

Norman Angell Looks at American "Prosperity"

NORMAN ANGELL has recently concluded an extensive tour of investigation into conditions in the United States and here are a few of the observations he makes as a result.

"If the visitor would leave the towns and go on to the farms—particularly in the South and South-West, in the Dakotas, in the wheat belt—he would find a difference of standard so great in degree from that of the cities as to make an entirely different kind of life. *No longer an air of lavishness and prosperity, but an oppressive atmosphere of poverty and insolvency; of decrept and tumble-down houses, poor food, tramp's clothing, anxiety, debt, and hopelessness. And this is a third, perhaps more, of the Golden America.*"

He remarks: "The town-bred American, whom the ordinary European visitors meet, will deny the truth of the picture, and the denial will often be sincere. For already we have in the American cities a generation that has not known the soil, and knows next to nothing of the conditions which obtain on the farm. . . ."

Mr. Angell says the ignorance of the average town-bred American of the vast gulf separating the American of the town and the America of the farm is amazing, and adds, the real struggle is between "the man on the land" and the industrial organization emanating from the cities.

"Virtually everything that the farmer had for sale had to be sold at a world (a Free Trade) price. But everything he had to buy, including things like freights as well as things like machinery, clothing and the rest, was bought at a highly-protected price. No industry in the world could, year in and year out, stand such one-sided treatment, and American farming has not stood it. . . ."

ON the Fiftieth Anniversary on January 30 of this year of the class of '78 C. C. N. Y., E. Yancey Cohen, the class poet, supplied a poem entitled Jubilee. We quote the concluding lines:

"The Earth is Mine," thus spake the Lord,
"Sojourners ye by my accord.
Six days for labor, one for rest,
This of my rulings is the best.
The waters of the open sea
For all my children's use are free.
The early and the latter rain
I cause to fall each year again.
The sun's all-generous warmth and glow,
Which from the seed-time makes to grow
The varied harvests of your toil
Give each his corn and wine and oil.
Partake of all my bounteous aid
But let my mandates be obey'd.
Nor seek ye field on field to join
Nor other's labors to purloin.

Your heads to think, your hands to do
In fitting way I give to you—
But all my natural Universe,
In which my Godhead I immerse,
My winds, my fires, my powers divine
Shall not be own'd by you—they're Mine!
And woe to those who in their pride
By My great Law will not abide!
With equal right use ye the Earth,
This guerdon comes to you at birth,—
But he who filches this clear right
Him will I shatter in my Might!"

Thus was the blast of that wild horn
On Palestinian echocs borne.

So seven times seven the years went by,
And we have liv'd and we can die—
But what we've seen and we shall see
Is the bright gold of Destiny.
Sound high, thou horn of Jubilee!
Ring out, O bells of Liberty!
Teach men God's Truth that makes men free!

IT has become the fashion to dismiss Henry George with an amused smile. "Progress and Poverty" was written in 1879. Fourteen years later General William Booth of the Salvation Army launched a vast scheme for the moral, social and economic regeneration of the world by providing, as a charity, land for the God-fearing poor. Those who had paid little attention to Henry George hailed General Booth as a savior, with resounding hallelujahs.

Thirty-five years have passed. The Salvation Army in the United States alone has accumulated the tidy sum of \$30,000,000 in solid, income-paying properties. But General Booth's scheme to do away with poverty by prayer has collapsed. In Soviet Russia, on the other hand, the basis of the land tax in effect today is that little idea put forward by Henry George, and at the bottom of the agrarian program in Mexico, that makes Secretary Kellogg see and scream "Red!" is Henry George's theory of free access to the land. Miss La Follette has done us all a service by reminding us of these things.—Review of SUZANNE LA FOLLETTE'S work, Concerning Women, in *The Masses*, by Paxton Hibben.

IS it a right of property which permits a foreign speculator to come to this country and appropriate 200 miles of territory in Scotland for the gratification of his love of sport, and to chase from the land their fathers tilled long before the intruder, the wretched peasantry who have committed the crime of keeping a pet lamb within the sacred precincts of a deer forest?—JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, in 1885.