

earth of which it is a part. It is there, in its place to stay forever, or as long as the earth shall endure. The owner can leave it, go away, and stay as long as he likes, with the assurance that whatever happens, even if an earthquake should come, the land will still remain, and will still be subject to his disposition of it.

RELATED THINGS

CONTRIBUTIONS AND REPRINT

"OF LONG DESCENT."

"The grand old gardener and his wife
Smile at the claims of long descent."

A dozen generations proudly mark
The noble lord who sprang from Norman knight,
While only from the sage who manned the Ark
Descends the humble and obsequious wight.
The secret story of his wandering line
Survives the record of ten thousand years,—
'Twas that in splendor on his lineal vine
Nine thousand years ago a king appears.
No matter how I learned the wondrous tale—
This olden king possessed a humble slave
Whose line the fates had suffered not to fail
Until it flowered in the Norman brave.
And more the record of his race revealed—
Ten times the children of the mental rise
To sway the sceptre or to win the field,
While full ten times beneath eternal skies
The royal line becomes the servitor
To fetch and carry for the haughty lord,
Pour out his blood in every wanton war,
And tremble at his master's every word.

Thus up and down and up and down they fare,—
While one is up a thousand years or so,
Fate deals the other his millennial share
Of galling bondage, poverty and woe;
Until at length among the Norman braves,—
Each the descendant of a hundred kings,
Each the descendant of a hundred slaves,—
On Britain's breeze the conqueror's banner flings
Proud plumed knight upon a prancing steed,
Obsequious varlet hastening at his heels.

The flowing centuries offer us the meed
Of wondrous change, and destiny reveals
Perchance the equal balances of fate,
Perchance the subtle humor of her jest,
Who scorns the proud pretensions of the great
And folds a beggar to her ample breast.
For thus it fell; beyond the rolling seas
The humble scion of an ancient line
Sought not in vain for golden argosies,
The rich return of factory and mine.
In the wide West the ancient strain returns,
Majestic mind, unconquerable soul;
And once again the proud ambition burns
To win the glory of a mighty goal,—
Redundant harvests of a thousand wiles,
A host of menials serving his behest,
The proud dominion of unnumbered miles,
A world of golden wealth, and all the rest.

We speak the scorn of this our larger day,
Yet 'tis the logic of the living line
Which trails unbroken to the primal day
And earliest flower of his lineal vine.

So let us pass him by, for like a star
Arises on our vision in the West,—
Who may but humbly worship from afar,—
The magnate's daughter beautiful and blest.

O'er all the seas the splendor of her fame
On silken wing and golden chariot flies;
The Norman's scion feels her radiant flame,
(Computes her millions), languishes and sighs.
'Tis soon they wed, to dwell where Albion flings
Her glorious banner to the winds and waves,—
Each the descendant of a hundred kings,
Each the descendant of a hundred slaves.

BENJAMIN C. MOOMAW.



"GOD KNOWS."

For The Public.

"What are you going to do about the problem of unemployment?" asked a laborer in the audience.
"God knows," President Taft replied.

Thirty-five years ago another American faced the same question, and his answer was substantially as follows:

When the restrictions upon employment are removed, such as the extortions of landlord and tax collector, capital now devoted to the purchase of land titles will be devoted to the production of wealth, lands now held for speculation will be thrown open to the use of the land-hungry, and employment will be limited only by the unsatisfied desires of mankind.

The keen competition of the job-hunters, everywhere reducing wages to a minimum, will be displaced by a keen competition for employes, and the abnormal conditions that make the employe the virtual slave of the employer will disappear. A new basis of co-operation in industry will come about, and social justice will be at hand.

Under such conditions every man, of whatever degree of intelligence, who is willing to labor, will be able to support his family in comfort, with their fair share of the luxuries of life.

HARRY W. OLNEY.



LITTLE TALES OF FELLOW TRAVELERS.

No. 12. Disillusionments and Discoveries.

For The Public.

The same young man of whom you were told, gentle reader, as having once met the Outcast Woman,* began from that hour a struggle to make things better for people who had gone wrong, or

*In The Public of August 23, page 809.

were "on the ragged edge," or in any kind of serious trouble. He found enough to do.

Sometimes he thought with sad amusement of how Dr. Hale's young people, trying with all their energies to do their "level best" in good works, almost became mental, moral and financial wrecks. Everyone came to him, as it seemed, and each of them sent many others. (This is literally true, though it appears to run counter to ordinary mathematics. Sometimes Charity knows neither logic nor arithmetic.)

After he had been deceived many times, had read a whole library of Charitable Association pamphlets, had talked to many, many organizers, and had helped in various sorts of money-raising spees, such as church fairs, his attentive Mother gave him a drastic elucidation of the inevitable end of this trying to empty the ocean of human misery with a five-cent tin pail. Further, endowing him with a railroad ticket and a modestly-lined pocketbook, she bade him put his troubles aside, and wander for a few months among his fellow travelers, high and low, rich and poor. She gently advised him to listen to others and hold his tongue (as far as practicable), also to search diligently for the primary causes of human wretchedness.

"You must find and conquer the Great Illusion," she said.

"I shall go forth like Dr. Syntax," the young man exclaimed, "or somewhat like Japhet in search of his ancestor. Fun of various degrees will be poked at me."

"All the better," retorted that excellent woman. "'Tis the best medicine in the world." So she packed his suitcase, and sent him off that afternoon.

The young man went to New York first; there he lived plainly, went around with many people, and became acquainted with all sorts and conditions of life. He soon found that he could write some, so he did newspaper work and thus paid his way. He went to meetings of every sort of protest and criticism; he listened to John Swinton; he took a modest part in the Henry George campaign for Mayor; he had long talks with Richard Watson Gilder; he came to know little shopkeepers, mechanics, newsboys, hackmen, sailors, saloon-keepers, ward politicians, people on the bread-line, and men who never consciously had any human country, but ran with the wolf-pack. It surprised him very much that when he wrote down the things which he heard and saw, newspapers would actually print them, and pay him good money for what was merely talking on paper. He was entirely free from that pestiferous microbe known as "literary ambition," and though he sometimes worked very hard to get the needed word, he never thought twice about anything after it was printed.

Then he went to other cities, seeing how people

lived, and trying to discover what they were thinking about. More and more he made friends among the poor and lowly; more and more they gave him their affection.

Over the things which he saw his heart sometimes burned within him; he suffered agonies of sternly repressed rage and despair. It became harder for him to produce articles which were cheerful and gentle enough to be sold to the newspapers. About this time he wrote his Mother:

"I sat in a smoker on a fast train once and talked with a very rich man who said that I had more happiness than he had. That surprised me then; I supposed that almost everyone had happiness. But when I told him that it must surely be that all men were meant to be happy; the resources of the earth were sufficient; there should be no poverty, no crime, no misery anywhere.

"That will never be!" he answered. Then as we talked on he told me, I think, exactly how he felt. He had two million dollars, or more, and he worked like a slave, as a Chicago stock-broker. But he would personally prefer to raise colts and plant grapevines.

"I asked: 'And why not?'"

"Finally he said to me this awful thing: 'I am compelled to go on getting money and salting it down, for the sake of my family. This world is so cruel that whoever is down and out is trampled into the dirt. My three daughters might be shop-girls; my wife might scrub floors. Unless I eat up the other fellow, he will eat me up!'"

"It made me mighty sorry for him, and I asked him just as cheerfully as I could whether he ever thought of that other fellow's family.

"'You bet I have,' he told me, 'but it is eat or be eaten in business.' Then he went off, and I never saw him again. I thought then that he was a monster. Now, I know better. He was naturally a good fellow, hanging from the dripping jaws of a Bengal tiger."

Something broke off his letter at this point, but he went on later:

"Now, Mother, I begin to know a little more about it. The first Great Illusion is that rank, money, education or anything whatever except the Immortal Spirit of man, is worth considering. We are truly Fellow Travelers, and everyone is somehow worth while if you can melt through the shell. But one's real friends in life are the ones with whom you are in tune, and they with you. That fellowship knows no bars of race, time, country or occupation. It does not recognize the walls between 'high' and 'low,' 'good' and 'bad.' It is wholly a thing of the spirit. That's what the story of King Cophetua means; that's how he found his helpmate.

"But there is much more to it. The sense of fellowship either grows upon a man until he belongs to all of humanity, or else it narrows down to just his few friends, his family, himself. If it

widens out, he is walking with the great Lovers and Helpers, with St. Francis and Lincoln, even with St. John and Jesus Christ. Then every wrong hurts him hard, every evil becomes his mortal enemy, every grief is made his own. Thus he carries the burden of humanity. It is enough, and more than enough;—he must put aside everything else, and take service at the front, wherever he seems to be most needed.

"But where is this front-line of battle? Essential is the full restoration to all men of long-lost equal opportunity; essential is the enlistment of all men in the age-old struggle towards a complete reconstruction of the social order; essential is the destruction of misery, and the broad-cast sowing of the seeds of peace, joy, fellowship. Important, too, is every possible amelioration of evil, and all the personal help one can give, but these are not the vital issues.

"All this, dear Mother, means to my mind that Materialism is really the great enemy; that an enlightened and progressive Idealism is truly the great good; that we must arouse and educate the public conscience, until the last fortress of Special Privilege is destroyed. In the years to come, men and women must dwell together in happiness, just as the dear people do in William Morris's 'News from Nowhere,' having full access to all the natural resources of bountiful Mother Earth. Prometheus must be unbound."

"You are a radical," his Mother wrote back. "That is good, but do not go too fast. Remember that there is much worth saving; that as the world of living people is more and more flooded with that all-helping love whose ministers are Science and Religion, are deathless Patience and untiring Labor, you will find that even your benighted ancestors were striving towards better things."

She had followed up his work; all which he had written was in her scrap-book, and their correspondence had been on the highest levels. She knew that he was finding his trail towards the snow peaks, and she smiled to think how easily he walked over isms, cults, word-wisdoms and esoteric formulas.

"Come home, young man," she wrote him one day. "Digest these many experiences. The cities wear men out too fast. Pull the rocks from our neglected hillside pasture; help to plant an orchard there; get up your farm-boy muscle again!"

She added from her fruitful wisdom: "I want you to find out that your scattered and secretive neighbors are up against those same world-problems. It is good, too, that one dwells in the world and yet not of it; that you keep a rest-place in the everlasting hills." Some day the city will call you back, and then you will be, God willing, like Bunyan's hero when he met Apollyon in the Valley of Battle."

CHARLES HOWARD SHINN.

REAL ESTATE MEN AND THE SINGLETAX.

Abstract of a Talk by Louis F. Post Before National Association of Real Estate Exchanges, at Louisville, Ky., June 20, 1912, as Published in the August "American City."

Real estate men are accustomed to thinking of the Singletax as hostile to their business. This is not necessarily true. The real estate business is as useful as any other business, when properly carried on. I can think of no circumstances under which we should not need land managers, land brokers, assistants in the general service of the community through the management of locations on the earth's surface. No person engaged in this useful service need have any apprehension of hearing anything disagreeable from me.

But there are real estate men *and* real estate men. Such real estate men as are in the business only as speculators, as gamblers, as mere monopolists of those natural and industrial and social opportunities which are commanded by land ownership, may very well consider that I am criticising them. At any rate, they may consider that I am criticising the conditions which make that kind of occupation profitable.

The essential idea of the Singletax is that the value of land is not in any sense justly private property; that it is a value due to the growth, progress and prosperity of the community and therefore belongs to the community as a whole. Consequently the Singletax in its fullness would take this annual value approximately to the full amount every year for public purposes. On the other hand, the Singletax would leave to the useful member of society—the worker, the business man, the real estate dealer if he is a land manager instead of a mere land monopolist—his entire earnings without any exactions whatever for public purposes. In other words, the Singletax would exempt from taxation all the earnings of industry and enterprise, and take land values into the public treasury.

To understand the nature and effect of this proposal, it is necessary to appreciate one of the most familiar principles of taxation. I refer to what is called the "incidence" of the tax—as to whether or not it "stays put."

Some taxes do "stay put;" the man who pays them is the man who has to bear them. But some taxes do not "stay put;" the man who pays them adds them to the price of his goods or the rent of his property, and adds to them a profit on their amount, when he comes to deal with the final consumer. To illustrate this point with reference to the real estate business, a tax that falls upon houses does not "stay put," but on the whole is added to the rental; whereas a tax upon land values does "stay put." A tax on the value of the site as