breaths of nature's inexhaustible beauty. And from this quality in his character—this is the point most valuable for Single Taxers—from Garland's intense and comprehending love of Nature has grown up his understanding of what Henry George taught and lived for. The workings of it are clear for any reader of Garland's works. Because of his reverent love of Nature, because he saw God in the clouds and heard Him in the wind—not as the ignorant savage, but with the keen eye of the trained naturalist, because he realized what the earth and all her beauties and her blessings meant to man, therefore he saw more clearly than many another, that no man should have a monopoly of what was so clearly intended as common good for all God's creatures. As a true poet he was learning, thinking, seeing, he had no time to formulate such a theory for himself. But his keen eyes had seen the blur made by man on the face of the fair picture as God painted it, and his quick mind was questioning, when the answer came to him in the revelation of what another mind had seen. The clear-eyed lover of Nature saw at once the fundamental truth of the thoughts that had come to Henry George through the contrasts of life in crowded cities, and his insight at once found expression in the gift bestowed upon him. Garland's Single Tax belief springs so plainly from his love of Nature and his acquaintance with the great wide spaces of earth, that his interpretation of it must appeal to all of like temperament. It teaches other Single Taxers that they can have no better object lesson than Nature's law and Nature's logic, and gives us the hope that the scientific love of Nature which is now illumining art and teachings on every hand, will be our best and strongest means of propaganda for the spread of our faith.

The foregoing is not intended in any way as a formal literary criticism of the work of Hamlin Garland. It is merely a slight appreciation of what he stands for in American letters, and also of what his position and his influence mean to Single Taxers in his power to aid in the great work.

## REMINISCENT.

### THE WAXING AND WANING OF K. OF L. ASSEMBLY NO. 3135.

BY JAMES LOVE, Author of Japanese Notions.

---

In 1880, Richard Spencer, President of the Burlington (Iowa) Gas Company, called my attention to a new book entitled "Progress and Poverty," by Henry George. He spoke very highly of it, and at his request, as he thought he could send me customers for them, I ordered three copies for my counter. Spencer occasionally spoke of the work, but without arousing my interest in what I supposed to be a dreamy socialism without "scientific" base. One morning, in the effort to arouse me to a sense of the existing wrongs, he read from it here and there several pages. I replied, I remember, "Admitting these evils to prevail, how does the author propose to reform them?" "Well," said Spencer, "it may strike you as a queer remedy, and *I* am not fully prepared to accept it, but he finds the trouble to lie in the private ownership of land; and no remedy will avail short of making land common property." I think that I expressed my feelings rather tartly—"I do not think you *are* fully prepared to accept it, for you know as well as I do, that upon the security of our land titles rests the security of our civilization." But a year or two later, one dull day in the store, I opened Progress and Poverty by chance at one of those eloquent passages, unsurpassed in English prose, and was so greatly impressed that I concluded to read the book at home slowly, note the sophisms concealed

under its beautiful language, and prepare a short paper for Spencer's benefit. I think that I was about three months at that work—noting my objections on the margins, combined with citations from the "authorities." But, before I was half through the book, it began to dawn upon me that I had misjudged my powers, and that I was a mere child in the hands of one of the greatest of thinkers. I had to acknowledge that at the age of fifty, with a gray head, after having read much and, as I supposed, thought a good deal and independently upon social questions, that I really had not *thought* at all and was actually appalled to recognize that I had attained so mature an age without seeing, indeed without even suspecting the existence of an evil so monstrous. And everywhere I saw its effects. For, as George puts it, "So simple and clear is this truth that to fully see it once is always to recognize it. There are pictures which though looked at again and again, present only a confused labyrinth of lines or scroll work—a landscape, trees or something of the kind—until the attention is called to the fact that these things make up a face or a figure. This relation once recognized is always afterwards clear. It is so in this case. In the light of this truth all social facts group themselves in orderly relation, and the most diverse phenomena are seen to spring from one great principle."

I had indeed recognized a truth that would not let me rest. So palpable was it that for a time I could not understand why others could not on my brief presentation also see it. In my zeal I thought that George had given us too big a book; one that for less patient readers must be condensed. Forgetting that it had required the whole of that linked argument and months of time to overcome my own absurd beliefs, I vainly imagined that within fifty or sixty pages a treatise more effective might be planned. After an experience of a few weeks, however, "I began to see how many false ideas and erroneous habits of thought stood in the way of the recognition of this simple truth, and how necessary it had been to go over the whole ground," and I was forced to admit that Progress and Poverty is not only a marvel of reasoning, but also a marvel of condensation, and to acknowledge the wisdom of its author when he wrote, "The truth that I have tried to make clear will not find easy acceptance. If that could be it would have been accepted long ago. If that could be it would never have been obscured."

I had not thought sufficiently upon the prodigious force of custom, how it can prostate the intellect, and enchain the moral sense of right, so "That it has often happened," says John Stuart Mill, "that the universal belief of one age of mankind—a belief from which no one was, nor without an extraordinary effort of genius and courage, could at that time be free—becomes to a subsequent age so palpable an absurdity, that the only difficulty then is to imagine how such a thing could ever have appeared credible."

However, after a few months I became more calm. A twenty cent edition of Progress and Poverty had been printed, and "The Irish Land Question" had appeared. These I kept in stock and constantly called attention to them, and while never neglecting an opportunity to talk, I used more discretion; avoiding men who were not receptive, as I had found that such discussion was not only unprofitable, but very wearing; besides writing seemed to offer a better and larger field of opportunity so I sent many communications to local papers and even to others at a distance. Though I had never spoken in public, and had at times been embarassed in talking even to half a dozen acquaintances, in the Fall of 1884, I consented to speak at a festival of the Local Assembly of the Knights of Labor. Master Workman Emmons, printer, presided and Worthy Foreman Rockwell, also a printer, made the opening address to an audience of perhaps three hundred people. I had memorized my speech and got through without embarassment, although prominently in front sat my paleontological friend, Prof. Wachsmuth, glaring at me critically from behind his intimidating gold rimmed spectacles.

This festival made me acquainted with many members of Assembly 3135, and believing that it would enlarge my field as a propogandist I yielded to their urgings and made application to join the order. It was acted upon favorably. On the evening of the initiation I, with four or five others, was admitted by the "Outside Esquire" to the ante-room. On the door leading from this to the assembly room or "Sanctuary" was fastened a small terrestrial globe, indicating the field of operations of the order, and also indicating, when so placed, that an Assembly is in session. This door was guarded by the "Inside Esquire" who in response to a particular rap would open it ajar to receive the whispered password necessary to admission. Though we could hear that discussion was going on inside we could not distinguish the words. After a time the door was opened wide, and being directed to enter we saw standing up some sixty or seventy men ranged in a circle, and grasping hands: the right hand of one man in the left hand of his neighbor to the left, and his left hand in the right hand of his neighbor to the right, thus causing each man to cross his arms on his breast. Being placed at the centre of this circle, the Master Workman read from the Ritual the address to the initiated, in which we were reminded that open organization having proved to be ineffectual, in order to permit workingmen to discuss labor questions more securely, to obtain conjoint action, and to avoid strikes, this secret society had been devised. A society not confined to one form of labor but embracing all, and so on. No oaths were taken, the initiated merely promising to obey the rules of the order, and to work unselfishly for the common cause. We were then instructed in the method of conducting an Assembly, the duties of the officials, and given the passwords and signs of identification. After this followed an open meeting of fifteen minutes for the newly initiated to get acquainted. On one side of the sanctuary in large letters appeared the motto of the order "An injury to one should be the concern of all." The desk of the Master Workman was supported by a bundle of slender sticks bound together like a "Fasces," indicative of strength in union. No regalia were worn, and no officer occupied a platform; the Knights of Labor all standing upon a common level. This simple ceremony of initiation, in contrast with the absurdities maintained by some secret orders, was quite impressive. The proceedings of the Assembly, conducted in accord with the ritual, were always parliamentary and orderly. The minutes of the preceding meeting were read by the secretary and passed upon. The treasurer made his report. The almoner told of any that were sick or in distress. Initiations came next. Then general discussion, the reading of essays, etc. Any member admitted after the session had commenced walked to the middle of the Sanctuary, where facing the Master Workman and in courtesy to him and to the Assembly, he made a prescribed sign with his two hands, before taking his seat.

Notwithstanding that the very constitution of the Knights of Labor deprecated strikes, several big ones formented by the order, occurred shortly after I had joined it. The most alarming perhaps was that on the Gould system of railroads in the Southwest, headed by an engine driver, Martin Irons. The excitement spread all over the land. General Master Workman Powderly was spoken of continually in the papers, and Assembly 3135 grew rapidly.

The Rev. M. A. Johnson, of the Episcopal Church, had preached a sermon on the "Labor Question," taking the workingman's side; and being looked upon as a friend to the cause, was proposed for membership. There was vigorous discussion and much opposition; mainly upon the ground that "Religion" is always opposed to reforms, but partly because the applicant was rector of an aristocratic and formal church. One knight—an uneducated carpenter—by special invitation had attended a service at "Christ Church" and was, he said, "Thor'ly disgusted. There was that man Johnson a wearin' a gown, a

walkin' round the platform, a singin' in one corner, a fallin' on his knees in another, the choir breakin' in here and there, and the congregation a respondin'. Ef that kind of thing passes for religion I don't want none of it in mine. I see enough last Sunday to satisfy me that Preacher Johnson shouldn't be admitted to this here Assembly." Although most of the speeches were favorable to the Doctor, when the vote was taken he was badly blackballed and defeated. As he was not only a man of influence in town, but, from having read "Progress and Poverty," a reformer inclined towards a practical remedy for the wrongs he complained of, I talked with opposing members and some weeks later had his name proposed again, when notwithstanding two or three blackballs, he was elected.

Emmons, the Master Workman, a man of forty-five, was a printer then working on the *Daily Gazette*, but had at one time kept a saloon. He was an excellent presiding officer, dignified and firm, although socially, outside the order, too timid and unassuming. Rockwell, the Worthy Foreman, perhaps twenty-eight, was also a *Gazette* printer. He came from western Iowa, and in search of work arrived at Cedar Rapids with but $2.50 in his pocket. In order to reach Burlington, some seventy miles away, without impairing his coin reserve, yet preserving his shoe leather, he crawled into a freight car loaded with grain; and upon crawling out at Burlington found himself chilled and dazed, almost black with dust and his clothing and shoes full of wheat. But no printers being needed he tramped on to Fort Madison, 18 miles, and thence to Keokuk, 40 miles, before he got a job. Returning later to Burlington he had organized this Assembly. Though his opportunities had been unfavorable, he was gentlemanly in bearing and held himself well. The secretary, Max Poppe, another printer, was the son of Professor Poppe, of the High School.

I discovered very soon that on two points only were my fellow Knights thoroughly in accord. They fervently believed that "Labor" was outraged and enslaved by the dominance of "Capital," and they had a firm faith in the efficacy of strikes. So firm that the enthusiasm engendered by several great strikes in that year made our Assembly to grow to about six hundred paying members and caused three or four more Assemblies to be organized. A moulder, W. P. Carpenter, never neglected a meeting, always did a good deal of talking and usually read with great emphasis some extract from a "Labor" paper, often when he was excited by liquor. He had a great deal of self-conceit, and this with his gab made him prominent in an Assembly whose members were not yet mutually acquainted. He advocated no remedy but violence, and his speeches were always denunciatory—bitter, personal attacks upon rich men and employers. Yet to the first General Assembly held, I think, at Detroit, this man, to my disgust, was sent as our delegate.

Brother Werner Boecklin had a remedy, but although a highly educated man he seldom spoke, confining himself to reading an occasional extract from Benjamin R. Tucker's paper, *Liberty*. The true cause of social ills he held to be law—civil, military and ecclesiastical codes. And the remedy was not in "Acts emendatory to acts"—not in altering the laws, but in abolishing them. All law is the creation of monopoly and priestcraft, which being overthrown, the result will be complete and righteous liberty, that is—"Anarchy."

Another brother, Jake Ockert, cigar maker and late policeman had also a remedy; it was State Socialism. He was a fluent talker with apt gestures and illustrations which his German accent and manner made piquant, especially when he referred to his experience on "The Force." "Vell now—ven I was on de bolice, all of you know dis? Dey put in charge of me de chain gang, and Judge Browning efery man vot vas brought before him got to vork on de streets—ten days, twenty days, maybe thirty days. A man gets out a job. Got to look round. Live so cheap he can. Sleep, maybe in de lumber yard,

maybe in de round house. Runs across Huppert or Heck—thirty days!" Straightening up and throwing his shoulders back, inquiry in every facial line. "For vat thirty days? I tell you for vat!" slowly, and with great emphasis, "for bein' out a vork when he is doin' all he can to get to vork—thirty days for being poor! De poor have de Christian gospel *preached* to dem? Maybe —I doan know. But I do know dey have police court gospel *socked* to 'em—handcuffed to a chain."

In March, 1885, the printers of the *Daily Hawkeye* struck against a proposed ten per cent. reduction of their wages, which would have brought down their thirty cents a thousand M's for night work to twenty-seven cents. These men were all my fellow members, who, of course, brought the matter before the Assembly, and I was made one of a committee of five to call upon the proprietor, William Burdette, and attempt a reconciliation. Mr. B. frankly stated that the paper was losing money and that the proposition was not only to reduce the pay of the printers, but also of editors, reporters, pressmen, and engineer;—that expenses must be reduced or the issue must be stopped. Rockwell whispered to me, "That statement is a lie"; and I could see that all disbelieved it. So Burdette's propositions "To come back at the reduction and at once" were promptly rejected, and he was put to his trumps to get out next morning's issue. But finding two or three printers in town willing to work, and advertising broadly for hands, within a week he was able to announce that he had not only a full set of very competent men, but three times as many applicants as there were places to fill.

The ultimatum had been received and rejected on Saturday morning, whereupon the strikers, at the suggestion of Rockwell, decided to issue a "Daily" themselves. Obtaining permission to use the office of a job printer who had discontinued business, they selected one of their number for Editor in Chief, another for Local, and at once all went to work. They borrowed some standing advertisements and plate matter from the *Gazette*, and by Sunday at day-break presented to the people of Burlington quite a vigorous and respectable sheet—*The Justice*.

I knew nothing of their enterprise until Sunday afternoon, when, upon entering the Assembly room (The Sanctuary), I found a full house, jubilant over this energy and success. A few days later a stock company was organized—one thousand shares at five dollars each, and the new journal was fairly launched.

A week or two before these occurrences a committee had considered what might be done to attract attention to the Knights, and among other means, a lecture by Henry George was suggested, which being agreed to, the committee of five left it to me to make the arrangements which resulted in Mr. George agreeing to lecture in the Opera House on April 1. And one entire page of the first number of *Justice* was, in very large type, an announcement of this event. I placed around the town about fifty life size portraits of George, engaged the Opera House, did much advertising, and obtained quite a number of newspaper notices. Then engaging a committee to sell tickets, we felt quite confident of a good house.

Mr. George arrived on the C. B. & Q. train about 8 in the morning (Wednesday), and being received only by Mr. Spencer and myself we drove to my house on Fourth St. to breakfast. My feelings, I think, would be hard to analyze, for through the study of Progress and Poverty I had been so deeply impressed by his intellectual pre-eminence that reverence had reached almost the point of worship. We drove about town until noon, and in the evening twenty guests that I had invited met him at dinner. They were mostly men of prominence—as Judges Newman and Smyth, Benton J. Hall, later a member of Congress, Rev. Wm. Salter, Richard Spencer, and others,

besides some of less figure, but more earnest reformers, like Rockwell, our Worthy Foreman, and James Hagerty, blacksmith. Emmons, our Master Workman, I could not induce to come. Though Judge Smyth and Ben Hall affected to admire George, except Spencer and myself, and possibly Hagerty I do not think any others present recognized the full greatness of the man. But later on Rockwell became a most enthusiastic follower. The day before I had tried to get a leading citizen to introduce George to the audience; but Governor Gear declined, Ben Hall thought he had better not be too prominent in the matter, and Dr. Johnson, the Episcopal minister, believing the time was not yet ripe for the ministry to engage, urged me to make the introductory remarks myself. Although I had acquired some self-confidence by practise in the Assembly, it was with great trepidation that after dinner I walked upon the Opera House stage with the orator and delivered this short address:

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I appear in this introductory place to-night as a workingman, the representative and spokesman of a large body of workingmen greatly dissatisfied with their social condition.

In looking broadly over our own land and Europe we observe a still greater dissatisfaction. We see that in spite of steam and the mighty powers born of this century, that labor is prostrate. That labor-saving machines do not lessen our cares. That the difficulties of life seem ever to increase. That failure is the rule and success the exception. That great combinations of capital and great workshops are reducing the independent worker to an unhappy servitude. That strikes and outbreaks are of daily occurrence. That tramps become more numerous, and that insanity increases.

We have overthrown despotisms but the man with the ballot seems little better off than before. 'Man is born free,' exclaims Rosseau. 'But he is everywhere in chains.'

The belief that these results come from excessive population has beclouded the philosophers. The endeavor to reconcile them to the tenderness of Jesus has degraded Christianity.

But there is dawning upon us a nation that these social wrongs are based upon the denial of a great truth:—the truth that the earth belongs to the *whole* human race and not to a part of it only. That the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof, in which all his children, every living soul, has an equality of right.

The thought of more than a hundred years has been moving towards this, till it culminates in our own day and in our own land, in a man with the reasoning genius of Newton, Shakspearean command of language, and the broad human sympathy of St. Francis, who bears the completed message of Peace to an anxious and overworked world.

This man, who has transformed a political economy that is dark and despairing, to a new science radiant with hope, I now have the great honor to present to you—our loved fellow-countryman, Henry George."

This lecture, "The Crime of Poverty," was delivered slowly and thoughtfully, off hand, and without notes. Though from having been, in the main, delivered once or twice before, it was orderly arranged in his mind, and some parts of it perhaps verbally memorized. He spoke for over two hours and was listened to with great attention.

Notwithstanding our energy the audience numbered but three hundred and forty. As we returned slowly homeward George leaned heavily on my arm, was quiet and seemed tired, feeling, as he said, that the effort had been a failure. I also was depressed. However, endeavoring to put on a cheerful front, I declared that the Knights would yet present it to a far wider audience, and that its influence should not end with and be confined to this little town. I had engaged a competent stenographer; and as the editor of *The Saturday Evening Post* had shown a specially friendly feeling, it appeared in that paper on Friday, and by arrangement, next morning in *Justice*. The *Post* then from same type printed five thousand copies in pamphlet form of eight pages. The required cost of $50 was contributed by four or five people. These pamphlets were sent first to several hundred newspapers, then to Members of Congress, U. S. Judges, Members of the Cabinet, Ambassadors, Bishops, College Professors and other prominent men in our own country. Then some were sent to Australia, New Zealand, England, Scotland, to prominent reformers or radi-

cals. As an immediate result it was republished in several American newspapers, and commented upon in a much larger number. It was reprinted in Australia; also in Scotland, by "The Land Restoration League" at Glasgow, as a twenty page tract, where it has been kept in circulation ever since, a copy before me being dated 1902. We had still five or six hundred copies left when at the suggestion of Rockwell we advertised it in the organ of the Knights, *The Journal of United Labor*, whereupon the orders flowed in so rapidly that we had to have another edition of ten thousand copies printed immediately, and within six months thirty thousand more, making in all forty-five thousand copies, distributed in every part of the United States from Minnesota to Texas; from Maine to California; and also in Canada.

As his next appointment was some days ahead George remained with us until Sunday evening, when (Dr. Salter, my pastor, having invited him to do so,) he delivered in the Congregational Church his written lecture "Moses." This address was much the most finished, and from a literary standpoint by far the best—a gem of English prose. But—it was read—it contained a larger proportion of "book-words"—and the speaker, though he read it well, moved along much faster than he could have done had he been compelled to arrange his thoughts and select his language then and there. I learned from this that it is all important when trying, not to excite men to passion, but to excite them to think, that one's speech should be slow and his style conversational Saxon.

Our Assembly at this time numbered between five and six hundred paying members. But with few exceptions they had got no further than "Discontent." Not more than twenty-five were present at the lecture; while the printing, distribution, etc., of the printed report of it was the work of four or five, and mainly of but one. Several copies of "Progress and Poverty," "The Land Question," and "Social Problems," were in charge of the secretary, but they were never taken out. However, the members all heard that the justice of private land ownership was questioned; and a few eventually saw the overwhelming importance of the land question and became most earnest Single Taxers.

The newspaper, *Justice*, continued along, but after the first enthusiasm, subscribers had fallen off, and its daily issue of 2,200 copies had been reduced to about 1,000. Of the 1,000 shares of stock, the Assembly took 100, and Jimmy Wooding, who had advanced money and wages, took 200 paid up shares for his interest. Of the remainder, fifty perhaps were sold, to be paid for in five monthly installments of $1 each share. But even of these many were never paid up. The paper could get but few advertisements, and though it was delivered at ten cents a week it was hard to collect the ten cents. So it dwindled along for two or three years, then melted from sight.

Master Workman Emmons seemed to me to be a most excellent presiding officer, firm and impartial. Yet at an annual election he was defeated by Edmonds, a corpulent deep-voiced Englishman addicted to drink. He was "boozy" when upon taking the Master Workman's chair he attempted an address of thanks. Emmons was greatly hurt, and from being the most regular attendant of the Assembly, he soon ceased to attend at all. He had bought a little dwelling on North Oak street, sixty foot front lot, but while his daughter studied and graduated at the High School all his earnings had gone to support the family, and he had not reduced the purchase money mortgage. Then the street was paved with vitrified brick, and a consequent bill against him for $250 so added to his embarrassment that he sold out, and sending his daughter by rail, he and the rest of the family started overland by wagon for Florida, and I have never heard from him since.

A large number of members wished the Sanctuary to be a social gathering place for suppers, dances, &., and favored holiday picnics. One of these on

July 4th, 1886, was at Schlampp's Park. Beer and refreshments were in charge of a committee and sold in the interest of the Assembly. The receipts, I think, were about $1,100, netting a profit of over $500. This and other moneys passed into the hands of Batchelor, our treasurer, who in April, 1887, when certain disbursements had been ordered, reporting "no funds," was investigated; when his accounts, too, were in a muddle. He was so little of a bookkeeper that his accounts were written with a dull lead pencil in an old copy book and on loose sheets. By patient search and charitable construction his shortage was ultimately reduced to $350, which after a long time in two or three installments he paid. He was an open-hearted, generous, honest Englishman, by trade a painter, though at this juncture superintendent of the Burlington Wire Mattress Works. He told me that he had had very little schooling and indeed could not remember a time when he had not worked in a shop, painting for his father when he had to stand on a box placed beside a trestle. He was a ready talker, fond of speaking in the Assembly, always entertaining and fond of referring to the ancient Greeks, when, however, he was apt to use odd pronunciations, alluding, I remember, to Xerxes as Zerks, and to Lycurgus as Lysurgis. But in these matters his audience was not critical.

In August, 1877, I resigned my trusteeship. There was a good deal of responsibility connected with the office and besides personal affairs required my whole attention. The Rev. Dr. Johnson, Bennett, a carpenter, and Buri, a barber, were the new board elected, but they were reluctant to assume power, and it was October before I was finally released. Bennett, I remember, made an angry speech in which he charged me with joining the order for selfish ends, and in wanting the trusteeship only so long as I had an axe to grind. The enthusiasm aroused by the great R. R. strikes had caused the roll to be filled largely with very young men, uneducated and often very rude, boys, mostly chewing tobacco and disregarding the spittoons, who had joined merely for fun. I ceased to attend the Assembly with any regularity. The membership dropped away. The large hall was abandoned for a small third story room. The attendance fell to eight or ten, then to but two or three. Finally the charter was surrendered, and Assembly 3135 ceased to exist.

The Knights of Labor died out in Burlington. Of five Assemblies none remained. Nevertheless, in bringing Henry George to Burlington, and in distributing his address, we really did a greater work then we knew. For we sent it to the ends of the earth, where by others it is still being distributed. Not only in Burlington and its neighborhood, but in the whole country, we might say in the whole world, many men for the first time got to hear that private ownership of land is questioned, and that revenue systems might be immensely simplified by concentrating all taxes upon "Rent." The first step in a social revolution is to excite discontent, the next is to excite thought. In these first steps Assembly 3135 took a respectable part.

# FAIRHOPE.

## THE SINGLE TAX APPLIED.

### UNIQUE EXPERIMENT IN SOUTHERN ALABAMA.

BY J. BELLANGEE.

In 1894 a company of Single Taxers in Des Moines, Iowa, believing that the time was ripe for some sort of an experiment to test the principles of their belief, associated themselves together and organized the Fairhope Industial Association. The name was chosen because as yet it was nothing but a "fair