

again to be spun about him. She knew, also, that he understood the absolute truth, that not in mere bravado, nor to play for a doubtful advantage, had she come to the Argo, but because if he could not walk in her way, she would nevertheless, by free choice, have taken his road. Better than all else, she knew, looking in his eyes, that he rejoiced in her act.

CHARLES HOWARD SHINN.



"TAY PAY" ON THE SINGLETAX IN GREAT BRITAIN.

Special Correspondence of the Chicago Tribune of August 25, 1912, from T. P. O'Connor, M. P.

When Henry George came to England many years ago he got a curiously mixed reception. At first there was a certain coldness and hostility, and, still more, unbelief. He came to preach a revolution and a panacea, and Englishmen do not care for revolutions and have little faith in panaceas.

This was the attitude of England. In Ireland he had no adherents, with the exception of Michael Davitt. In a country where already hundreds of thousands of peasant proprietors had got possession of their lands it was vain to preach the gospel of the Singletax.

Once or twice Michael Davitt nearly came into conflict with other leading Nationalists because of his pronounced views against peasant proprietorship, and, indeed, for some years there was a certain coldness between him and several of the Irish leaders. But Davitt was at bottom an amiable man, and these passing misunderstandings disappeared. He died at peace with all men, or nearly all men. However, he never made any progress with his Singletax program.

The one kingdom, curiously enough, in which Henry George made any progress was Scotland. To the surprise of most people, at least of those who did not know Scotland, Henry George not only found enthusiastic audiences, but left behind him a strong school of Singletaxers. The ground had been prepared for his gospel for years.

There used to be in the city of Glasgow—he died some years ago—a fervid, eloquent, and active Irishman named John Fergusson. He was a paper dealer, and had to travel the three kingdoms in his business. He became a friar preacher of the new gospel, devoted to it time, money, and energy, and preached it from innumerable platforms.

This fervid Irishman was one of those Presbyterian Ulster Nationalists who are more often enthusiastic than their Catholic fellow Nationalists, and bring to their creed something of the dour and fanatical spirit of their Scotch ancestors.

Every Irishman of Scotch blood who belongs to this type always reminds one a little of John Knox, one of the first of the race of fearless and

fanatical prophets, and John Fergusson was a John Knox after his fashion.

In Glasgow, with its gigantic increase of the price of land inside the city boundaries, owing to the gigantic increase of the size and wealth of the city, was splendid seed ground for the new land gospel, and there gathered around John Fergusson a large school of Singletaxers.

They brought every year to the House of Commons a bill founded on their theories, and at last got some of its proposals carried. Thus it came about that Scotland, more than any other of the three kingdoms, was won to the gospel of Henry George.

Meantime the movement obtained some recruits of importance in London. First must be mentioned a man who is not an Englishman at all, though he has made most of his large fortune in England.

Joseph Fels, American by birth, Jewish by race, belongs to that section of his people which gives to ideal causes the splendid gifts that are usually devoted to finance.

Jewish enthusiasts play a larger part than is realized in the advanced forces of Europe. They are often the revolutionary leaders of Russia; they form the journalistic forces behind the Socialist movements in Germany; they are the most devoted republicans in France.

In England a large number are among the leading spirits in the press and in Parliament of the Conservative forces; they also form a considerable section belonging to the Liberal Party.

There are, for instance, three members of the race in the present Ministry, Sir Rufus Isaacs, Herbert Samuel, and Montagu.

If they figure in the Labor movement they have as yet produced no man who has come to the front in that body.

Joseph Fels is a little man with a fragile frame. But he is one of those delicate beings who often in the history of the world have played big parts by the burning ardor of their spirit.

Fels is never at rest; never cool; never silent. Meet him anywhere and he bursts at once into a long discourse on Henry George and the Singletax.

He spends a considerable portion of a big income in propaganda, subsidizes organizations, issues pamphlets and leaflets, makes innumerable speeches, attends innumerable conferences; in short, this fiery little spirit seems to live, move, and have his being in the Singletax idea.

He has no children. His wife, like himself, a fiery spirit in a fragile frame, seems as devoted to the cause as her husband.

Neither ever touches wine. They lead the simple life in the fullest sense of the word. Men and women of this type, above the ordinary temptations and indulgence of mankind, are always for-

midable figures in a new and revolutionary social movement.

Here let me say that there is one remarkable peculiarity among the Singletaxers which has always struck me much. The doctrine is held with such fervor, it is believed to be potent with so much power in removing human inequalities, that it creates among all its adherents a curious kind of devotion and of fraternity which amounts to a new religious doctrine.

All barriers of race and of creed fall down; the Orange Singletaxer, if such there be, would grasp the hand of a Catholic Nationalist Singletaxer with more sense of fraternity than either would approach a co-religionist who holds conservative views on the land question.

Henry George, in fact, has founded not merely a new school of economical thought but almost a new Christian communion.



ROMANCE IN THE CITY.

God opens doors to those who knock,
He sends His dreams to those who pray
For some romance the while they toil
In dingy offices all day,
When fog hangs over London town,
And City streets are cold and gray.

Each Bill of Lading's a romance
To make me dream of Eastern seas,
Of towns with strangely sounding names,
Of shining harbors, sun-bathed quays;
I picture grave-faced merchant-men
In dim bazaars as consignees.

I write the vessel's name and port,
And lo! her halliards sing to me,
I am on board and Eastward bound
For Smyrna and Gallipoli,
Thro' archipelagoes that gleam
Like opals on a sapphire sea.

I see the goods I invoice home'd
In palaces of dusky kings,
In corridors all pearl and gold,
In courtyards full of splendid things,
Where slave-girls dance, magnificent
Beyond a man's imaginings.

When fog comes down on London town,
And City streets are cold and gray,
God opens doors to those who knock,
And sends romance to those who pray
For warmth and color, while they toil
In dingy offices all day.

—Westminster Gazette.



"Still, you must admit that this is a grand old world."

"No, I don't admit anything of the kind," replied the malefactor of great wealth. "At least I won't admit it until I've consulted with my attorney."—Chicago Record-Herald.

BOOKS

REACHING OUT FOR DEMOCRACY.

Wisconsin: An Experiment in Democracy. By Fred-
eric C. Howe, Ph. D., author of "The City the Hope
of Democracy;" "The British City: the Beginning
of Democracy;" "Privilege and Democracy in Amer-
ica," etc.; formerly lecturer in Political Science at
the University of Wisconsin. New York: Charles
Scribner's Sons. 1912. Price \$1.25 net.

As "an experiment station in politics, in social and industrial legislation, in the democratization of science and higher education," Wisconsin appears to Mr. Howe as "doing for America what Germany is doing for the world." He describes the State as a "laboratory in which popular government is being tested in its reaction on people, on the distribution of wealth, on social well-being." The analogue is significant. Wisconsin democracy is to be judged by the standards of an experimental laboratory rather than those of a factory show-room of finished products. Her working hypothesis is the practicability of the democratic ideal, her service being progressive experimentation with reference to that hypothesis.

In such a service much, both in theory and practice, must be expected to shock democratic sensitiveness justly. The remark, for instance, of the president of the Wisconsin University, that "if we applied to human kind what we know about the breeding of animals, the feeble-minded would disappear in a generation while the insane and criminal classes would be reduced to a fraction of their present numbers," may well deserve Chesterton's scorching criticism of eugenic legislation. A good deal of the paternally autocratic in other respects runs through these experiments in the name of democracy; some of it defensible, no doubt, as being in the nature of war-measures necessitated by the conditions of a conflict with sordid power and privilege strongly entrenched, but some of it apparently attributable to that spirit of dominion which obsesses democracy and is none the less repulsive for its good intentions. But democracy is not a Jonah's gourd to spring up in perfection over night, nor a weed to grow well without culture; and if there is to be cultural growth there must be experimentation involving the making of mistakes as well as the making of advances. This is the attitude of mind in which Mr. Howe's story of the Wisconsin experiments in democracy should be approached.

So approached, his story reveals an instructive and encouraging system of democratic experimentation—political, educational and industrial—springing out of Robert M. La Follette's long-sustained crusade for political righteousness. An idea of the spirit of it all may be had from an ob-