to erect such a structure for his wife and child, while thousands of men and women who contributed to his income would have been glad of three rooms, or even two.



But no wandering tourist will visit a palace reared at the command of Joseph Fels, or stare at rare art gathered from the four corners of the earth. Rather will he find him treasured in the hearts of men, as a part of that priceless heritage of the race, the men and women who have done something for the uplift of their fellows. Mr. Greatwealth was moved to compassion at the sight of the bent back of labor upon which he rode, and gave him a crumb of charity. Joseph Fels called upon all who ride on the back of labor to get down and walk; and instead of giving charity he strove to make men understand their rights, realize their power, and stand erect. Mr. Greatwealth spent a vast income in the gratification of his own desires, and the world considers his death only to the extent of wondering how many millions he had, and to whom they will go. Joseph Fels gave his wealth

and himself to establish equal opportunity for all; and the men and women throughout the world who share in that service have consecrated themselves anew in this great cause of justice. S. O.



### JOHN S. CROSBY—A REMINISCENCE.

When I stood, a few days ago, by John S. Crosby's bedside, both of us conscious of the shadow that was closing in upon his mortal sight, his mind alert, his memory clear, his voice resonant, and our hands clasped in unspoken farewell, the mists of thirty years were lifted and we talked of times that were.

He had crossed my path nine years before I knew him. Back in 1884, while practicing law in Missouri, he made a vent for expressing his larger self. It was through a little paper which he called "The Primer," published at his own expense. "The Primer" was handsome typographically, incisive in argument, charming in its English, and inspired evidently by one who knelt at the altar of "Progress and Poverty." A copy fell into my hands at the time when, with a few other Eastern disciples of Henry George, and Henry George himself, I was organizing the "Free Soil Society." This society, which never got much beyond the paper-organization stage, but may have given some impetus in those days of little things to what is now loosely called the Singletax movement, had for its organ a little periodical called "The Freesoiler." Published at New York, it was edited principally by myself in the intervals of a law practice less absorbing than agitation for social justice. "The Primer" attracted me and I wrote about it in "The Freesoiler."

What I wrote proved pleasing to Crosby. His lonesome service out in Missouri seemed to him to have got recognition in the great city which I was destined to leave and he to settle in—where he was to win his spurs as a knight in the cause that had already registered his vows. We talked it over, and much that followed it in later years, as we bade each other good-bye just before he turned his face to one of the twelve gates that stood ajar as we talked. Neither of us could remember where I had published that notice of "The Primer," but I have found it now in my file of "The Freesoiler." It appeared in the May issue, 1884, on the editorial page, and this is it:

A bright and sensible weekly paper has been started in St. Joseph, Missouri, called "The Primer." It is devoted to the industrial, educational and social interests of the people, is issued in the spirit of a