

readers thereof, a vivid picture of serious portent, no solution is offered other than to deplore being a law unto one's self 'midst a community of fellowmen similarly obsessed. This tenor of his closing remark at once raises in the mind of the student of political economy the query "How can one avoid being a law unto one's self when the common and statute laws sow the seed of consequences which leave no alternative in the face of self-preservation?"

In adhering to his purpose (to report labor conditions as they now exist) Mr. Garrett has done an excellent job. A job so excellent in raising one's hair and horror at what is plainly evident for the near future of society, that we suspect that our Single Tax skeptics may at last prefer to relinquish their direct and indirect partnership, in grabbing the unearned increment, as against soon facing the anti-social climax made clear by Mr. Garrett's report.

The two articles may be summed up in four words: Single Tax . . . or else . . . !

And this goes for everybody—whether they be kindly, tolerant, lukewarmists who are sympathetic to Henry George's proposal but who are irked by the Single Taxer's enthusiasm for his "one idea" and by his stubbornness in refusing to accept compromised truth—whether they be ardent Single Taxers who prefer free-lance latitude to unity's organized and singleness of ways and means—whether they be in the gamut of innocent victims from the Asiatic and Mexican "floaters" 'midst California's farms to the press-ganged recruits in New York's labor unionism—whether they be portly patrons of parlor programs in swanky Back Bay's community campaign to feed and foster Boston's north, west and south-end slum anemics.

And this goes for lip-service pols, self-taught labor-leader martyrs, professors of law, of economics and of religion. And this goes too, and doubly so, for educated captains of industry and of banking who easily comprehend corporation complexity, but who equally easily become perplexed by the simplicity of single-entry, single purpose, Single Tax.

Today the "white men" of the golden west fight among themselves for pittance pay at crop-time where the ripening honey-melon waits for neither mice nor men to argue or orate—fight among themselves for brief hire among the bleached blooms of tender peas whose fragile tendrils mock the might of crackpot agitators—fight among themselves for the very jobs which once they contemptuously dropped into the eager hands of Asiatic and Mexican helpers on the wondrous soil of our western valleys. By all means, read Mr. Garrett's articles and ponder well.

"It is Single Tax . . . or else . . . !

STUPENDOUS SCIENCE

"An engineer," says Doctor Karl T. Compton of the

Massachusetts Institute of Technology, "is one who, through application of his knowledge of mathematics, the physical and biological sciences, and economics, and with aid, further, from results obtained through observation, experiences, scientific discovery, and invention, so utilizes the materials and directs the forces of nature that they are made to operate to the benefit of society. An engineer differs from the technologist in that he must concern himself with the organizational, economic, and managerial aspects as well as the technical aspects of his work."

Taken at its face value, this definition presents an overwhelmingness of the first magnitude. After catching our breath and comprehending the all-inclusiveness of the engineer's place in society, we wonder how we ever eluded the managerial directions of the engineers long enough to bring our nation into its present pretty kettle of economic fish.

We know that there have been several engineers abroad in the land, during the past third of a century, because we personally have served our apprenticeship with a few of them during the entire period. We, personally, are still "bound out," as it were, because as an economic slave serving under the duress of ability-to-pay taxes we never have evolved from an apprentice to a journeyman engineer. Double and triple taxation has so completely absorbed our weekly wage that the independence of a journeyman engineer ever has remained a condition of which to dream, until Henry George made clear to us how multiple taxation, upon the fruits, facts and fancies of labor, killed our engineering business and prolonged our apprenticeship drabness.

We, too, always believed that a real engineer was all that Doctor Compton alleges, but we needed a Doctor Compton to define us in writing. That is, we believed it in toto until Henry George showed us how little real and apprentice engineers know about economics. Until "Progress and Poverty" hove in sight we were blithely riding the wave-crest of apprentice-engineering—illusion, and we were publicly expressing our private opinion of the law profession which dominates the legislative factories at our State House and at Washington.

At times we look back with fond recollections upon our early days of blissful ignorance—ignorant of the insidious iniquities of our present tax system—days when we held respectful contempt for all not versed in mathematics, physical and biological sciences, power to observe and analyze and deduce, invention and the forces of nature, organization and management, all so ably juggled by the engineer who gave rise to Doctor Compton's definition. Where ignorance was bliss, was it wise to read "Progress and Poverty" and shatter our engineering idols and carry an economic headache the rest of our days?

Today we wish that Doctor Compton had not included

"economics" as one of the engineer's cellophane-wrapped virtues. Economics is a broad subject when viewed in its ramifications which touch everything from morals to mince pies. Economics involves much more than the economical designs of bridges, buildings, viaducts, subways, vehicular submarine tunnels, Grand Central Stations, and concrete mash-tubs for portly porkers. And yet—and yet—economics fundamentally is the most simple and most sure and most sincere of all sciences now that Henry George has made it possible to dispel the engineering and legal and political fog which hangs in a heavy haze around the heads of the so-called leaders of society.

Of what avail are all the scientific virtues of the engineer as long as the legislative lawyer writes laws onto our statute books which tax labor into idleness, tax capital into bankruptcy, and which pay the "unearned increment" into private pockets rather than into public tills? Of what avail are all other sciences, invention, discovery, organization, management, and the forces of nature, when truly scientific political economy is so violated as to periodically mow down the social order into depressions, recessions and, ultimately, into fallen empires grown to ruin and ragweed and rot? Of what avail are economically-designed factories which stand idle, or empty, from lack of business as idle men and women ceaselessly tramp by the doors vainly seeking employment? Of what avail are harnessed rivers and falls which pour endless electrical energy into neighborhoods where a kerosene lamp or a single bulb *must* suffice to brighten the evening hours of too many economic slaves? Of what avail are modern motors and dynamos packed with potential power for buzz-saws which wait to sing, when too many tenants of the slums *must* buck an alms wood-pile with nothing better than a seventy-cent buck-saw?

What causes widespread idleness, widespread bankruptcy, and widespread "hard times," despite the engineer's knowledge? Henry George has told the simple story, beyond cavil, in the pages of "Progress and Poverty." It is distressing to know that of all the discoveries made by engineers—since the day when curiosity first burnt its fingers—so very, very few of our scientific contemporaries have discovered the powerful paragraphs in "Progress and Poverty."

The engineer is, indeed, a man well versed in sciences—except in the science of political economy upon which his alphabet-blocks are built.

FIVE THOUSAND TIMES

"The search after the great man is the dream of youth and the most serious occupation of manhood," said Emerson in 1876, and, in 1939, the search had abated not one whit as taxes mounted and millions of idle men walked 'round in circles 'midst hundreds of thousands of idle, fertile acres which have grown to weeds or brush or grass.

Since 1876 not less than 5,000 federal, state and municipal elections have taken place throughout these United States—elections at which our voters 5,000 times have sought a great man to lead society along the paths of peace and prosperity and justice. Five thousand times have the people of this nation cast ballots in brain-beauty contests in search of miracle-men to manage our multiplied muddle of governments, since the day when Emerson observed that "We live in a market, where is only so much wheat, or wool, or land; and if I have so much more, every other must have so much less." Five thousand times have groups of the freest men in the world made untold wrong selections in seeking truly great men for public office.

"Let there be an entrance opened for me into realities," urged Emerson sixty-three years ago, "I have worn the fool's cap too long." If the spirit of 1876 justified Emerson's revolt against his cone-crowned chapeau, by what right do we of today dare don derbies disguising ourselves as men of intelligence? By what right do we, with three-score more years of erudition and éclat, make so bold as to perch plug hats atop our polished pates whilst paying public site-values into private pockets and whilst pilfering private wealth for public purpose?

"Life is a scale of degrees"—degrees once deemed enow in A.B.'s, M.A.'s, D.D.'s, M.D.'s, LL.B's, Ph.D.'s and the like—degrees now blossomed into NRA's AAA's, WPA's, PWA's, OARP's, and COD's, until the alphabet runs risk of petering out. If Emerson could but now take an East River tunnel under the Styx and pay us a visit as we muddle through Title 4, Chapter 6, Schedule C, Item 9, Paragraph 2-B of our tax-torture-forms, would he again say "The reputations of the nineteenth century will one day be quoted to prove its barbarism?"

How, now! Thinks't thou that the taxation barbarism of the nineteenth century has anything on that of the twentieth? Is the income tax of today less menacing than the "faculty tax" of colonial queerness?

Five thousand times, in three-score years, ten times five thousand politicians, steeped in professional brain-processing, pompously have squatted into government chairs only to lift like a leaf and be gone with the wind, whilst labor and capital baited each other and site-value exploiters bilked both. Our "missouriums and mastodons" of municipal mysteries pale into a population of pigmies as their pious perplexity engulfs their preference for triple-tax over Single Tax.

"For a time our teachers serve us personally as meters or milestones of progress," penned Emerson as Henry George simultaneously observed the class-worship. "Once they were angels of knowledge and their figures touched the sky. Then we drew near, saw their means, culture and limits; and they yielded their place to other geniuses." Ten times five thousand "geniuses" have yielded their positions of political power as their program for collect