

Then will come the cooperative commonwealth of the socialist. Then will come the universal voluntary association of the anarchist. And what are these but the orderly, helpful, wholesome, natural social state which every single taxpayer sees in his dreams and hopes for in his waking hours.

HENRY H. HARDINGE.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE

JOHN Z. WHITE IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.*

San Luis Obispo, Calif., Feb. 16, 1910.

Mr. John Z. White has come and is gone. He came, he spoke, and he conquered. His California itinerary was arranged by the Direct Legislation League of California, and his visit here originally was to have been arranged for by our public librarian, Mrs. Frances M. Milne. Mrs. Milne was, however, unfortunately taken ill, so that she had to withdraw from the effort, but she placed the matter in my hands, as President of the local Municipal League, and I was only too glad to follow her recommendations and secure Mr. White to speak on the Initiative, the Referendum and the Recall.

Our city is in the midst of a contest to secure a Freeholders' charter with all these features embodied therein, and Mr. White's lectures have been so opportune and beneficial that we may speak of them as almost providential. He has succeeded in amalgamating some of the opposing forces to such an extent as to make it appear that there will not be such strenuous opposition as was at first encountered.

At the State Polytechnic School, on the 14th, Mr. White met with hearty enthusiasm. The same day he appeared before the High School and had a similar reception.

His first lecture was delivered on Sunday evening, Feb. 13, at a union meeting of the churches, and the large auditorium of the Presbyterian church was packed. On Monday evening he spoke in Columbia Hall to a large crowd of business and professional people, representing all legitimate interests. Both lectures have been well reported in the newspapers.

J. FRANK HAYES,
President Municipal League.

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PERSONAL OBSERVATIONS AND EXPERIENCES.

London, Feb. 5, 1910.

Nothing was more alien to my intentions or farther aside from my expectations, when I left Chicago for Liverpool on the 23d of last December, than taking a speaking part in the British campaign for the election of the new House of Commons. All along the route of the Pacific Railway train, to St. John's in New Brunswick, where I embarked on Christmas day, and across the somewhat but only briefly turbulent (and to me exceedingly kind) Atlantic, my thoughts had been occupied with the one

purpose of my trip, which was to observe those elections, and to observe them with reference especially to their bearing upon the world-wide land question. I wished to see for myself, and for the readers of *The Public*, how the rights of the people to homes of their own upon the earth, and to a stake in the social values which social progress attaches to socialized areas of land, were involved in the British elections. I had gone to learn how the British people were taking a political campaign which, as Lloyd George expressed it, was to ascertain why ten thousand should own the soil of Great Britain, and all the rest of the population be "trespassers in the land of their birth." But in less than twelve hours after I had passed custom house inspection at Liverpool, and to my own great amazement, I was (as in former letters I have indicated) making a campaign speech to a British audience at a Liberal meeting in behalf of a Liberal candidate for Parliament. To tell of this may be repetitious, but in a story of personal experiences some repetitions of incident may be pardoned.

"I wish," said J. W. S. Callie, secretary of the historical Financial Reform Association of Liverpool, and election agent for John F. Brunner (now a member of Parliament and successor to his father, Sir John Brunner, who has been a distinguished and radical member for twenty-five years),—"I wish," said Mr. Callie, to me, about two hours after I had stepped ashore, "that you would go out with me tonight to a meeting at Middlewich." With my thoughts upon the exceptional opportunities for observation which this invitation might give me, I replied that I would go gladly, for that sort of thing was what I had come over for. Mr. Callie expressed his gratification with rather more enthusiasm, I thought, than my acquiescence had warranted, and invited me to the Young Liberal Club to luncheon. On our way to the club he began a remark about the Middlewich meeting. "When you speak tonight," said Mr. Callie; but I interrupted with, "When I what!" He began again: "When you speak tonight at Middlewich"—"But I am not going there to speak," I broke in; "I am only going to look on and see what your political meetings are like." "By no means," he responded; "I asked you down to speak for Brunner, and that is what you're to do."

It was in vain that I pleaded the un wisdom of having a foreigner take part in the campaign, explaining that in the United States it would be fatal to the candidate. Mr. Callie laughed at me. England was more cosmopolitan than that. Her people were glad to welcome foreigners upon their platforms, and the supporters of a British candidate were proud to know that foreigners take an interest in his candidacy. Moreover, this meeting would want to hear what an American thinks of Protection, etc., etc., etc. I held back until a telephone message from the candidate himself gave assurance of his willingness to take the chances of my defeating him (it was not a close district, by the way), and then I went.

Arriving in the quaint little village and moving toward the town hall along the narrow and winding streets, as I have already related in these letters, we were greeted through its windows with the strains of "Marching Through Georgia." It seemed as if I could make out the words, "Shouting the bat-

*See the *Public* of February 18, page 160.

the cry of freedom!" and I felt at once at home. But I was wrong about the words of that refrain. Instead of "Shouting the battle cry of freedom," they were "God made the land for the people," which made me feel still more at home. And those words to the old familiar air I heard many a time again at Liberal meetings in Yorkshire and Lancashire, Wales and Scotland.

In the town hall at Middlewich some five hundred men and women were tightly wedged, two-thirds of them standing; and although I spoke only twice—once upon introduction as an American who was there to tell about protection in the United States, and once upon request to second Mr. Brunner's vote of thanks to the chairman—I had "the time of my life."

It was truly, as I have written before, a "hair trigger" audience. The little anecdotes with which I illustrated some of my points, pretty old "chestnuts" at home, were as good as new at that meeting; and I realized that the "slow freight" theory of British appreciation of American humor is a gross slander. As for the serious argument it was listened to attentively and appreciated with keen intelligence.

My theme was Protection in the United States. For over here in the name of "Tariff Reform," the Tories were trying to sidetrack the vital issues by promising plenty of work as the result of keeping foreign goods out of the British market by means of tariff taxation. They pointed to the United States as a country where this policy had solved the question of employment. They revived all the old American protection romancing which on our side has now been exposed. "The foreigner will pay the tax;" "the workingman will be protected from the foreign worker," etc., etc., were, in one form or another, the common stock in trade of the British "tariff reform" speeches, editorial writers and poster-makers.

One of the most deceptive posters contained an old time picture, representing a despondent workingman's family, its original title, "The Strike," having been replaced with the words, "Free Trade." The new title might as well, or better, have been "Protection;" but as the picture was copyrighted and the protectionists had secured exclusive privileges of publication they had a monopoly of its use. If the despondent workingman's family, instead of being within their sparsely furnished cottage, had been out in the road, with their poor furniture piled about them, it would have been a fair picture of a labor strike in the region of "protected" Pittsburgh, and so I explained to my Middlewich audience.

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It was after the Middlewich meeting that I fell in with Henry George, Jr., in London. Under the auspices of the United League for the Taxation of Land Values, and upon requests from local candidates or their agents, he and I, for the most part together, spoke thereafter in the campaign to the end. We were at an immense meeting at Newcastle-under-Lyme, where Josiah C. Wedgwood was re-elected; I spoke at two large meetings at Tunstall (the home of Primitive Methodism), also in Mr. Wedgwood's constituency, while Mr. George went

to York to hear Lloyd George; he in turn campaigned elsewhere while I heard Lloyd George in Wales; and both of us spoke at Halifax, where J. H. Whitley, Henry George man and Liberal "whip," was reelected; also at points about Southport, where Baron De Forest, adopted son and heir of Baron Hirsch, made a radical campaign in a hopeless district and was defeated, but is in for the radical fight again; and in three constituencies about Glasgow, where radical Liberals were elected, one of them being Dundas White, the prominent land value taxationist of the last Parliament.

All the meetings were regular meetings of Liberal party candidates, although our speaking tours were under the management of the United Committee for the Taxation of Land Values, of which John Paul and John Orr are the executive officers, and which also financed several of the Parliamentary contests. The work of distributing land reform literature was done chiefly, and on a great scale, by the English League for the Taxation of Land Values under the executive management of Lewis H. Berens and Frederick Verinder. To both organizations Liberal agents throughout the country looked for platform and literary support.

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Two notable meetings at which we were inconspicuous auditors were those of Asquith as Liberal leader, and Balfour as Tory leader, both at St. George's Hall in Bradford.

At the latter we encountered a characteristic bit of British nature. Among the patriotic airs was one that neither of us recognized (not very remarkable, perhaps, if all the facts were known), and Mr. George asked his neighbor its name. The reply was neither enlightening in substance nor neighborly in form; whereupon we conversed without much restraint, upon the fact—and it was a fact—that this was the first discourteous treatment we had experienced in England. Our neighbor doubtless overheard, for he apologized handsomely with the explanation that he thought we were trying him "for a rise" (which, being interpreted, meant to make a fool of him) since the air, long familiar to British ears, was "Hearts of Oak." It was as if in the United States one had asked our question about "Yankee Doodle" or the "Star Spangled Banner." But the main point is that our original estimate of British courtesy was fully restored.

We found Balfour's to be a jerky see-saw, nervous species of oratory, and his speech to be void of substance. He was evidently laboring under the necessity of seeming to stand for protection, while guarding his words so as to avoid a pledge in its behalf in case the responsibilities of government should fall upon him, either now or later on.

Asquith's oratory is faithfully literary in form and without fire; but his speech was substantial. Although he but rarely touched upon the land question, he made a scholarly defense of free trade—too scholarly for a workingman's audience in a free trade country at a time of suffering from disemployment.

That was the real weakness of the Liberal campaign. Instead of meeting the tariff issue by showing not only that protection would not open general

opportunities for employment but that the taxation of land values in aid of free trade would, too many of the Liberal candidates merely negated the protection statements and arguments. This may do in a protection country where there is disemployment, but not in Great Britain where mere free trade manifestly fails to prevent disemployment.

At Bangor, Wales, I had an exceptional opportunity to hear Lloyd George. It was in his own home constituency, and he spoke in both English and Welsh, alternating the two languages in the same speech. He is a more powerful man than his portraits imply. Square of face, broad of head from ear to ear, tremendously muscular at the back of his neck, broad shouldered yet short of stature, there is none of the delicacy of physical make-up which appears in his photographs. His speaking varies from the conversational to the unobtrusively oratorical. His speech is strongly argumentative, keen in satire, ready in wit, and like his platform manner, always good humored. More completely than any other English speaker, I think, he would take possession of an American audience.

At Halifax, where Defoe lived and wrote part of his "Robinson Crusoe," we had facilities, through C. H. Smithson and his co-laborers in Liberal politics, for observing the progress of a British election. I have told of this experience in some detail, but more in the way of explaining the modus operandi of a British election than of giving my impressions. The polls were open from 6 in the morning till 8 at night. They were held for an entire ward at the school house, in one room on the first floor, as large as the building itself. Nobody is admitted but the election officials, the party scrutineers, the persons voting, and the police. Inside there are several ballot boxes, one for approximately every 500 of the voters of the ward, with election officers at each. Each ballot box—a japanned tin affair, like a pantry bread box—rests upon a table of its own, and with each there goes a nest of booths for voters to enter when marking their tickets. As with us, they mark with a cross opposite the candidate they favor. A geographical although extra-legal arrangement is made whereby the voters of given parts of the ward use the same ballot box—the plan being in this respect like ours, except that all the voting precincts are under one roof instead of being distributed over the ward.

There is no curtain or other screen for the voter when in the booth marking his ticket, but no one is allowed near him. He gets his ticket from a book of tickets in the custody of the election officer. Both the ticket and the stub bear his voting number, and the stub bears also his registry number. It is possible, therefore, to identify any voter's ballot if need be. As the voting number on the ballot refers you to the same number on the stub, and the stub bears also the registry number, you are carried to the voting registry where the name of the voter is entered opposite his registry number. This investigation can be made, however, only by authority of the courts, or in criminal violation of the law by means of a difficult conspiracy between officials, some of whom have custody of the ballots and others of the stubs.

Secrecy of the ballot is imperilled not by those

indicia but during the count. The individual voter is not exposed, but the voters of his locality in a body are; and this is serious in landlord-ridden villages. To prevent such exposure, the ballots are not counted by voting precincts, as with us; but the ballot boxes are emptied upon a large table at a central point in the presence of the election officers, who count them. In Halifax, for instance, all the boxes of all the wards in the city, containing some 15,000 ballots, were brought to the city hall where their contents were "dumped" promiscuously upon the counting table.

Before this "dumping," however, the ballots in each box were "tallied" to show that they corresponded in number with the number of voters for that precinct. It is right here that the secrecy as to landlord-ridden villages is imperilled. In making the "tally," the officer may turn the ballots face up or face down, as he pleases. If he turns them face up the lynx-eyed agent of the landlord, while he may only guess how a particular tenant or laborer has voted, may absolutely know how the dependent village as a whole has voted, and this may be enough for coercive purposes. If the ballots are "tallied" face downward, he loses his chance; for when the ballots of that village do appear face upwards it is among thousands of others.

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The qualifications for voting are highly complex, the result of a succession of suffrage extensions. So complex are they that I was unable to find two election agents for different districts to agree with each other or any one else as to some of the uncommon suffrage qualifications. In general, however, it may be said, that there are "dwelling house," "business premises," "service," "lodger" and "freehold" qualifications, and that these are the most important.

The "dwelling house" vote may be claimed by any one who pays local taxes on a dwelling. The "business premises" vote goes to the occupant of business premises of the annual value of \$50 (£10), and this in addition to any voting right he may have in another constituency. For each additional £10 of annual value of the same business premises, if held jointly, the joint occupant also may vote, provided that only two persons vote in respect of the same premises. The "freehold" vote rests upon ownership of real property. A man of means may therefore have plural voting rights, almost without limit; a vote where he lives as a tenant, a vote wherever he has business premises of the annual value of £10, and a vote wherever he owns real property.

The "lodger" vote rests on individual occupancy of a room of the value unfurnished of £10 a year; and the "service" vote goes to janitors and other caretakers or servants who are in control of premises not occupied by the owners. Under this extraordinary electoral hotch-potch, a freeholder in several constituencies might not only be a dwelling house tenant in another, a £10 business premises tenant in still another, and consequently have a vote in all, but if he were rich enough to assign to each of several sons an individual bedroom in his dwelling worth £10 annually he could thereby make "lodger" voters also of them in his home constituency, while the dependent care takers of each of his

freeholds could likewise vote if he chose to retain them in his service.

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I wish I had the space to spare and the pen that would do it, for a word picture of politics in Scotland. With the Scot good humor thaws, but only reason satisfies. It is in Scotland that Henry George's work of a quarter of a century ago has sunk deep. In many a family the Bible and "Progress and Poverty" go together; and he who knows the Scotch mind knows what that means. Scotland could not be fooled with protection romances and fallacies. And little do you wonder when you face her political audiences or listen to her political candidates. The land question was the shibboleth there, and the land question won. If all Britain had done as well as Scotland did, the Liberal-Labor majority in this Parliament would have been bigger than in the last one.

When Walter Long, M. P., spoke at Glasgow in opposition to land value taxation he made the tactical blunder of wanting to know if any one could tell him "how to tax land values." Instantly from the body of the audience came the response—"Henry George!" followed by thunderous applause.

The readiness and the wit with which Scottish audiences help the speaker, or mar his best efforts, is illustrated by another Glasgow incident. A Tory candidate, obviously youthful, climaxed with the impudent words of Lord Milner—"Down with the Budget and damn the consequences!" He thought it an effective climax, and so it might have been if a solemn-humored woman in the audience had not instantly asked: "Diz yer mither ken ye've staarted swerin'?"

But political humor of this sort is not confined to Scotland. An argumentative joke of the campaign is credited to another region. A Tory speaker was advocating protection to labor under the specious name of "tariff reform," when a carpenter interrupted, and announcing his trade, wanted to know whether a prohibitory duty would be put upon factory-made window casings in the interest of carpenters. The speaker begged indulgence until he could finish what he was then saying, and after an interval inquired: "Where is the carpenter who wanted us to put a tariff on factory made casings?" "He was thrown out of the meeting by a bricklayer!" some-body answered.

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On the eve of our departure Mr. George and I were tendered a farewell dinner at the Liberal Club in London, by some 25 or 30 representatives of the British movement for the taxation of land values. Among those in attendance were Crompton Llewellyn Davies, who presided, and three members of Parliament. One of the latter was Edward G. Hemmerde, K. C., recorder of Liverpool and president of the English League for the Taxation of Land Values. He was in the last Parliament, and has been re-elected from Wales. Another was Francis Neilson, who goes to the present Parliament for a constituency in Cheshire, as a pronounced advocate of land values taxation, the issue which gave him his election. The same issue elected Henry George Chancellor (not named for the Prophet of San Francisco, by the way, but for two relatives), from a Lon-

don constituency, Mr. Chancellor being the third of the members of Parliament present at our dinner. On this occasion the consensus of opinion was pronounced, and of its soundness I have no doubt, that political issues in Great Britain are now clearly drawn between Protection as a substitute for Free Trade, and Free Trade supplemented with Land Value Taxation.

Wherever there was a fighting chance for a Liberal, the Whig Liberal who merely negatived the protection theory was defeated; whereas the "fighting-chance" seats contended by radical Liberals, who argued for carrying free trade on to its ultimate of land value taxation, were elected. This at any rate was the general tendency, and as far as I could ascertain, the actual fact. The Tories were successful, not in the places where voters were free and radical ideas had been boldly championed, but in cathedral towns and agricultural regions; in industrial places the Liberals gained even in comparison with the landslide vote of 1906.

In the House of Commons, as a result of the elections, the Liberals, Irish and Tories, together have a strong majority. Technically, there was not a Liberal victory, for the Liberals are about even with the Tories; but essentially it was a progressive victory, for the Liberals, the Irish, and the Labor party, all bent on progressive legislation now, are in a commanding majority.

L. F. P.

NEWS NARRATIVE

To use the reference figures of this Department for obtaining continuous news narratives:

Observe the reference figures in any article; turn back to the page they indicate and find there the next preceding article, on the same subject; observe the reference figures in that article, and turn back as before; continue until you come to the earliest article on the subject; then retrace your course through the indicated pages, reading each article in chronological order, and you will have a continuous news narrative of the subject from its historical beginnings to date.

Week ending Tuesday, February 22, 1910.

The British Parliament Opens.

The third Parliament of Edward VII's reign assembled on the 15th (p. 154). Members were sworn in, and the House of Commons re-elected the Rt. Hon. James William Lowther as Speaker. Before the state opening, set for the 21st, the Prime Minister, Mr. Asquith, filled vacancies in the ministry.

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Following Mr. Redmond's announcement that the Irish Nationalists insisted that the restriction of the Lords' veto should take precedence of the Budget in the Government's program (p. 154), according to dispatches of the 17th, Mr. George Barnes, the new chairman of the Labor party in Parliament, sent a manifesto to Premier Asquith, protesting against the Budget question preceding the veto question in the House, and declaring that