

a will-o'-the-wisp, usually only to land them in the bog of financial disaster.

If it were not too late at his time of life to hope that he can see the truth of an economic theory to which he has given such superficial attention, we might urge President Eliot to really look into the principles underlying the Single Tax. If he could grasp them, it might change his attitude toward life. He might find in it a plan whereby even his beloved University could benefit in a nobler way than by being obliged to beg for the largess of vain-glorious plutocrats, who cherish the empty hope of saving their names from merited oblivion by endowments whose purpose they can only vaguely comprehend. When the universities serve the people, instead of being the bulwarks of privilege, the people will liberally support them. It will not then be necessary for university presidents to wait with bated breath on the alms of uncultivated, unsympathetic money-bags for the funds needful for higher education. Universities will not then be the resorts for the sons of the idle rich, on the one hand, or places where young men are taught how to most effectively serve the owners of the earth in their task of extracting from the poor all that they produce, over and above a scanty living, to pile up fortunes for the luxury of wastrels. Education will then be something else than a means of teaching men how to get a living without working for it, which it now too often is. Hence the distrust with which labor regards culture. Of course even our aristocratic universities and their systems cannot entirely stamp out of generous youth its aspirations for justice, and so out of these very hotbeds of privilege come many who will and do fight for the right as they see it, but so far as in them lies, these institutions do tend to reinforce those most dangerous antagonists of democracy, the esprit-de-corps of plutocracy, the Janissaries of privilege.

If the value which population confers upon land is appropriated to the use of the people by means of the Single Tax, President Eliot need have no fear that grass plots and lawns in city areas will disappear. On the contrary, instead of being the envied pleasures of a minute fraction of the popu-

lation, they will be at the command of every citizen whose appreciation of them is deep enough to cause him to make the small sacrifice necessary for their possession.

DEATH OF EDWARD McHUGH.

(See frontispiece).

In another column will be found an "appreciation" of the life and services of Edward McHugh from the pen of Alexander Mackendrick. We do not publish the biographical details in the life of the veteran who died April 13 of this year in his home at Birkenhead, England. He was laid away in the cemetery in his native city, and present at the graveside were a large number of those who had been co-workers in the great cause to which he devoted his life and remarkable platform abilities. Telegrams and letters of sympathy poured in from all parts of the United Kingdom. These testimonials bore silent witness to the love and admiration in which the dead soldier of the great cause is held.

We shall long delight to recall our recollections of Edward McHugh in that campaign waged in 1897, in which Henry George fell a martyr to his whole-hearted devotion to humanity. In this campaign Edward McHugh took a foremost part, speaking everywhere in this city, now in halls and again from the tails of carts. We recall with a great deal of satisfaction that we followed him at one of these cart-tail meetings with the fate that overtook those who spoke "after Pericles." When Henry George died Mr. McHugh was with him, and in the few days of the campaign that followed, in which under the leadership of Henry George, Jr., the banner continued to be upheld, his voice would often break when he recalled the last hours of the master.

He was not an orator as we love to conceive of oratory, but he was a forcible and effective speaker, and remarkably clear in his presentation of our doctrines of which few had a more intelligent comprehension.

We cannot better conclude this slight reference to our old friend than by quoting from the words received from C. Caradoc Rees, of Liverpool, who said:

"I shall miss him, for he was one of the salt of the earth. The leaves are falling one by one, but his falling seems to bare the tree."

IS IT WORTH WHILE?

When an American family in ordinary circumstances lays away its dead, it need not be troubled that the security of repose will be violated. The friends and relatives who remain behind are at least satisfied that the mortal remains of their loved ones rest quietly under the flowers. This at least is one of the consolations of the poor.

How different it is with the Rockefeller tomb where rests the body of the oil king's wife. Here armed guards watched until the interment, and over the surviving family hangs the fear of desecration.

Is it worth while, all this accumulated gain, to be so hated? Or thus envied?

OUR FRIEND "THE GROUND HOG" IN ERROR.

The Ground Hog, of Cleveland, Ohio, is doing good work in its biting, spicy comments which make interesting reading. But it should not fall into the very common error of assuming that "if a clothing manufacturer has to pay \$20,000 more for land on which to produce his garments he will have to add the interest on this sum to the cost," nor "If the merchant is charged more for store rent by reason of the increased site value of his store that he will have to add this to the final selling price of his garments."

We think it needful to call attention to the fallacy of teachings of this kind, all too common on the part of the advocates of the Single Tax. It is only necessary to point out that if an increase in rent is the result of an arbitrary demand on the part of the landlord he will lose his tenant, since the latter can ask no more for the goods he sells at that site than the price demanded by his competitor on a lower rent site. But if the increase is the result of a natural rise in site value, by which under our system of the private appro-

priation of land values the landlord is the gainer, it is because the volume of sales or advantage of production at that point is greater than at points of lower site value. Nor does it follow that if the increase in site value is general over the whole city the price per garment or unit of product is or can be increased. This again measures the community volume of trade and production as compared with localities of lesser population or inferior community advantages, and is thus the measure of the greater prosperity, reaped under our system, of course, chiefly by the landlord class. But the unit price of production cannot be raised. If it could be population would again flow toward the less favored communities, and the advantages of population and accompanying economies of production would be lost to one community and transferred to another.

This only has to be pondered over carefully to be made clear. Our proposal to divert the stream of economic rent now going into private pockets into the communal pocket where it of right belongs is strong enough not to need arguments which though plausible are fallacious.

GREAT WORDS.

There are those, it is true, who have had the effrontery to lay the responsibility for poverty at the door of the house of God. But this kind of blasphemy is going out of fashion. There are few who would venture in its indulgence nowadays. Poverty is recognized for what it is, a denial of the bounties of nature, a contradiction, a gross and degrading paradox, a state that must make way before the remedies bound to release for the whole world two kinds of wealth, the wealth that comes out of the teeming abundance of the world and the wealth that lies buried in the teeming possibilities of human growth.—JOHN D. BARRY (editorial) *Evening Telegram*, N. Y. City.

THE *Boston Globe*, in its issue of March 19, in reply to an inquiry as to what the Single Tax is, replies in a column article by "Uncle Dudley."