

nor bread, nor shoes, nor staves, nor two coats apiece. . . . In Handel's church at Little Stanmore there is a tomb to a Countess of Pembroke, whereon we are informed that, besides being the chaste partner of her husband's bed and board, she was religious without enthusiasm. No doubt the phrase was a side-stroke at those troublesome Wesleyans, but it was at that time a very suitable epitaph for the Church of England herself.

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**Mr. Roosevelt's Khartoum Blunder.**

(Chicago) Inter Ocean (Rep.), March 16.—No doubt at this very moment thousands of devout Mohammedans in Khartoum and vicinity are saying that, if that is the most redoubtable champion the infidels can produce, the time has evidently come for the faithful to sharpen their scimiters and go forth and possess the earth. "By the Beard of the Prophet, the Sacred Stone at Mecca and the Four Perfect Women!" we seem to hear one of them say, "it's just like taking candy from a child. Here's the biggest, fiercest, bravest man the infidels have. There can be no doubt of it. It's been in all the papers for the last eight years. And what does he amount to? Why, the Mad Mullah had him beaten a day's journey any way you take him. I've seen Mad Mullah when he was asleep. And if he didn't look eighteen times bigger and braver and fiercer than that blasphemer I hope somebody will pour a gallon of wine right down my throat! There's nothing to it. Allah has certainly delivered them into our hands." . . . Let us trust that Mr. Roosevelt will realize before his departure from Khartoum the fearful consequences likely to ensue from his failure to let out a few familiar whoops and uproot a couple of young palm trees in the presence of the waiting crowd. The situation may even yet be saved if he will doff this unnatural calm and prove once more that he is the Roughest Rider on Earth.

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Who ordained that a few should have the land of Britain as a perquisite; who made ten thousand people owners of the soil, and the rest of us trespassers in the land of our birth?—Lloyd George.

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"Go 'ome and wash some of the dirt off yer face or yer 'll get Lloyd George putting a land tax on it!"—The Sketch.

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The budget has given rise to a number of good stories about Mr. Lloyd George; a particularly good one concerned a recent banquet at which the Chancellor of the Exchequer was a guest.

Sitting next to him was a young lady, who listened reverently to every word that fell from her hero's lips.

"Ah," she ventured at last, "you have suffered a great deal in your life from being misunderstood, have you not?"

"Yes," Mr. Lloyd George is reported to have replied, "I have suffered from being misunderstood; but I haven't suffered half as much as I would have if I had been understood."—M. A. P.

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## RELATED THINGS

### CONTRIBUTIONS AND REPRINT

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#### SONG TO ENGLAND.

Alban Gordon in London Labour Leader.

Sons of England, Empire children, offspring of a glorious race,

Which has spread its proud dominion o'er the land and water's face;

Chief among the Powers of Europe, undisturbed in pride of place,—

Sons of England, great and glorious, holding half the world in sway;

Darkness o'er the Western Empire leaving yet thy lands in day,

Where the blue Pacific waters on their golden fore-shore play,—

Sons of England, Heaven-chosen, true and proud and brave and free,

Holding counsel in that Island, pearl of all the Northern sea,—

Do ye guess, ye mighty people, what the end of you shall be?

English men and English women,—yea, and English children, too,

Heirs with you to all the glory of your Empire on the blue,—

Spend their days and pour their life blood, bound in slavery to you—

You, whose boast was ever loudest, "neath our flag can live no slave";

You, whose sires have fought for freedom with the valor of the brave;

You permit a baser slavery from the cradle to the grave.

Money is the god you worship, gold the touchstone of your worth;

You would coin the very meadows of the land that gave you birth;

You would claim a sole dominion o'er the acres of God's earth.

Can you see a thousand starving while you waste the food of ten?

Hear ye not the helpless children calling to more helpless men?

Hear ye not the sullen murmur of the people, crying "When?"

Will you see our country sinking, and reach out no helping hand?

Gather, O ye freeborn English, where the truest patriots stand;

Strive to give the people freedom in the freedom of their Land.

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#### THE ULTIMATE LIE.

G. K. Chesterton in the London News.

They have tried to set up the preposterous pretense that those who are rich in a State are rich

in their own merit, and that those who are poor in a State are poor by their own fault. Mr. Kipling, in his swan song of suicide in the Morning Post, speaks of the unemployed laborer as the man "whose unthrift has destroyed him." He speaks of the modern landlord as the man who has toiled, who has striven and gathered possession. Now there are some occasions upon which a blasphemy against fact renders unimportant even a blasphemy against religion. It is so in these cases in which calamity is made a moral curse or proof of guilt.

It becomes quite a secondary fact that this new Tory theory is opposed to the Christian theory at every point, at every instant of history, from the boils of Job to the leprosy of Father Damien. It does not matter for the moment that the thing is un-Christian. The thing is a lie; every one knows it to be a lie; the men who speak and write it know it to be a lie. They know as well as I do that the men who climb to the top of the modern ladder are not the best men, nor the cleverest, nor even the most industrious. Nobody who has ever talked to poor men on seats in Battersea Park can conceivably believe that they are the worst men of the community. Nobody who has ever talked to rich men at city dinners can conceivably believe that they are the best men of the community. On this one thesis I will admit no arguments about unconsciousness, self-deception or mere ritual phraseology. I admit all that and more most heartily to the man who says that the aristocracy as a whole is good for England or that poverty as a whole cannot be cured.

But if a man says that in his experience the thrifty thrive and only the unthrifty perish, then (as St. John the Evangelist says) he is a liar. This is the ultimate lie and all who utter it are liars.

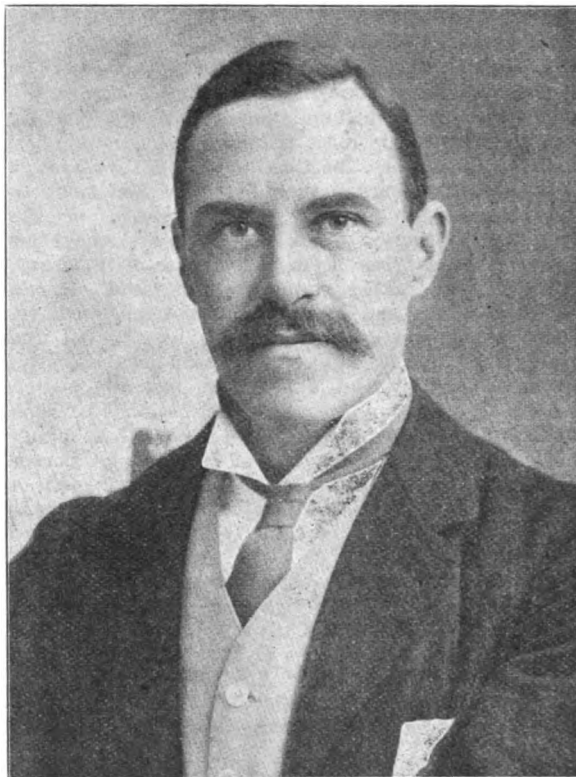
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### JOSIAH C. WEDGWOOD, M. P.

Josiah Clement Wedgwood went into Parliament for Newcastle-under-Lyme, in the Liberal landslide of 1906, with a majority of 2,207 in a total poll of 8,103, because he was a Wedgwood; he was re-elected in 1910, after a hot campaign, by a majority of 1,368 in a total poll of 9,858, because he stood for the land value taxation policy and had become a national figure among radical Liberals. On his mother's side a nephew of Lord Rendel, he is on his father's, a great great grandson of the founder of the Wedgwood potteries. Mr. Wedgwood was born in 1872, got his education at Clifton College and in Germany, served apprenticeship as a naval architect at the Elswich Ship Yard and studied his profession at the Royal Naval College at Greenwich, served in the Boer war in South Africa as captain of the Elswich Battery, was resident British Magistrate after the war of the South African district of Ermelo and head of the

local repatriation department, and in 1908 was president of the English League for the Taxation of Land Values, of which he is still an honored member. His wife, a daughter of the late Lord Bowen, is, like himself, a devoted disciple of Henry George and an effective coadjutor of her husband in the field of radical politics.

#### ONE OF MR. WEDGWOOD'S CAMPAIGN CIRCULARS.



## JOSIAH C. WEDGWOOD

#### Just Think!

Is not everything needed for our physical wants drawn from the land? Yes.

Can labor produce these things? Yes; nothing but labor.

Is there any scarcity of land? No.

Is there any scarcity of labor? No.

Are all human wants satisfied? No; children are crying for bread.

Then why should you tax food, and make it dearer?

#### Vote for Wedgwood.

The taxation of land values will force all valuable idle land into use,

Lower house and shop rents and abolish rates,

#### Raise Wages,

And establish justice for all.

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A correspondent sends to the London Nation the following as "the joke" of the recent elections: An