

Mr. Swinney in his labors of distribution of literature, and much other work that is being carried on. It may establish permanent headquarters, appoint organizers to watch legislation that needs to be promoted or defeated, gather up the scattered activities and draw them together to one spot—as is done in England, under the leadership of John Paul—thus securing the efficiency that comes from co-ordination. And it may be able to do something to induce the public press of the country to acquaint its readers with the remarkable progress of the movement in England and Scotland. All these are matters for the coming conference to consider. But in view of what may be undertaken, it is idle to ask what real good organization can effect. The real weakness of our movement has been its lack of organization.

There is little danger that organization can be wrested from its real purpose to aid the political ambitions of any aspirant, though we fancy that is the fear which sincerely influences some of our friends in their lukewarm attitude toward the conference. That there has been too much of ill advised support of many sporadic and pseudo reforms and sensational candidacies may be admitted. But this has been done in the absence of organization. The political ambitions of a few of our number have been satisfied—with what results to their active interest in the bridge that carried them over we are now, in one or two conspicuous instances, acquainted, with some mortification. With a thorough enrollment of Single Taxers organized for the advancement of measures looking in our direction, and remaining in close touch with one another, we are not nearly so apt to serve the purposes of ambitious individuals whose more or less active connection with the cause is used to dazzle the managers of some political machine with visions, "terrible as an army with banners," of rewards that await the party through their nominations and the consequences to be looked for in the event of their failure to receive recognition. With a compact organization we are far less likely to figure as a floating political asset.

J. D. M.

PRIMITIVE PERCEPTIONS OF JUSTICE

At Tulsa, last month, Chitto Harjo, or Crazy Snake, of the Creeks, pleaded for a return to the conditions under the treaty of 1832, when the Indians held land in common, and roamed as nomads. "In 1492 when a man landed on American shores named Columbus, whom did he find here?" cried Harjo. "Did he find the white man? No. He found the Indian. What did he say to the Indian? He said: 'The land is all yours. I will protect you.'"

DEATH OF J. H. WELLS.

Jonathan H. Wells, who passed away at East Moriches, Long Island, on March 31st, of heart disease, was an earnest and devoted worker for the Single Tax. In another column appears an article from his pen, the writing of which was suggested by another who has also passed away, the well beloved Ernest Crosby.

Mr. Wells was sixty-five years old at the time of his death. His career was not an eventful one. It was the life of the average good man who walks upright and does his duty as it comes to hand. But while he did not appear in the limelight his quiet, persistent work for the cause was not unobserved.

He worked as clerk in a store in his younger days, served as proofreader on the *Christian at Work*, and later was employed in the office of the White Star line. For the last four years he has lived in retirement at his home on Long Island, much broken in health.

He was a member of the Church of the New Jerusalem. He leaves a wife and son, and lies buried in Riverhead, a few miles from his boyhood home.

DEATH OF J. WARNER MILLS.

The death of J. Warner Mills, in Denver, Colorado, removes from the sphere of activity one who was claimed by both Single Taxers and Socialists as belonging to their number. But he had always helped the Single Tax movement, and accepted fully the logic of our position.

He had been prominent in the forward movements of the State, and shares largely the credit of having secured the franchise for the women of Colorado.

From an eloquent tribute appearing in the Rocky Mountain (Denver) *News*, written by J. R. Herman, we extract the following: "J. Warner Mills, great-hearted, brainy, loyal and true, is gone and the world is sadder to-day because of that incident, but happier because he trod for a brief moment on life's stage.

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The materialism of this age idealizes intellect for the same reasons that the Romans made a god of physical strength, but materialism of all ages despises heart, and delights itself in firing its merciless shafts of ridicule into the defenceless heart that has the temerity to love. But Mr. Mills was armored. Not only did he have the power to love, but he had the intellect to command the respect of those mummies who sneer at unselfishness, just as the Christian gladiator's physical strength commanded the respect of a heartless Nero.

And I fancy now that if he found heaven blocked off in squares with that staring insult to God, 'lots for sale,' he would be

found not on the throne of privilege, but doing battle against the same forces that deprive millions of their inheritance on God's footstool, the earth. But in spite of the injustice here, let us hope that his battles for those whom he never saw and could never hope to see, will entitle him to an equal share in heaven, if it was denied him on earth; and as the curtain arose that revealed to him the other world, the joyous music and song that would emanate from a society which practiced the teachings he believed in would be wafted to his enraptured soul by breezes that floated over a people freed from greed, selfishness and oppression."

DEATH OF THOMAS JONES HASTINGS.

(Died *ae* 73. Following is the address delivered by Rev. John Gregson which is an eloquent tribute containing the essential facts in a noble life. This address was made at the meeting of the Mass. Single Tax League in Boston on May 18th.)

"How happy is he, born or taught,
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill.

"This man is freed from servile bands
Of hopes to rise, or fears to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing yet hath all."

"The death of Major Thomas Jones Hastings has filled a good many hearts with grief at the loss of a very true friend. His character of simple, candid and kindly friendliness bound him to his friends with strong ties of respect and affection, and their bereavement finds its only solace in the remembrance of these precious traits in him, and in the hope of a blessed immortality.

There was in Major Hastings a certain characteristic unselfishness. From his youth up, the ideal of his life seemed to be devotion of all his powers to the righteous cause which lacked assistance. This was the motive which led him to join the company of those who wished to rescue Anthony Burns from Slavery. But the better counsel prevailed; to suffer wrong rather than resist it by unlawful means, and, perhaps, the shedding of the life blood of innocent men.

A similar motive of unselfish devotion led him to enlist in the Fifteenth Massachusetts Infantry. The men who went to the war at that time were not moved by mercenary motives. It was to save the Union, and to deliver a race from slavery, that they took up arms. And this devotion kept Major Hastings constant to duty through all the perilous and toilsome campaigns of the Army of the Potomac. A service beginning at Ball's Bluff, and ending at Appomattox speaks of much hard work, of many dangers, and of loyal devotion, founded upon the hope of things not seen as yet and of much glory, as men count

glory. But the praise of a gallant, valorous and honorable soldier is warranted by scripture. To these qualities our friend added those of a loyal and gentle comrade. To this service he gave four years of his youth. Surely for a country saved by such devotion we are warranted to hope all good things.

The City of Worcester, the well beloved heart of the Commonwealth, declared its appreciation of Major Hastings' character and achievements when it sent him to the Legislature. In that body he showed that he possessed power of a very rare kind. The measures he introduced for the improvement of our taxation laws were carried through in the face of a powerful opposition; founded partly in ignorance of the true principles of taxation, partly due to a blind devotion to vested interests, and partly to a stolid and stupid indifference. In the course of this battle Major Hastings' attention was called incidentally to the Single Tax, and the measures he advocated are now the law in this Commonwealth.

The reading of "Progress and Poverty" made Major Hastings a Single Taxer. He labored with Henry George to have this cause triumph. But for a man of his sincerity to embrace the Single Tax meant a great conversion. He had been a protectionist; he was now a free trader, and he accepted these new doctrines with a clear comprehension of their bearing, and as knowing that it meant to him the loss of his standing as a Republican politician in the city of Worcester. His unselfish devotion to a great idea kept him constant, however, and it was a joy to him that this devotion cost him something. As president of the Worcester Single Tax Club he kept that cause before the public by meetings, and by his own personal labors and the distribution of literature, and his advocacy strengthened the cause greatly. He organized a memorial meeting held in the South Unitarian church, to honor Henry George, whom he knew personally, and loved and mourned.

For many years Major Hastings had been treasurer of the co-operative banks of Worcester. The success of these institutions there has been largely due to his integrity and industry. He was constant and faithful in their service, and his memory will long be cherished in many humble households as that of a personal friend and benefactor. And now we bid him farewell for a time, and commend him to the care of the loving Father of all men. Surely if we who knew him here loved him because he was lovable, much more will his Father love him, because He knows him better than we did.

"I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care."