

We chatted and laughed in the old way. Something was said that suddenly called forth the old power. In his own words he expressed his grief that we Single Taxers are so often unable to work our separate ways in the field of propaganda, without antagonizing each other over the different means we take to reach the same end.

His brown eyes flashed and I checked his excitement by giving him proof that Individualists though we be—we are learning tolerance inside the lines.

And then we switched to a discussion of and an expression of our joy in the new little book of Significant Paragraphs from Progress and Poverty.

When Mrs. Post signalled to me that my time was up and I must go he said "Good-bye." I tried not to believe what I knew he meant—

Where is one to find again so wise a councilor, so clear-visioned a leader, so unbiased a judge, so selfless a worker? Where is one to find another FRIEND such as he?

—ANNA GEORGE DEMILLE.

## Who Lived His Faith

*To the Memory of Louis F. Post*

They say he sleeps, with folded hands, at rest,—  
Done for an Eon with an ancient quest.  
What Grail he sought, not any man shall know. . .  
He gave us more, the living way to go.  
And here, Beloved, where his purpose wrought,  
Burns higher yet the Flame whose light we caught.  
Ah! But to keep its radiance aglow,  
As long his patience sought to teach us how.

He needs no wreath of amaranth or bay . . .  
Time keeps for him a calm, unclouded day,  
Yet would he smile, watching with kindly eyes  
Our struggle to march on without disguise,  
Could he behold our courage, as his own,  
Fearless to go with Faith, unarmed, alone.  
The sun shines brighter where his spirit rode,  
To find for man a happier abode.

—GEORGE ERWIN BOWEN.

## How Assyria Fell

ASSYRIA fell, as far as we can make out, from two causes. The necessity to keep up a huge standing army ruined agriculture because the king needed so many soldiers that he could not spare men to till the fields. Moreover, the sudden growth of luxury led to the establishment of big estates by the millionaires of the age. Small farms were swallowed up. Assyria was unable to grow the food that Assyria needed.—*Boston Post*.

## William J. Wallace

THE death of William J. Wallace, leader of the Commonwealth Land party, at his home in Newark, N. J. after a short illness, at the age of 67, is a serious loss to the movement.

At an early period Mr. Wallace felt that there was something wrong in the distribution of wealth. The various theories propounded for the solution of the problem that was troubling him, were all unsatisfactory. He continued however to attend meetings and listen to speakers. At last the inevitable happened. He heard the gospel of Henry George expounded, and he straightway bought a copy of "Progress and Poverty" and read industriously.<sup>1</sup> He soon became convinced of the soundness of that philosophy and later affiliated himself with the organized group in this city.

Later he found himself in disagreement with the methods pursued by the Single Taxers, and when the late Joseph Darling started an independent party movement joined with him and others for direct party action. He was never deceived as to the importance of the party movement, regarding it merely as a good means of publicity. There is no doubt that at a time following the dissolution the Fels Fund Commission and the death of Joseph Fels, the Commonwealth Land party movement exercised a wholesome influence in its explicit declaration for the abandonment of the taxation programme of agitation and a renewal among Single Taxers of the pure unadulterated gospel of Henry George. This at least the party movement accomplished, and a debt is owing William J. Wallace for the enunciation of that policy at a time when bolder utterance was sadly needed.

At times his attitude may have seemed to partake of an intolerance toward those as sincere as himself, but he followed his conviction in much the same spirit as determined his attitude as a devout Churchman and follower of a militant Christianity.

He was a generous contributor to the Single Tax activities of which he approved, and liberally aided the campaign of Luke North in California. As a retired manufacturer he possessed a comfortable fortune but lived a life of quiet seclusion. The hospitality of his home was at all times open to his friends in the movement, and there the visitor might breathe the gracious atmosphere and the fine spirit made possible by the presiding genius of himself and wife.

In 1924 Mr. Wallace was the candidate for President on the Commonwealth Land party ticket and for a number of years was president of the Single Tax Publishing Co., his place being now filled by Herman G. Loew.

The following Resolutions were passed by the Executive Committee of the C. L. P., at its last regular meeting:

WHEREAS, in the death of William J. Wallace the Henry George movement has sustained a severe loss which cannot soon be replaced, the Executive Committee of the



Commonwealth Land party, of which he was one of the founders, and whose generous help and quiet enthusiasm served to keep alive the energies and devoted labors of others do hereby record our appreciation of his great services; and

WHEREAS, We shall miss at our meetings the wise counsel and unbending spirit which characterized his devotion to the principles of our great leader, Henry George, be it

RESOLVED: that the Executive Committee of the Commonwealth Land party, while acknowledging the debt we owe him as a wise counsellor, do also express the sorrow we feel at the death of a friend who in his long association with us earned our love and respect; and be it further

RESOLVED: That we commend his example to the followers of the movement in other lines of endeavor who may gather inspiration from his stern uncompromising devotion to the full gospel of the great economist whose teachings he had espoused, and to which it was his whole desire to give the most explicit emphasis; and be it further

RESOLVED: That we convey to the widow of our friend our sympathy in her bereavement and assure her that the name of William J. Wallace will remain with us for many years to come as a benison and inspiration.

## The Collapse of Land Speculation in Florida

EXCEPT for the evil of land speculation Florida might have today twice its present population. Had land values been taxed, as they should have been taxed, the selling prices of land would have been kept down, and land would have been sold to those who wanted to *use it*; instead of being sold to those who bought it to sell again at a profit. Scarcely one person out of a hundred who invested in Florida land did so with any intention of using it. A desirable lot near a center of population would often cost as much as a house and lot would cost in the north. Many who would have built homes in Florida were prevented by high prices from doing so. Others who thought of going into the country regions and raising fruit or vegetables were also prevented by the high land values. I saw near Miami a large building used as a furniture warehouse which used to be a citrus fruit packing plant. It was put out of business because so many citrus groves had been turned into sub-divisions. Thousands of acres of orange groves have been destroyed, sacrificed to the land speculation fever.

Many who did invest in country property at high prices found their condition like that of Iowa farmers who bought farms during, or just after, the war and at peak prices, and are now going into bankruptcy by thousands on account of high taxes, and interest charges based on fictitious land values.

Many who went to Florida attracted by the real estate boom and who expected to find remunerative employment there have never been able to get together money enough to pay their railroad fare back north. Others who went there and invested their last dollar in lots are similarly stranded.

The collapse of the real estate boom has left a sad wreckage of broken banks, suspended newspapers and bankrupt merchants and real estate developers. There is much unemployment in every part of the state.

In almost every city in Florida heartrending stories were told during the holiday season of the suffering of persons in deep poverty. Appeals made in the newspapers, churches and theatres brought large contributions from well-to-do people, who experienced *that-was-good-of-me* feeling on account of their charity. The relief given lasted during the Christmas season and then the gnawing grip of poverty took hold again, but it has been given no publicity.

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Florida people mistake the *curse* of high selling prices for land, as a *blessing*. How can illness in the body politic be cured when the patient mistakes the disease for a sign of health, and seeks as a remedy the very thing that—caused the illness?

How can Florida people think, as many do, that what is needed for Florida is to “get back on its feet again,” by which they mean a return of high selling prices for land? I suppose it is partly because nearly everyone who went to Florida has bought one or more building lots. Many invested their entire fortune in land. They want high land prices brought back so they can get their money back. But land speculation is gambling, it is trying to *get* something for nothing. And that means that somebody *gives* something for nothing.

Here are some samples of the stories which lured people into the arms of the real estate octopus: John S. Collins in 1912 paid \$12,000 for Miami Beach. He took Carl G. Fisher as a partner and each made about \$40,000,000 out of the property.

In Miami two small houses and a store-house sold in 1896 for \$5,000; in 1920 for \$30,000; in 1920 for \$100,000; in 1925 for \$150,000. In Batavia a man last spring received a letter from his daughter living in Miami which said she would have to move unless she bought the house in which she was living. She could buy it she said for \$7,500. She wanted some financial help from her father, which she got, and she bought the house.

Three or four weeks later she wrote her father that she had a chance to sell the house for \$30,000 and asked his opinion; he telegraphed to “*sell by all means.*”

A week or two later the daughter wrote her father that after receiving the telegram she started out to see what she could find to move into, after she sold. She said she could find only one house that could do at all and that would cost \$25,000 and she did not like it half as well as the house she was living in so she decided not to sell.

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On an Atlantic Coast Line train I met a man from Fort Myers, a town not far from the west coast of Florida and about as far south as Palm Beach. He