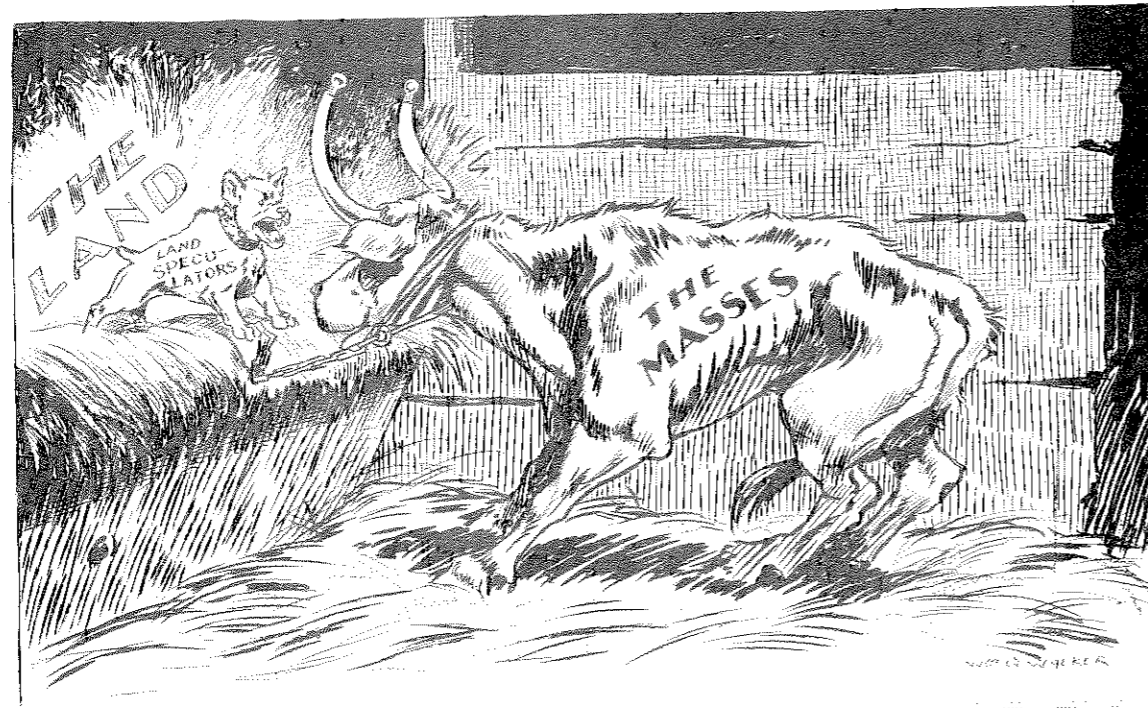




Say, Uncle, what's the chance of locating on a bit of that land? Nothing doing in the crowd here. Some of us could get a living out there, and a breath of fresh air. Lots of vacant land—Plenty land, Son, but I have to guard that toll gate as long as the crowd stands for it. Hm! where do we get off, Uncle? Off the earth, I guess—'till you wake up and singletax that toll gate out of existence.



Single Tax is no tax at all. It is the equitable payment to society for the privilege of exclusively withholding from society a particular land site—a more favorable location. Single Tax is the fair, decent, honest, kindly, humane way of apportioning the land—by the living to the living.

Single Tax removes all taxation from labor and industry.

It recognizes use and occupancy as the only valid title to land. It kills land monopoly and makes private ownership possible and profitable. It increases the demand for labor by encouraging building, and it reduces rent.

Single Tax is the golden rule applied by society at the base of life—to the land.—Luke.

# EVERYMAN

Luke North

September  
October 1913

IN THIS ISSUE

**HENRY GEORGE**

By Clarence Darrow

**JOSEPH FELS**

His Portrait—His Life—His Ideals  
and His Work for the

**SINGLE TAX**

Other Features: see contents inside cover page

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N. B. All subscriptions to Everyman are for the entire Ninth Volume, beginning March, 1913, and ending February, 1914. The Mirror subscription will be for 52 weeks, and The Masses for 12 months, succeeding the date of your subscription.

## EVERYMAN SEPT.-OCT., 1913

Double number, devoted chiefly to Fels and the Single Tax. Contents:

### PORTRAIT OF JOSEPH FELS

By Clarence Darrow—Henry George.

By Lincoln Steffens—Sketch of Joseph Fels.

By Thomas Hunt—To Make Individual Ownership Possible.

By F. P. Stockbridge—The Fels Fund Fels.

By Joseph Fels—An Enlightened Millionaire's Religion.

Nothing for Charity: All for Justice.

Answer to the Navy League.

Single Tax and the Farmer.

Partial Restitution to the Children.

Tolstoy's Prophecy.

Henry George's "Passion of Passions."

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To Realize Actual Christianity.

Two Christian Jews, Fels and France.

Business Values and Land Values.

Tales of a Traveler: Land Aversion in Acirema.

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"The Goods Are Athirst."

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JOSEPH FELS

DRAWN FOR EVERYMAN  
BY W. H. CAFFYN, LONDON, ENG.  
SEPTEMBER, 1913

3-551



# EVERYMAN

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What mortal makes or adds an inch of land?  
O'er earth let him alone stretch forth the hand  
Of lustful ownership—and sun and air  
And destiny and even life command!

Entered February, 1913, in the post office at Los Angeles as second class mailing matter.

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## IMPORTANCE OF THE LAND ISSUE

**W**HILE to abolish the entire system of farming, trading, and manufacturing for private profit and replace it with an ideal industrial system of production and distribution for welfare instead of profit—while such may or may not be a desirable end toward which to work, there is nothing at present to indicate the possibility of attaining it in this country within the life time of this generation.

And if this is true, then there is no revolutionary party, and no party of economic or industrial reform, now offering any program of fundamental measures for the immediate and substantial relief of the masses from the inhuman greeds and strifes of today, with their billionaires, paupers, child labor, slums, tenement life, disemployment, high prices, wage slavery, and the discouragement of industry by the imposition of heavy taxes on production and business enterprise.

This is not in criticism of the Socialist party—or of any party. It is merely the statement of a fact based on the simplest and most obvious rule of economic procedure. Which rule is: That any advantage, short of the total abolition of the profit system; any advantage such as cheap gas or water gained by municipal ownership, high wages secured by direct action or by special legislation, better transportation facilities, sanitary housing and city betterment work generally—all these and all other advantages will accrue only to the landlords, will be added to rent, will be confiscated by the absorbers of the unearned increment, will enable commodity prices to rise still higher, will here and there change the personnel of rich and poor by some lucky or unlucky chance, but will in no wise relieve the distress and poverty of the masses.

The owners of land (10 per cent of the population, I believe, or at any rate a very small proportion)—the owners of the land are in absolute control of the economic and industrial situation, and have the power to dictate, and do dictate (albeit in very subtle and complex ways) the terms upon which every industry and every person shall occupy the land.

The industrial scheme of civilization is very intricate; nevertheless thru all its labyrinthine mazes a few fundamental truths stand out clearly and boldly for all to see who care to see them. And of these bald facts the first and most important is that whatever part of a society owns the land that part has the power of life and death over all the rest of society. For the first—as the last—requisite of man is the land. Having the land he can get whatever else he may want and have the wisdom and strength to take, but without land he has no power to take anything—or, Supposing he should acquire power to take over all the industries

before he gained the land, what would he do with them? Even airships, day dreams, and poetry come from the land, and can only exist upon sufferance of those who own the land.

Manifestly every human being should have a foothold, or its equivalent, on the land without let or hindrance from any other human being, for whoever has power to estop another from the land over him has the power of master to slave. Manifestly every person in a decently organized society must have a home, a workshop, a farm (or its equivalent as he may please) on accessible, nearby land—of which there always was, everywhere is, and forever will be in a sane universe an abundance to supply the normal requirements of whatever population may any where assemble. But since the land is of limited area, manifestly no one should be permitted to monopolize, hold idle and vacant, a single foot of land so long as any are landless, or to the detriment of anyone, causing him to travel over miles and miles of idle, vacant, unused land in order to reach, far in the wilderness away from his kin and the refining influences of urban life, a piece of land upon which he may freely live.

Manifestly land monopoly spells slavery and there can be no freedom till all have access to the land. Communism or Socialism may or may not come in the future, as future generations may elect, but first of all there must be—Individual Occupancy of the Land.

We have not now a system of private ownership in land (or of anything else scarcely). What we have now is a system of Land Monopoly—a very few people monopolize the land and are thus enabled to monopolize about everything else.

The land monopoly proceeds as to acreage first and when this is all fenced in by monopoly titles, then the Value of the Land in and near cities is found to have increased, and this land value which is created by all the people alike and is nothing more than Population Value—a value created entirely by the density of population—is appropriated by a few private individuals. This population value now is of almost inestimable enormity—and it goes into a few Private Pockets!

It is called the Unearned Increment.

Is there the shadow of doubt in the minds of fair and humane persons, that this unearned increment should go to the people who create it—the Whole People? And is there any doubt that if it went to the whole people it would prevent dire poverty, relieve acute distress, cure wage slavery and disemployment, and abolish child slavery? To answer that question in the negative is to ignore the simplest and most firmly established facts of political economy.

How shall it be got to the whole people?

By inauguration of the Single Tax on land values. No other method has ever been suggested or even dreamed of; there is no other way. Single Tax in its simplest form is as absolute as arithmetic.

By Single Tax is meant the abolition of all other taxes except that on the bare selling value of the naked land, and the imposition of this tax to the full extent of the value. That is Single Tax, unlimited.

It is not at all likely that the entire nation, or any sufficient part of it, can quickly be taught to see so simple and fundamental a truth; therefore Single-taxers are not sanguine of being able to apply immediately their entire remedy in all its beautiful and harmless simplicity. And indeed many devout Single-taxers are indisposed to advocate the full remedy at once.

But this glaring fact is true of Single Tax, as it is of no other revolutionary or reform program—that even its moderate application in its mildest form

brings immediate, actual, and lasting relief to the whole people who need it most—and this relief neither monopoly prices nor rent can take from them.

The immediate revocation of all laws providing for the assessment of buildings and of personal property, as the first step toward Single Tax, will work hardship to no one engaged in legitimate business, and will give ample time and notice for the capital now engrossed in speculation to reinvest in productive and useful enterprises.

Even so mild a measure of relief as this could not be accomplished in less than several years, since doubtless Monopoly and Speculation will fight it to the last ditch thru the last court. But if the people want it they can have it; they always do have what they want, what corresponds to their superstition or to their enlightenment, and there is no power to keep it from them. The public is blind, stupid, and narrowly selfish mostly; its voice is the voice of ignorance and passion. Yet such as it is every member of it is bound by its verdict, and the only hope for the present or the future lies in raising the mass intelligence to the point where it shall no longer be swayed and molded by Monopoly and Greed.

As soon as the people have wisdom enough merely to take the taxes off industry and place them on monopoly and speculation, industrial conditions will be permanently bettered. In and near the cities building operations will steadily and enormously increase, since the holders of vacant sites will be forced to build on them in order to get a sufficient revenue to be able to hold them.

This increased building will raise wages in a natural manner, as when two jobs seek one man instead of a dozen men competing for one job. Wages will go up, normally and permanently.

And rent will go down. Rent will go down to a fair and normal interest on the capital actually invested. Tenants will no longer be required to pay rent equal to the interest on advancing ground values.

Twenty years ago Jones bought a lot on Broadway for \$20,000. Now it is worth \$200,000—\$180,000 of Unearned Increment. Whatever the cost of his building, he adds that \$180,000 of Unearned Increment to his "capital invested" and the tenants who rent from him have to pay interest on the entire amount. That's what makes rent so high—and the landlord complains that he is "earning" only a few per cent on his "investment"—on the people's investment he means, for it is population alone, the Whole People of a community, that created the \$180,000 increase now charged up in rent. Under Single Tax rent will go down—way down till a fair interest on the actual capital invested is reached.

This will not happen drastically, suddenly, to the disruption or the disorganization of the social status. But gradually and surely—to the enrichment of the whole people and to the final utter routing of the multi-millionaire. Both he and the pauper must go. They will go peaceably and kindly—or they will go by sabotage and syndicalism. Humanity cannot and will not wait for the far-off establishment of the Socialistic state. It can come afterward, if the people want it, and when they want it. Evidently a sufficient number of the people do not now want it. Whether I, or you, ever will want it is of no consequence. Here and now we are looking at things as they are. Pretty rotten, they are—monopoly, speculation, and special privilege gone mad!

And Single Tax is the only thing that can give immediate and substantial relief. All the plundering interests know this, if their victims the people, don't. These interests (monopoly, speculation, and special privilege) fear Single Tax above all other "reforms," because they understand it. They rely upon their

courts backed by the army to suppress Syndicalism and the general strike, while Socialism they have ceased to fear because its only danger to them and its only relief to the people lie in the remote future when its party shall be strong enough to take over the whole government—a doubtful contingency, at present.

But Single Tax they fear today and tomorrow and are spending vast sums to urge the voters from its adoption.

Single Tax does not oppose Socialism, or Syndicalism, or any plan for human betterment, or any scheme for a more harmonious social and industrial life. It merely says to distressed humanity:

"I will restore to the people their lands, their mines, their highways, railroads, water rights and waterways. I will restore to the people the land values which they alone have created in and near the cities. I will restore to the people all that monopoly, speculation, and special privilege now take from them. I will fix the public values in the public name, vest the fundamental public interests permanently in their rightful owners, making possible the private ownership of all land and making forever impossible the monopoly of land."

Strange that all sincere social reformers and revolutionists cannot unite in so simple and straightforward a program! It binds them to no future course, bars the way to no greater betterment, hinders no further step toward larger ends—does not claim to be final, but it is—IS—fundamental! And it brings substantial relief at once.

Perhaps this is why some oppose it, fearing that relief and a measure of social betterment will make the mass content short of the full cup. But this is false reasoning. The course of human development disproves it. Those who have nothing are the last to agitate for better conditions. Human ambition feeds on success; sickens and despairs on failure. Human needs increase as they are fed. The more men have the more they want; the more they have the more courage is theirs to demand still more. Living men will never be satisfied. The satisfied man, at either end of the social scale, is a dead one. Single Tax will abolish poverty and bring a measurable degree of leisure and a greater mass intelligence. Only intelligent people are fit for a better social scheme than now obtains. Efforts to enforce Utopia on an unintelligent people are futile and illogical.

Here in California we are on the the threshold of entering the Single Tax wedge. The last legislature submitted to popular vote, at the general election in the fall of 1914, a constitutional amendment enabling any city or county in the state to eliminate all taxation on buildings, improvements, and personal property other than franchises, which means, of course, the power to raise all revenues by assessing land values—instead of industry. It is only an enabling act, but a necessary step toward the inauguration of Single Tax, limited or unlimited, as the people at future elections may decide. All the predatory interests of the state are combining to defeat this initial step, and probably half a million dollars or more will be spent to "educate" the farmer to vote against it. They will lie to him and to the home owner, telling that Single Tax would rob them of farm and home; and all their harlots of the daily press will shout "anarchy!" It is always "anarchy and chaos" that threatens Monopoly—and always the cry of "law and order" that gains Monopoly another advantage. "Bunk" is current coin in America and for meaningless phrases the people yield their land, their earnings, their children, themselves.

Luke North.

## To Realize Actual Christianity

HO IT MAY be a far cry, as the average man thinks, from the inhuman greeds of now to a time when even the average man will refuse to take more than his meagrest necessities so long as a single member of his society is in want, yet as an ideal it is worth holding and of its "impracticability" I am unpersuaded.

What is there to indicate it? Nothing more than there was to deny the practicability of automobiles and airships—"vehicles never had been propelled that way; men never had flown"—unwarranted assertions based on the flimsy history of a scant 5000 years in the total of 400,000 admitted by paleontology, while geology clamors for the addition of three ciphers. We are as ignorant of human conditions in the remote past as we are of Jupiter's inhabitants.

Nor is the usual cry of sentimentality valid. It is the lack of kindness that is sentimental and irrational. It is the humane emotions that bend to reason, produce a healthful strength, and give augmented facility for the attainment of whatever desires may spur man to action. If the golden rule itself, with all its enmeshment of cant, be not strictly a scientific procedure applicable alike to general laws and specific instances, resulting in the greatest human attainment by the least effort, let it be cast out as a mawkish toy for salaried preachers and the Sabbath musings of millionaire philanthropists.

That it has no other use today is due to our wonderful faculty for keeping sentiment and thought in widely separated compartments. Business is business we say, meaning business is heartless and soulless. And thought must not enter into feeling, care guide art, nor reason sift the kindly impulses—axioms of yesterday. But change is coming fast. Men are learning how, and soon will become, kind to each other.

Stranger things came to pass in physics and metaphysics during the decade that ushered automobiles, wireless telegraphy and electrons. Are ethics immune from development and diffusion—the human heart in mass unresponsive?

Nothing so indicates to my comprehension, while everything demonstrates the universality of expansion, growth, change. We may not transcend the ethics of Buddha, but those of Jesus may be more intelligently understood and given place in social life—it may be—who can prove to the contrary? A thousand things show an awakened social conscience and a quickened sense of fairness in the individual. True, we still trade in human welfare, gain profit from life, and the market place is a

brothel for the prostitution of talent, genius, mentality, art, and letters. But we're greatly ashamed of it. Sympathies and sentiments are broadening in pace with the new environment. Human consciousness is growing more sensitive, responsive, and expansive. It reaches round the globe and at least feels if it does not relieve the distress of a single soul in the antipodes. Its greater acuteness, sophistication, and increasing information are producing an actual morality to replace the artificial codes; and all this is being intensified by the same accelerating influences that hasten the discovery of the weightless motor, the perfection of the airship, and the transmutation of matter.

Is it so wild a guess to prophesy a time when men will be decent and kind to each other? They would be so now were it less difficult. Human beings are not outside the great scheme of Things wherein bodies move along the lines of least resistance. Men would be kind to each other now were they free to move that way. Prostitution would cease over night were it as easy to obtain the necessities and comforts of life without it. Human consciousness is searching for the kinder way; not every individual part of it, but in the mass it is heartsick of the bread strife and nauseated with profit. The poor hunger for enough and the rich would yield their surplus for the approval of men.

But something bars the way. The ancient perfidies and "immedicable woes" hang on. No one is free to be kind in a large and worth while way. No one is free to forgo his advantage, if he is fortunate enough to have one. Were the rich to impoverish themselves tomorrow the gain would be inconsequential to the poor, were the land still subject to monopoly, its population values still appropriated by private owners, and government still granted individual privileges. The few reap and the many want automatically, with little malice on either side, and the only change that one or a group could effect would be to exchange the personnel of rich and poor. This matter of clearing the way for the innate kindness of human nature to assert itself, of leaving the individual free to be decent and straightforward in his dealings without fear of poverty, is a social problem, and the most that anyone can do to help solve it—was done by Henry George when he wrote Progress and Poverty, and is now being done by his fortunately endowed disciple, one Joseph Fels, a Jew.

God's chosen people are the Jews—they admit it.

"But chosen for what?" was asked of Fels.

"To bring Christianity to the world," shot the answer—which is something more than a joke, if examined carefully. He meant of course the teaching of Jesus. Christianity when judged by its shell is denounced as a failure. So Democracy is accounted unrighteous when judged by an alien value. But Christianity is not prisons, puritanism, prostitution, prop-

## Two Christian Jews—Fels and France

**N**OT every Jew reveres the teaching of the first Christian; some of them care as little about it as the Christians themselves. But there has always been in Jewry a conspicuous number of virtual Christians and among these, of two who are writing large their names on the Twentieth century, I am haply reminded by the coincident arrival of Anatole France's tale of the French revolution and of a package of Singletax pamphlets by Joseph Fels. The book is from the John Lane Company, notable makers of many beautiful books. The pamphlets come from Dan Kiefer, beloved as the "Mendicant General" of the Singletax movement. It may jar the rigid propagandists to have their "angel" compared with a mere teller of stories; and likewise the complacencies of sacrosanct literaturia may be shocked by the contrast of so great an artist with a "mere propagandist." But France is a combatant among mortals as well as an Olympian of philosophy and literature. Brandes gives an engaging picture of him addressing a Parisian audience of 6000, on a topic which, however broad its application, is to him of personal concern. I have struggled in vain against the intruding temptation to quote from an intensely characteristic speech; and so, passing the local references to Nationalism, enjoy this condensation and translation by George Brandes (in Contemporary Men of Letters Series, McClure Company) of Anatole France on the Yellow Peril:

The European powers have accustomed themselves, whenever any breach of order occurs in the great Empire of China, to send out troops—either one Power independently or several in combination—which troops restore order by means of theft, violence, plunder, slaughter, and incendiarism, and pacify the country with guns and cannons.

The unarmed Chinese do not defend themselves, or defend themselves badly. They are slaughtered with agreeable facility. They are polite and ceremonious, but we reproach them with a want of good will toward Europeans. Our complaint against them is of the same nature as M. Duchailu's complaint of the gorilla.

That gentleman shot a female gorilla. She died clasping her young one to her breast. He tore the young animal from its mother's arms and dragged it across Africa to sell in Europe. But it gave him just cause of complaint. It was unsociable. It pre-

erty; it is the absence of them. Nor is Democracy the rule of the majority, but its negation Equal freedom, and the desire of no man to coerce or take advantage of another. The modern world knows nothing about Christianity or Democracy, and for that reason is so ready to judge them; but its judgment is at least premature.

ferred dying of hunger to living in his society, and refused to take food. "I was," he writes, "unable to overcome its bad disposition."

We complain of the Chinese with as much right as M. Duchailu complained of his gorilla.

Then Brandes condenses: France went on to speak of the yellow danger for Europe and demonstrated that it was not to be compared with the white danger for Asia. The yellow men have not sent Buddhist missionaries to Paris, London and St. Petersburg. Neither has any yellow military expedition landed in France and demanded a strip of territory within which the yellow men are not to be subject to the laws of the country, but to a court composed of Mandarins. Admiral Togo has not come to our country with a fleet, has not bombarded the harbor of Brest to improve Japan's trade with France. He has not set fire to Versailles in the name of a superior civilization and morality. He has not carried off to Tokio pictures from the Louvre and porcelains from the palace of the Elysee.

And in France's own words: It is generally acknowledged that the yellow races are not sufficiently advanced to imitate the white so exactly. It is regarded as doubtful whether they can ever rise to such a height of moral culture. How is it possible for them, indeed, to possess our virtues? They are not Christians.

France's sympathies are world- and time-wide, but he was probably urged from his customary retirement to a public platform by interests peculiarly personal—race prejudice—and in his protest there is no constructive ideal. From a deeper and truer basis, I feel, Joseph Fels attacks this insistent, but subsidiary question, of "Jew baiting" when he writes in the London Jewish World:

If the Jews want to eliminate prejudice and injustice they must not confine their efforts to attacking the prejudice and injustice that is directed against themselves only. Let them devote their energies to elimination of economic injustice which is oppressing and crushing Jew and Gentile alike. Let them forget or ignore their own peculiar grievances while doing this work, and they will soon find gone forever the prejudice indiscriminately directed at them as a class. In the ranks of those striving to abolish poverty, unreasonable prejudices die a natural death.

Elsewhere Fels pithily writes: "Prejudice is not a result of thought and so cannot be reasoned away." Many students and wise men do not know the genesis of race hatred, but Fels knows it and has stated it. When the

rich and powerful cease to impoverish the many the negro, the Asiatic, and the Hebrew questions will speedily solve themselves. When no man shall hold of earth more than he can use and none seize more than his just share of earth's and labor's produce, soon there will be no aliens and the world will be found of sufficient area neighborly to house even those who differ with us in many ways. This is the bigger truth to which Fels is devoting his wealth and himself. Further in the London letter he writes:

Now why are Jews holding themselves aloof from this movement? In some cases the reason is lack of information, but in too many instances it is due to prejudice as unreasonable as that concerning which they make so loud a complaint. In other cases the cause is fear lest the establishment of justice cause a loss of unjust profits. These are anxious for justice only so long as it will cost them nothing. Frequently these upholders of injustice to others contribute largely to charity, endeavoring thus to give some slight remuneration to a few victims of the system they help to maintain. . . .

If the Jews will help to put in operation the reforms that will destroy the foundation of economic injustice, they will soon find anti-semitism a thing of the past. Such of them as decline to do so need not complain when they realize that those who deny justice to others deserve it not for themselves.

Of these two Jews now writing large their names on the Twentieth century France is the bigger physically, but not otherwise. They are very different and yet much alike. Their sympathies are of equal depth, as one may glean from their writings and activities—and that depth is as great as the human heart reaches. No men have broader mental visions. Neither is bound by creed or prejudice. France is probably an Atheist, and Fels may be counted a Deist—but these are only words; both love Man first and "do not argue about God." Both are radicals and would institute actual Christianity in a twinkling if they could. France is not sanguine of "uninterrupted progress;" he has seen the form of government change nothing but the form—revolutionaries, republicans, socialists clinging to the old greeds and prejudices, reinstating the tyrannies that doomed monarchy and empire. His faith is rather in the power of thought, and he writes: "The visions of the philosopher have in all ages aroused men of action, who have set to work to realize them. Our thoughts create the future." He has as little reverence for the "sovereign people" as for any other sovereign and offers them neither homage nor flattery. Nevertheless he allies himself with their most forward movements, and when reproached for inconsistency replies: "Do you know any other power capable of opposing that of the Church and Nationalism?"

Strangely the land question, which in Russia thru Tolstoy, and in other parts of Europe owing much to the brains, the money, and the energy of Joseph Fels, is a living issue, is not an issue in France—but Syndicalism is, and undoubtedly there is little hope in it for one who may be more interested in the destruction of tyranny itself than in changing its form and exchanging the personnel of its victims and beneficiaries.

Syndicalism with its definite program of expropriation to be effected in the socialization of industry by coercive force of the general strike, and its immediate amelioration of wage slave conditions thru sabotage, is a mass movement of world-wide significance that the thoughtful citizen will do well to ponder deeply and accept at even a little more than its face value. Syndicalism will abolish army, navy, and prisons, not by physical violence, but by the general strike. But this is coercion and when will coercion not spell tyranny? Whether the Syndicalist tyranny is justified by iniquitous conditions due largely to the apathy and narrow selfishness of the more intelligent and better educated portion of society were a futile enquiry. The important thing is that the new tyrant looms big and imminent. We are assured that he will be a benevolent tyrant, but the assurance has a familiar sound.

Whatever their sympathies for or against Syndicalism both France and Fels would rather have no tyrant than a new one, and to effect this larger end both write and talk to world wide audiences. France's books are translated into many languages; Fels propagates Single Tax in many lands. It is Fels' task to show that every tyrant must have a foothold on the land and that to deny him this foothold and restore the land to the whole people is to enable them to dictate terms of occupancy to the tyrant and even his tenure of life. Tyranny is first a condition of the heart and mind, says France, and all the power of his delectable art, his subtle thought, and his delightful ironies is directed against Superstition. He is a kindlier, more subdued Voltaire and makes the most of his natural advantage of coming after Voltaire. He has the mind, and much of the lore of the Eastern sage.

Fels is rather the Western giant, in power and energy. He is keen, witty, incisive, obvious. France is lucid, but you read him with the greatest care to miss not the shading of a word. Fels you may read and run, and be the richer, too, for the reading; he writes much, he writes well and fluently, and always to the point. France is the greatest literary artist in France. Both men were humbly born and

lacked early advantages. One grew up to make soap and the other to make books. Fels is rated at two millions. Late in life France gained recognition. Both live modestly and spend very little on themselves—one from choice—tho doubtless now France has an ample income—ample enough, at any rate, to buy rare books and the mummy of an Egyptian princess. Her he would not consent to pack in the ship's hold coming down the Nile (as I am told by a friend who made the voyage in the same ship)—but kept her in his stateroom, on his bed in the daytime, and had to remove her to the floor when he retired.

These are the two richest Jews in the world, I think, tho many a banker could buy their combined capital many times over. Both of them are disciples of the first Christian and in faith that the rule of kindness will ultimately prevail, as strong as their beloved and illustrious tribesman Israel Zangwill. Their "eternal gospel of love" France preaches by indirection, by an irony subtle, profound, compassionate, and very flattering to the intelligence of his reader. His gentle, devious and often pathetic satires pierce the toughest armor of indifference and reach at one thrust both the head and the heart.

## Lincoln Steffen's Sketch of Joseph Fels

**L**INCOLN STEFFENS has sketched, in his delectably informal way, the Philadelphia and London soap maker who wants to abolish conditions that make millionaires and tramps (and knows how):

Five minutes after meeting Joseph Fels you know him; in an hour you have the illusion that you have always known him; and then, next, you feel the certainty that you always will know him. And the reason for this is that he is all there all the time. There isn't much of him physically. He is just about five feet tall.

"This city will be bigger some day," said a St. Louis judge who was answering a speech by Fels. "You yourself are bigger than you were when you were born, aren't you?"

"Not much," said Fels.

But this tiny body hasn't anything to do with his being. Quick, nervous, eager, glad, his horsepower, so to speak, is that of Theodore Roosevelt. He flies at his work, like an insect; he is gay about it. "It's so easy," he says.

And he has humor and wit. His wit has been sharpened by the heckling he gets while campaigning in England, but it is founded on humor, and his humor is founded on his success in making money; soap, too, but principally money; very much money.

"It is so easy," he laughs. "You get a monopoly. Then you get a lot of people to work for you, and

Fels, tho as genial and persuasive as France, is decidedly of the affirmative type. Being Jews both are egoists, the Frenchman subjectively, the American objectively. But the latter is not obtrusive, nor a raucous talker on all sides of the obvious and superficial. He has a big job on hand and knows the value of conserving time and strength. He can think—which "is a great infirmity," says France, from which "God has mercifully preserved his greatest saints" and those destined "to eternal felicity." Had Fels been a "mere literary man" his expression would have resembled Zangwill's, which is the opposite of France's.

And both these Jews—one with a greater learning, the other with a more immediate hope; one with a deeper culture, the other with greater daring—are enemies of the established disorder but of no man; are gallant Knights of Mancha, true friends of the oppressed in all lands, oblivious of race, creed, or color, keen to the immemorial wrongs of the rich to the poor, giving all they have, which is much, each in his own way, to track the ancient demon Human Greed to his lair, and to hasten the time when men will find it possible to be kind to each other.

you give them as little as you please of all they make. It's easy, as easy as stealing."

In his speech at the Chicago City Club (March 11, 1910) he said it was robbery. Addressing "the Armours" and other rich men he said:

"We can't get rich under present conditions without robbing somebody. I've done it; you are doing it now and I am still doing it. But I am proposing to spend the damnable money to wipe out the system by which I made it." And he invited all men to match him dollar for dollar in the fund he has established (to "the extent of his swag," as he put it) to "abolish poverty."

And he laughs; not maliciously, but with amusement; and some wonder.

"Isn't it strange?" he says. "They don't see that. They don't think it robbery; they don't believe I mean what I say. And yet, the fact that I have money gives me a certain authority, and so my statement has the sensation of news. The truth I utter is old, but it's news because a rich man says it."

And poking you in the ribs, he puts you in the crowd and laughs at you. For he knows that you also think a little more of what he says because he is a rich man. He can see it.

And that's the point about Fels. He sees. He has imagination; he sees the machinery of life as vividly as a mathematician sees a geometric figure, or an astronomer a constellation. Most men see stars. "Or bread," said Fels, helping out the expression,

"or soap." Fels sees the economics of soap-making, bread making and human exploitation.

"Most Jews do," he says. "That's why we succeed so well in business. We see it as a system, as a diagram. And that's why we hate so to work for wages. We can see that that's no way to make money. That is the way to make soap all right, and bread. But the way to make money is to get hold of land or a franchise; water, gas, transportation; or, a food monopoly; any privilege that men must have the use of, and then—then hold 'em up to get the use of it; they won't see it when you tell them. Well, we see it, we Jews, and—some others."

It's because Fels' friends see what Fels sees that they know him so well. And they know him so quickly, because with his quick, sharp, explosive sentences he has learned to present his point of view, his philosophy, his vivid picture of the world completely and instantly. Also his feelings about it all.

For Fels cares. He is deeply concerned about the facts he laughs at.

"I didn't use to be," he said once. "I've been a Single Taxer ever since I read George's books. I've seen the cat for years. But I didn't do much till I was converted. And, strange to say, I was converted by a Socialist. Single Taxers and Socialists don't agree; too often they fight. But it was Keir Hardie who converted me to the Single Tax or, as I prefer to call it, Christianity. I came home on a ship with him once and I noticed that he never thought of himself. We were together all the time, all those long days at sea, and we talked about England, America, politics, business—everything; and I talked and I thought of myself. But Hardie didn't talk of himself, and I could see that he never thought of Keir Hardie. He was for men."

Fels paused, recalling those days evidently. Then he resumed:

"Well, that did for me. I saw that I was nothing, and that I was doing nothing, compared with a man like that. He saw and I saw, but he worked. He did things, and I saw that that made him a man, a happy man and a servant of mankind. So I decided to go to work, forget myself and get things done. And," he laughed again, "that's easy too. Not so easy as

making money; giving it away is harder than getting it. But by careful management I believe it can be given back without doing much harm."

And that is where Joseph Fels may achieve his distinction among rich men. He may prove to be the most successful of the givers of "tainted money." It's a business. Rockefeller has found that out; and Carnegie—they all have discovered that it is harder to redistribute than to collect money. And most of them really fail at it. Naturally. They don't know how they take money. They think they make it. Fels knows that he doesn't make it, that it is made for him. He gets it, and he knows how he gets it, and he sees that the system that makes the rich rich makes the poor poor. Seeing that, therefore, he does not attempt to alleviate the misery he helps to cause. He gives not a penny for relief, either of individuals or classes. He poured out thousands in London to put the unemployed on vacant lands held for the rise, but his mind was not on the destitute; it was on the land. He saw no use in feeding empty stomachs; he was trying to fill the vacant heads of the poor and the overcrowded heads of the rich with the sight of what men could do for themselves if they could but get access to wasted land; land that was owned but not used. And he succeeded in part.

The land is an issue in English politics now, and Fels financed the agitation which made the land tax in the Budget the question of the day. Which is what he is up to in all countries. He is giving in England \$25,000 a year; in Denmark, \$5000; in Canada, \$5000 and so on—altogether \$100,000 a year. And he is offering to give \$25,000 (or more) a year for five years (or more) in the United States on condition that Americans who see the "land cat" will match him dollar for dollar. The money is to go into a fund which is to be spent to finance movements which seem to be making most directly toward the cure of the causes of poverty.

"I want to make me impossible," he says. "I want to spend my fortune to make such fortunes as mine impossible."

And that's a serious, worthy, happy occupation for a man of executive ability.

## The Passion of Passions—Henry George

Beneath things he seeks the law; he would know how the globe was forged and the stars were hung, and trace to their origins the springs of life. And then, as the man develops his nobler nature, there arises the desire higher yet—the passion of passions, the hope of hopes—the desire that he, even he, may somehow aid in making life better and brighter, in destroying want and sin, sorrow and shame. He masters and curbs the animal; he turns his back upon the feast and renounces the place of power; he leaves it to others to accumulate wealth, to gratify pleasant tastes, to bask themselves in the warm sunshine of the brief day. He works for those he never saw and never can see; for a fame, or maybe for a scant justice, that can only come along after the clods have rattled upon his coffin lid. He toils in the advance where it is cold, and there is little cheer from men, and the stones are sharp and the brambles thick. Amid the scoffs of the present and the sneers that stab like knives, he builds for the future, he cuts the trail that progressive humanity may hereafter broaden into a high road. Into higher, grander spheres desire mounts and beckons, and a star that rises in the East leads him on. Lo! the pulses of the man throb with the yearnings of the god—he would aid in the process of the suns!

## An Enlightened Millionaire's Religion

**J**OSEPH FELS is not greatly concerned to save the souls of men and let their bodies starve; he is callous to the needs of the heathen for a "spiritual enlightenment" which has not stayed its possessors from despoiling the many for the enrichment of the few; his belief in the "Brotherhood of man and the Fatherhood of God" is more literal than academic—all of which is admirably set forth in his strong, terse, lucid answer to the dean of a theological seminary's request for a donation. The dean's letter:

Dear Sir—Having read much of you and your many acts of charity and philanthropy, I write to ask for a donation from you for our institution.

It may seem strange that I ask this of one who is not of our faith, yet I have read in some of your speeches that you make no distinction of race, creed or color, and that you regard all men as your brothers; that you believe in the Brotherhood of Man and the Fatherhood of God. Thus you are teaching what our institution teaches, and our school is doing, as best it can with limited means, the work you are trying to do.

We are sadly in need of money. Many young men who wish to enter our school and prepare themselves to teach the Gospel of Christ are without means to pay their board and buy books, and our means are so limited that we cannot help them. These young men, trained in our school to preach the gospel, would, many of them, be fitted to carry the Word to the heathen of foreign lands, and thus be instrumental in dispelling the darkness that reigns among millions of our brethren in other lands.

Can you not help us? What would be a very little to you would be a great deal to us, and might be the means of saving many souls.

Mr. Fels' answer:

Dear Sir—Replying to your communication, I am at a loss to know where you have read of my "acts of charity and philanthropy." I am not a philanthropist and give nothing to charity.

When you say I am not of your "faith," I suppose you mean of your creed. Let me state my faith and we can see wherein we differ.

I believe in the Fatherhood of God and therefore in the Brotherhood of Man. By "Man" I mean all men. So far I suppose we agree.

I believe that the Creator freely gave the earth to all of His children that all may have equal rights to its use. Do you agree to that?

I believe that the injunction, "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread" necessarily implies "Thou shalt not eat bread in the sweat of thy brother's brow." Do you agree?

I believe that all are violating the divine law who live in idleness on wealth produced by others since they eat bread in the sweat of their brothers' brows. Do you agree to that?

I believe that no man should have power to take wealth he has not produced or earned unless freely given to him by the producer. Do you agree?

I believe that Brotherhood requires giving an equivalent for every service received from a brother. Do you agree?

I believe it is blasphemous to assert or insinuate that God has condemned some of His children to hopeless poverty and to the crime, the want, the misery resulting therefrom, and has at the same time awarded to others lives of ease and luxury without labor. Do you agree?

I believe that involuntary poverty and involuntary idleness are unnatural and are due to the denial by some of the right of others to use freely the gifts of God to all. Do you agree?

Since labor products are needed to sustain life and since labor must be applied to land in order to produce, I believe that every child comes into life with Divine permission to use land without the consent of any other child of God. Do you agree?

Where men congregate in organized society, land has a value apart from the value of things produced by labor; as population and industry increase the value of land increases, but the value of labor products does not. That increase in land value is a community-made value. Inasmuch as your power to labor is a gift of God all the wealth produced by your labor is yours, and no man nor collection of men has a right to take any of it from you. Do you agree to that?

I believe the community-made value of land belongs to the community just as the wealth produced by you belongs to you. Do you agree to that?

Therefore I believe that the fundamental evil, the great God-denying crime of society, is the iniquitous system under which men are permitted to put into their pockets, confiscate in fact, the community made values of land, while organized society confiscates for public purposes a part of the wealth created by individuals. Do you agree to that?

Using a concrete illustration: I own in the city of Philadelphia 11¼ acres of land for which I paid \$32,500 a few years ago. On account of increase of population and industry in Philadelphia, that land is now worth about \$125,000. I have expended no labor or money upon it. So I have done nothing to cause that increase of \$29,500 in a few years. My fellow citizens in Philadelphia created it and I believe it therefore belongs to them, not to me. I believe that the man-made law which gives to me and other landlords values we have not created is a violation of Divine law. I believe that justice demands that these community-made values be taken by the community for common purposes instead of taxing enterprise and industry. Do you agree?

That is my creed, my faith, my religion. Do you teach that or anything like it, in your theological school? If not, why not? I have a right to ask since you have asked me for money. If you agree

to my propositions but do not teach them, tell me why. If I am in error show me in what respect.

I am using all the money I have to teach my creed, my faith, my religion as best I can. I am using it as best I know how to abolish the Hell of civilization, which is want and fear of want. I am using it to bring in the will of our Father, to establish the Brotherhood of man by giving each of my brothers an equal opportunity to have and use the gifts of our Father. Am I misusing that money?

If my religion is true, if it accords with the basic principles of morality taught by Jesus, how is it possible for your school to teach Christianity when it ignores the science of government? Or is your school so different from other theological schools that it does teach the fundamental moral principles upon which men associate themselves in organized government?

Do you question the relation between taxation and righteousness? Let us see. If government is a natural growth then surely God's natural law provides food and sustenance for government as that food is needed; for where in nature do we find a creature coming into the world without timely provision of natural food for it? It is in our system of taxation that we find the most emphatic denial of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man, because first, in order to meet our common needs we take from individuals what does not belong to us in common; second, we permit individuals to take for themselves what does belong to us in common; and thus, third, under the pretext of taxation for public purposes we have established a system that permits some men to tax other men for private profit.

Does not that violate the natural, the divine law? Does it not surely beget wolfish greed on the one hand and gaunt poverty on the other? Does it not surely breed millionaires on one end of the social scale and tramps on the other end? Has it not brought into civilization a hell of which the savage can have no conception? Could any better system be devised for convincing men that God is the father of a few and the stepfather of the many? Is not that destructive of the sentiment of brotherhood? With such a condition how is it possible for men in masses to obey the new commandment "that ye love one another?" What could more surely thrust men apart, what could more surely divide them into warring classes?

You say that you need money to train young men and fit them "to carry the word to the heathen of foreign lands, and thus be instrumental in dispelling the darkness that reigns among millions of our brethren in other lands." That is a noble purpose. But what message would your school give to these young men to take to the benighted brethren that would stand a fire of questions from an intelligent

heathen? Suppose, for example, your school sends to some pagan country an intelligent young man who delivers his message; and suppose an intelligent man in the audience asks these questions:

"You come from America, where your religion has been taught for about 400 years, where every small village has one of your churches, and the great cities have scores upon scores. Do all the people attend these churches? Do your countrymen generally practise what you preach to us? Does even a considerable minority practice it? Are your laws consistent with or contrary to the religion you preach to us? Are your cities clean morally in proportion to the number of churches they contain? Do your courts administer justice impartially between man and man, between rich and poor? Is it as easy for a poor man as for a rich one to get his rights in your courts?"

"You have great and powerful millionaires. How did they get their money? Have they more influence than the poor in your churches and in your Congress, your legislatures and courts? Do they, in dealing with their employees, observe the moral law that 'the laborer is worthy of his hire?' Do they treat their hired laborers as brothers? Do they put children to work who ought to be at play or at school?"

"Do your churches protest when the militia is called out during a strike, or do they forget at such times what Jesus said about the use of the sword?"

"After four centuries of teaching and preaching of your religion in your country, has crime disappeared or diminished, have you less use for jails, are fewer and fewer of your people driven into mad-houses, and have suicides decreased? Is there a larger proportion of crime among Jews and infidels than among those who profess Christianity?"

I do not attack Christianity. The foregoing questions are not intended as criticism of the great moral code underlying Christianity, but as criticism of the men who preach but do not practice that code. You may accuse me of "unbelief," but that is no answer. If you have any criticism to make of me or any accusation to bring against me, answer the questions first. Give me straight answers, and I will give straight answers to any questions you may put to me. My contention is that the code of morals taught to the fishermen of Galilee by the Carpenter of Nazareth is all embracing and all sufficient for our social life.

I shall be glad to contribute to your theological school or to any other that gets down to the bed rock of that social and moral code, accepts it in its fullness, and trains its students to teach and preach it regardless of the raiment, the bank accounts, the social standing or political position of the persons in the pews.

—Joseph Fels.

The only man who lives up to his ideals is the man who has none. For ideals are in the realm of thought which is fluidic, and wherever thought is active ideals keep a measurable pace in advance of conduct. When conduct catches up with ideals, thought has ceased to flow, "mental stability" ensues, self-complacency and self-righteousness obtain.

Luke North.



## Fels Answer to the Navy League

"None of your reasons for a larger navy shows murder to be justifiable, or that it is right for a young man to bind himself to shoot his own father at the command of a superior officer. None of them justifies the wicked folly that leads citizens of different countries to kill each other merely because the rulers were too incompetent or too unwilling to settle a dispute amicably.

"Your petition is inconsistent. It contains no demand that in case of war the diplomats whose blundering or worse has failed to avert trouble, be placed on the firing line, together with the congressmen and senators who voted to declare war, the editors, politicians, preachers and other molders of public opinion who helped to inflame the public, and the financial magnates who stood back of it all, pulling the strings in expectation of securing new opportunities for plunder. Of course I know that if such a provision were made there would be an end of all demand for a navy, every congressman would oppose an appropriation, and our State Department would treat even the small-

## Nothing For Charity: All For Justice

Joseph Fels received a request for his photograph to be placed in the gallery of philanthropists of the National Memorial of the United States. He declined, giving his reasons:

I have made no philanthropic gifts. I give nothing to Charity. When I have any money to give away I give it to Justice.

I do not think it would be fair to the "philanthropists" or to the cause with which I am identified that my picture should be in your gallery.

The men usually called "philanthropists," as a rule, uphold existing injustice but give money to relieve victims of the wrongs they uphold. One conspicuous example is a man who has given enormous sums to found libraries and to abolish war. I do not wish to be understood as questioning his sincerity, but it is nevertheless true that he is doing all that one man of influence can do to perpetuate the evils he is endeavoring to relieve. He has been and still is a staunch upholder of the form of robbery called "protective tariff." He has written, spoken and given money in behalf of this iniquity. However good his intentions, the fact remains that in supporting international tariffs and in opposing free trade, he is doing more to perpetuate national hatred and jealousies than all his contributions to peace funds can begin to destroy. Besides the tariff, he upholds other predatory institutions, which impoverish the people and debar them from education, which none of his libraries can supply.

The most prominent supporters of charitable institutions in our cities are men who bitterly oppose

est foreign nations with justice and courtesy.

"In spite of the large number of reasons you give, you omit all mention of the ones but for which no navy would be wanted. Are you ashamed of them? You don't say that American monopolists have secured concessions from corrupt governments of weaker countries to rob the people thereof and want protection from possible revolutionary outbreaks which their oppression may cause. You don't say that increased naval expenses will give protected monopolists an excuse to demand retention of oppressive tariff taxes. You don't say that the Steel Trust, Charles M. Schwab, and others interested in contracts for battleships, guns and armor plate need the money.

"You do say that the navy now costs \$130,000,000 a year. You don't say that that means a tax of \$7.50 a year on every family and that you want to increase it. You don't say that most of these families don't get a dollar's worth of benefit out of it, but that it will be the young men of such families who must do the fighting and be maimed or killed."

abolition of wrongs that create poverty. There are philanthropists who denounce employers of labor for paying low wages; who point accusingly at owners of department stores, blaming them for white slavery; who denounce owners of unsanitary tenements; who rave about political corruption and demand legislation forbidding every evil under the sun, but who will not lift a finger to help remove the fundamental cause of these evils.

While denouncing employers who pay low wages, they shut their eyes to the fact that they themselves uphold conditions which force laborers to choose between low wages or none at all. While denouncing tenement owners they refuse to consider that taxation of industry and encouragement of land speculation make tenement evils inevitable. While denouncing political corruption and demanding futile prohibitory laws they uphold the wrongs which create poverty and drive men to get a living from corruption or other evils in preference to starvation or beggary.

These philanthropists may well be described as men who give money to repair a little of the harm they have themselves helped to do or as Tolstoy has well stated; "men willing to do anything to help the poor except to get off of their backs."

Identified as I am, with the great movement to remove the cause of poverty, it would be a mistake to classify me with those opposing our efforts and who would apparently prefer that all the evils they decry should exist forever rather than that the cause of them should be disturbed.

## Fels on Single Tax and the Farmer

THE farmer suffers first and worst probably from the parent land monopoly and its numerous brood of corners in food supplies, excessive freight rates, high tariffs and high prices, he is usually the last person in America to comprehend the true inwardness of the situation that oppresses him. It is usually the farmer's vote that gives quietus to Single Tax measures, and the ingenuity of writers and lecturers is taxed to devise ways of presenting the land question in terms so simple and obvious as to reach the unschooled perceptive faculties of the farmer.

Of these efforts I know of none better, or so direct and effective, indeed, as this skillful presentation by Joseph Fels which was published in *Successful Farming* for February 1912:

When we want to limit the supply of something we don't like, without altogether abolishing it, we put a tax on it. That is why some people advocate a tax on dogs or on saloons or on imported goods. In every case the tax, unless evaded, has this effect.

We are familiar with the argument which advocates of the dog tax present to show the desirability of reducing the number of dogs. We all know why advocates of a saloon tax say they want fewer saloons, and why advocates of tariffs think that foreign imports should be checked. But no one has yet advanced any reason why we should artificially check and restrict domestic industry. Now some one may say that this is because no one favors any such thing. Well, if no one does, how comes it that we are levying taxes that do that very thing? We tax houses for instance. Is it because we consider houses as harmful as liquor? We tax two-story houses more than those of one story. Are two-story houses more hurtful to the community than one-story houses? We tax furniture, horses, wagons, plows, etc. Is it because we do not want to have too easy a time getting such commodities. No? Then why do we do it? We must have public revenue and must get it somewhere, but why get it in that way? Is it because we don't know any better? Then it is high time that we learned a different way.

There has been an agitation going on for quite a while in favor of taking all taxes off of industry and its products. Any one who wishes may learn from these agitators how sufficient public revenue can be raised without discouraging enterprise and industry. All that is necessary is to abolish taxes on improvements, on personal property and on business, and levy instead a single tax on land values only. That would relieve industry of a great burden. The man who raised a crop, built a house or barn, or a factory would not be taxed for so doing. The man who would hold valuable land out of use on speculation, would find that expensive and consequently would either improve his land or let some one else do so. There would result an increased demand for labor, wages would rise, there would be more business for

the merchant and manufacturer, and more demand for farm products. There would be no taxes to be figured in the cost of production, so that prices could be materially reduced without making profits too small.

The single tax would especially be a relief to farmers who work their own farms. The proportion of land values owned by them is ridiculously small compared with what is owned by the holder of city lands. Even in small cities a single foot of land in the business center has more value than many acres of unimproved farm land, while in the large centers of population a front foot of land is worth more than the combined values of many whole farms.

The value of the bare land of New York City is at present \$4,000,000,000 and is increasing at the rate of about \$200,000,000 annually. That is, the land of New York City is worth as much as 62,500 square miles of agricultural land valued at \$100 an acre. The area of the state of New York is less than 50,000 square miles, it is easy to see that the unimproved value of all the farms in the state combined is nearly equal the bare land value of New York City. The disparity between urban and rural land values is even greater than these figures indicate, for New York state contains quite a number of large cities and towns whose land values must also be considered.

Then there is not only the land values of the cities to be considered. The values of the right-of-way of railroads, and other public service corporations also come under the head of land values, as well as the values of the mining lands.

But it may perhaps be urged that New York state is an extreme case since it contains the largest city in the country, in addition to cities like Buffalo, Rochester and other places. Well, let us take a state where conditions are radically different and where official figures are available—such a state as Oregon. With almost twice the area of New York it has but one city, Portland, of metropolitan size. The People's Power League of that state has issued a pamphlet which gives the figures of each county, showing what proportion of taxes would have been paid by farmers and what proportion by various other classes if the single tax on land values had been in force in 1900.

This pamphlet shows on the basis of present assessment how the exemption of all improvements and personal property from taxation would invariably result in a saving to the farmer. This is the case not only in agricultural counties, but even in Multnomah county containing the city of Portland. In this county, for instance, the total assessment of all kinds of property amounts to \$247,267,520, of which \$6,957,626 is on farm land and \$3,934,197 on farm buildings, stock and improvements. The total amount of taxes paid was \$4,394,537 of which the farmers paid \$193,573. Had the single tax been in operation and the same amount raised by taxation the farmers' share would have been but \$172,585, a saving to them of nearly \$21,000. Lands held on

speculation and franchise corporations would have paid that much more.

In a typical agricultural county like Coos county, which contains no large city, the total assessment of all kinds of property is \$15,214,550. Farmers' lands are assessed \$1,202,253 and other kinds of farmers' property \$1,007,728. The total taxes are \$446,544, of which farmers pay \$64,862. Had the single tax been in operation the farmers of Coos county would have paid but \$13,456, a saving of over \$51,000. In the whole state of Oregon the farmers would have saved nearly \$1,800,000 on their tax bills and speculators and public service corporations would have paid that much more.

Some years ago in Manitoba and the other western Canadian provinces a vast amount of land had been grabbed and held out of use by speculators. Farmers could not get land enough to use without paying exorbitant prices. Then their industry and enterprise, had the effect of booming the value of the speculators' property which, being entirely unimproved, was taxed scarcely nothing at all, while working farmers had to pay taxes on their houses, barns, crops and all other property that their industry provided as well as on the land itself.

To remedy this the farmers went to the provincial legislatures and demanded laws exempting improvements and personal property from taxation, such exemption to apply to rural districts only. The demand was granted and since then western Canadian farmers have raised all revenue for provincial and local purposes by a single tax on land values. Under this system the speculator who holds a tract of land out of use is compelled to pay as much taxes as the holder of an equally valuable tract which has been improved to the greatest possible extent. An immediate result was a material reduction of farmers' tax

Much to our regret we are unable to add our voice to the humble prayer to Washington from the financial district beseeching the assignment of a regiment of regular soldiers to Governors Island in order to protect the banking institutions and the vaults in case of a great physical disaster or an assault by some great mob.

We are constrained to dissent because the proposal goes too far if Wall Street is not in danger, and not far enough if it is in danger. Governors Island is distant nearly a mile from the office of Morgan & Co. and the quarters of the City Bank. There is water to cross. If we give full rein to the imagination and see with affrighted gaze the Wall Street district overwhelmed by a ravaging mob, we can also see that mob hurrying a detachment to prevent the landing of succoring reinforcements from down the bay.

If Wall Street needs a regiment to guard it the barracks of the guardsmen should be at hand. Why not have the establishment of Fort Wall Street? The government owns the site of the Sub-Treasury building and thus holds what may be regarded as the key military position of the financial district. Quickfirers placed on the porch of the Sub-Treasury, just behind the statute of Washington, would sweep back the horrid mob. Heavier artillery on the roof could drop shells into Trinity churchyard or into Battery Park, or even into City Hall Park, if there was a menacing assemblage.

The Governors Island proposal yields too much to the enemies of order and to those who want an opportunity to loot the strong boxes. If there is to be a money fort it should be placed where it will do the most good. When the warning guns are mounted in Fort Wall Street doubtless arrangements can be made to bring the money kings, under special escort, back and forth in armored automobiles. It would be anticlimax indeed to protect the gold and not the gold's owners.

and a material increase of speculators' assessments. The latter concluded it would be better to sell than to wait until some one got ready to pay an inflated price. Users of land found it easier to get acreage. The country began to prosper. Immigrants have since poured in there in a steadily increasing flood and even American farmers have been attracted there by the thousands.

The cities and towns are also adopting the system wherever they can secure the authority to do so. Thus Vancouver adopted it about two years ago and is now the most prosperous city on the Pacific coast. Victoria has voted to follow Vancouver's example and before long we may confidently look for its general spread thru the whole of western Canada.

It ought not to be hard for American farmers to realize that the conditions in Canada which are so attractive can be duplicated here and ought to be as quickly as possible. Opportunities for American farmers are being restricted more and more as the grip of the land speculator tightens. Taxation of improvements and personal property falls more heavily on the farmer than on any other class. Land values in the rural districts are insignificant as compared with what they are in the cities, so by making that form of property the sole source of public revenue the owners of city lands will be forced to bear the lion's share of tax burdens.

The spectacle of the American farmer stubbornly retaining a tax system that unjustly burdens him and strenuously opposing a change that would materially lighten that burden is not one to compel admiration.

The farmers of western Canada have made plain to all who have eyes to see that the taxation of land values will be more beneficial to agricultural interests than to any other.

## The Fels Fund Fels—by Stockbridge

ENGLAND, Germany, Denmark, Spain, the Antipodes, any and all of the United States in particular, Canada, and South America—wherever there is an active nucleus of inhabitants who perceive the fundamental relation between poverty and land monopoly—there goes the Fels Fund to sustain and there goes Joseph Fels himself to strengthen and cheer. Were Fels a penniless man instead of a millionaire several times over, yet his talents as speaker and writer, his wonderful energy, his single-hearted devotion—made doubly effective by his temperate, almost ascetic, personal habits—would doubtless have been sufficient to win him leadership in the world-wide land movement. Nature richly endowed him at birth with normal health, large sympathies, and an unblushing ego. Also, nature bestowed on him a distaste for manual toil and a not rare capacity for getting other men to work for him and hand over the proceeds—he admits it. Early in life Fels learned how to make money; late in life he learned how to spend it, gaining at the same time the abiding and absorbing interest in life of one who has a work to do, a life-engrossment outside the narrow radius of personal ends and physical comforts. Fels has heard the song of the siren that lures to impersonal deeds and to hungers that are never satisfied. He will not die of ennui, nor live to ask the foolish question "What's the use?" All of which is rather well attested, I think, in Frank P. Stockbridge's interesting sketch of him that was published last year in Everybody's Magazine. It reads:

A little, square-shouldered, bald-headed, bearded Jew—that is a thumbnail sketch of the Angel of the Single Tax, Joseph Fels. That is all one sees of him at first glance. When one knows him pretty well, one discovers that he has a heart bigger than his five-foot body. He likes to talk about the evils of promiscuous charity; but go to him with any kind of a hard-luck story, and see how easily he gives up, grumbling as he does so, by way of squaring his act with his professed principles. And Mrs. Fels, who isn't as big as he is, aids and abets him in these pernicious practices—just as she backs him up in his project for abolishing poverty and crime thru the Single Tax.

Born in Halifax, Virginia, December 16, 1853, and reared in a little North Carolina town—Yanceyville—that has disappeared even from the Postal Guide, Joseph Fels learned his father's trade of soap-making, was a soap "drummer" at seventeen, and partner in a soap factory at twenty-one. Presently he invented a new kind of laundry soap and began

to make money rapidly. A few years ago, in order to introduce his wares into the foreign market, he opened an office in London. Such poverty as he had observed in his home city of Philadelphia had not impressed him greatly, but in London he learned what poverty really meant. He became actively interested in charities, and financed a plan to get the people out of the London slums and back to the land. He bought a big farm and so came in personal touch with the land question.

"That was what made me a Singletaxer," he told me, when I asked him how he became interested in the Henry George philosophy. "I saw that my plan would not work and that the Single Tax would work—that it would give the people access to the land by making it impossible for any one to hold more land than he could use."

"How much money have you spent to promote the Single Tax?" I asked him.

"I haven't the slightest idea," he replied, and the reply was characteristic of the man. "If you write anything about me, say that I put in twelve hours a day working for the Single Tax."

Some people have estimated Mr. Fels' contributions to the Single Tax cause at a million dollars. There is good ground for believing that the sum is at least half of that. For as soon as he "saw the cat" and considered the fortune which was rapidly piling up in his own hands, he opened his purse to its limit. He got in touch with the British Singletaxers and financed their campaign, which resulted in the adoption by the Liberal Party of the revaluation of the land and a tax of a halfpenny in the pound on land values as the main plank in its program—the program which won fame and power for David Lloyd George.

In Germany, Denmark, New Zealand and Australia, the Singletaxers were actively working and needed financial support. Fels gave to them and is still giving. And, most of all, he wanted to get the Single Tax established as a working proposition in his native land.

Out of this desire grew the Joseph Fels Fund Commission of America, established in 1909 with the avowed purpose of trying to put the Single Tax on a working basis somewhere in the United States within five years. The leading Singletaxers of the country were called into conference. Daniel Kiefer, of Cincinnati, was made chairman—it was Kiefer, Fels says, who showed him how to spend his money wisely.

Kiefer, altho a member of a Congregational Church, is of Jewish descent. He was in the wholesale clothing business when he first read Progress and Poverty. The Henry George philosophy took possession of him. He talked Single Tax in season and out of season to his customers, his partners, and his business acquaintances.

Finally his partners told him he would have to quit talking such nonsense or sell out to them—he was "hurting business," they said. He sold out, and

—Fort Wall Street, The Globe, New York.

continued to talk Single Tax. There is no more ardent and whole-souled devotee of the Henry George philosophy living than Dan Kiefer, and no harder worker. As a raiser of funds for causes in which he is interested, he has a national reputation. His friends refer to him jokingly as the "mendicant-general" of the Single Tax. As chairman of the commission, he was told to go ahead and raise all the money he could.

"I'll give \$25,000 a year myself," said Fels, "and more than that, I'll match every dollar you raise."

Fels is for Single Tax unlimited. He wants the land restored to the people—all of it. He wants the population value of land (the unearned increment) to go to its creators and rightful owners, the whole people—all of it. He aims to eliminate want and unemployment, to wipe out poverty, and to reconstruct society without millionaires and paupers and

### Phrophecy of the Russian Patriach

**S**HORTLY before his death, it is said that Tolstoy received an oral message from the czar requesting the patriarch's views on the future. In response Tolstoy wrote a "political prophecy" which was delivered to the czar and by him forwarded to the German kaiser and the king of England. A year or so later the substance of this document found its way into one or two European papers and in May last an English translation appeared in the American Theosophist. It is from the latter that the following is quoted:

"The events which are here revealed are of a universal character and must shortly come to pass. I see the form of a woman floating upon the sea of human fate. Nations rush madly after her, but she only toys with each. Her diamonds and rubies write her name Commercialism. Alluring and bewitching she seems, but destruction and agony follow in her wake. Her breath reeks of sordid transactions; her voice is metallic in character and her look of greed is as so much poison to the nations who fall victims to her charm. She carries aloft three torches of universal corruption; one representing war, one bigotry and hypocrisy, and the third law—that dangerous foundation of all unauthentic tradition.

"The great conflagration will start about

Not on one may his mantel fall,  
But solemnly consecrate all,  
As watchman at midnight they call  
To a land still sodden and sleeping.

with the land and its resources accessible to every human being on equal terms. Fels is not a trimmer. He is a revolutionist. He deprecates compromise, yet he is willing always to help enter the thin edge of the Single Tax wedge. He will never be satisfied with less than a full measure of Single Tax, which means the land made free for all to use and occupy, yet he is willing to take what he can get. He is not only a dreamer; he is also a man of action, and action, he knows, must always fall short of the ideal.

Fels is not an orator, but he talks straight, forcefully, persuasively, and always with a saving sense of humor. Whether he can write or not, and how, is adequately shown by the pages of this issue of Everyman in which his good terse English clearly expresses his large and liberal views on the most vital questions.

1912, set by the first torch, in the countries of southeastern Europe. It will develop into a destructive calamity in 1913. I see Europe in flames and bleeding, and hear the lamentations of huge battlefields.

"About the year 1915 a strange figure enters the stage of the bloody drama. He is a man of little military training, a writer, but he will hold most of Europe in his grip until 1925. He is already walking the earth, a man of affairs.

"There is marked a new political era for the old world; no empires and kingdoms, but the whole world will form a Federation of the United States of Nations.

"After 1925 I see a change in the religious sentiments; the fall of the church and the decline of the ethical idea. Then a great reform begins. It will lay the corner stone of the Temple of Pantheism. God, Soul, Spirit and immortality will be molten in a new furnace and will prepare the way for the peaceful beginning of the new ethical era. Political and religious disturbances have shaken the spiritual foundation of all nations, but I see each growing wiser. I see the passing show of the world drama fade like the glow of evening upon the mountains, and with one motion of the hand Commercialism falls and a new history begins."

With the sword of the spirit they fight,  
With the fervor of inborn might  
Stand fast for a God-given right,  
The land-tyrant's network confounding

—From D. H. Ingham's poem on Henry George.

## HENRY GEORGE

By Clarence Darrow

Address at the Henry George Anniversary Dinner of the Single Tax Club,  
Chicago, September 19th, 1913

**H**ENRY GEORGE was born in Philadelphia 75 years ago. His father lived near Independence Hall. That was not the reason he was a great man or that he believed in liberty. A great many little men have been born around Independence Hall, and a great many big men have been born in almshouses and slums. Nature somehow, does not seem to know much about eugenics, or, if she does, then the latest faddists don't understand the subject, and as between the two, I would prefer to take my stand with Nature. For some mysterious reason, contrary to the doctors and the faddists, Nature never seems to give you much indication of what the child will be from what its father or mother has been. There are more small people born of great parents than there are large people born of great parents, and there are more great people born of small parents than there are great people born of great parents, and if the people who are standing for all the fads as they come along, especially eugenics, could have their way and have a political convention determine the fathers and mothers of the human race, then it is pretty sure that few of the great would be born. If this had been so determined in the past the great could never have been born, because all that the political conventions do is to decide that things as they are today shall remain forever.

Henry George was born of poor parents. He did not come from one of the old families. In one way, every family is the same length; there are just as many generations between the hod carrier and Adam as there are between the king and Adam, but the king comes from an old family and the hod carrier from a new family. The way you can tell whether a family is an old family is to find out how long it has been separated from work. The family that has been separated the longest from work is the oldest and when, along down in the generations there comes some degenerate son who works, then you have to begin the line of succession all over again. Henry George's family was not old; his father worked; his grandfather worked; his mother work; he worked. He began as a sailor, altho this trade he followed

but a short time. Before that, even, he had learned to be a printer. He made his way to the west but, unlike most of the workers of the world, while he was printing he was dreaming. He was thinking of something beyond work, and higher than work and, more to the point, easier than work. He was a printer, a newspaper writer, an editor—not much of a success in a financial way. In all his life he never could make a success of finances, altho he started early with a strong determination and a brave heart to get rich, encouraged by his father, who lived in Philadelphia and had read Poor Richard's Almanack. They all thought it was a great thing to make money, but this Henry George soon abandoned. He became a writer; he had a vision; he had dreams; he saw things, real or unreal, it does not matter much so long as you see them; it gives us something to live for, and we need it.

While he was a printer, and while he was a writer, Henry George learned something of political economy. He did it in a very simple way. He never went to school; he knew little of books in his early years, and was never a great reader of books. He never went further than the third or fourth grade of the public school, but he saw the things around him. He did read political economy and he found that it had been laid down by all the profound political economists in the world that there was such a thing as a wage fund. You have all heard of the wage fund. All the political economists knew it. They knew it as well as the scientists today know many facts in science, that is, that wages are paid from a certain fund that has been accumulated in the past and the greater the fund that has been accumulated the bigger the wage. Nobody doubted it because the books had said so and the political economists believed it.

Henry George knew nothing about political economy, but he went west and when he got to Oregon and to California he saw with his own eyes that the less money there was in the country the higher the wages were; that the smaller the wage fund the greater the wages; that the fewer the number of rich the more there was to divide with the poor or for the poor to divide among themselves, because the

rich were not there to get it. And he found out in that simple way that the wage fund was a lie, altho all the political economists had taught it and believed it—I suppose it is fair to assume they believed it, so long as they taught it. He pondered these subjects, interested in politics, interested in life, and sought to find the time and the opportunity to do something of real value for the world. It was hard to do it while he was setting type; it was hard to do it while he was writing editorials; it was hard to do it as a reporter on a daily paper. He needed money and he took a rather common way to get it. He got a political job. He was appointed inspector of gas meters for the State of California, whatever that was. He went into that office with a high and noble purpose—not to inspect gas meters, but to get a living out of the job. What the gas meters might show was not important, he wanted to get a living out of the job—but he wanted to get the living so he could be released from work long enough to do a work of real service to the human race. He wanted leisure to exercise his genius; he wanted time to write a great book and do a great work, and so he took the job of inspecting gas meters and wrote his book instead of inspecting the meters, and I think probably any one, excepting a Civil Service Reform man, would say he acted wisely and rightly. He laid the foundation for his book and wrote it while he had a public job. Now he was one of a million. He is pretty nearly the only example I know, of a man that a public job did not denaturize. If it ever stood any chance of hurting him—well, they had a change of administration and he was fired about the time he got thru with his book, and so he was saved.

Henry George held the office of gas inspector and did do some good. He wrote a good book, a profound book, the first book on political economy—and I think I am safe in saying the last book on political economy—that people may ever read. The first, and perhaps the last, that was readable to plain, ordinary men.

As to many things George taught there may be a difference of opinion in this Single Tax club tonight, but I take it that pretty much everybody in this audience believes in the fundamental idea of Henry George, that there can be no great civilization, no civilization worth the name, where there is private monopoly of land; that this earth was created by no man, was here before the first man came and will be here when the last man is gone; that every human being, born and to be born, must live from it and on it and if a few people have the right to own it they control their fellowmen.

How many of us may believe absolutely in all the details of what is called the Single Tax philosophy, is to my mind a matter of small consequence. I do think, in spite of what my friend White has said, that the great movement, that in some form or other, is sweeping around the earth today—the great movement that is influencing the thought of all the world, influencing the thought of America and England and Germany and Spain, and even faroff China; the great movement of the poor and the weak and the disinherited of the world to take and own the earth—I do think that this is a revolutionary movement and I would not be interested in it if it were not. It is revolutionary to say in any age or any land that the poor shall inherit the earth. It is revolutionary to say that those who have borne the burdens of the world for all these long and painful ages shall sometime come to their own, and those who have lived upon them for all these ages must either work or starve. Words count for nothing. One word or another makes very little difference with the march of events or with what moves man, but if I know anything of history or of men, it seems to me that all over the world today is a revolutionary spirit which threatens to destroy many of the old, time-honored, decrepit institutions of the world.

Henry George told the world simpler and plainer and stronger than any other man had told it, that the right of private monopoly of land was bad, eternally bad; that it tended, in the end, to destroy the civilization that it first built up; that until the people owned the earth, until each person born upon the earth, was equal heir to every other, there could be nothing which the human mind calls justice in the affairs of men. Other men had said it; philosophers had said it since the human reason was born; scientists had said it; dreamers had said it, but no one before had ever said it with the force and clearness and vigor and power of Henry George.

I believe I am safe in saying that no other book can be found which lays down this doctrine with the same power and force and clearness as *Progress and Poverty*, and I shall always be glad that my first introduction to what I believe are revolutionary ideas, because they are against the ideas of the mob that controls—and that is revolutionary—came from a reading of that great book, and wherever I may wander in all the fields of intellectual thought and discussion in which I am prone to wander, I believe that what I learned here will remain with me as a fundamental guide to the end.

Without seeking in the least to discuss any of the statements made by my able and logical

and studious friend, Mr. White, I want to say in justice to a large class of people that the great mass of the work and thought of *Progress and Poverty* is not based on the doctrine of the "natural rights" of man. Henry George did believe in "natural rights," but his great arguments were based on the great law which permeates all life—expediency. He taught that there could be no high civilization where a few were permitted to own the land; that such is contrary to the best development of society; that the demands of human growth and social development would show men the inexpediency of it. To my mind this is much the stronger line of reasoning. I care not what road you travel provided you get to the right point in the end.

I believe that on the doctrine of natural rights, Henry George has logically and clearly built up the right of every human being to ownership in the earth. I believe just the same that under the great law of expediency, of what is good for the human race; assuming that man is what man is, that Nature is what Nature is—knowing no rights, but dealing with the fang and the claw and the tooth, killing the weak to save the strong, the bird pouncing upon the worm to live himself, and the strong man living upon the weak; even under this theory which I believe permeates all Nature, human, inanimate, animal, even under this, I believe that the poor and the weak should some day be wise enough to combine against the powerful and the strong and take the rights they can get in no other way except by asserting and maintaining them. I believe in this world a man, or any other animal, has a natural right to what he gets, and if he doesn't get it he has no natural right to it. He may have an idealistic, theoretical, theosophical right to it. I think of course we are all fond of our own philosophy and the only way we can tell whether another philosopher is quite sound is to see whether he agrees with us—that is the only way I can tell; that is the reason I think that sometimes, altho my friend White's conclusions are right, some of the premises are not correct, and that is the way I suppose he thinks all of mine are not. But there is a great mass of people who are color-blind on the question of natural rights and it is a mistake to say that Henry George did not write for them. You can eliminate every word of "natural rights" from all George said and wrote and you will find there the most magnificent and splendid and lucid reasons why the human beings of the earth should claim the earth for all its people and why civilization can't endure and progress go on without it,

and it is the side I especially wish to emphasize tonight in reference to Henry George.

His was a wonderful mind; he saw a question from every side; his philosophy appealed to every school. It is true when tested by any rule of philosophy that I know. It can never be the property of any particular sect or any particular class; it is broad and I believe fundamental to all men, whatever their creed may be. Henry George, as I have said, never went to school to speak of, not enough to hurt him. If he had, he would have written a political economy like Adam Smith, which was very good but hard reading; like John Stuart Mill which was very good for college people, but there are some people who can't go to college—they have to work. He might have written one like Professor Sumner of Yale, he might have written any kind of a dull book that only educated people could understand. You know there is an old superstition in the world that if a man is interesting he is shallow, and if he is dull he is deep. You can't rely on this alone. I have seen dull people who were shallow.

Henry George had not studied rhetoric. I presume he never studied grammar, at least, not much; he never studied composition; he knew nothing of Latin, poor fellow, nor of Greek, nor of the modern languages. He knew nothing about the style of writing, but he had something to say. The stylists tell you how to write and to speak, teach you how to use the most beautiful, the choicest and most fitting language that can be found to express nothing—and you need it. There is another class of which Henry George is perhaps as clear and bright and shining an example as there is in literature, a man who had a clear idea, who thought something, and used the simplest language he could command to express that thought. It seems almost revolutionary in literature to say that the first thing necessary for a writer or a speaker is to have something to say. That is generally supposed to be the last thing; whether one could write or speak, was the main thing, not whether he had anything to say. But before Henry George learned to write or to speak he had something to say, and he had that something clearly in his own mind so he could make himself understand it before he tried to make anyone else understand it and, I think, as a general rule, when you find another person's language can't be understood by you, it is pretty safe to say that he does not know himself what he is driving at, and that is the reason he can't make himself understood. But Henry George was a master of English; one of the greatest that ever used a pen. Almost im-

mediately after his work was published, it challenged the attention of the learned and the unlearned world alike. Even aristocrats and scholars thought it was a wonderful book. Of course, they took it all back when they found that he meant it. College professors dined him and praised him; Chauncey Depew wrote a letter of testimony as to what a wonderful work it was. Everybody thought it was a wonderful work until a handful of poor and ragged and hungry men and women in New York city organized a religious society and showed the world they meant what Henry George said, and then they turned their backs on Henry George.

Henry George was a great writer. I think Henry George made a mistake in going into politics; that is not the game for a man, it is for a politician; and Henry George was a man while he was in politics and, of course, he could not win. And more than that, he stood for something and again, of course, he could not win and, more than that, if he had won he could have done nothing. All these thoughts are in the realm of ideas, of discussion. The world is not ready to be remodeled.

I have heard more or less—this evening, about the wisdom of the people. I am a truthful man. I don't believe in it. They are not wise. Men grow by a long process of development and evolution. It has taken ages and ages to raise the forehead of man a couple of inches above his eye brows—and what of it? They get very little by passing resolutions in Congress or in the State Legislatures.

Henry George's work was the work of the philosopher, of the dreamer, of the author, of the prophet, and those men never are and never can be politicians, and I think no one knew it better than he. Most of you perhaps do not remember the early history of the movement for the land.

I remember well the days when Father McGlynn, who was forced from his church, and Hugh Pentecost, who came from another church, and other ministers and men of religious thought and religious impulse, took up this great work. I remember when it stirred a people, stirred them as logic never can stir. Don't make any mistake; you can't convert the world with facts. You can't convert people with logic, they will die while you are doing it. The great waves that have moved the world onward and upward, the great waves that have moved man have been like the waves of the sea, wild, unthinking, surging, resistless; they have come without cause so far as human judgment can tell; they have sped on without mission; they have been governed by no rules of

logic; they have been based on no facts, but back of them were the great human emotions and sentiments that from the primitive man have moved humanity onward and upward—and he needed no logic and he needed no facts; he simply needed to feel the great surge around him. If I thought that you must wait for facts to change the world, I would lie down and die as quickly as I could; at least, I would stop talking about it. I learned long, long ago, that men care nothing about logic. Men are moved by feeling and impulse more strongly than by logic, and I remember when Father McGlynn used to gather about him in the great temples of New York great masses of men who had not read Progress and Poverty, who had not read Karl Marx, who did not even distinguish between the two or care between the two; I remember when they spoke to their thousands and thousands, and they followed these men as holy men; I remember the great enthusiasm and righteous feeling that welled up from the mass of men, because here were people, people who lived, men who were devoting their genius to the human race, were giving them hope and courage and inspiration and they were willing to follow no matter what logic might do. And every great movement of the world has been along the same line, and I, for one would be glad to welcome back the same old emotions, the same religious, intuitive, idealistic, sentiment which welded together the great mass of men going in the same direction, forgetting petty differences but marching onward toward a higher goal for the human race.

I would like, if I can find the words to express it, to say a few things which some might think foreign to the subject of Henry George and the Single Tax, but which to me are fundamental to it as well as to all other great reforms. Henry George was one of the real prophets of the world; one of the seers of the world; he was not moved by his intellect. Do you know that a boy who goes to school and is carefully trained and has an average mind, a boy who can't be raised so as to make a perfectly logical argument on any side of any question, is not worth raising at all? That is what education is for; that is what intellect is for; that is what reason is for. As Ben Franklin said, "Logic is to give a man a reason for doing what he wants to do." This may seem foolish, but it is not and there is not, I may say, a mental philosopher, or almost none, of modern times who does not recognize it and show it. Men can be made to believe anything when they act upon their reason. We can go down thru the ages and find a few great

prophets—I won't mention them all—Moses, Jesus, Goethe, Henry George—a few great prophets—. These were not the wisest men of the age, but they were the devoted men of the age; they were men with an ideal and with a purpose; they were men filled with the divine spark which alone can illumine the world; they were men who might have been born in a palace, in a manger, in a prison, but somewhere the infinite material which lay all about them touched them with the divine fire and they were the prophets and the seers of the age and generation in which they lived. Not that they were wiser, but they were filled with the eternal spirit which has moved the prophets of the world and moved the world with the prophets.

"Man cannot live by bread alone," and I think perhaps I, as much as any person here, have made the mistake, of thinking that man can live by bread alone and that the eternal questions which move all men can be settled by giving man enough to eat. If the scheme of the Singletaxer, or the scheme of the Socialist or the scheme of any other idealist shall be worked out and become a part of life and if the world shall be housed and fed and clothed, and plenty shall reign, the man fed and clothed and housed will turn back upon himself and ask what is the meaning of it all? I eat, I drink, I sleep, I live; what of it? There will ever come back to him the old, old question which has come to the savage, the civilized, the rich, the poor, the seer and the prophet—What is the meaning of life?—and no matter how well he be clothed and fed, his life will be empty and barren and he will die of boredom unless he keeps seeking for some solution to the eternal riddle which has forever plagued the human race.

Primitive man, looking at all the mysteries of Nature and feeling the smallness of his own life, built gods of wood and stone and knelt down and worshipped these. Later, man, somewhat more advanced, and getting away from the rude wood and stone, created from his mind images of a deity which ruled the world and held man's destinies in the hollow of his hand. It was left for civilized man in this day and generation to make a new god. They pictured man with a high, broad forehead, with a furrowed face, with a stooped frame, with a thoughtful mein, and said "Here is reason and intellect and we will kneel down and worship these," and the god of reason and judgment and intellect is just as false and as unsafe a guide as the rude god that the rude savage fashioned of his stone and wood. It leads him nowhere; it leaves man with nothing in his inward being to give him the reason to live and to carry life forward to generations yet un-

born. It leaves him with no activity; it leaves him to die, because there is nothing else to do. This god must go. It has no place in the modern world and in modern thought. The intellect is something, but it is a blind leader of the blind. Man, from the time he was evolved, has been moved, not by intellect, but by instinct and by will, by those unseen forces of the universe which make up the urge of his own being, moving him here and there and making him feel that his life is worth the living and urging him to live it out the best he can. Man has been moved by this and by this alone, and, while he may use his reason and his judgment to weigh and sort his instincts, still, back of it all, as the basis of the movements of man, is the will and the instinct which were born with him, which are in all matter and in all life, and which ever press him on to some goal that he knows not of.

And so I understand what the writer said long ago in speaking of war and believing in it and slurring "these piping times of peace." I have always believed in peace, in a way, but there is something worse than war—peace without purpose is worse than war, for it releases the petty and the small and the insignificant in man. It releases the small politician and the small person who make their thousand laws a year in every State in the Union, meddling with other men's affairs. Peace releases all that is little and contemptible and mean in man, while the inspiration for war, even tho the cause may be wrong and the reason may be wrong, tends to unite into one common brotherhood great masses of men and to make them forget the little in the great. The wars have not all been bad. From the smoke and the cannon and the blood and the devastation of war has grown grand civilizations and the human race has gone forward where it could not have gone in peace. Something better than war will come; but this is what I want to say; That man, whether as an individual or as a race, must have a motive for life. Inherent in all matter is the power of its unfoldment and its development. It needs life and experience to unfold and develop. Men and nations must have an inspiration to live. Henry George had it. Was it an inspiration to do an intellectual act? As well might he have been a juggler with an inspiration to juggle half a dozen balls in the air at once. He had an inspiration and a vision to do something for man. He had the feeling that was in him that would lead him thru any hardship or privation or danger on account of his devoted soul. The inspiration to accomplish something in the world; that it was which gave zest to life and which gives

zest to the life of every man whose life is worth the living, and when this zest is gone it is time to die, and when it goes from the human race, the race will die.

Henry George and other men like him were moved by the ideal. It possessed them. They did not stop to ask the question, "Will it bring us pleasure or pain?" No man who has a work to do ever cares or thinks whether the work will bring him pleasure or pain. He does it. He is moved by all the forces of the universe; he is moved by the instinct of his being; he is moved by life. It is the urge of his life and he will follow out the law of his being. We must learn from the prophets and the race the mean-

ing of life. It may mean this to me and that to you, but we can learn from Henry George as well as from any prophet whom I have read that one must have a meaning, one must devote himself to something, or he cannot live; he must have the purpose that gives zest to life. If it is not in war it may be the devotion to humanity, it may be the devotion to science, it must be some great cause to move the soul. All the prophets of the world have had it. They have not cared for pain or suffering; they have not cared for rack or dungeon or fire. They have lived because this life was in them, and the tortures of the body were forgotten in the fine frenzy of the soul.

## Business Values and Land Values

ON THE difference between business values and land values, what the writer then hoped, and still hopes, was a reasonably adequate discussion, appeared in the Los Angeles Graphic of February 18th, 1911, from the pen of Luke North. It reads:

At the City Club meeting last Saturday, Meyer Lissner asked of the club's guest and speaker, Joseph Fels, perhaps the most significant question that can be put to a Singletaxer. Mr. Fels had been applauded for pointing out that land values are created by population and should not go into private pockets. That which human labor or ingenuity creates should belong to its creator and be his against all demands, but those values which the public create should be retained by the public. This is one of the strong planks of the Single Tax philosophy, though by no means its basis nor *raison d'être*. Mr. Lissner's question was, "If every value created by the public belongs to the public, then why should not the goodwill of a business—which is valueless without population—belong also to the public?"

This is a root question which to pursue to its last hole would be likely to uncover a hornets' nest of metaphysical considerations, such as where did the "creator" of a business get his capital, his ideas, his education, his manners, his intelligence, his knowledge of how to "create" a good will and how to conduct it? Manifestly all but about one per cent of these things are due to his environment, only a ninety-millionth part of which he could have "created." Yet the question can be answered practicably on a sound workable basis. While it is true that population, past, present, and future, can alone make anything valuable, yet in the case of a business goodwill there is a modicum of individual production. Just population alone without the individual initiative would not have created the value. Into population comes a man with an idea which he develops, by and thru the population, of course, into a thing of value, and this value, say the Singletaxers, is his because he produced or assembled it.

But if this is true, says Mr. Lissner, then the land boomer who subdivides acreage and makes it

attractive for homeseekers, also has created a value which is honestly his. The Singletaxer answers that while all improvements added to land indubitably belong to him who placed them there, the value of the bare land without improvements is wholly a population value. The promoter is entitled to all he can justly get from his improvements, but the population value he must not be allowed to appropriate—for the reason that—

"But if you deny him the population value of land, why should you not deny him the population value of a business goodwill? The cases are essentially identical," says Mr. Lissner. To which those Singletaxers who are not afraid to follow a bold truth wherever it may lead, retort that while privately to appropriate a population value, by any means, is ethically wrong and socially unjust, yet for the public to appropriate all its own would mean absolutely nothing short of laying the golden rule on the table in life's garden and inviting all to partake of nature's feast, each according to his need; the whole profit system must be eliminated, government by force and fraud must cease, and production be carried on by voluntary co-operation for the public weal instead of for individual profit.

But this is the dream of the golden future, when human greed shall cease, the picture that Henry George so graphically sketched in his last chapter of *Progress and Poverty*. It is the summum bonum of all social reform and revolution. Socialism proposes to force the dream into tangibility by bureaucratic control, by restriction, by violence if necessary. The Single Tax philosophy would merely strike off the artificial restrictions that now prevent the realization of any social justice, and let the dream unfold in nature's own sequential way. This it would do, not by restrictive measures, not by violent overturning of industry and social life, not by bullets, but by ballots; and in a way to despoil no one, not even the landlord, not even the promoter who now takes more than his share of life's goods, not even the rich and powerful.

Quietly and orderly and kindly, it would take off the taxes on human industry and place them on land values. From this none would suffer, but all be bene-

fited, and, eventually, in the fullness of time, land would be free, and that without despoiling anyone. Capital now tied up in land speculation would have ample time and warning to insure its reinvestment in productive business, and tho the multimillionaire would speedily become a thing of the past, the rewards for individual initiative would be unmolested until such time as the people themselves saw still a higher light, and the golden dream descended closer to earth.

"Why begin with the land values instead of with the business value?" asks Mr. Lissner. "Are you not making an invidious distinction, making a scapegoat of the landlord, and letting the business lord go scot free?"

Not at all, answer the Georgians, for next to the question of chattel slavery, the land question is the fundamental one. To own land is to own men. If every man owned only so much land as he could use he would own only himself—which is much more than 90 per cent of the population own now and as much as any man should be permitted to own. Owners of the land are virtually owners of whatever

is on it—tools, business, machinery, men. They who appropriate business values give something in return to society for what they take. They who appropriate land values take all and give nothing. A business value dies when its creator or owner dies or goes out of business. A land value is automatic and its greatest reward is to idleness. Business men enrich their community; their ideas, their energy, and their industry are of social value. A land value is a mere dead weight on all society. Society alone creates it, human labor pays it, and he who may be in Europe or in prison reaps it.

While a business value depends upon population, it is a movable thing that can be carried to population. If population moves away from a department store the store can, and frequently does, move with the population. There is considerable difference between a land value and a business value, and were the land free the business value would have a sounder and more secure basis. It could never make its owner a billionaire, but, on the other hand, it would not fail and impoverish him as it now does 90 per cent of the time.

## To Make Individual Land Ownership Possible

PRIVATE property in land may or may not be desirable. We shall know better after we have tried it. Future generations will decide the question at their leisure and with their greater knowledge. The issue is not involved in Single Tax, whose chief purpose is to make individual land ownership possible by destroying that which now makes it impossible, land monopoly. Single Tax proposes that every individual shall own all the land he can profitably occupy and use. This is well shown by Thomas Hunt in his admirable answer to Professor Hadley. The latter writes:

The good effects of the system of private land tenure are most conspicuously seen when the owner and the occupier of the land are one and the same person. (Hadley Economics p. 130.)

In the Single Tax Review Thomas Hunt says:

Perhaps Prof. Hadley means what he says, for he tells the exact truth. In order that a man shall make the best use of land it must be his own. But Prof. Hadley doubtless had another idea in his mind when he penned these four lines. Very likely he is opposed to the Single Tax. In this quotation he takes advantage of the statement of many Single Tax writers and speakers that the Single Tax will abolish private ownership of land, and he makes the above true statement, knowing that the reader will understand that he writes this as an argument against the proposition, because he takes Singletaxers at their word that it will abolish ownership. He either knows that it will achieve exactly the result described in these four lines or he does not know it.

If he does not know it, it is a very great pity he has given so little attention to the land question as not to be able to see that the Single Tax will de-

stroy monopoly of land and make every user who desires it, the owner of the land he uses.

These four lines of Prof. Hadley's are an insinuation that the Single Tax will achieve the very reverse of the statement contained therein; in other words, if it were true that the Single Tax would destroy private ownership those four lines would be a good argument to use against it. As a matter of fact all men who favor the present system of land monopoly use the claim of many Singletaxers that the private ownership of land should be abolished as the very best argument they need against the Single Tax. Take any book, pamphlet or essay against the taxation of land values and fully half of what is written is an attack on the proposition to abolish land ownership, when as a matter of fact it will do the very reverse; it will extend private ownership to every man or woman who wants a home and a natural opportunity on which to produce a living, whether it is by raising food, digging coal or sand or stone or making brick.

And this home or opportunity will be his or hers "to have and to hold" as exclusively and privately as it is at present, subject only to a higher tax, perhaps, but whether higher or lower it is exactly what he or she should pay for the exclusive ownership and control of that much of the earth.

Besides being the owner of my house and a little more than an acre of land where my house is, I own fifty acres seven miles from the heart of the city. It is becoming desirable for residence even of people who come into the city every day, for it lies close to a steam and traction line. I have sold several lots to people who have built upon them. The remainder of the land I have rented to farmers living close by, as I have no improvements upon the land. They pay me a cash rent every year. My transactions are, of course, in exact accordance with the present taxation system which Prof. Hadley wishes maintained,

although the owner and occupier of this land are not one and the same person. The system of landlordism which we often hear condemned exists in full flower.

Now suppose my State proceeds to adopt Single Tax and the plan shall be to take 20 per cent. per annum off the tax on improvements and add 20 per cent. on the land until the tax is entirely off improvements and the tax on the land equals the ground rent. The land is best adapted to be used for country places of about an acre in size. I have only enough capital to spare from my business to build one house and as I am willing to have one house as an investment of this kind to yield me a revenue, I have one acre surveyed and I build a house on it and rent it.

There are forty odd acres still unimproved on which in five years there will be a tax equal to the ground rent, and of course, the ground rent is all that I could possibly collect from my tenants. As I do not propose to put any more of my capital into

houses is it not plain that I will refuse to pay tax on the unimproved land, and that it will be sold for taxes just as at present? No man can buy and hold it unimproved in the expectation of getting any return for his money invested. Who will buy it? Why the people who want it for homes and to raise garden stuff. They will be able to get possession by having money enough to pay the coming year's tax on the land, perhaps only six months tax in advance will be required to get a deed "to have and to hold" as long as grass grows and water runs, provided they pay the tax just as required at present. So the whole forty odd acres are sold for unpaid taxes and bought by people whose only object in buying would be to make homes and live there, and then we would have an instance where "The good effects of the system of land tenure are more conspicuously seen where the owner and occupier of the land are one and the same person."

## Partial Restitution to the Children

**K**EEN indeed is this letter of Joseph Fels which accompanied a check for the relief of children of the Lawrence strikers, and it shows its writer to be a man of sympathies broader and impulses deeper than those which the rigid propagandist usually permits himself to enjoy. The letter is dated at Philadelphia, March 9th, 1912, and is addressed to Mrs. Ida Seccor, treasurer Children's Committee, Lawrence strike. It reads:

"Dear Madam: Enclosed find check for \$250.00 to be used in giving relief to the child victims of the existing system in Lawrence, Mass.

"In sending this I wish it distinctly understood that it is not a philanthropic gift to the sufferers. It is a part payment of a debt due these children from all who are upholding existing social wrong. Since I am not one of these, this check must be considered a gift to those whose dishonored obligation it is, to a slight degree, liquidating.

"Strict justice requires that if we can not at once abolish legalized wrong then when immediate relief is needed for victims of legalized robbery, the upholders of the iniquity should be made to pay the bill. But unfortunately that is not possible. There is no way by which we can compel donations from upholders of landlordism, of private appropriation of public earnings, of tariff robbery, of private control of public highways, and of other privileges. We are helpless to enforce payment, even from the American Woolen Company, altho it can be proven that this corporation has robbed these poor children by embezzling a fund entrusted to it for their benefit by the people.

"The people have levied a burdensome tariff on themselves and turned the proceeds over in trust to the American Woolen Company to be used in paying high wages to employees. The people were induced to do this by the representations of the American Woolen Company and similar concerns, that this trust would be faithfully carried out. But the corporation has used the money instead for excessive dividends. Similar acts of legal embezzlement are being committed by other protected employers.

"Upholders of robbery make the false claim that there is no way by which the worker may be assured just treatment. They claim to know no cure for poverty and offer this voluntary ignorance as an excuse for continuing it. The excuse is not valid. Thirty-two years ago Henry George showed in Progress and Poverty how poverty can be abolished. His arguments have never been disproved in spite of numberless attempts to do so.

"The amount of the enclosed check I have charged in my ledger against the American Woolen Company and other supporters of legalized robbery. I advance it in part payment of a debt they owe, without consulting them, because their child creditors are in distress thru their reluctance to settle. I doubt whether they will recognize the obligation, in spite of its manifest justice, since it is not legally enforceable. Consequently if it must be considered a charitable gift let it be fully understood that the real recipients of this charity are not poor children from Lawrence, but the stockholders of the American Woolen Company and other upholders of existing wrongs. I am dear Madam, faithfully, Joseph Fels."

## TALES OF A TRAVELER: Land Aversion in Acirema

(HOW AMERICA WOULD LOOK TO A RATIONAL PEOPLE.)

Returned Traveler: Aciremans have a remarkable aversion to using their portion of the terra firma. With little thought and often wantonly they use their strength and energies, their sustenance, their passions, emotions and their lives, but their land they hoard jealously. To conserve it from use and occupancy they huddle themselves in large groups called cities where they build dwelling places like boxes, hundreds of feet high and packed closely together, so that often a million people live permanently on a little space of earth not large enough to house comfortably and wholesomely a hundredth part of its population.

Studious Listener: Like the ants.

The Traveler: Yes, they swarm much like ants, but not with the same harmony.

Average Listener: Strange, that human beings should live as the ants. Is there no individuality among them?

The Traveler: Relatively little, or they wouldn't breathe each other's breath and think each other's thoughts as their excessive crowding compels. Their evolution to a measurable degree of individuality, however, is attested by the discord among them. Their too-close physical association repels mentally and physically, so that their sympathy is equal only to their superficial interests and extends very little below the surface. The psychic atmosphere is surcharged with dissonances. They dislike each other and quarrel much. Some of the more intelligent perceive the evil results of their crowding and rebel against it; they are hanged or restrained. Others merely agitate for a rational way of living, but they make little headway against the strange aversion to land occupancy that obsesses the mass, impelling them to suffer the devitalizing effects of physical contact as a lesser evil than that of spreading out over the land. They go to the extremest length of using as little of the surface of earth as possible. To devise ingenious methods of housing the ninety million population with the greatest economy of land they employ trained experts whose achievements are weird and wonderful. Huge iron box-like structures are reared hundreds of feet high in which, tier upon tier, the city inhabitants spend most of the days and nights, sometimes half a dozen or more of them being shut together in a very small cell-like room.

Studious Listener: Quite a necessary procedure, I have no doubt . . . It seems to be one of those adjusting processes of nature which operate even in the human kingdom against the nascent power of man's volition. Their intellectual interests being still subordinate to the artificially excited reproductive function, the Acireman tendency is to multiply automatically regardless of environment; and the area of their land being extremely limited—

The Traveler: But that is not the case. Their land is practically unlimited. It stretches from ocean to ocean. A tenth part of it would comfort-

ably house the human population of the globe.

Chorus of Listeners: And yet they crowd each other! Live like ants! It is senseless! Absurd! Impossible! He is trying our credulity.

Studious Listener: The Traveler is joking us. Haply I have read in the books that the wise men of Acirema have great fears of over-population. They teach what is called the Malthusian theory, how that population increases geometrically while the means of subsistence increases only by arithmetical ratio. They fear a time when the population will be so dense that here will be no room for men to stand on earth. Against such a fate it were a wise precaution to habituate the inhabitants to air-dwelling, leaving a few open spaces for the last extremity.

Thoughtful Listener: But the wise men of Acirema are not very wise or they would know that with advancing intelligence the sex instinct expresses itself with diminishing force in actual procreation until a balance is struck between a population and its land area. And surely it would be easier and more rational to raise the intelligence of a populace than to elevate its residence above the earth.

Studious Listener: As to that, is it not better to accept the Acireman estimate of their lack of power to stimulate the mass intelligence, rather than believe that any men with intelligence enough to write anything should be ignorant of the simplest and most obvious law of population?

Thoughtful Listener: I think you state the case wrongly—if you will pardon me?—

Studious Listener: By all means.

Thoughtful Listener: It doesn't rest with the wise or learned to raise the mass intelligence. That takes place automatically, as we say. By operation of a law whose antecedents have not yet been traced, but whose effect is quite obvious, the mass intelligence increases pari passu with population. The mere coming together of men, their close association and mental interaction are sufficient to stimulate the common intelligence to the point where intellectual interests begin to predominate; this predominance heightens the force of the creative impulse and lessens the force of the procreative function; then the increase of population commences to diminish. To disregard this law is to neglect the human element which differentiates men from guinea pigs and goats.

Studious Listener: But would it obtain in sex obsessed Acirema where, the Traveler has related, the crudest manifestations of sex are unduly and artificially excited, not with high purpose at stated periods as among the rational tribes, but continuously and wantonly, by their food, clothing, art—

Laconic Listener: Art?

The Traveler: It is called art, when puritanically, suggestively, and sensually draped.

Studious Listener: —by their art, their talk, their mode of life, in and out of season?

Thoughtful Listener: This artificially induced ascendency of the procreative above the creative impulse greatly complicates the situation, it is true, and retards the normal tendency. But the hour of adjustment is only delayed. Sooner or later this sex obsession will be overreached by the law of diminishing returns; an approach to normality will ensue. It is inevitable.

The Traveler: The rationally inevitable is the thing least likely to obtain in Acirema. They are creatures of blind impulse. They go beyond all limits in any direction they may be blown. Thus with huddled housing they have far overleaped the balancing point and reached the stage where close association instead of increasing mass intelligence decidedly and dangerously retards it.

Elderly Listener: That is perhaps temporary. Doubtless the adjustment is only delayed till the intensity of the tendency outwears itself.

The Traveler: The intensity that prevails in Acirema outwears more than itself; the people are outworn by it; the natural adjusting process that commensurates the effect to the cause is grinding them pretty fine. The pendulum of their social and industrial affairs, as of their emotional life, continually swings far from one extreme to the other—by which the balancing of things is long retarded; and when it is finally approximated and a degree of external harmony attained in Acirema probably there will be no human flesh and blood left to enjoy it.

However, that is of distant concern. In this unaccountable huddling wherein gregariousness defeats its own ends, I am convinced that the Malthus fancy of over-population is only an evidence of mental aberration and not a factor in the over-crowding.

Elderly Listener: To suppose that a population could increase beyond the sustaining capacity of its land area is to predicate the future on our very imperfect knowledge: only a childish mind, lacking the child's trustfulness, would be so foolish. It is to ignore the cosmic adjusting processes, to compute the infinite resources of nature by our meagre comprehension, to postulate deific injustice, to bother about an event that is no concern of ours anyway, and of course to neglect the soluble problems of the present.

The Traveler: That is precisely the philosophic attitude that dominates Acirema.

Laconic Listener: Philosophic—did you say?

The Traveler: Anything that is inherently gloomy and foredooming passes for philosophy in Acirema. Being equally remarkable for its superficial reasoning and its foreboding conclusions, the Malthusian theory of over-population gained ready credence and passed into the school text books. It originated on the other side of the ocean, however, in an island which gave to Acirema its language, its literature, and most of its earlier colonists.

Youthful Listener: A very small island?

The Traveler: Relatively the land which gave birth to the Malthusian theory and to most of the other dominating superstitions of Acirema, is of limited extent and its population is closely packed in

centers where want and disease prevail even more excessively than in Acirema. Yet these densely crowded groups are surrounded by large areas of open and unused country.

Average Listener: How do you account for the crowding?

The Traveler: I can't; I can only relate the conditions as I observed them. I heard of a sect—

Average Listener: What's a sect?

The Traveler: I had hoped that question would not arise until we reached our examination of the religions of Acirema—

Average Listener: Religions—plural?

The Traveler: Yes, there is mental chaos in Acirema on the commonest phases of life. The inhabitants are divided mentally into numerous sects, each of which holds a contrariwise view on some basic fact which has become proverbial and axiomatic among us. Each of these sects has an element of truth which it magnifies into the whole truth and seeks to enforce upon all the others. . . . I heard of a sect called Singletaxers which maintains that it is wrong for ten per cent of a population to lay claim to all the land and permit the others to live upon it only by sufferance.

Average Listener: But such a thing is ridiculous. How could ten per cent of a people rule ninety per cent—so odiously and so absurdly? It could not be done were the proportions reversed even.

The Traveler: Of course—. Their crowding is voluntary, and due, so far as I could ascertain, to that remarkably strange land aversion which obsesses the mass of the population. But this obsession they are unable to perceive—even the most intelligent of them. I asked one of the Singletaxers why his people used so little of the land and permitted such vast areas of it to lie untilled and unoccupied. "We are compelled to crowd up as we do," he replied, "because a very few people own all the land and will not permit the rest of us to occupy it save upon very onerous terms." I asked him why they permitted a few to own such a common necessity as the land. "We can't help ourselves," he answered.

Average Listener: That is a contradiction in terms.

The Traveler: The whole Acireman continent is that. It is a land of hideous paradoxes and of mental obsessions and perversions on which are based and maintained innumerable harrowing and pitiful conditions. Indeed I am not joking, nor overstating the situation in the slightest, when I tell you that these cities into which the people crowd themselves like ants are surrounded by open areas of enormous extent; that while hundreds of thousands of inhabitants crowd themselves into devitalizing and disease-breeding boxes and cells and suffer keenly from lack of food and clothing, there are hundreds of millions of acres of untilled and vacant land all around them. Land is the most plentiful thing in Acirema and the popular aversion to using it is the most horrifying, obvious, and inexplicable circumstance that affronts the intelligence of the wayfarer to that gruesome continent.

## Give Human Nature a Chance

MORAL progress thru natural sex selection in a reconstructed society wherein marriage is not denied, enforced, or perverted by economic considerations, is the chief argument of Alfred Russell Wallace's latest book, *Social Environment and Moral Progress* (Cassell and Company, New York). Everybody may read this book profitably, but those who publically discuss either eugenics or natural selection should be made to read it over and over, under extreme penalty of self-contempt, until the contents of at least three of its brief chapters have thoroly percolated the areas of their phosphoric densities.

This is the book of the great evolutionist, colleague of Darwin, and discoverer of natural selection, so widely and sensationally heralded for its statement that there has been no increase of intellectual power and no substantial moral progress from the building of the first pyramid in Egypt to the laying of the keel for the last English dreadnaught. Indubitably the book says this, and offers substantiating proof, but it says a number of other things of vastly greater import which the popular reviewers have been commercially wise not to disclose. It is a small book, but pregnant with vital truths clearly presented.

In his brief introductory the aged savant discredits the "once prevalent belief still held by many persons, that a knowledge of right and wrong is inherent or instinctive in everyone, and that the immoral person may be justly punished." He has scant respect for the penal code and the criminal court where "justice" is sold to the rich, and the civil courts are equally immoral. And morality itself, he concludes, is "very largely a matter of convention, varying at different times and places in accordance with the degree and kind of social development." But there is a morality based upon character which is permanent in its nature, he thinks, "and tho the actions of most individuals are to a considerable extent determined by their social environment, that does not imply any alteration in their character." Many historical considerations he urges to show that human character has remained stationary from the earliest glimpses we have of man, and "there can be no progressive improvement in character without some selective agency tending to improvement,"—morally and intellectually.

That no such selective agency has been at work since man became man—"since that far distant epoch when by the influx of some por-

tion of the Spirit of the Deity man became a 'living soul'"—is elucidated by a brief review of the theory of natural selection in the animal world as first enunciated by him more than fifty years ago and endorsed by Darwin and by Herbert Spencer. To this review he is spurred by the common practice of the popular writers and speakers to discuss natural selection as pertaining to the human kingdom. He cites a British press editorialist who declares that natural selection is the doctrine of the devil take the hindmost and that if it had sway in life there would be no hospitals, no charitable institutions, no philanthropy, and no effort to better human conditions. To which he might have added the popular view of natural selection which credits it with having "naturally selected" Rockefeller and all the other fellows who happen to be on top of the social heap.

No such theory was ever held by Wallace, Darwin, Huxley, Herbert Spencer, or any other of the later evolutionary writers since the tentative theory of Lamarck was shown to be unsound. Lamarck vaguely and only tentatively argued that "the adaptation of each species to its environment could have arisen by the direct action of that environment"—thus that "the long neck and fore-limbs of the giraffe were explained by the continual stretching of these parts of the body to obtain foliage for food during sever droughts." But this is not organic evolution thru natural selection. It is not evolution at all nor any part of it, since it does not follow that because the giraffe kept stretching his neck and forelegs that he would have progeny with long necks and forelegs—for acquired characteristics are not transmitted by heredity, nor is it a universal rule that the continued use of an organ strengthens and improves it. That structural adaptation to environment occurs and that use of organs sometimes strengthens them do not constitute either of these processes essential factors, or even important factors, in organic evolution, which proceeds by force of universal agencies everywhere at work, unfailing in their operation, of adequate power to produce such tremendous results as the infinitude of species and types, and always discernible.

The theory that an animal having stretched its neck to reach green food should pass down to posterity its elongated neck and that in this way the species giraffe was produced—and analogously all other species—(the theory of the devil take the hindmost)—never was con-



sidered seriously as an essential element in the process of evolution, outside the popular miscomprehension. That it is still a favorite fallacy of those who write and talk about evolution merely proves how few people have taken the pains to inform themselves about evolution before permitting themselves to write or talk about natural selection, which, if Darwin understood the matter at all, operates as the essential factor in the origin of species thru "two great, universal, and very conspicuous characteristics of the whole organic world. "These are (1) the great variability in all common and widespread species, and (2) their enormous powers of increase." Infinite variation and enormous reproduction being acted on by environment—storms, floods, cold, heat, and one species preying on another—"It is a mere truism that the fittest survive." This is the story of natural selection in the animal world, but not in the human. The moment man appears on the world-stage selection becomes modified by mind. "In the earliest periods at which we have any proof of his existence, or in the lowest state of barbarism," writes Wallace, "we find man able to use and act upon the forces of nature, and to modify his environment, both inorganic and organic, in ways which formed a completely new departure in the entire organic world." But this is "only the first and least important of the effects produced by the superior faculties of man," says the author. In the whole animal world below man every species is preserved in harmony with the slowly changing environment by modifications of its own organs or faculties. . . . In the case of man such bodily adaptations were unnecessary," and therefore ceased. "That the admirable human body has reached a condition of permanent stability" was, says the author, a conclusion that "received the approval of both Darwin and Herbert Spencer."

All the intellectual and moral faculties—hospitality, kindness, caring for the sick, the weak, and the aged—scientific investigation, invention, philosophy, art, and poetry—all these are inherent constituents of human nature, says Wallace, and "directly antagonistic to the rigid law of natural selection. . . . Those who advocate our allowing natural selection to have free play among ourselves on the ground that we are interfering with nature, are totally ignorant of what they are talking about. It is nature herself, untaught, unsophisticated human nature, with which they are seeking to interfere."

Likewise those who urge artificial selection thru eugenics have little standing with Darwin's surviving colleague. Briefly but very

pointedly and forcefully he points out the disastrous effects of "artificial selection by experts." It is the voice of the sage rebuking the latest, most thoughtless, and perhaps most dangerous faddists. Strenuously he protests against any interference with the freedom of marriage "which as I shall show," he writes, "is not only totally unnecessary, but would be a much greater source of danger to morals and to the well-being of humanity" than even the present economic interference with marriage. Galton's proposal to offer prizes for the marriage of proper persons, he points out, would only add one more pecuniary obstruction to the already heavily handicapped agency of natural selection in mating. (When poverty and its fear are eliminated from our social life and men and women are "free to follow their best impulses; when idleness and hurtful luxury on the one hand, oppressive labor and the dread of starvation on the other, are alike unknown. . . . then we shall find that a system of truly natural selection will come spontaneously into action which will steadily tend to eliminate the lower, the less developed, or in any way defective types of men, and will thus continuously raise the physical, moral, and intellectual standard of the race.")

Monogamy he considers to be the ideal state of the future. He does not pretend that we have it now, or anything normally approaching it. He does not believe in the doctrine of original sin. Primarily the human impulses and affections are good and wholesome and once these are permitted expression by "free selection in marriage"—that is his term—the race will rapidly improve.

Alfred Russell Wallace is not pessimistic as to the future. He believes in the revolution of economical and industrial conditions, believes that the revolution is already in process, believes that it will reach fundamental causes—that land monopoly will be destroyed and every human being gain free and equal access to all the natural resources, and that production will eventually be carried on not for private profit but for the general welfare. He is not concerned with the precise methods of procedure to obtain these results, but it is clear that he heartily endorses the present movement in Great Britain for the restoration of the land to the whole people.

Previously he has analyzed the modern social state and found that "our social environment as a whole, in relation to our possibilities and our claims, is the worst that the world has ever seen." But in the fact that a large body of people in every nation now fully realize the

modern iniquities and perceive the fundamental causes thereof, he sees hope for the near future and believes that the revolution will succeed. Social Environment and Moral Progress is a book whose weighty contents are out of all pro-

portion to its size. In a scant 200 pages is discussed well nigh the whole modern question and is expressed the conclusions thereon of perhaps the greatest living student of life and its evolution and of man and his development.

## Radical Sectarianism is Doomed

**R**EQUIEMS for sectarianism in the world-wide revolutionary movement are in order. Among radicals the spirit of intolerance is dying. The human cause has about graduated from its preparatory course of academic discussion, and its well-drilled students are leaving the shelter of their various schools, the isms, and taking their places in the theatre of action. Twenty-one per cent of the membership of the Socialist party in America have dropped out of their training school in the last eight months and those who remain wedded to the party are gaining a deeper insight and a wider vision of the revolutionary movement, by which they will mold the party on broader lines.

Less and less do men care for their particular brand of salvation and more are they giving ear to the promptings of human sympathy. The heart of the mass is being quickened. The intellect is broadening. The average man can see more than one facet of the diamond truth, and tho the flash at the heart of the jewel where the rays converge still blinds human sight from truth absolute, more clearly to the mass comprehension appear the fundamental problems of the conflict between luxury and want. The issues are narrowing.

One thing Socialists themselves are finding out—that their party has no radical program of immediate relief to the masses and that its eventual hope of capturing the whole government and establishing a new industrial system is but a very hazy dream of the far future. Indeed, there is not the slightest indication that an ideal Marxian state of production for welfare, enforced by a strong federal government, could ever be instituted in this country. Compulsory cooperation upon the whole is an idea inherently distasteful to the prevailing temperament of the inhabitants of North America.

That the private profit scheme of production has outlived its usefulness, is entirely out of harmony with the better thought of this and all lands, is in utter discord with an era of wireless telegraphy and aeroplanes—that it is doomed and will eventually give way (peaceably or forcibly) to a decent and humane industrial system based on the ideals of mutual aid and voluntary association—well, I hope so—

and by nature I am hopeful. But I am also somewhat truthful, which leads me to the confession that I can see no glaring indication of the immediate realization of such a Utopian dream. The thought, and even the fact, of cooperation is quite prevalent. Here in Los Angeles the nucleus of a cooperative commonwealth has been launched by a few devoted souls, the Voluntary Cooperative Association—may it live and thrive!—and elsewhere there are similar efforts. But these are sporadic and widely isolated ventures at present.

Can they prosper while the institution of land monopoly and the private appropriation of land values persists? I hope they can.

Aside from its ultimate of a strong industrial government that shall take over the land, the banks, and all industries, what has Socialism to offer? Municipal ownership of public utilities? Very good, but this is being effected without the Socialist party—and it is of no avail in solving the problem of hunger and disemployment. It may perturb capital a little, take the water out of stocks and bonds, and cause it to invent new methods of inflation and exploitation, but every advantage secured by the public ownership of utilities, under the present system of land monopoly, must accrue in the end to that very small percentage of the whole people which now holds and controls the land and the land values of the nation. If gas is cheapened, the difference will be added to rent. If street cars are free, rent will be higher. This is inevitable and automatic.

The Socialist party is losing its power, its offices, and its members. But what of that? Men who care more for the human cause than for their particular method of conserving it know that a party is nothing. It is neither a personality nor a principle and neither personality nor principle lose their force or meaning when the party declines. On the contrary, they are thereby freed from a very exacting tyrant usually. Such is the case in the present instance, if only half the accusations which the party Socialists now make against their party be only half true. There were and still are a great many Socialists and Socialist sympathizers in the United States—three million it is claimed. Were the entire party to go out of

existence tomorrow nothing would be lost; the human cause for which it was organized would not be retarded or harmed in the slightest—unless it be held that the cause can only be advanced by a Marxian Socialistic state. But no one believes this now—hardly. And even the Socialistic state depends in no wise upon a party. Not parties, but men and ideas, count and will bring whatever changes come by human agency.

Clearer vision has come out of all these years of economic discussion and training. The great issues of the problem are narrowing. Revolutionists are getting closer to a fundamental basis. They are getting down out of the clouds of speculation—to the land! Already it may be said that almost the whole body of social revolutionists recognize the land issue as the first and most important one for adjustment. When land monopoly is killed and land values are taken by the whole people who alone create them poverty and unemployment will be cured without in any way committing the future economic or social trend to any particular line of procedure. Socialists understand this pretty well now and the Single Tax movement in America, it would seem, may safely count on the assistance, not of the Socialist party, but of nearly or quite the full strength of the splendid Socialist movement.

Syndicalism is the new revolutionary force in America. Briefly it may be defined as a mass movement to secure immediately better conditions for wage workers and the unemployed by whatever methods are most effective. In this it follows the teachings of Capitalism, which secures its inordinate profits by whatever means may be necessary. A Syndicalist will have no more scruple about bribing a city council to secure better wage conditions than the Capitalist has to secure a franchise. When has capital not used the ballot to further its own ends? Well, the Syndicalist is willing to vote, if there is anything to be gained by it—tho he is not enamored of eight-hour laws, factory inspection, and compulsory compensation. The Syndicalist wants more than that. The "full dinner pail" and the "fair day's wage" are no more attractive to the Syndicalist than "legal interest on cash actually invested" is to the Capitalist. The Syndicalist is a very truculent person; he wants all he earns—and he wants ALL spelled with capital letters. And he doesn't want to wait very long to get it. Perhaps the Syndicalist, if he gets the chance, will take more than he earns. But at that, it is not within the realm of the possible that he should ever get as much more than he earns

as Capital has been taking for hundreds of years. The Syndicalist is very numerous.

Now it ought to be a not very difficult task for Singletaxers to show the Syndicalist the logic of the land movement and enlist his voting strength. One of the first and strongest planks in the Syndicalist platform is the seizure of the land by those who occupy it. The Syndicalist proposes, not the nationalization of land, but the recognition of use and occupancy as the only title thereto.

In my not too humble opinion the Singletaxer has the simpler, easier way of securing the land for use and occupancy, but it remains for the whole people to decide which shall reach the land first, the Syndicalist with his general strike, or the Singletaxer with his ballot. Personally I am not greatly concerned which arrives first, for even tho the ballot wins the race there is little enough to indicate that privilege and monopoly will yield gracefully. Doubtless they will invoke their courts and the courts will be loyal to the interests.

However, even courts have been known to be amenable to public sentiment when strong enough to be felt in high places. It remains for Singletaxers to educate and create that public sentiment—and at present, with the strength of the Fels fund behind them and the liberal thought of the nation inclined their way there is much reason for the optimism that animates the Single Tax movement all over the country and especially in California.

Single Tax is not essentially a creed or an ism. It is the easy, simple, scientific method of getting the land to the whole people. That is the way it appeals to me, who am not anxious to impose my plan of life on future generations, and in that sense, I believe, it will gain the support of all radical and liberal thinkers. Single Tax is a material step toward material freedom—the first step—and it binds no one to any further or future thought or action.

Single Tax has the interest and the attention of the world today, not as a creed or as a party, for it has no party and sectarianism among radicals is dying out, but as a general movement of the whole people toward the land. Other human needs must be supplied, other wrongs must be righted—life is not all of the earth. But the earth is first. Why argue whether to free the land and give every human a foothold on it will be sufficient? Let future generations decide a few things. Any form of government or no government (the latter would suit me better) can be instituted on the land, but nothing worth while can be done till the people have secured the land.

## "The Gods Are Athirst"

**A**NARCH of anarchists is Anatole France, a libertarian among libertarians, pleading with radicals for freedom, urging the thoughtful and the daring to think further and be still more courageous; he will be satisfied with nothing short of Godhood in Man—the human being walking upright, untrammelled of all the mental yokes, bound to nothing but his innate sense of justice and kindness, his own individual discrimination on every problem of life, and these made strong and effective by—exercise. He does not say all this in a categorical way: the generalization is my own. There are no categorical imperatives for this master of naiveté, this artless artist seemingly without opinions of his own yet omnipotent in reach. Nothing eludes him. He bares to the quick, but only to the eyes of the quick, every human fallacy and superstition, however newly appalled, that binds this modern civilization to the errors of the past.

In the days of the Revolutionary Tribunal a group of artists are sketching in the woods near Paris. "All strove to express nature as they saw her," he writes, "but each saw her," not thru his own eyes—these apostles of liberty and equality have not yet learned to use their own eyes—"but thru the eyes of a master." And the product of the day's sketching is not a dozen individual landscapes, but a dozen replicas of the favorite masters. There is no comment by France. Truly he writes for those who can see. There are other writers for the blind—books printed in raised letters.

"You will only have to determine between hate and love," says old Brotteaux who congratulates the young republican artist on his appointment as juror of the tribunal. Brotteaux reads Lucretius, makes paper dolls for a living, and has the same contempt for revolutionary tribunals as he had for the courts of the old regime. To judge between hate and love is a spontaneous act, says Brotteaux, less fallible perhaps than any other judgment "because it searches out good and evil not in themselves and in their essence, but solely in relation to tangible interests." To discriminate between truth and falsehood, to administer abstract justice, "is impossible for the feeble mind of man." And finally Brotteaux tells the young juror, "If I was your president I should imitate Bridioe and appeal to the dice. In matters of justice it is still the surest plan."

This same Brotteaux (France himself in disguise) says of his paper dolls: "I am their creator; they have received of me a perishable

body, exempt from joys and suffering. I have not given them the gift of thought, for I am a benevolent God."

To what extent France loves the popular virtues one may surmise from this remark of Brotteaux who is commending the mob for its sterling qualities of not stealing when in want tho surrounded by hoarded and unused wealth: "From the cradle these sentiments have been instilled in them by their parents, who have whipped them well and soundly and inculcated the virtues thru their backside."

The stern, upright, puritanical young juror regrets the infliction of the death penalty and denounces it as the "tool of despots." The Republic will soon abolish it, thank heaven! but of course it cannot go "till the last foe of the Republic has perished beneath the sword of Law and Order." The author makes no comment. Was there ever a wider-reaching iconoclast? But France is compassionate. He is always searching for causes. He knows the toilsomeness of the human struggle. For men he has no contempt, but only for the chains that bind them. Even these mad republicans in their saturnalia of blood he does not condemn, but explains. Of their tribunal he says: "Eight centuries of absolute power had molded the magisterial conscience, and it was by the principles of 'Divine Right' that the court tried and sentenced the enemies of 'Liberty'."

Brotteaux wonders at Frenchmen who will not put up with a mortal king, but insist on "retaining an immortal tyrant far more despotic and ferocious."

"A man cannot be a republican if he does not believe in God," answers the Robespierre juror, who hopes that at last when the Republic has established the worship of Reason, Brotteaux will not refuse "adhesion to so wise a religion."

"I love reason," says Brotteaux, "but I am no fanatic in my love. Reason is our guide and beacon-light, but when you have made a divinity of it, it will blind you and instigate you to crime." But the "reason" that guided the tribunal was rather like those philosophical studies which troubled the devout heart of sixteen-year-old George Sand. She wrote to her confessor asking if they were compatible with Christian humility, and he doubted, in reply, whether they were sufficiently profound to warrant intellectual pride.

Passion, prejudice, superstition ruled the Republic as it had the throne which it overturned, and France does not blink this fact in his wonderfully moving tale, *The Gods Are Athirst*.

These gods are men, athirst for human blood, and by what sophistries of "reason" they excuse themselves for their drunken bout no one, I think, has shown so acutely and profoundly. Others have told of the atrocities of the mob, how "the gutters of Paris ran with human blood," how the heart of a princess was spitted on a pike and carried from house to house by the crowd. But France tells us why. He is not a sensational reporter, but a philosopher of history and romance—who knows that history is nearly all romance and who garbs his epicurean romances in historical attire. He is always reaching beneath the external and the obvious for the secret relations of things, and sometimes he finds them. He is always truthful, and tho a circumstance suppressed would strengthen a point, or distorted would embellish his art, he tells what he sees and as he sees it—yet not him, but always a personage of his tale. The author is silent. It is the artist-juryman, in the height of his sanguinary frenzy, who reflects:

Why! the old-time state, the Royal monster, assured its empire by imprisoning every year four hundred thousand persons, by hanging fifteen thousand, by breaking three thousand on the wheel—and the Republic still hesitates to sacrifice a few hundred heads for its security and domination! Let us

### How Much Land Should a Man Own?

That wonderful story of Tolstoy's, *Three Arshins of Land*, now published under the title of *How Much Land Should a Man Own?* probes deeply. Pakhom is a poor peasant who complains bitterly of the heavy fines imposed on him whenever his cattle stray into the field of his richer neighbor. It is hard to be poor and then to be taxed for being poor. Life is unjust. Well, Pakhom is saving and crops are good, so he gets ahead and buys more land. A traveler tells him of cheap and good land on the Volga. He emigrates and soon is owner of quite a farm. Again crops are good and nothing troubles him but that his poor neighbors let their cattle stray into his fields. He appeals to the court for protection. Presently another traveler tells him of still fairer lands. He emigrates again and gets a larger farm. Comes still a third traveler with tales of marvelously rich lands to be had from the Bashkiro for a song. He makes a seven days' journey to the new country and is amazed at the richness and cheapness of the land. For a thousand rubles he can have as large an area as he can step off in a day. The offer astounds him and he sleeps but little that night. He is up before sunrise to begin his

drown in blood and save the fatherland. . . .

They did. Soon the guillotine claimed its victims by the score. Old and young were condemned, men and women, fair and decrepit, without the semblance of a trial. Even dice were not used. A bare accusation was enough to send a hundred heads to the knife—"to save the Republic." And that subtle but ominous relation between murder and sensuality—France does not blink it or seek to hide it, but treats it with rare delicacy. Science is still dumb before the grewsome affinity between murder and the lowest manifestations of the sex impulse. France does not reason about it, but states it, calmly, incidently. That is his style, anyway. Everything is an incident. Even when jealousy masks itself behind puritan righteousness and the young juryman sentences the wrong man to death believing him to have seduced the heroine of the tale—it is only an incident. There is no moralizing. The reader can draw his own conclusions. France has three rules for writing. The first is lucidity; the other two are lucidity—but his books are not printed in raised letters. *The Gods Are Athirst* (John Lane Company, New York) is a vivid, moving tale, that only Anatole France could have written.

great day's walk. The bargain is that he must return by sundown or forfeit his thousand rubles. One can guess the conclusion. Three arshins of land are about equal to six feet—and that is the amount of land that Pakhom wins in this fair Eden. For, of course, he tries to step off too much and to reach his goal by sundown he strains himself beyond endurance and falls dead at the stake as the sun's light goes out. There his servant buries him.

It is an unpleasant, but a true allegory. The tale was printed in Russia and sold for a half cent, more than a million copies, it is said, being distributed to the Russian peasantry.

One could wish those who already have enough widely among those who already have enough to eat and wear. The humility of Tolstoy was a beautiful thing—in him—for he was born rich and powerful. Humility is the crown of all virtues, but it rests better on the brow of him who has than of him who must give his life's blood to obtain the necessities of life.

Stern virtues become better the too-humble peasantry of Russia—and the landless everywhere. It is as vapid to teach moderation to the starving as it is to preach thrift to the disemployed. Let those who have yield. Those who have not must take first.

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The League distributes literature, carries on a large correspondence, holds regular and special meetings, and furnishes speakers for large or small assemblies of inquirers, and—with your co-operation—will carry on a vigorous campaign till the election of November, 1914.

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## General Otis says that Everyman is "Disturbing to Mental Stability"

My hat is off to General Otis for this charming boost, so graciously contributed to the cause of "disturbing mental stability" and of "art insurgency." I have it straight from the janitor's brother-in-law who got it direct from the elevator man's cousin (the line is unbroken) that the General wrote these few remarks himself—they seen him when he done it. He came in on a warm morning, laid aside his sword, and took his pen in hand. This is the net result:

(Editorial in Los Angeles Times, September 25th, 1913.)

### DARROW'S APOLOGIST

Of all the pother of bizarre and freakish things now encumbering the newsstands and likely to torture the reading hours of sober-minded folk susceptible to the lure of rubrics and wide-margin formats, one of the most **DISTURBING TO MENTAL STABILITY** is that ecstatic and pornographic exponent of sex freedom and irreverence for established institutions which is miscalled "Everyman."

If law and order, respect for decent conventions, and property rights are to be maintained in this land and its civilization continued, publications of the "Everyman" stripe must be suppressed by absent treatment.

Aside from its heavy task of exploiting the mental and moral aberrations of Clarence Darrow, "Everyman's" chief occupation is to vent the astounding vagaries in logic and literature of one James H. Griffes, who pervades the crank purlicus of Los Angeles and the **LAMENTABLY BRILLIANT PAGES** of his own magazine under the cognomen of Luke North. If "Everyman" were written in the mongrel English of equivalent value with its mental and spiritual mendacity, done in poor print, and shorn of its Morrisy-craft ornamentation, its vaporings of free love and ridiculous comparison of convicts with Christ would be its own sufficient damnation to the unaberrated citizenry, but when **ART** is perverted to the cunning uses of **SOCIAL DISTURBERS**, when Venetian borders and eggshell

paper become monthly advocates of the destructive teachings of Clarence Darrow and his law-subverting disciples, it is time to wave a red lantern at the hidden pitfall. When marriage laws are wantonly flaunted and all other laws indecently scouted; when irresponsible rebellion attacks God and the institutions of Christianity, the cajolments of metrical prose and antique type should not dissuade the rigorous and effective censorship of popular disapproval. Starvation is the quickest remedy against the virus of **ART INSURGENCY**.

"Everyman's" August utterances on personal irresponsibility for crime, on eugenics, sadism, and other prison regime topics (generally taboo in morally responsible publications) are as sentimentally maudlin and as unspeakably impossible as the writings of Luke North have the usual stigma of being, and for their iniquitous subtlety perhaps are equally as dangerous as the heavier-handed anarchistic utterances of Clarence Darrow. What an eastern critic calls the "nervously brilliant" style of Luke North is nothing more than neurasthenia run to letters.

Among sane people art has its sober and sacred functions. These are not the dissemination of a freak's moral delinquencies and mental vagaries. When the lightheaded and feathery-fingered gentry tamper with art to **DESTROY THE FORMS AND USAGES OF CENTURIES** it is time for a belated and over-burdened literary discernment to assert itself and rid the land of such pestiferous vermin.

I have added the capitals to emphasize certain of the General's generous genuflexions to art insurgency, etc. Perhaps they were unnecessary—one hesitates to paint the lily.