

When this has been done you may, indeed, become some of the "real thinkers" of humanity

THE FORGOTTEN PHILOSOPHER

In the opinion of Albert Jay Nock, Henry George today is "preeminently the Forgotten Man of Anglo-American civilization." If this be true it is a severe indictment of Anglo-American cultural veneer and its superficial sciences and of the mental shallowness of our intelligentsia, except, of course, where the forgetting of Henry George has been done with malice aforethought.

Personally, we cannot believe that Henry George has been forgotten in a natural manner. We do believe that the vast majority of Anglo-Americans have not, as yet, ever heard of Henry George, but the fact is of little import because the majority does not lead—it follows.

If it is true that George "was one of the greatest of philosophers, and the spontaneous concurring voice of all his contemporaries acclaimed him as one of the best of men," we are not persuaded that this acclaim came from naught but empty heads speaking as poll-parrots. If we are wrong in that the Anglo-Americans *are* a civilization of parrots and stooges, why is it that they have failed or forgotten to apply their powers of observation and deduction to other phases of social activities in addition to that of taxation?

When "Progress and Poverty" continues to be "even after sixty years, the most successful book on economics ever published," the forgetting of its author certainly has not been a natural consequence.

There is but one unavoidable inference to be drawn concerning the "eclipse" of Henry George, and this inference reflects most shamefully upon the cultured, artistic, scientific intelligentsia of these United States, in that the author met with clearer understanding and acquired more influence in England and in Ireland than he did in his native land. If, in forgetting Henry George, England and Ireland may be classified as moronic peoples, what are we? If British brains are so much jelly—if Irish hearts are so many pounds of pulp—what are ours?

Mr. Nock knows of no precedent for forgetting Henry George. We know of many precedents, after sitting in the legislative branch of government. Which of Henry George's predecessors equalled his accomplishment? Not one. He has no predecessors. Is the fiddler the predecessor of the violinist? The virtuoso is an artist for art's sake; the fiddler plays for a price in any alley which yields the most pennies; where is the parallel?

When our disillusionment had been made complete, in legislative halls, we had come to know many fiddlers from all walks of life—from universities, from colleges, from commerce and industry, from bench and bar and pulpit. All these fiddlers, when confronted with the

plain, simple and sufficient truths penned by Henry George, were skilled in producing precedents for avoiding the paths of right thought, right procedure and right results.

This world's records are filled with precedents—all legally established by our political leaders and their predecessors—for continuing the exploitation of the people.

The newspapers which made widespread comment upon the advent of Henry George's book, in 1880, have not forgotten him, but they have, perforce, drawn the curtain of silence. Our professional economists, who have read "Progress and Poverty," have not forgotten its author; but discretion weighs with them more than valor. A wage-paying job in hand is worth more than two soap-box platforms in the public park, and these job-holders know equally well how to apply the rules for reading and writing and arithmetic to taxation as they do to all other subjects within the ken of man. In the matter of failing to collect site-rents they appear to be parrots and stooges; in realities they are not.

However inferentially low Mr. Nock's essay has placed Anglo-American intelligence we are not persuaded that this amply demonstrated attribute, in the fields of industry and art and science, leaves suddenly bereft, when Single Tax thoughts are in order, those who formulate our laws and their enforcements. There is too much evidence, to the contrary, "behind the scenes" in civic leadership. Did King John sign the Magna Charta before he was compelled? Do parasites voluntarily cease their insect activities? Are not "wars and rumors of wars" age-old subterfuges for diverting mediocre mankind from its economic miseries?

There are plenty of precedents, among those who place power above truth, for burying Henry George in the pit of silence.

However, we offer no disparagement to insects. We make no analogy between insects and civic leaders. We simply aim to illustrate the point, by extreme example, that parasitism in man or insect exists in a degree depending upon individual conscience in choosing between the exercise of power and the furtherance of truth.

The insect steadily pursues his vocation. The civic leader is anxious and willing and ready to prove, by fiddling, that actual experience in expediencies, superficialities, froth and fizzle, lead nowhere but to miserable awakenings. By indirection and negation they will prove to each generation that nothing but truth permanently can succeed, just as the insect indirectly proves that sanitation and eternal vigilance are the price of good health and freedom.

Henry George no longer will be forgotten when the King Johns are certain that it is high time to sign the new Magna Charta and to lift the curtain of silence.

PILGRIMS' PROGRESS

What manner of men were our first immigrants—our

Pilgrim Fathers—who waded ashore at Plymouth Rock three hundred years ago?

How did they find employment with no Chamber of Commerce to greet them—no bankers from whom to borrow money—no taxi cabs nor subways to carry them uptown from the surf-swept shore of Plymouth—no WPA's to "make work" for them—no "going concerns" to offer them jobs—no captains of industry nor trade associations to raise "venture money" for them—no town welfare rolls upon which to rest, no old-age pensions, nor national youth-administrations, nor orange and blue credit stamps?

No pot of tea stood waiting upon a hospitable hearth, nor nary a candle flickered forth a welcoming ray from a tiny window pane.

What brand of brain and brawn were these pilgrims?

They landed here with little or nothing and from it built up this world's greatest democracy. Gracefully dying off they left to us a nation fabulously wealthy in resources, wealthy in towns and cities and states—they left to us a potential population of 130,000,000 manpower, millions of fertile acres, manifold modern inventions, new works, new ways, new machinery.

What have we done with all this?

They began with nothing and left much. We have inherited much and yet can do nothing to rescue ourselves from a mysterious "depression."

Our industrial intelligentsia are doubled up with economic cramps—our pedagogic power plants are stuttering, sputtering and fluttering—our statesmen are running 'round in circles—whistling in, the dark and Coueism in the day are current modes for keeping courageous and cool. High-pressure diagnosticians hasten hither and thither chanting of effects, causes and cures—lightly lilting words of cheer to "little business"—lustily booming at Big Business of "incentive, new ideas and money." Financial Goliaths are exhorted to play the economic "stymie." Dulled incentives are deplored—putting the brakes on speculative urge is decried—and the noseay nonsense of federal "fixers" bring squawks of disgust.

Meanwhile multiple taxation is mouthed as "the ability to pay," but no one proves the ability and, consequently, we pay whether or not our ability equals this accusation leveled at our incomes.

Why did not our old-time Pilgrims at once set up and send out "countless questionnaires" whilst waiting to reap the first harvest? Why did they not mobilize an army of "labor relations" snoopers, taxation detectives, and why did they not summon their members to be put upon the political, inquisitorial rack at the Capitol when times turned tortuous as the months wore on?

Having inherited a nation of enormous wealth and of billions of foot-pounds of energy—having fallen heirs to millions of idle acres which once were naught but heartbreaking, tangled wildwood obstructing the handi-

capped labors of our pioneers as they fought foes inch by inch back into the hinterlands—we now have bogged down into a slough of despair.

Meanwhile enormous rents have flowed—from publicly created site-values stemming from an ever-increasing population now grown to 130,000,000 people—into the bottomless pockets of site-value exploiters, whilst industry groans under an ever-increasing burden of multiple taxation. The idle lands, which once gave life, labor and love to all who could find no hire among their fellow pilgrims, today stand empty and hedged by the dead hands of legal custom, while ten millions of unemployed workers in vain seek jobs.

What manner of men were our Pilgrim Fathers, that they could create such a mighty nation from such virgin obstructions? What manner of heirs are we, that our inheritance should be our undoing? Where is our boasted knowledge, with its scientific marvels, knowledge which ne'er was dreamed of by our forebears as they builded an empire based upon naught but crude and limited learning? What of our vaunted statesmanship which has come to supplant the halting, homely and mediocre town-meeting of New England? To what straits has our streamlined statesmanship led us?

In the past quarter of a century our national cost of education has risen 400 per cent, though our student-body has increased only 200 per cent. Today we spend, annually, 2,500 millions of dollars for education, and yet our students know as little about economics as did the first school tots taught in a colonial cabin.

'Tis said that we Americans have the reputation, at home and abroad, of never doing things by halves. In the matter of taxation we uphold our reputation. We have scorned a Single Tax to take up in a great, big way, double and triple and quadruple taxation upon industry.

Our colossal culture, our stupendous science, our industrial ingenuity, all—added together—are equalled only by our suffocating stupidity in taxation.

We have idle men and women who are willing to work. We have idle acres fit to flower and to flourish with all that this nation needs. The Pilgrim Fathers had no more, yet they were successful. We have all that they had, plus the accumulations which have come down to us through the generations, yet we are helpless as we mooch and mope through our home-made "depression."

"What fools we mortals be."

OUR CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

Our estimable Chamber of Commerce of these United States has made several important discoveries. It has learned that taxes affect permanent jobs, taxes affect the consumer, taxes affect the retailer, taxes affect the employee, taxes are the cause of certain other effects, taxes affect posterity, taxes affect recovery, taxes today