

not going to blame you no more for joining up with the Order of the Fiddles and the Cats. Those Single Taxer people see it what's wrong.' And Miss Lape, Madam, if I had my way the days of Mr. Meyers and landlords like him would be numbered. I would rather see the Fiddles and the Cats and their idea of 'the Earth for all, and no Taxes' a success than the success of Mr. Bok's idea of a League of Nations. As I said to Livingston, the Fiddles and the Cat idea comes nearer home to us poor people than Mr. Bok's idea does. Respectfully yours,

Sarah Steinfeld Livingston.

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Royal Andrews is a near-Single Taxer who sees the cat as through a jungle. But he has an instinctive sense of right and wrong, and we of the Cat and the Fiddle have a high regard for him. He showed us a copy of what he had written to the Committee:

"Hon'able Committee, gemmen, excuse me, but yo is Boking up de wrong tree. You all hasn't included de cullud people in yo League, an twill yo does and shows 'em more consideration yo will never arrive nowhere. Dis is a very wide question. We done left de South case we wasn't wanted dere no longer. We is a polite people and don't care to include ourselves. But son, now dey's beggin' us to come back to our old home. An' de change in manners have come quicker'n yo could bat yo eye. Only give de cullud people a part of God's earth to live on (I reckon dey don't want so much of it nuther) an' dey is de most friendliest, obsequious people in de world. Now, Mr. Bok, what yo want to go foolin' with dem slick gemmen over dere in Europe for, when we done got gumption nough right here to settle our affairs by ourself? So, yo Hon'able Committee, I just says its wastin' valuable time what yo all is tryin' to do. Trust in de Lord. De Lord is trusty. He give to people dis and dat—His *friends* he feeds on 'possum fat. What we all needs is a square deal, an' speakin' for de cullud people dey is certainly out to git some of dat fat. Yo respectfull

Royal Andrews.

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Adèle Bonnyclabber sent the following. My dear Miss Lape—You doubtless note that I have written "personal" on the envelope enclosing this, for I did so want to ask you if you are related to my dear friend, Lily Lape of Savannah? Lily and I are both Daughters of the Revolution and Colonial Dames, so this will help you to place us. Of course, speaking of dear Mr. Bok's splendid Competition, one learns to fight shy of competitions, though in this instance the list of judges is so distinguished as to leave no room for captious criticism. I do so hope that a woman will win the prize! Don't you think that by nature we are better adapted than men to visualize and render concrete those far reaching, vague yearnings and ideals of the race, one of which, it seems to me, is the world-wide, almost cosmic struggle for peace? The struggle for peace ever

since the close of the Great War has been a case in point. I had intended formulating the results of my studies and observations and sending them in, but I am just returned from Europe quite used up by my efforts in aiding some friends of mine who stood for parliament in the recent English election, and who, alas, were beaten by those rowdy Labor people over there. It was such a shock to one's nerves that I've been upset ever since, and this will explain to Mr. Bok why at least one of his ardent admirers has not been able to respond. Hoping to hear that Lily and you are related, I remain, my dear Miss Lape,

Yours very cordially,

Adèle Bonnyclabber

Third Parties

THE longer a political party remains a going concern, the less it remembers the principles and truth that called it into being and the more it tends to rely on the vast accumulation of patronage, the tradition of the voter to continue voting the same ticket and on the growing pork barrel blackmailed from vested wrongs based on some special privilege.

Revolt from "progressives," from within and attack from new parties from without challenge all the mediocre generalship of the old guard to maintain control. When the new movement represents merely a superficial reform and does not seriously threaten vested wrongs like the bi-metalism of a Bryan or the tariff reform of a Cleveland, the old guard compromises with the new force and backfires against it after election. When the new movement represents a fundamental attack on vested wrong, like the abolition of chattel slavery, the old guard "stands pat" and refuses to compromise, in fact compromise now becomes impossible. The fight goes to a finish, and the new party is born like the birth of the Republican Party prior to the Civil War.

The Lovejoys, Garrisons and Harriet Beecher Stowe and others like them, had already stung chattel slavery to its death, so it remained for the new party to dig the grave and attend to the obsequies, but that did not prevent the old guard in the Republican Party from claiming the entire credit or from waiving the trophies won long before the party was born. The trophies now became the totem poles to hold the voter in line while the new slavery to vested wrongs was being formed.

So, too, Thomas Jefferson sponsored the "direct tax" of the Federal Constitution, and which (excepting that it be apportioned among states according to population) is the SINGLE TAX of today, but so far has the old guard in the Democratic Party drifted away from the principles of Jefferson that they now regard and frequently charge the Single Taxer with being "red." This drifting away from fundamental democracy has no effect in shaming the old guard from lifting the memory and traditions of Thomas

Jefferson as a totem pole or waving the trophies of General Jackson at every election.

It was the traditions of Jeffersonian democracy that lured the Single Taxers into the Democratic ranks and led them to hope against hope that the old guard would and could come back. They were doomed to disappointment and disillusionment for the Single Tax is fundamental dynamite to vested wrong and it never had a chance.

The Single Taxer blundered in believing that the old guard cared anything for the faith of Jefferson. To their mind, that was ancient history. Had they read history with ordinary care, they would not have blundered. One striking instance of this stands forth in familiar sacred history:—The New Dispensation in the history of the Jews. The old guard of the Synagogue would have nothing of Him while the rank and file heard Him gladly. When He became dangerous to their organization, they found a way to get rid of Him. Nor did the Nazerene attempt to promulgate his truth through the perfect and powerful religious organization of his day. It was too fundamental. Even His disciples could not understand this and they cried out against Him, but He would not spare them the light. He chose the only possible way—the rough and stony path and saved the Cross.

The truth recalled by Henry George in "Progress and Poverty" is bringing on another irrepressible conflict. It is already vitally affecting human thought over the world. England, her colonies and war stricken Europe are gradually turning to it. Through what length of time it will run, nobody knows, but the blunder of the past is corrected. It is again becoming NEWS and the day of suppression is over and a new SINGLE TAX PARTY a going concern in the U. S. and elsewhere. The paths will be kept open and the standard unfurled to serve as a rallying point for those who have lost hope in the "Old Guards." It has taken geologic patience, but the day is breaking and the movement can no longer be ignored. It will find more and more men and women who will ask nothing of it but the right to work and fight for it for the spirit of the Single Taxer is the spirit of the Crusader. It is the only answer to bolshevism and the doctrine of Karl Marx and is native to American soil and not associated with a foreign accent, for Henry George was a native born American of an honored stock.

N. A. VYNE.

Now, go into the cities, and what do you see? Why, you see even a lower depth of poverty; aye, if I would point out the worst of the evils of land monopoly I would not take you to Connemara; I would not take you to Skye or Kintyre—I would take you to Dublin, or Glasgow or London. There is something worse than physical deprivation, something worse than starvation; and that is the degradation of the mind, the death of the soul. That is what you will find in those cities. —HENRY GEORGE.

Letters to A Socialist Friend

I

My Dear Bob:—

We have known each other too long not to be perfectly frank on matters upon which we differ. You know that I esteem very highly your knowledge of history, of literature and belles lettres. But for your opinions on economics, which you fondly call your "convictions," I am forced to entertain a rather contemptuous indulgence.

For you are like so many men of literary gifts. Your mental attitude toward questions of economic or social importance are aesthetical rather than ethical. You do not think it becoming or really polite to be moved strongly, to hold to truth with the vigor and strength of deep-seated conviction. All this jars upon your sensitive temperament, your love of beauty, your sense of the rhythmical in nature. Yet one of your favorite poets has said:

"Beauty is Truth, Truth beauty—that is all
We know on earth and all we need to know."

Your hatred of our present unjust social system springs therefore from your love of beauty, or what is the same thing, your hatred of ugliness. The ethical seems too hard and rigid a thing. Therefore your philosophy is one-sided. You miss so much of the problem.

You are attracted to socialism principally because of your aesthetical attitude toward every problem. You make your own socialism, just as every other socialist does—out of your imagination. You make a beautiful picture—and call it economics. You anathematize social institutions, and think your fulminations sociological, whereas they are only the reactions of a super-refined intellect to the ugliness of which you complain.

I do not quarrel with your attitude. "Beauty is truth, truth beauty." But somehow you do not feel this as Keats did. Your intellect succumbs to the aesthetical, is overwhelmed by it. You construct your social structure as an artist in love with beauty, you do this with the creative impulse, and because you are an artist, and love to see the thing taking shape, as under the sculptor's hand the plastic clay is moulded to shapes of grace and beauty. But social and economic institutions are not builded in this way. There is no need to construct them artificially. They are here, as much a part of the ordained universe as the suns and the seasons.

THE NATURAL LAWS

You grow impatient when I talk of laws—the laws of wages, the law of rent, the law of competition. You see the anarchy of distribution—straightway, because of its imperfections, its actual hideousness, you would substitute for it a creation of your own imagining, like the artist, never like the scientist.

Your love of beauty has made you intellectually lazy. You will not think—you prefer to feel—again like the