

SINGLE TAX REVIEW

An Illustrated Bi-Monthly Magazine
of Single Tax Progress.

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PUBLISHER'S NOTES.

The following notice is for every one of our readers. Copies of the Vancouver, Edmonton or German Numbers may now be had at ten cents a copy mailed free to any addresses. There is no better propaganda pamphlets than these numbers to place in the hands of the inquiring reader. Send in your orders. They are records of things accomplished.

MANY of our subscribers have not responded to the notices sent out soliciting renewal of their subscriptions. We want your help.

LOOK out for the Special British Number which will appear in the Autumn of the year. The Special New Zealand Number as well as another for the Five Australias is in preparation. These will be the last authentic documents respecting the advance made in these countries.

WE bring to a close in this issue the splendid work of Gustave Bûscher on *The Abolition of Poverty*. It is a masterpiece and should be printed in pamphlet form for general distribution. The spirit that animates it is the spirit that conquers. Not a line but breathes the intense uncompromising tone of the agitator and propagandist. Every Single Taxer should ap-

proach the truth for which we stand in this way. The other side will offer all the necessary compromises. These will come faster because of our own uncompromising attitude. But where it is *we* who offer compromises, the invitation will be for weaker and more timid and hesitating expedients from the political powers. We must not adopt toward them the policy of conciliation. In proportion to the vigor and extremity of our demands will be the value of such compromises as we will be asked to accept. Let us make no mistake about this.

DEATH OF EDWARD HOMER BAILEY

(See frontispiece.)

Edward Homer Bailey, whom Single Taxers have long known as the associate editor of the *Johnstown Democrat*, of Johnstown, Pa., died April 26, following an illness of several months.

Mr. Bailey was born in Indiana in 1858, and his early education was limited to four years in the public schools. He entered the newspaper profession and served on a number of papers as compositor. Later he occupied the position as editor of several newspapers successively until associated with his brother, Warren Worth Bailey, he assumed the publication of the *Johnstown Democrat* in 1893.

This most practical and useful training served him in lieu of a college education as a writer, and how admirable was his capacity in this line those who have read "*How to Get Rich Without Working*," which is one of the most vigorous and convincing pamphlets called out by the Single Tax movement, will willingly testify. In his death the cause sustains a loss that will leave a gap in the ranks.

We could fill many pages of the *REVIEW* with newspaper notices of the dead journalist, but no more eloquent and beautiful tribute has been called forth than the oration delivered at the funeral by Herbert S. Bigelow which we offer in full:

"If a man die shall he live again?" This is the question—the eternal question—he is asking. Oh, he has listened to the sound

of the sea, he has beheld the majesty of the hills, he has stood beneath the stars, and all these have forced upon him this age-long question: "If a man die shall he live again?" He may try to forget the good and he may say: "I will eat, drink and be merry," but it is only for a little while, then the question comes back again. The chasm opens before him. The gloom presents itself. He gropes about for a hand, but he finds none. Alone he came, alone he must go. And if he takes his journey from this world without the belief that we see but a little part of it, that the great universe of reality is still hidden, that the things of the spirit are the things that are lasting, it is well. For the things of the flesh are the things that perish, and not the things of the soul. If he came through life without this capacity he is indeed pitiable. The materialist will tell us that all there is to life is a certain organization—dancing atoms—and when this ceases to act all life goes. They tell me that the love of my child, the light of his eyes, the impulse that sends words of love to his lips, these are many dancing atoms that will never dance this way again. The mother's sacrifice, the poet's song, the prophet's words—dancing atoms are they all, if the materialist is right, and our dreams are but the phantoms of an endless night.

Surely we should turn in an hour like this from that philosophy to appropriate to ourselves the faith of Him who said: "I am the resurrection and the life."

I believe that man is a god. Life is gradual awakening. Death is the glorious dawn.

Once I stood on the shores of the Pacific, at the harbor of the Golden Gate, looking out on those western waters at the sun sinking in the west across the sea. There was a path of gold. Now and then a ship would cross the path, its sails glinting in the light of the sun. And then the sun sank and the gold faded away and the winds arose and the waves began to beat upon the shadowy coves. Then like a rush of mighty waters a question swept my soul. "Who is it," I began to ask myself, "that rocks these mighty waters? Whose spirit is it that holds this world's domain above the ocean's roll?" And greater mystery still,

I said, "Who is it that rules that I can contemplate these things till I seem to become a part of the spirit that moves on the face of the deep and on the world above?"

And then I answered my own question with the faith that I had learned from childhood; with the faith that all the teachers of men have taught; with the faith that has never died, that never will die from the world, and I said to myself this: "Just as the dewdrop falls into this ocean, not to lose itself, but to become a part of the sea, and part of the universal life, and to feel in its bosom the thrill of the ocean, with power to bear the commerce of the world and wear away the rocks, so the soul of a man is a drop that falls into the great sea of God's love, not to lose itself, but to become a part of the universe's life, to become filled with a sense of the infinite. I would bring this word of comfort to those who sit in grief this afternoon, and to the rest of us I would bring a word to remind us of the life that has been lived, and to suggest that our thought this afternoon would be not the grief-stricken thought of the life that has been lost, but rather triumph and gratitude for the life that has been lived, essentially—profoundly—religious.

Precisely what did this life present as an example to men? We know this: that this man did not eat and drink and gather gold, but his was a life of enthusiasm. This man was not a mere encumberer of the earth, but there glowed in his heart a great truth to which he gave his life like an apostle of God. Why, the life of some men is a living death. Their career seems to be like one prolonged funeral service. They are dying day by day. They never really live. Nor can a man until he feels in his heart that there is something greater than himself for which he must live—not until he gets some truth, some cause that he loves more than his very life—not until then does he understand the meaning of life. And this was the virtue of our friend. He had an open mind. He had a tender heart. And one day there came along a man who taught him a truth. And our friend says that it was because of blindness to that truth that there is so much of injustice and poverty in the world. And then

it became his mission in life not to make money, not to win fame, but to teach that truth. Why, one or two such men as he in this community have manifestly, to one like myself who comes as a visitor, created a distinctive atmosphere here of intelligence and sympathy. What a monument he has left himself—a monument of brothers and sisters who knew him and whose minds have been opened and whose hearts have been touched by the gospel of justice and love that he preached! What a fearful thing it is for us men and women to consider chiefly our own needs day by day, to feel no deep concern for the world's suffering, to have no real part in the great world's struggle, to have no real kinship with the prophets, but to be just so much dead human material, eating and sleeping and gathering gold and waiting to die! But thank God there are always a few such as our friend to speak to those who have ears to hear, to plead with those who have hearts to feel, to call us away from that life of living death up into the plane of companionship with the prophets, with those men and women who seek the important truths of their time, who feel the wrongs of their day and who know that the very best they can get out of life is that they should be a part of the real living forces of their own generation, making for religiousness and for the kingdom of God upon earth.

Ah, my friends, men and women are full of the memories of him. Let us teach ourselves that we shall no longer go through life indifferent to the words of the prophets, calloused to the suffering of our fellows, but that more searchingly than ever before, for his sake and for our own, we will ask ourselves, "What is truth?" And we will pray, "Teach us to know the truth, that the truth may make us free." Oh, let it not in any port be said by the wave billows that some light failed on a certain stormy night to shine brightly at the harbor head. Let seamen, by whatever coast they come, call out to each other as they pass by, "Trim the lamps! Let rays ever burn high! There are no lights to spare! There are no lights to spare!"

TAXES upon goods are taxes upon labor.

DEATH OF MICHAEL FLURSCHEIM.

The news of the death of Michael Flurschein in Berlin on April 24 comes to us almost as a personal loss. For we at once recall, not what seemed to us his irritating lapses from clear thinking which made him a protectionist and advocate of land nationalization, but the delightfully sweet and gentle tone of many communications to the REVIEW which disarmed hostility and made us wish that the views he held were the possession of some less rare and lovable personality.

Yet spite of all his curious reasoning which led him to discard truths which to us seem so obvious, it may be gratefully acknowledged that the German movement for the restoration of man's equal rights to the earth—which is now finally directed into a far different channel than Mr. Flurschein would have chosen, owes much to his early teachings. From the consideration of the paramount importance of the land question to all other questions he, at all events, never wavered. His "Clue to the Economic Labyrinth"—a characteristic title, for it was owing to a peculiar intellectual bent that he could not see the forest for the trees—a volume of over 500 pages, contains much that is valuable though much, too, that is curiously self-revealing as to his limitations.

Now is not the time, however, to indicate these intellectual shortcomings. It is enough to say that after long years of untiring and unselfish service to what he deemed the truth a most sweet and gracious spirit has passed from among us. Let us give to his memory something of the great and patient love he gave the world.

THE more land speculators get the less land workers get.

THE more shoddy in the coat the more "protection to wool."

A TAX on improvements on land is a fine on all the virtues.