

conomic emancipation of the masses of mankind from the oppressions of privilege and for the Georgian method of that emancipation. . . . Knowledge went before theory with him and that is why he won his fight.

RELATED THINGS

CONTRIBUTIONS AND REPRINT

A SONG FOR LABOR DAY.

Will M. Maupin in Eryan's Commoner of
September 1.

I have builded your towns and cities,
And over your widest streams
I have hung with a giant's ardor
The web of strong steel beams.
I have carved out the busy highways
That mark where your commerce reigns;
With hammer and forge and anvil
I have wrought your golden gains.

I have girded the rock-ribbed mountains
With rails for the iron steed;
I have delved in the old earth's bosom
To answer the great world's greed.
I have clothed you, housed you, fed you,
For thousands of years gone by;
I have stepped to the front when duty
Has called, and I've answered "I!"

I have wrung from the soil denied me
Your toll of the golden grains;
I have garbed you in silks and satins--
And fettered my limbs with chains.
I have given my sweat and muscle
To build for you, stone on stone,
The palace of ease and pleasure--
The hut I may call my own.

For a thousand years you've driven--
A thousand years and a day.
But I, like another Samson,
Am giving my muscles play.
My brain is no longer idle;
I see with a clearer sight,
And piercing the gloom about me
I'm seeing, thank God, the light!

I see in the days before me
My share of the things I've wrought;
See Justice no longer blinded,
The weights of her scales unbought.
I see in the not far future
The day when the worker's share
Is more than his belly's succor;
Is more than a rag to wear.

I see on the morrow's mountains
The glints of a golden dawn;
The dawn of a day fast coming
When strivings and hates are gone.
Lo, out of the vastly darkness
That fetters my limbs like steel
I can hear the swelling chorus
That sings of the common weal.

For a thousand years you've driven--
For a thousand years and one.
But I'm coming to take possession
Of all that my hands have done.
And cities and towns and highways
I've builded shall be mine own;
And Labor, at last unfettered,
Shall sit on the kingly throne.

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A LABOR DAY FORECAST.

Mrs. Lona Ingham Robinson in the Des Moines
Register and Leader of September 4.

Again the day has arrived when the city's visible genii of the lamp—those who mysteriously bring magical things to pass; those who unmistakably do things; workers who, with farmers, create all the wealth there is, will be for a few hours visibly in evidence on our streets.

Since our childhood days of fairy tales, folk-lore rooted in the dark ages of absolute monarchy, we still incline to the old habit of thought unconsciously breathed in through the pages of primitive romance clear through to the end where the good princess celebrated her marriage to her true prince by ordering a measure of golden coins distributed to each of the poor peasants in the realm; to those tilling the fields, digging in mines, working in looms, clearing forests or burning charcoal in the pits.

Never did it dawn on our innocent minds how the bushels of money came into the possession of the royal family, who never did a stroke of work in their lives, nor how the various toilers in the kingdom, working from dawn till dusk, came to be in such dire need of financial aid.

Thus it became traditional to feel that wealth belonged at the top of the social scale, to those families which for generations did not work, and that poverty belonged by rights to those who were so foolish as to toil, dig and smite and shovel and build and weave all day long.

Even to-day our prevalent political doctrines and the laws and institutions that result therefrom assume that laws must protect those who have wealth in order that a modicum of it can somehow percolate down to the masses and insure them plenty—of work! In Europe to-day a sleep-walking working class concurs in a large measure in this theory and bends the servile knee to the "quality" able to command.

In this country a few centuries of pioneering in our primeval forests and prairies, and of retaining the fruits of honest toil, has bred in our people a common sense "I'm-as-good-as-you-are" feeling now growing more articulate every day, that weakens the social scepter of plutocracy. In a certain pioneer town of South Dakota a few families were sharp enough to acquire wealth and luxury, and naturally would have liked to do a little lording on their own account among their fellow townspeople.

but the joke of it was these worthy people simply would not let them! They were too self-respecting. The opulent element tried to be an upper crust, but the rest of the pie quietly refused to be upper crusted. And so with little envy or ill-nature these bankers, teamsters, lawyers, carpenters, professors, janitors, mistresses and "girls" all dwell together on terms of undisputed social equality.

On the other hand we are all fast coming to see that every possible effort to upset this American tendency to self-respect is being made by a united gang of man hunters and wage trappers now entrenched firmly in our government. Its aim is to put the workers at the point of the sharp prod of necessity where they must beg for jobs and retain only part of their earnings; this humiliates and breaks down self-respect.

To guard against this disaster trades unions have arisen and are growing in power and popularity in spite of the D. M. Parrys, the C. W. Posts, and the Harrison Gray Otises of the country, openly trying to destroy this last bulwark of the working people and deepen the tradition that wealth inherently belongs to those born to command.

In the old fairy books the rack renting, the tax extortioners, the excise collectors and other pirates were omitted. How the trapping of money earned in the sweat of other men's brows was done remained untold. It was trapped between the acts. When the curtain rose the golden princess or the magnificent king already had it. And as Mr. Dooley would observe, "they had had it long enough to look as if it belonged to them."

But our kings and barons have not had their wealth long enough to look as if it belonged to them. When the curtain first rose they did not have it. Plethoric opulence side by side with hunger and famine looks too suspicious. We can fairly see the pits whence so many millions were digged, in the cavernous eyes and cheeks and stomachs of the poor. We have passed the point where we can say of this state of things, "It is the Lord's will," and stop there.

Many are seeing that from all the bountiful provisions of nature, it must be the Lord's will that all should have enough; that our kings and barons have staked out the choicest pickings of our country for themselves: mines, oil wells, forests, water power, municipal franchises, and building sites, seaboard and railway terminals. If there are any left Taft will find them and give the rest away.

All these valuable opportunities for millions of livelihoods are, by our feudal system of land tenure, held out of use except at a prohibitive price, and so, instead of the old free pioneering and prospecting and self-employment of the common people, they must more and more seek jobs at the hands of other men with no alternative but to take them.

But if the masses awaken as fast in the next two decades as they have in the last twenty years the workers will come into their own, and in many States textbooks on these elementary questions will be in the sixth and seventh grade schools, beginning something like the following:

What is wealth? It consists of those products of nature which are by labor either combined, altered, stored or transported to fit them for the use of man.

What are the three modern elements in the creation of wealth? Land, labor and capital.

Which are the fundamental elements? Land and labor.

What is capital? Stored up wealth, primarily produced by labor on land used for the production of more wealth.

Who gets the chief benefit, the wage payer or the wage taker? Under fair conditions the good would be equal.

What are fair conditions? Those when there are as many jobs seeking the men as men seeking the jobs.

When only could these prevail? When the single tax on land values makes it unprofitable to hold land for speculation and only profitable for use.

How would that make fair labor conditions? Millions of jobs now closed would then be open to whoever would care to apply his industry to land in some form; that would leave fewer men to the rest of the jobs and the job would seek the man.

Are there any countries now which maintain these fair conditions? Yes, New Zealand has for many years, and Canada in the northwestern part; England made a beginning over twenty years ago and has nearly completed the revolution.

Is there an appreciable improvement? Startling. Canada is amazing the world. In England that 3,000,000 of East End Londoners swarming in poverty and ignorance are in this generation again becoming something like human beings. The great landed estates are fast becoming transformed into many cozy and picturesque homes for those before unable to own a foot of land in their mother country, and merry England is coming to herself again.

How about this country? Oregon has adopted these fair conditions—Washington, California, Arizona, Colorado, Minnesota and Ohio, beginning in Oregon, one county at a time—with marvelous results.

How about the other States? They are most of them contemplating following suit, as the parasites driven from the other States have infested those that are left to a condition almost unendurable and their people are all migrating to where justice is beginning to be maintained.

Who was the founder of these fair conditions?

Henry George, who first saw the leak by which labor lost its earnings and privilege grew stuffed and overgrown as it reduced men to poverty. His

birthday occurs so near Labor day that it is now always appropriately celebrated on that day as a matter of course.

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NEWTON D. BAKER AS SEEN BY BRAND WHITLOCK.

Reprinted from the American Magazine for September, by Permission.

When the thousands that were gathered for the memorial to Tom L. Johnson that Sunday afternoon under the chestnut trees in Wade Park in Cleveland saw the slight, slender figure in gray standing by the speaker's stand, and recognized Newton D. Baker, they burst into applause and somebody began crying "The next mayor!" And at the words the applause grew louder, and it became, just as the newspapers said, a veritable ovation. Those in Cleveland who are gifted with the spirit of political prophecy say that Newton D. Baker will be the next mayor of that city. Certain it is that he is the leader of the democracy of Cleveland, not only of the Democracy that spells itself with a big "D," but the democracy that spells itself with a little "d," and he is recognized by everyone as the successor of Tom L. Johnson, the logical successor, as the politicians say, and, as those intimately acquainted with the charming circle the great Mayor of Cleveland gathered about him would readily understand, the spiritual successor as well. Lincoln Steffens was right when he called Tom Johnson the best mayor of the best governed city of America, and it is, of course, a difficult task to be the successor of such a man; but Newton Baker is entirely fitted for the work, possibly because in all but principle and ideal he is altogether so different from Tom Johnson. I assume that it must annoy him to be called, as he is so frequently called, "the boy orator" or "the boy solicitor" or "the boy" anything that comes into the mind of the excited adherent in the political meeting; at least it would be annoying to anyone of a temper less kind than Baker's; he knows of course that it is all said in affection, and that people do not differentiate refinement and grace from youth. Baker is just under forty, but he is slender and slight and small in stature, and he might very creditably make up for a juvenile part on the stage, but his face, delicate, spiritual and poetic, shows all the finer qualities of the race and is alive with a superior intelligence. As a lawyer—for four terms the city solicitor of Cleveland—Baker has shown his metal and ability in encounters with the best legal talents the street railway magnates of Cleveland could engage in the eight years' war that resulted finally in Tom Johnson's victory for three-cent fare. Through all the tribunals, up to the Supreme Court of the United States and back again, and over and over, Baker went in the long wrestle of those years, and he won his cases. During all that

time he was Tom Johnson's legal adviser and his political adviser, too, if Tom Johnson ever took political advice from anyone. He did it too without gaining that personal enmity that most men would have made in such a bitter class war, for Baker's philosophy is the high and inspiring philosophy of kindness. I suppose he never said an unkind word about anyone, which sounds extravagant, I know; but then Newton Baker has been extravagant with kindness. And then Baker was the orator of the Cleveland group. Johnson was a tremendously forceful public speaker, but he



couldn't speak long unless somebody contradicted him. And his statements were so simple and positive and direct that it didn't take him long to cover the ground with them. Thus he invited heckling, and he never appeared at better advantage than he did when answering some opponent in the big circus tent in which he held all his political meetings. It was Johnson and Baker and Peter Witt who made the campaign speeches. Baker's oratory is of an order that classifies it in what may be called rather loosely "the new school." That is to say, it lacks the pretense, the sound and fury that have gone with the frock coat and the long hair and the black string tie. It lacks the eternal flapdoodle with which so many senseless periods have been rounded out on the stump in this country by the bawling and blowing politicians of the old