

for the public service, is akin to the suggestion, seriously put forward when the income-tax proposal was pending in the Congress, that if incomes were taxed the rich would emigrate, taking their wealth with them. They might have taken money, currency or securities, but all the real wealth of the nation would have remained. Senator Reed need not worry over the danger that in a time of national peril the citizens controlling the nation's wealth are suddenly going to lose their patriotism, merely because they will make less profits in time of war.

Australians' New Capital Profiting by Mistakes

SPECULATOR IN REALTY HAS BEEN ELIMINATED.

THE following is from a news article which appeared in the *Washington Post* of October 31. In a letter to the editor of LAND AND FREEDOM Mr. Louis F. Post writes: "It is the first fair account of Canberra that I have seen in any news press. You may remember that the location was chosen by a legislative Commission appointed several years ago, under a law which provided that the compensation for the site taken should be no more than its value at a stated period prior to the enactment of the law (or the appointment of the Commission, I forget which.) William Burley Griffin was assisted by his wife in the plans drawn for the city. Both were well known Single Taxers of Chicago at the time. It is a comprehensive and ideal design."

The *Washington Post* says:

"How Canberra, the new capital of Australia, conceived with this city as its ideal, is now facing the identical problems Washington grappled with and solved more than a century ago, was recounted yesterday by Joseph A. Alexander, of the *Melbourne Herald and Sun Pictorial*, who is in Washington collecting biographical material for a book he is to publish.

"In May, the Duke of York will formally inaugurate Canberra as the Australian seat of government, 25 years after his father, King George, then the Duke of York, also inaugurated the Australian commonwealth. On that day parliament will sit in Canberra for the first time and the scepter of power will pass from Melbourne.

"Following the precedent set by Washington, Canberra is being erected on a grant of unpopulated land ceded to the commonwealth by one of its states. Like Washington also, according to Alexander, the selection of the site was forced by rivalry between states, each seeking to have the capital situated within its boundaries.

COMPROMISE ON SITE.

"Residents of Victoria demanded that the seat of government continue in Melbourne, while citizens of the state of New South Wales were just as positive to have it removed to Sydney. Following the American analogy, a compromise was finally effected in the present site of Canberra, situated in New South Wales territory, between Sydney and Melbourne.

"As in America, provincialism died hard," said Alexander. "Now that it has been vanquished, a truly national capital is arising. As Washington typifies the national spirit of the United States, Australians hope that Canberra will ultimately represent, politically and architecturally, the highest development of Australian genius."

"In the same manner that Canberra will profit by this city's example, Alexander points out, it will also profit by what are often considered Washington's early mistakes. He holds the opportunities this city has offered to land speculators is one of the most serious of these. In Canberra, all land is owned by the government, and leased at auction to individuals for 99 years. As reappraisal of values is provided for, every dollar spent in improving the city accrues to the profit of Canberra, instead of the speculator.

"Another disadvantage is safeguarded against through stringent building regulations contained in the leases. One will not see in Canberra, as they may to this day in Washington, a shanty and a mansion within the same city block.

"However, Washington is the great architectural and spiritual ideal to which the Australians have set themselves, Alexander insisted. All information concerning Washington is eagerly seized upon and studied. Then, again, Canberra is essentially an American conception. The plans for the city were drawn by Walter Griffin, of Chicago, whose design was selected in an international competition."

Bob Davis Recalls

A WINTER NIGHT'S ADVENTURE WITH THE SOUL OF HENRY GEORGE

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STEADY readers of this column, if there be such, may have observed that in previous references to my father I pointed out his catholicity with all sorts and conditions of men. He was an omnivorous reader, a student of political conditions, a subscriber to most of the magazines that pretended to present the best thought of the period, and a staunch advocate of the Single Tax theory. In the remote fastnesses of the Sierra Nevada, where he conducted his Episcopalian parish, he found time to develop a very considerable correspondence with men of the outside world. Among them was Henry George, whose tax doctrines had begun to attract the attention of economists. The friendship that grew up between them resulted in the great expounder of the dangers of the "unearned increment" paying a visit to my sire at Carson, Nev., in the early '80's.

Mr. George arrived at our house in a blinding snowstorm. My father, who had met him at the train, was carrying the guest's carpetbag, while the Single Taxer clung tightly to a small leather grip in which was concealed, as I learned later, his whole existence.

I valeted the visitor to the extent of removing his galoshes and his heavy overcoat. To this very day, although

forty-five years have elapsed, I can see him standing in front of our parlor stove warming his hands and turning around slowly so that the generous heat could reach his small body. He was about five feet four or five inches in height. Even as a small boy I was overcome at the size and splendor of his head. He wore a close brown beard that gave prominence to the whiteness and height of his forehead, which was like a dome. He spoke very slowly and distinctly, dwelling at length upon the milder climate of San Francisco, from which city he had just come.

I was not aware at the time that one wet and bleak night a few years before Henry George, in dire poverty, frenzied lest delay should mean death, rushed into the streets of San Francisco and sought the aid of a stranger that his wife, in the pangs of childbirth, might secure the necessary medical aid to bring his first born, Henry George, Jr., into the world. Such is the fact, however.

After a nourishing dinner Mr. George was escorted by my father into the study, where behind closed doors evils of taxation and the problems of Government were thrashed out far into the night. The next day broke clear and cold with a carpet of ice spread over the city.

Mr. George had planned to leave that night on the 7.30 train for Reno, there to catch the Overland and proceed East, but the condition of the streets was such that it became necessary to get out the family mustang and the Petaluma cart, which comprised the vehicular plant of the Davis family, in order that the notable visitor could be transported to the depot. When Mr. George and my father, together with the carpetbag, were stowed in the narrow seat, plus the thick overcoats which they wore, there was little room for the grip.

"Bob can bring it to the station," said my parent. "He can take a short cut and meet us there."

"Be careful, my son," said Henry George passing the grip over reluctantly. "Everything I have in this world is in there."

The two economists drove away, while I hustled over to the railroad track, bent on delivering the goods. Along side the Virginia and Truckee Railroad right of way ran a creek from one to three feet in depth. The freeze of the night before had thickened the ice and while hurrying along its banks I caught sight of a slick black stretch that seemed worth at least one experimental slide. I took it on the run, using the black leather bag of Henry George to balance me in flight. But something went wrong; the ice rocked, cracked and then broke through. I struck on one elbow and let go of the grip, which came down with a splash into open water, where it sank.

I floundered out of the shallow stream and ran along the bank in terror, searching the running brook in wild confusion. Presently I caught sight of the precious thing bumping along slowly downstream. It moved under the sheet of ice with the deliberation of a funeral. I was

sorely tempted to break through, grab the bag, hasten to the train and then slowly freeze to death in expiation. It was growing darker every second and I was at my wits' ends until I discerned a few yards ahead some free water which pulsed and eddied. I hastened forward and took a position at that point. After a spell that seemed to last all winter the bag pumped into view. I nailed it and ran down the track to the depot, the ice congealing on the saturated bag as I fled onward. I arrived just in time to hand it over to Henry George, who was pacing the platform like a caged panther. I tried to explain, but a chilled heart and frozen lips balked me. "All aboard!" yelled the conductor, and the author of "Progress and Poverty" with a leather lined cake of ice climbed aboard and went away from Carson for good.

* * *

Fifteen years later during a New York Mayoralty campaign I met Henry George coming out of the Tribune Building on Park Row. I presented myself as the boy who had brought the frozen grip to the train at the Carson depot on that winter evening. I confessed everything.

"What did the black bag contain?" I asked.

"The revised proofs of a new edition of 'Progress and Poverty,' with some added chapters in longhand," he answered in that same deliberate carefully phrased speech that I had heard years before. "I sat up all night on the train drying out the pages and turning them over one at a time in my drawing room. I never knew how you so completely saturated the contents of that bag. Your explanation is satisfactory. It would have been difficult to replace the material had it eluded your vigilance. I suppose," he said reflectively, "that it was predestined. I wrote the book in poverty. Once I lost part of the manuscript in a basement furnace. And finally it arrived at the river. Famine, fire and flood."

* * *

Within two weeks Henry George, exhausted by his campaign labors, died on the eve of election, his son Henry George, Jr., taking his place on the ticket.

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—*New York Sun*, Nov. 23, 1926.

"**H**E that will not work, neither shall he eat." That is not merely the word of the Apostle, it is the obvious law of nature. Yet all the world over, hard and poor is the fare of the toiling masses; while those who aid production neither with head nor hands live luxuriously and fare sumptuously.

—HENRY GEORGE, in "Social Problems."

"THE sole purpose of the Single Tax is to secure the freedom of the race. It is idle to talk of the rights of men when the one thing essential to such equality is withheld."

—WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.