

could on this subject. I believe in a public police and health department, but I believe far more in a public relief department.

Further than this, we are, so far as I know, the only civilized people who sanction the idea that one class should be endowed officially with the right to look after another class. Foreign autocratic countries perform all their relief through public agencies.

I will even go farther. In my opinion private organized charity is an obstacle in the way of justice. If we had no such organizations men would think of fundamental reforms; they would think of ways and means to abolish the causes of poverty, rather than the consequences of it. I know of many instances where organized charity opposed practical movements, like motherhood pensions, minimum wages, and housing reforms. Why? It seems rather hard to say it, but I believe it was because the class which administers charity is the class responsible for poverty. It is responsible through the unjust economic conditions which this class perpetuates. And it is the very halo which organized charity throws around itself that makes it doubly difficult for us to penetrate to the real cause of industrial injustice and put an end to it.

There is nothing radical in what I am saying. Practically all of the poor feel this way; they all feel that their self-respect is undermined every time they have to go to a charity organization society, and they only go to them as a last resort. And we have no right to require this of them. You, I, or anyone else maimed, injured and distressed by the injustice of present-day conditions have a right to go to our fellows, to the city, to the community, and demand that the community itself shall bear the costs of the community's own wrongs or of industry's wrongs, for the wreckage of society today is social; it is no longer personal.

In speaking thus directly, it is with no criticism of any individuals, or any lack of respect for individual men who are engaged in organized charity. It is the system that I protest against, just as I protest against the system which permits bankers whom I respect to organize monopolies, or individual railroad men to exploit the community. As individuals I have respect for them, but I do not believe in the institutions which they, in an impersonal way, use for the exploitation of society.



THE REGULATORS AND THE LIBERATORS.

Abstract of Address Before the Woman's Single Tax Club of Washington, D. C., December 7, 1914.
By William D. Mackenzie.

In his recent book entitled, "Forty Years of It"—one of the most charming autobiographies ever

written—Brand Whitlock describes some of his experiences while mayor of Toledo. He tells us how his life was made burdensome by certain industrious groups of reformers who were forever invoking the policeman's club to keep other people in "the strait and narrow way" of virtue and propriety. They belonged to the Grand Army of regulators who firmly believe that all wrong-doing can be cured by passing and enforcing laws. Their historical prototypes were the English Puritans who frowned on all forms of amusement, and the Scotch Calvinists who deemed it a crime to whistle or take a walk on "the Sawbath."

The regulator is still "on the job." We begin by regulating the children. They need judicious control and restraint, but over-regulation is injurious. We have all heard of the mother whose orders were to "find out what Johnny is doing, and tell him to quit it." When the little ones become old enough, we sentence them to go to school, where they are required to sit in a straight-backed seat and keep perfectly still for several hours at a time. Inside of Johnnie and Susie are certain natural impulses which prompt them to run and jump, to talk and shout and laugh. But the school regulator says, "No, you must keep quiet now and learn your lessons."

Mrs. Marietta L. Johnson, through her wonderful Organic School in Fairhope, Alabama, is showing us the better way. She understands Nature's method of education through pleasureable self-activity, and she provides an environment which answers to the organic needs of the children. Her pioneer work is of immense importance, and it deserves more financial support than it has so far received. The old-fashioned school develops both slaves and rebels. The new Organic School will give us healthy, free-minded young men and women—fit citizens for a free republic.

Here in Washington, which ought to be the model city of the nation, we are afflicted with what are known as alley slums, and we have developed a special group of social workers who are trying to abolish the slums, or to alleviate their conditions. Here, as in other cities, the unfortunate slum dwellers are preached at, and given a generous supply of advice about health, temperance, and thrift. It is assumed that they live in the slums either because they like it or because they are wicked and indolent. In point of fact, they are too poor to live in less crowded and miserable quarters. Their wages are too low, and their tenure of employment too uncertain. What they need is less charity and regulation and more justice and opportunity.

For about forty years past, our social workers have been trying to secure legislation for the elimination of these inhabited alleys. Congress has at last been persuaded to enact a law which prohibits the occupation of these alley dwellings after 1918. But this law is only the beginning of the

solution of our housing problem. The closing of the alleys will mean fewer houses. What is needed is a greater number of sanitary dwellings at a low rental. These dwellings can be provided in either of two ways—by municipal housing, which is the method of regulation, or by the Singletax, which is the method of liberation. Neither method can be adopted without legislative authority. The first method is costly and cumbersome. The second is simple and easily applied. Stop taxing dwellings, and more dwellings will be erected. Double the tax on land values, and home-sites will become available at a lower cost. The combination of cheaper home-sites and untaxed buildings will result in better homes for the people at a much lower rental.

Minimum wage laws, laws for breaking up red-light districts, laws compelling trusts and corporations to be good—are other examples of superficial reform and regulation. These laws are all more or less inevitable in the present stage of popular enlightenment, but none of them reach the fundamental causes of the evils at which they are aimed.

In order that we may practice the Golden Rule in the most effective possible way, we must study human needs. The world's greatest need is not coercion, not repression, not regulation, not the policeman's club, not the hangman's noose, not jails nor prisons; but freedom and opportunity for all; political, industrial, and educational opportunity; the chance for each of us to grow, and work, and live a free, full, human life. And this ideal can not be realized until we learn how to break the shackles of monopoly and privilege, and to unlock natural opportunities.

In the centuries to come, Henry George will be revered as one of the world's greatest liberators, because he traced out the causes of industrial slavery, and presented a logical and practical method for making men and women industrially free. The shifting of taxation to land values will liberate industry and commerce. By forcing land into use, it will compel landlords to compete for tenants, and employers to compete for laborers, thus opening the door of emancipation for the wage-worker and the tenant-farmer, and removing one of the fundamental causes of slum conditions.



THE CALF PATH.

Sam Walter Foss.

One day through the primeval wood
A calf walked home, as good calves should;

But left a trail all bent askew,
A crooked trail, as all calves do.

Since then, three hundred years have fled,
And, I infer, the calf is dead.

But still he left behind this trail,
And thereby hangs my moral tale.

The trail was taken up next day
By a lone dog that passed that way;

And then a wise bell-wether sheep
Pursued the trail o'er vale and steep,

And drew the flock behind him, too,
As good bell-wethers always do.

So from that day, o'er hill and glade,
Through those old woods a path was made,

And many men wound in and out,
And bent and turned and dodged about,

And uttered words of righteous wrath,
Because 'twas such a crooked path;

But still they followed—do not laugh—
The first migrations of that calf,

And through this winding woodway stalked
Because he wobbled when he walked.

This forest path became a lane,
That bent and turned and turned again;

This crooked lane became a road,
Where many a poor horse, with his load,

Toiled on, beneath the burning sun,
And traveled some three miles in one.

And thus a century and a half
They trod the footsteps of that calf.

The years passed on with swiftness fleet,
The road became a village street,

And this, before men were aware,
A city's crowded thoroughfare.

And soon the central street was this
Of a renowned metropolis.

And men two centuries and a half
Trod the footsteps of that calf.

Each day a hundred thousand rout
Followed the zigzag calf about;

And o'er his crooked journey went
The traffic of a continent.

A hundred thousand men were led
By one calf near three centuries dead.

They followed still his crooked way,
And lost one hundred years a day;

For thus such reverence is lent
To well-established precedent.

A moral lesson this might teach,
Were I ordained and called to preach.

For men are prone to go it blind
Along the calf-paths of the mind,

And toil away from sun to sun
To do what other men have done.

They follow in the beaten track,
And out and in, and forth and back,