

the hearts of people whose number shall be as the sands of the sea, his memory will be cherished with that of Washington. And to the ends of the earth, from the frozen sea of the north to the ice fields of the south, in every land on which the sun in his circuit shall look down, wherever the standard shall be raised against a hoary wrong his name shall be a watchword and an inspiration."

The old warrior laid down his armour, and the young warrior buckled his on, the one having gained the emancipation of the slaves of a continent, the other setting out to secure the emancipation of the slaves of a world.

By and by there came the revelation which explained the riddle of the Sphinx—that in the monopoly of land, in the locking up of the storehouse of Nature lay the cause of the world's social distress. Sir Isaac Newton found the key to the law of gravitation in the falling of an apple. Henry George found the answer to the social problem in a commonplace conversation. The revelation was swift, clear and incisive. It was not a passing freak of the imagination; a theory to be shattered by the application of mental processes, it was the recognition of a fundamental fact of Nature, the discovery of a law as immutable in its workings as the law of cause and effect. And just as the scientist brings his trained mind to the elucidation of the workings of the law which he has discovered, so Henry George brought his wide experience of men and things to bear on the story of the world's wrongs. It meant a fight against tradition, custom, popular fallacy, vested interests and injustice. But never knight of past century went forth with firmer step or clearer conviction, for he had found the Truth and was out to proclaim it.

His teachings are essentially simple in principle—(a) That all men have an equal right to the use and enjoyment of the great elements of Nature; (b) That every individual has an exclusive right to the product of his own labour.

These root principles lie at the base of all sound economics. They are complementary in character and in no sense antagonistic. Individualism and Socialism, rightly understood, represent truths which act and interact with each other. But the individualism of last century and the socialism of this century represent the abuse of great principles. What is needed is a system which recognises the rights of the individual and also of the community. For just as in religion, superstition and dogma have built up accretions which have choked and hidden its underlying principles, so in economics, "Back to Nature" must be the battle cry of the reformer here as there. All history proves that the monopoly of land has produced poverty, degeneracy and the ultimate decay of nations. Persia perished when one per cent. of the people owned the land. Rome went down when 1800 men possessed all the then known world. Moses saw here the cause of the slavery in Egypt and legislated for the Israelites in such a way that monopoly of land was impossible.

Henry George wrote many books, but *PROGRESS AND POVERTY* will ever stand out as his masterpiece. It was not only a classic in economics, but a book through which the seeing eye may trace the invisible behind the visible, and the working of that great law of brotherhood which is the manifestation of the Spirit behind matter, and the fount of altruism. *PROGRESS AND POVERTY* met with a mingled reception. To the Conservatives it was the searchlight of the enemy; to many working men the long-looked for charter of their freedom. Its publication gave the author recognition throughout the world. General Wolfe said on one occasion that he would rather have written Grey's *Elegy* in a Country Churchyard than have scaled the heights of Quebec. There are many who would rather have written *PROGRESS AND POVERTY* than have won the passing honours of place and power. It is the book which is Henry George's true monument, the best loved child of his brain, and his greatest gift to humanity.

Years of work followed its publication, during which its author visited many lands.

His power as a speaker was great, at times reaching the eloquence of a Cobden or a Bright, but always clear, vigorous, logical. It was not his joy to see the battle won, but he lived to see the first fruits of victory in the awakening of many of the people to the truth. But the strain of the years told—and suddenly—the light went out.

The hush of that death chamber filled the world, for one had gone forth whose comradeship was a sacred memory and an inspiration to workers in every land, whose valiant work in the cause of justice had won the admiration both of friend and foe. The Press of the world tendered its encomiums. Said one of them, "Henry George, the idol of his people, is dead. He was more than a candidate for office, more than a politician, more than a statesman. He was a thinker whose work belongs to the world's literature. As a thinker, as a philosopher he was great, but greatest of all as an apostle of the truth as he saw it, an evangelist carrying the doctrine of justice and brotherhood into the remotest corner of the earth." Working men, to the number of 100,000, filed past the mortal remains of the man who had given his life for their sakes. "Never for statesman or soldier," said one of the Press, "was there such a demonstration of popular feeling."

On the stone which his fellow-citizens placed over him are a few lines from his masterpiece, an epitaph more typical of the man than the most brilliant panegyric:—

"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. But it will find friends, those who will toil for it, suffer for it, if need be die for it. This is the power of Truth."

WILL THE TAXATION OF LAND VALUES BE OF PERMANENT BENEFIT TO THE WORKERS? By J. Moyle

In these days of highly organised industry and commerce, the division of labour makes it extremely difficult for workers who are far removed from any appearance of working on the land, to realise that, as parts in a long process of production and exchange, every one is just as much a land user as is the man actually at work on the soil.

This same division of labour also obscures the fact that what all workers are really doing is to supply the needs of one another, that they have interests in common, and a common interest in land.

Every worker is vitally interested in the production or supply of the raw material needed, not only for the work in which he himself is engaged, but for everything of which he is a consumer. As all raw material comes from the land, the land itself may be said to be the supreme raw material for every kind of labour.

It is therefore a matter of importance to the workers that there should be free access to a plentiful supply of cheap material. But the conditions prevailing to-day are just the reverse; all that is produced from the land is dear, because land itself is made dear by monopoly and speculation: it is the workers themselves who are cheap and plentiful.

The Capitalist system, against which the workers are now striving, is founded on cheap labour; the only way to get rid of Capitalism is to cut off the supply of cheap labour upon which this monster feeds.

The workers do not realise as they ought to do that their labour value is cheap because land is dear; and that workers will become dear—that is, will command higher wages—only when land is cheap; and that men will be economically free only when land is free.

When land is dear and inaccessible men are forced, by

starvation, to take any employment for a mere subsistence wage.

Were land cheap and free any worker who wished to do so, could work for himself on the land, and secure for himself the full value of his labour. This does not mean that all workers would go back to the land. It is probable that the great majority would continue to prefer town life and the conditions of organised industry; but even so, if only the honest unemployed, and a fair proportion of those virile and freedom-loving men and women who prefer the independence and health of a life in the country, were absorbed, it would relieve that competition in the labour market which forces down the value of labour; and all the workers, both in the towns and in the country, would feel the beneficial result.

One important thing which would emerge from such a condition of things would be a natural minimum wage; for this would be fixed by what a man could earn for himself working on land for which he had to pay no rent; no man anywhere would be obliged to work for a less wage than this.

The workers to-day are resorting to the formation of blackleg-proof unions, Syndicalism, Guilds, and so on, in order to make a monopoly of their labour, and so enforce higher wages, shorter hours, and better conditions generally. It is strange to think that all these modern aspirations were realised in the middle ages, and that the golden age of the workers was about the 17th century. The discovery of the reason why the workers of that time enjoyed so much better conditions, is surely a profitable study for the workers of the 20th century. Briefly, the workers of that time were economically free; it would be a mistake to suppose that they were free *because* of the strength of their Unions, Guilds, &c.; it is nearer the truth to say that they formed their Guilds, &c., because they were free, and as safeguards of their freedom. The real fact of the matter is they were free because land was free; they lost their freedom, the Guilds declined and finally disappeared, because of the monopoly of land; which started with the confiscation of the monastic lands and proceeded to the enclosure of the commons; labour was then at the mercy of Capitalism, has been at the mercy of Capitalism ever since, and will remain at the mercy of Capitalism so long as the monopoly of land continues.

The troubles of the workers all flow from the loss of their common property in land, and this original mistake must be set right before anything else can be done.

At this particular stage of our social development it is not necessary to nationalise the land; a better and simpler way is known. Neither is it necessary to secure a monopoly of labour; why add another monopoly to the two great monopolies of land and capital already crushing out the life of society? If we have a lion and a tiger raging amongst us there is no gain in adding an elephant. What we have to do is to get rid of the existing monopolies; and this we can do by first attacking the land monopoly, and seeing to it that that great fund of wealth, land values, largely created by the workers, becomes again the common property of all, to be collected by the existing machinery of taxation, and disbursed in the form of national services for the benefit of all.

Then will the workers, by being sharers in the national revenue, as well as sharers in the national taxation, be economically free; and all the other good things will follow. The State, instead of being founded on organised and legalised robbery, will be founded on organised and legalised neighbourliness.

When land is free then labour will be free; when land and labour are free, then capital will be free. Instead of three monopolies mutually destructive, we shall have the three great factors of wealth production working together in free harmonious co-operation, and the Co-operative Commonwealth will be realised, securing freedom and equality for all.

MEMORIES OF McHUGH

He was a true democrat; it did not matter to him what a man's religion, nationality, or colour might be, he was only out to show that our relations with one another ought to be based upon a true principle of equity. In this connection a story is told of him which is characteristic. He was organising the sailors and firemen out in the States when one morning a big auburn-headed individual entered his office. "Are you allowing niggers to join this union that you are forming?" asked the newcomer. "Why, certainly," was the reply. "That's enough for me; I ain't going to join," said the auburn-headed one, making for the door. "Just a moment," said McHugh. "Answer me this. Have you any more responsibility for the colour of your hair than a nigger has for the colour of his skin?" No reply was given, but the man must have thought the matter out, for he turned up next day and joined the union.

Mr. McHugh was a great believer in the principle that you could shock people into thinking, and certainly he managed to shock a good many. During the course of a speech in the Liverpool Parliamentary Debating Society one evening he referred to man as an animal, when a voice interjected: "Man is not an animal, he is a human being." Mr. McHugh explained the sense in which he had used the term by replying, "In the empire of nature there are three kingdoms, the animal, the vegetable, and the mineral. If the honourable member says he is not an animal it follows that he must be either a vegetable or a mineral."

His method of dealing with hecklers was always to throw them on the defensive. During the last agricultural strike I was out in the Ormskirk district with him. As he was addressing a group of farm hands a voice on the fringe said: "We cannot pay the labourers higher wages, we get little enough profit as it is." "Yes," replied McHugh, "but would you not get bigger profits and would you not be able to pay higher wages *if you had to pay less rent*?" His knowledge of logic always stood him (as it will stand anyone) in good stead. He could convince any man of the truth of our cause if the individual wanted to see the truth. But alas, we have all met those who do not. In a discussion with one of the latter Mr. McHugh led him right on to the "horns of a dilemma," exclaiming triumphantly, "You cannot believe this, if you believe that." The other replied, "Can't I believe it? I can believe what I like." The last public meeting that he addressed was one that he organised for the American Single Taxers, Mr. Benjamin Doblin and his friends. After the meeting Mr. McHugh invited the Birkenhead and Liverpool boys to spend an evening with Mr. Doblin, who was staying at the Midland Adelphi. The latter is reputed to be one of the finest hotels in the world, and it is worth noting that in an adjacent street the largest workhouse in the world stands. Being mostly working men, some of our little party confessed to a certain amount of trepidation about entering this modern palace. When Mr. McHugh heard of it he said, "Is not the whole building and every article inside of it produced by labour? Who has a better right to enter than those who labour?"

Once inside one was reminded of what Henry George wrote in *SOCIAL PROBLEMS*: "There are worlds and worlds." When we got seated in the lounge and Mr. Doblin commenced to "talk" we soon forgot all about our luxurious surroundings. He gave the best definition of a Single Taxer that I have ever heard. "A Single Taxer is a man who *does* something for the Single Tax." How well Edward McHugh fulfilled the definition. The movement was a religion to him. Henry George says somewhere: "Until the eternal justice is perceived the eternal love is hidden." What Edward McHugh did for the Single Tax he did for the love of God. It was hungering after the eternal justice that starved him into a premature grave. May his soul rest in peace.—JAMES J. FIELD (Liverpool).