

by the great actors and actresses everywhere. In the art galleries and in the theatres, I have always been aware of the curious power of hands.

There are wonderful hands shown in paintings, described in literature, and great actors on the stage usually have hands of superb power. I have seen the marvelous hands of Christ as shown in paintings—the powerful, decisive hands of Moses as shown in paintings and in sculpture. I have seen the pictured hands of Washington and Jefferson, Thomas Paine and Lincoln, and I have seen the living, marvelous hands of Roosevelt and Henry George and Eugene V. Debs, and on the stage the hands of Eleanor Duse and Maude Adams, Forbes-Robertson and Barrymore. I have seen hands of toil, I have seen nursing hands, tender hands, and in this campaign, it seems to me all the needy families of New York have their pleading hands stretched out for help, pitiful hands, despairing hands, desperate hands, hands of babies, hands of men, hands of women. Those hands are pleading with you; will you, if you can, stretch out answering hands of help?

I saw the parade for children on Broadway Thanksgiving Day, the floats, the funny animals, the clown, the balloons. I heard the laughing voices of happy children, and saw the smiling faces of parents, and at the same time as I walked along I thought of the faces of other children who could not laugh, the faces of other parents who could not smile. If you are satisfied and safe, sheltered and surrounded with the love of family, from out of that enclosure, send forth your dollars to those who need help.

American character as shown in its history, is to have courage to face the adversities of life. This country was settled by pioneer men and women who faced adversity. The poet Henley well may have described Americans in his little poem known as "Invictus:"

"Out from the night that shelters me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever Gods there be
For my unconquerable soul;

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced or cried aloud,
Beneath the bludgeoning of chance
My head is bloody but unbowed."

But after three years or more of this depression and unemployment, courage has almost failed for many, caught in conditions over which they have no control, seeking jobs when there are no jobs to be had.

This poverty problem challenges our sense of justice; hunger and want amidst plenty cry for help; this emergency requires immediate solution. Why with great progress comes great poverty, is the riddle of the Sphinx that calls for a remedy.

Mark M. Dintenfass

THE death of Mark M. Dintenfass on Nov. 23 at Cliffside Park, N. J., where he had lived for a number of years, removes from the scene of his activities a devoted friend of the movement. Mr. Dintenfass was born in Austria fifty-five years ago.

It was in years gone by that Mark listened to a group of Single Tax advocates on the street corner in Philadelphia. At this time he ran the Fairyland Theater on Market street. The doctrines preached by the Henry George men attracted him; he approached the group and volunteered the use of his theater on Sunday evenings when no pictures were being shown. This offer made without charge, was accepted, and for a long time the speakers held forth in the little theater on Sabbath evenings. And the young man was at all times an eager listener.

When the Single Tax party movement began Mark was at once attracted and became an earnest crusader. He was a member of the party's executive committee, associating himself with W. J. Wallace, Robert C. Macauley, James A. Robinson, and Miss Charlotte Schetter. The three first named have passed away, and almost the sole survivors of the militant group are Herman G. Loew and A. Bourgeois. This phase of Single Tax activity has passed away, though it may return. In 1919 Mark ran for governor of New Jersey.

In 1908 he formed the Chapin Film Company at Fort Lee and shortly after organized the Universal Film Manufacturing Company of which he was treasurer and secretary until 1916. In 1918 he produced the screen picture "My Four Years in Germany," based on the book by James W. Gerard.

Funeral services were held at the Riverside Memorial Chapel. Oscar H. Geiger officiated and read from "Progress and Poverty." About four hundred persons were present. Mr. Geiger also spoke impressively at the interment.

Mr. Dintenfass is survived by his wife, Esther Wallace Dintenfass.

Walter L. Sinton

WALTER L. SINTON, who died Sept. 29 of last year, was born near Belfast, Ireland, in 1858.

All his life he had been a seeker after truth. He said, "I want the truth whether I like it or not." His friend, Charles T. Townsend, of San Francisco, writes of him: "His whole life was bound up with the life of humanity, and so sensitive was he that he suffered in his person all the miseries of our rotten social system. As Isaiah said: 'By his righteousness shall my servant justify many; for he shall bear their iniquities'. Knowing that it was impossible for man to live without doing everything that is unrighteous he considered that no man had any right to life unless he devoted his life entirely to bringing about a just social system. His whole life bore witness to that belief."

He suffered little physical ailment until his seventieth year when disease began to encroach upon him, and to this he finally succumbed.

Walter Sinton found the truth he craved for in the spiritual unity of all things. This made him a not unwilling convert to the principles of economic law as taught by Henry George. This thought he expounded and elaborated in his "Spiritual Law and Economics Harmonized," and in several miscellaneous pamphlets, and in an unpublished work on the history of Quakerism.

There are not many men capable of following Walter Sinton's philosophy. Some will call it mystic and disregard it for that reason. But it cannot be dismissed in that way. What he called his "illumination" was very real to him, as real as it was to Saul of Tarsus, Whitfield,