

yet often leads the path of duty, through the streets of Vanity Fair walk Christian and Faithful, and on Greatheart's armor ring the clanging blows. Ormuzd still fights with Ahriman—the Prince of Light with the Powers of Darkness. He who will hear, to him the clarions of the battle call.

How they call, and call, and call, till the heart swells that hears them! Strong soul and high endeavor, the world needs them now. Beauty still lies imprisoned, and iron wheels go over the good and true and beautiful that might spring from human lives.

And they who fight with Ormuzd, though they may not know each other—somewhere, sometime, will the muster roll be called.

Though Truth and Right seem often overborne, we may not see it all. How can we see it all? All that is passing, even here, we cannot tell. The vibrations of matter which give the sensations of light and color become to us indistinguishable when they pass a certain point. It is only within a like range that we have cognizance of sounds. Even animals have senses which we have not. And, here? Compared with the solar system our earth is but an indistinguishable speck; and the solar system itself shrivels into nothingness when gauged with the star depths. Shall we say that what passes from *our* sight passes into oblivion? No; not into oblivion. Far, far beyond our ken the eternal laws must hold their sway.

The hope that rises is the heart of all religions! The poets have sung it, the seers have told it, and in its deepest pulses the heart of man throbs responsive to its truth.

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JUDGE MAGUIRE'S MEMORIES OF HENRY GEORGE.

James G. Maguire, of San Francisco, in the San Francisco Star of August 21, 1909.

I first met Henry George in the Spring of 1873 and became attracted to him by reason of his masterly exposition, in his pamphlet, "Our Land and Land Policy," of the fraudulent methods by which the public lands of our country had been diverted from the people to the speculators, an evil of that period from the ruinous effects of which my immediate family had then recently suffered severely.

At our first meeting I told him that I had read and admired his pamphlet; and, at that time and for two years afterwards, I really thought that I had read it. I had, in fact, read "Part I" (the historical part) only and had merely glanced at the theoretical part, in which Mr. George had suggested his idea of a remedy for land monopoly.

I was elected to the Legislature in 1875 and Mr. George suggested that something might be done, at the then approaching session, to force *our theory* upon the attention of the public.

I was very much embarrassed because I had not

the slightest idea as to what "our theory" was, and was obliged to admit that, although I could almost repeat the first part from memory, I had never considered "Part II" of the pamphlet worth reading.

Mr. George considered my explanation quite reasonable and freely admitted that a young man who was reading John Stuart Mill's "Political Economy" might well consider a dissertation from Harry George, the printer, on the same subject, not worth reading.

I then read his theory and it filled me with horror. It seemed to me to be a most wicked scheme of spoliation. I so informed him and declined to study or discuss the matter until after the adjournment of the legislature; but I promised to give him a full opportunity to discuss the matter then; although this promise was not due to any interest which I felt in the theory, but solely to my friendly interest in the man.

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He held me to my promise and, as a result, we had our interviews, in the little California Market Grill. One of his answers impressed me so forcibly at that time and so constantly since that time, that it should be repeated.

After I had admitted that land monopoly is a violation of the natural rights of man and that it would be eradicated by taking its economic rental value for public uses, I objected to the arbitrary disturbance of the vested rights to privately appropriate such values, which had been so long recognized.

He replied with the question: "How long do you think this world is going to last?" and added: "Do you think that mankind should continue to suffer this great wrong, through all the future ages of the world, simply because, through ignorance, it has been permitted to exist during the lives of a few generations of men?"

Of course the thought was intolerable and all that remained was the acceptance of his remedy or the suggestion of a better one. No better remedy—indeed, no other remedy—has ever been suggested and, from that day to the present, I have remained a firm believer in the single tax theory.

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Then, as now, there were really great and good men who were wasting their time and energies in efforts to unearth land frauds and to have the fraudulently appropriated lands restored to the public domain so that they might be distributed among the people by honest sales, rushes and lotteries. We were once invited to a conference of public-spirited citizens, on that subject. Mr. George commended the movement in so far as it was intended to curb the avarice or punish the crimes of the land-grabbers; "but," he said (in substance):

"We have no real interest in such a movement.

If it should be completely successful it will bring no substantial relief to the people. What difference does it make to the people, in the broad economic sense, whether the land which is privately monopolized, was honestly or dishonestly acquired by the original holders? as it would make no difference to the Negro slave whether he was stolen or bought. It is the monopoly, however acquired, which oppresses the people; and no remedy which does not restore and maintain their equal right to the use of the land, as a whole, can be of any lasting benefit to them."

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I was with Mr. George a great deal while he was writing "Progress and Poverty," and had the privilege of discussing many of its chapters with him while they were in course of preparation. Memories of those occasions crowd upon me, but I can mention only a few of them here.

One evening in 1878 we were discussing the probable period to elapse before his theories would become a serious issue in the practical politics of the world. I estimated the period at twenty-five years, making full allowance for what we called "the natural inertia of the human mind," which permits only about two per cent of the people to accept a new idea within any one calendar year; the opposition of special interests and "the hereditary instinct of servitude," prevailing among the people.

Mr. George agreed that the period suggested was reasonable, but he thought that forces which I had not considered might either accelerate or retard the acceptance of the truth which he presented (he never spoke of it as a mere theory); for example, in substance, he said:

"The movement of thought is quicker now than it has been in the past; the people are more generally educated and the superstitious reverence for mere wealth is declining. On the other hand, the newspapers (the great medium of popular education) are almost wholly in the hands of the beneficiaries of special privileges. A poor man can no longer be a public educator, because he cannot possibly obtain an Associated Press franchise, and the people cannot afford to take his paper unless he has such franchise. All newspapers are therefore falling into the hands of those whose interests we oppose, and, of course, they oppose us and our ideas.

"My opinion is that our idea will continue to advance and recede, like the waves of a rising tide out here on the beach; a large wave will roll far up on the beach, and then several minor waves will fall far short of its line. The natural inference would be that the tide was falling, but soon the ocean level will be far above the original high water mark. So it is with all great social and political movements, advancing and receding, here and there, repeatedly, until at last the minds of the people are prepared for the change, and then

the change comes just as if an accident had happened."

That very process has been followed in the single tax movement, until today the great Liberal party of Great Britain has adopted its principles, and many of her self-governing colonies have, in very full measure, adopted the system by law; the German Empire has already gone further than England (in the much-discussed budget) has even proposed to go in taking the unearned increment of land for public use, and Germany has legally established the single tax in large measure as the revenue system for at least one of her colonies. Already some seven hundred towns and cities of Great Britain have petitioned Parliament for permission to adopt the system for their municipal purposes, and five times the bill granting that permission has passed the House of Commons. Even now the tramp, tramp of five hundred thousand of the best people of our country (farmers and their families) shakes the continent as they migrate to Alberta and Manitoba, to take advantage of the single tax conditions established there; and every State of our Union in which the Initiative and Referendum have been adopted, is a biennial battleground between the Goliath of Monopoly and the David of single tax.

All this has resulted directly from the publication of "Progress and Poverty" less than thirty-one years ago, and it more than justifies the hopes and labors and sacrifices of its great author. It justifies the beautiful and inspiring prophecy with which he closed his splendid lecture, "Why Work Is Scarce, Wages Low and Labor Restless," in 1878:

"Paul planteth and Apollos watereth, but God giveth the increase. The ground is ploughed; the seed is set; the good tree will grow. So little now, only the eye of faith can see it; so little now, so tender and so weak. But sometime the birds of heaven shall sing in its branches; sometime the weary shall find rest beneath its shade."

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THE TROUBLES OF MRS. UNPHIT.

For The Public.

"There's one thing I don't understand," said Mrs. Unphit to her husband, as she cut out the charred remains of a vest pocket, preparatory to building a new pocket.

"One thing! I guess it's *e pluribus unum*. What's clogging your understanding now?"

"It's that contract for hydrant valves. The Board of Works has given the contract to a local firm, though its bid is \$56,000 more than a Pittsburg firm bid, because some of the labor unions and members of the Board say we ought to keep our money at home."

"Don't understand it, eh? Maybe you think we are paying taxes to keep Pittsburg on its feet,