

autres contributions, il faut supprimer les douanes qui détruisent le commerce et provoquent la guerre, il faut enfin instaurer la liberté absolue du commerce qui est le droit naturel de tous les hommes.

Nous vous demandons et requérons de le faire et de le faire promptement afin de mettre fin au mécontentement toujours croissant, afin d'empêcher la révolution sanglante, l'effondrement de la civilisation, la chute de gouvernements trop ignorants ou veules pour agir avant qu'il ne soit trop tard; l'amertume s'est emparée de l'esprit des peuples fatigués de souffrir sous le poids excessif des impôts et de se voir interdire l'accès à la terre, cette terre qui est leur patrimoine et celui de leurs enfants.

I AM ONLY ONE MAN

Address by Bolton Hall (New York)

(At the Oxford International Conference on 18th August)

I have exulted during this Conference—more than in anything else—in the British determination of the members, and the entire absence of the despondent note that we often have in America.

Among our own American people there are two obstacles to our advance. One is the preposterous claim that we have made little progress in these forty-five years: the other is the claim that our own efforts will never get it.

Now, how is it that good and earnest men can so shut their eyes as to think that? Their eyes are shut so that they do not see even the hundred and twenty thousand votes cast in California for the first straight-cut, clear-cut, complete and immediate single-tax constitutional amendment that had ever been submitted. Twenty-six per cent. of the total vote, with not a thousand dollars for propaganda in the campaign. And that in the main fortress of land monopoly with unlimited money devoted to misrepresent the issue. Oregon and Missouri did nearly as well—there are more people to-day who will vote for straight, clean single-tax in those three States than there were in the whole world when Henry George gave up the ghost. The pessimists may have looked at Cape Town and at Nigeria, and may know that something is different in other such places, but they see none of these things.

The reason the eyes are shut is mainly that some of us see the Poverty, but unconsciously do not want to see the Progress. We have some method of our own to which we are attached, and at which we work devotedly, believing that ours is the only method; and that anyone who is not helping us at that is not helping at all. We think accordingly that the other methods must have been without results. We think that the truth we have to publish is so evident that men have only to understand it in order to embrace it. Neither of those thoughts is correct. That was the tragedy of Jesus' life that he saw so clearly that if men would only love one another, armies, kings, courts, crime, involuntary poverty and all the other evils that afflict mankind would disappear—that the rulers knew this, too, was exactly why they crucified him.

To me it is marvellous that we have gotten so far. Think. The agitation for equal rights for women began with Mary Wolstoncroft, and after all these years it is still to be won in most of our countries and is nowhere complete. It was two hundred and fifty years ago that the agitation against chattel slavery began, an abuse that affected only a few million people, and we have not got it abolished even yet. Britishers know more than we do of its existence in Africa and in many other parts of the world. Even we in America have it as pionage and as the enforced, unfair and unprofitable labour of convicts.

But the injustice that we attack now affects every man, woman and child. We attack the longest established and most universal wrong in the world; for if slavery was the sum of all villainies, the private appropriation of land-right is the fundamental iniquity.

We are all of us a little blind to something, and it ill becomes us to condemn our brothers who are blind to something else. One of the wisest things that Jesus said was, "Judge not that ye be not judged," to which we might add, "for your judgment will probably be wrong."

Nevertheless, this despair keeps us from our best work—we think our influence is so small that it is not worth while for us to strive for the main object.

We think of ourselves as mere associates, and seeing how few we are compared to the unthinking mass, we feel feeble—but the soldier does not feel so. When he is one of a mere troop he thinks of what a power the army will be when it has grown into battalions.

A man who has been very active and useful once said to me: "Such poor efforts as I have been able to make—" I said: "Now put that as it ought to be." "Such poor efforts as the Universal Spirit has been able to make through me." How absurd to call them "poor efforts." It sounds like humility, but it is really self-conceit. The Pharisee thanked his God that he was not as other men. If he had truly thanked his God, he would have been all right, but in fact he really thanked himself.

It has been so necessary for primitive man, whether of 19,000 B.C. or of 1900 A.D. to shift each for himself, that all of us underrate or ignore the power of any one of us over all the rest.

We think "all the nominations are machine made—I am only one in a million voters. I'll stay away—and play golf. It's one vote and it probably won't be counted anyhow."

We know what the morale of an army is: now suppose one soldier said: "The plan of campaign is made by political generals. I'm only one of a million soldiers, I'll run away and save my skin. I'll probably not get into action anyhow." But that man starts a panic—and his colonel will assuredly deal with him. How should the citizen guilty of desertion in the face of the community enemy be dealt with?

Armies and young political parties hesitate and look each man at the rest. One is afraid and the others daren't. Then a Garibaldi or a William Lloyd Garrison or a Paderewski or a Doctor Mussolini says: "I'll do, anyhow, what lies in me," and the masses are inspired to follow him, a self-made leader.

Henry of Navarre was no more than any of the other superfluous princelings; only he waved his hat and cheered "The helmet of Navarre" and charged—and the rabble of the troops always followed him. He didn't say: "I'm only one—I'll go and play tennis."

We do not blame men for their blindness. If they knew better they would do better: light may have been held up to them, but they, being blind, did not see it. We and our fathers, who have failed to educate them, are as much responsible for that as they are. Their eyes are not yet opened, or if they are they are like babies who cannot distinguish what they see. We cannot be angry with one another for childish failings, when we learn in our hearts that we are all children of one God.

Now, when I say God, I do not mean some kind of big man up in the sky; but rather the One Force, Mind, Creator, Spirit or whatever you choose to call it, that brought the world into being. That Power or Nature of Things is such or works in such a way that babies are disorderly, passionate, selfish and greedy. But we do not hate the child; we say "O, she is only a baby. We will teach her better later." Well, we are all children in some respect. One is ignorant or unreasonable, another

unsympathetic—but maybe the unreasonable one is loving and the cold one, logical. Anyhow, each is doing the best he can as far as he has got, morally and intellectually.

The foundation principle of co-operation, of business, of political economy and of religion is that we are of one flesh. Our interests are inextricably bound together, so closely that the killing of a kinglet of whom most of us had never even heard, precipitated a war that affected our fortunes, our families and our lives. It must be so: no one does any good that is not good for everyone; no one can do any evil that does not hurt mankind. We have heard that we are in the hands of God: in truth we are the hands of God.

He who created the earth made it that way, made it so that it develops itself, or rather that we develop it, so that the Kingdom is really at hand to him whose eyes are open to see it; yes, so that the economic millennium will come even if we do not work—but it won't be our millennium when it comes.

As I came to Plymouth Harbour, I saw the Eddystone lighthouse, which has always been an inspiration to me because of Jean Ingelow's beautiful ballad of Winstanley. Had it been shortened, it would have been the most popular of English ballads.

Winstanley was a ship-owner, and the poor drowned sailors who went on the Goodwin Sands moved his heart so that he resolved to build a lighthouse. Everyone laughed at the absurd idea of building where no foundation could be had.

But Winstanley devoted his life and his money to that one thing; and year after year each flood tide he followed in the beams he had laid at ebb tide. At long last he got a foundation on the Eddystone Rock.

Winstanley set his foot on shore.
Said he, "My work is done;
I hold it strong to last as long
As aught beneath the sun.

"But if it fall, as fall it may—
Another than I shall build it high
And brace the girders stout.
A better than I shall build it high
For now the way is plain,
And, though I were dead," Winstanley said,
"The light shall shine again.

"But if it fall, then it were well
That I should with it fall;
Since for my part I have built my heart
In the courses of its wall."

Again, Olive Shreiner tells of the hunter who caught one glimpse of the bird of Truth and followed it over mountains. He scaled height after height only to see other mountains beyond.

At last he comes to a sheer wall of rock and climbed, painfully hewing the steps as he rose, with sweat and groans. At last, gasping for breath, he reached the top, only to find another height in front. But his last words are: "Where I lie down worn out, others will stand young and fresh. By the steps that I have made they will rise, by the stairs that I have built, they will mount. They will never know the name of the man that built them; at the clumsy work they will laugh, when the stones roll they will curse me—but they will mount and by my steps; they will rise on my stairs; for no man liveth to himself and no man even so much as dieth to himself."

A Free Copy of "Land & Liberty" is an Invitation to become a Subscriber. Monthly 3d.; by Post, 4s. per Annum.

MR. BENGOUGH'S "CHALK-TALKS"

For nearly half a century the name of John W. Bengough has been known from the East to the West of Canada and the Northern States, as a cartoonist and popular lecturer. During the greater part of that period his brilliant talents have been largely devoted to the education of his audiences on the subjects of Free Trade and the Taxation of Land Values. For his services in this latter respect the friends of the movement in every country owe him a deep debt of gratitude. It may indeed be affirmed with confidence that the highly-developed consciousness of the land problem and the wide-spread understanding of single tax principles among the farming communities and working people of Canada and America owes much to Mr. Bengough's "chalk-talk" propaganda. Apart from his skill as a draughtsman, Mr. Bengough possesses that rare gift of being able to select the simplest and most easily grasped aspects of his subject, and to present them to his audience in a way that makes them self-evident; and when the appeal to common sense is accompanied by a few lightning strokes with coloured chalks on cartridge paper, the illumination is complete.

It is difficult to convey to those who have not been privileged to see and hear those "chalk-talks," any adequate idea of the value of Mr. Bengough's lectures, particularly in the education of "the man on the street" and the plain folk who are too busy in earning livings to study economics or politics. We recall the peculiar pleasure we enjoyed in knowing that light was gently breaking on the minds of such people, when, in a few deft lines he drew a calf in the act of approaching the mother cow "in search of its natural revenue"; how he wrote on the body of the calf the word "community," and on that of the cow "land values," and then showed in the simplest possible language that the relation between the two pairs of "co-ordinates" is exactly similar. "But," he added, with a twinkle in his eye, "though I never knew a calf that didn't know where to go for its natural revenue, I have never known a Congressman who did." Again, it was a man with a shadow behind him that appeared on his sketch-paper;—all men cast shadows and when they crowd together to work and earn livings the shadows grow deep and continuous. *The shadows represent land-values.* But the ominous face of a landowner appears over the brow of a hill, claiming the shadows as his property. If the people could go away the shadows would go with them, but they must earn their livings where they are, and they are sadly conscious that their own shadows are held as landowners' property everywhere, and so they remain and pay, pay, pay, for the privilege of casting shadows. "Change the expression 'land-value' into 'people-value' or 'shadow-value' then," said Mr. Bengough, "and you will see what it is I am trying to teach you."

This imperfect tribute to Mr. Bengough's worth as a disciple of Henry George and an Apostle of Freedom may serve to intimate the publication by The Musson Co. of Toronto, of a little book containing nine of his lectures each dealing with a special subject,—Education, Prohibition, Women's Suffrage, the Land Question, Free Trade, &c., and all dedicated to "the indulgent public." The book is illustrated on almost every page with reproductions of the cartoons, and this of course adds to its value as the originals did to the lectures. We venture to prophesy that the book will find not only an indulgent public but an appreciative one, especially where Mr. Bengough's lectures are remembered.

ALEX. MACKENDRICK.

Mr. W. R. Lester's article in July, 1923, *LAND & LIBERTY*, entitled "Mr. Seeborn Rowntree and Unemployment," has been issued in our Reprint Series as a leaflet. Supplies are available on application to the office. Please ask for Reprint Series No. 3.