

Then will come the cooperative commonwealth of the socialist. Then will come the universal voluntary association of the anarchist. And what are these but the orderly, helpful, wholesome, natural social state which every single taxpayer sees in his dreams and hopes for in his waking hours.

HENRY H. HARDINGE.

## EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE

### JOHN Z. WHITE IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.\*

San Luis Obispo, Calif., Feb. 16, 1910.

Mr. John Z. White has come and is gone. He came, he spoke, and he conquered. His California itinerary was arranged by the Direct Legislation League of California, and his visit here originally was to have been arranged for by our public librarian, Mrs. Frances M. Milne. Mrs. Milne was, however, unfortunately taken ill, so that she had to withdraw from the effort, but she placed the matter in my hands, as President of the local Municipal League, and I was only too glad to follow her recommendations and secure Mr. White to speak on the Initiative, the Referendum and the Recall.

Our city is in the midst of a contest to secure a Freeholders' charter with all these features embodied therein, and Mr. White's lectures have been so opportune and beneficial that we may speak of them as almost providential. He has succeeded in amalgamating some of the opposing forces to such an extent as to make it appear that there will not be such strenuous opposition as was at first encountered.

At the State Polytechnic School, on the 14th, Mr. White met with hearty enthusiasm. The same day he appeared before the High School and had a similar reception.

His first lecture was delivered on Sunday evening, Feb. 13, at a union meeting of the churches, and the large auditorium of the Presbyterian church was packed. On Monday evening he spoke in Columbia Hall to a large crowd of business and professional people, representing all legitimate interests. Both lectures have been well reported in the newspapers.

J. FRANK HAYES,  
President Municipal League.

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### PERSONAL OBSERVATIONS AND EXPERIENCES.

London, Feb. 5, 1910.

Nothing was more alien to my intentions or farther aside from my expectations, when I left Chicago for Liverpool on the 23d of last December, than taking a speaking part in the British campaign for the election of the new House of Commons. All along the route of the Pacific Railway train, to St. John's in New Brunswick, where I embarked on Christmas day, and across the somewhat but only briefly turbulent (and to me exceedingly kind) Atlantic, my thoughts had been occupied with the one

purpose of my trip, which was to observe those elections, and to observe them with reference especially to their bearing upon the world-wide land question. I wished to see for myself, and for the readers of *The Public*, how the rights of the people to homes of their own upon the earth, and to a stake in the social values which social progress attaches to socialized areas of land, were involved in the British elections. I had gone to learn how the British people were taking a political campaign which, as Lloyd George expressed it, was to ascertain why ten thousand should own the soil of Great Britain, and all the rest of the population be "trespassers in the land of their birth." But in less than twelve hours after I had passed custom house inspection at Liverpool, and to my own great amazement, I was (as in former letters I have indicated) making a campaign speech to a British audience at a Liberal meeting in behalf of a Liberal candidate for Parliament. To tell of this may be repetitious, but in a story of personal experiences some repetitions of incident may be pardoned.

"I wish," said J. W. S. Callie, secretary of the historical Financial Reform Association of Liverpool, and election agent for John F. Brunner (now a member of Parliament and successor to his father, Sir John Brunner, who has been a distinguished and radical member for twenty-five years),—"I wish," said Mr. Callie, to me, about two hours after I had stepped ashore, "that you would go out with me tonight to a meeting at Middlewich." With my thoughts upon the exceptional opportunities for observation which this invitation might give me, I replied that I would go gladly, for that sort of thing was what I had come over for. Mr. Callie expressed his gratification with rather more enthusiasm, I thought, than my acquiescence had warranted, and invited me to the Young Liberal Club to luncheon. On our way to the club he began a remark about the Middlewich meeting. "When you speak tonight," said Mr. Callie; but I interrupted with, "When I what!" He began again: "When you speak tonight at Middlewich"—"But I am not going there to speak," I broke in; "I am only going to look on and see what your political meetings are like." "By no means," he responded; "I asked you down to speak for Brunner, and that is what you're to do."

It was in vain that I pleaded the unwisdom of having a foreigner take part in the campaign, explaining that in the United States it would be fatal to the candidate. Mr. Callie laughed at me. England was more cosmopolitan than that. Her people were glad to welcome foreigners upon their platforms, and the supporters of a British candidate were proud to know that foreigners take an interest in his candidacy. Moreover, this meeting would want to hear what an American thinks of Protection, etc., etc., etc. I held back until a telephone message from the candidate himself gave assurance of his willingness to take the chances of my defeating him (it was not a close district, by the way), and then I went.

Arriving in the quaint little village and moving toward the town hall along the narrow and winding streets, as I have already related in these letters, we were greeted through its windows with the strains of "Marching Through Georgia." It seemed as if I could make out the words, "Shouting the bat-

\*See the *Public* of February 18, page 160.