

## RELATED THINGS

### CONTRIBUTIONS AND REPRINT

**RICHARD F. GEORGE.**

Died September 28. Buried beside his father, Henry George, the author of "Progress and Poverty," in Greenwood, September 30, 1912.

For The Public.

The merry jest, the kindly mood,  
The modest soul that dwelt apart  
From all save us who understood  
The greatness of his mind and heart,

Is silent now. How strange it seems  
That he should lie where green trees nod.  
Is this the end of all his dreams—  
A little dust, a patch of sod?

Yet to have sought to wrest the soul  
Of Beauty from the passive clay,  
And dwell with her, were worth the whole  
Of Life that merely lives its day.

Dust unto dust—yet nothing dies,  
For here where Life its tents has furled,  
Like him his mighty father lies  
Whose thought now shakes a world!

JOSEPH DANA MILLER.



## THE RIDDLE OF THE SPHINX.

For The Public.

The sphinx was a fabulous animal with the body of a lion, the wings of a bird and the breasts and head of a woman.

It was sent by the goddess Hera, to punish the people of Thebes, and like many a modern promoter of distress, its method of punishment was to propose a riddle.

Anyone who undertook to answer the riddle and failed was immediately devoured; and it was no picnic for anybody but the Sphinx. She ate 'em alive.

The riddle of the Sphinx was this: What is it that walks on four legs in the morning, two at noon and three in the evening?

A gentleman named Oedipus finally answered the question. The answer was "Man," for man in the morning of life goes on all fours, at noon erect on two legs, and in the evening of life hobbles along on a cane.

Her riddle being answered, the Sphinx, like all other monsters and superstitions, destroyed herself, and troubled man no more.

There is a Sphinx, or more properly, a dozen of them, for every man and every nation in the world, propounding riddles which we must answer or be destroyed.

There was a Sphinx in the time of Christopher Columbus, when Europe was being overcrowded with people and enthralled by religious bigotry and persecution. Its riddle was. "What is it that makes men free from persecution?" The answer, like the reply of Oedipus, and the reply to every really great question, was perfectly simple. It was, "Plenty of land for men to go to when somebody is after them with a club." And when Columbus answered the riddle in his simple way, the Sphinx destroyed herself.

Today we are facing a riddle of the same kind. The question is not religious, but industrial. It is: "What must workers secure to be free from oppression?" Millions have been devoured because they have failed to answer this riddle, and millions of working men and their innocent wives and babes are being slowly ground to pieces in the jaws of this cruel monster because they cannot think and act in unison when the reply is demanded. Yet the reply to this question today is simple, like the answer to all great questions. It is: "The right of each man to the use of what land there is."

This answer to the oppressor, given by a hundred million voters at once, will destroy forever the incubus of poverty and prove the fallacy of the evil doctrine that progress can only come through the suffering of the masses.

HARLAN EUGENE READ.



## LAND VALUES IN CHINA.

Dr. W. E. Macklin, of Nanking, in the China Daily Republican (Shanghai) of August 13.

China is a country peculiarly adapted to the initiation of the Singletax method. As described by Mencius, Ju Fu Ty and others, it was the ancient system of China. There was a tax of one-ninth of the crop of farmers in the "well" method. In the towns, according to Ju Fu Ty, there was a site tax and no tax on personal property and none on houses. At the barriers on the borders there was an examination but no customs tariff. If this old system were adopted the educated classes would support it and urge it on the people as a restoration of the ancient order.

As China's mines are hardly touched yet, it would be simple to use the land value tax on all mining land. As these mines are opened up an enormous revenue could be secured. Lloyd George, the celebrated Chancellor of the Exchequer of England, stated that the rents or royalties of the mines of England were worth £8,000,000 or say \$40,000,000. England is as large as one province of China. China's mines should as they are opened up be worth more than twenty times as much, or about \$800,000,000 a year rent. China should not be obliged to kowtow in order to borrow a few millions with such assets.

China's city values are small at present, but as trade and manufacture increase these values will grow enormously. The value of the land of New York city is about \$4,000,000,000 gold or \$8,000,000,000 Chinese money. At a rental of 5 per cent there would be a revenue of \$400,000,000 for this one city, an amount equal to all of the revenues of China. By and bye there will be greater New Yorks in China.

The value of all land in the United States of America is about \$40,000,000,000 of American Money at \$80,000,000,000 Chinese money. This at 5 per cent would realize \$4,000,000,000 of revenue.

When China opens up she will have as great a land value as the United States of America. China is rich and loans to her should be a gilt-edged investment.

Of course a strong and stable Government and an honest administration are absolutely necessary to produce great land values.



### "SCUM O' THE EARTH."

By Robert Haven Schauffler.\*

At the gate of the West I stand,  
On the isle where the nations throng.  
We call them "scum o' the earth";  
Stay, are we doing you wrong,  
Young fellow from Socrates' land?—  
You, like a Hermes so lissome and strong  
Fresh from the master Praxiteles' hand?  
So you're of Spartan birth?  
Descended, perhaps, from one of the band—  
Deathless in story and song—  
Who combed their long hair at Thermopylæ's  
pass? . . .

Ah, I forget the straits, alas!  
More tragic than theirs, more compassion-worth,  
That have doomed you to march in our "immigrant  
class"

Where you're nothing but "scum o' the earth."

You Pole with the child on your knee,  
What dower bring you to the land of the free?  
Hark! does she croon  
That sad little tune  
That Chopin once found on his Polish lea  
And mounted in gold for you and for me?  
Now a ragged young fiddler answers  
In wild Czech melody  
That Dvorák took whole from the dancers.  
And the heavy faces bloom  
In the wonderful Slavic way;  
The little, dull eyes, the brows a-gloom,  
Suddenly dawn like the day.  
While, watching these folk and their mystery,  
I forget that they're nothing worth;  
That Bohemians, Slovaks, Croatians,  
And men of all Slavic nations  
Are "polacks"—and "scum o' the earth."

Genoese boy of the level brow,  
Lad of the lustrous, dreamy eyes  
Astare at Manhattan's pinnacles now  
In the first, sweet shock of a hushed surprise;  
Within your far-rapt seer's eyes  
I catch the glow of the wild surmise  
That played on the Santa Maria's prow  
In that still gray dawn,  
Four centuries gone,  
When a world from the wave began to rise.  
Oh, it's hard to foretell what high emprise  
Is the goal that gleams  
When Italy's dreams  
Spread wing and sweep into the skies.  
Cæsar dreamed him a world ruled well;  
Dante dreamed Heaven out of Hell;  
Angelo brought us there to dwell;  
And you, are you of a different birth?—  
You're only a "dago,"—and "scum o' the earth"!

Stay, are we doing you wrong  
Calling you "scum o' the earth,"  
Man of the sorrow-bowed head,  
Of the features tender yet strong,—  
Man of the eyes full of wisdom and mystery  
Mingled with patience and dread?  
Have not I known you in history,  
Sorrow-bowed head?  
Were you the poet-king, worth  
Treasures of Ophir unpriced?  
Were you the prophet, perchance, whose art  
Foretold how the rabble would mock  
That Shepherd of spirits, erelong,  
Who should carry the lambs on his heart  
And tenderly feed his flock?  
Man—lift that sorrow-bowed head.  
Lo! 'tis the face of the Christ!

The vision dies at its birth.  
You're merely a butt for our mirth.  
You're a "sheeny"—and therefore despised  
And rejected as "scum o' the earth."

Countrymen, bend and invoke  
Mercy for us blasphemers,  
For that we spat on these marvelous folk,  
Nations of darers and dreamers,  
Scions of singers and seers,  
Our peers and more than our peers.  
"Rabble and refuse," we name them  
And "scum" o' the earth, to shame them.  
Mercy for us of the few, young years,  
Of the culture so callow and crude,  
Of the hands so grasping and rude,  
The lips so ready for sneers  
At the sons of our ancient more-than-peers.  
Mercy for us who dare despise  
Men in whose loins our Homer lies;  
Mothers of men who shall bring to us  
The glory of Titian, the grandeur of Huss;  
Children in whose frail arms shall rest  
Prophets and singers and saints of the West.  
Newcomers all from the eastern seas,  
Help us incarnate dreams like these.  
Forget, and forgive, that we did you wrong.  
Help us to father a nation, strong  
In the comradeship of an equal birth,  
In the wealth of the richest bloods of earth.

\*See review on page 978 of this Public.