

## The Wonder of it All

VISUALIZE, if you can, an educational institution (which actually exists) endowed with one hundred and thirty millions of dollars and embodying buildings worth thirty million dollars more. Visualize its personnel of four thousand employees, including one thousand professors and instructors. Add to the picture nine thousand students. Towering above it all, fancy that you see an institutional president possessed of "scientific imagination" with the ability to "peer ahead into those shadowy regions where facts are missing and progress is made by groping"—one who knows all about the mysterious stuff that makes grass green.

Forget, for the moment, all about the multiplicity of similar institutions which lie scattered round about this lop-sided earth.

The question is: How, with the potential power expressed in these millions and millions of dollars—with the potential power packed into one thousand super-intellec[t]s, three thousand assistant-intellec[t]s, and nine thousand inquisitive intellec[t]s, how was the "depression" of 1929-37 able to elude all this power—how has Single Tax escaped detection during the "peering into those shadowy regions where facts are missing and progress is made by groping?"

—THOMAS N. ASHTON.

IT is a depressing thought—or isn't it?—that in a world made free, or what—(with a flash of insight)—Lenin called "a free economy," that about nine-tenths of the literature of the world will cease to have any value. The little that will remain is that which enshrines pure art. A good deal of poetry will survive, a small percentage of the philosophy, few of the works of fiction, and little of the works of religion and theology. All the works on political economy, save only the writings of Adam Smith and Henry George, will be relegated to the dust heap.

In this there is nothing to regret. Writings without thought have no value in themselves. It was Solomon who said that "Of making books there is no end." That was so in his day and not so much as a bibliography of the contemporary books of Solomon's time survive. A like fate awaits the books of today. Every book that is forgotten is so much gain because the forgetfulness that has overtaken them prove they are best forgotten.

## Miscellany

### WHY LABOR'S FIGHT IS FUTILE

Strikes are inconclusive and futile because they deal merely with surface issues, on the assumption that the merits of these controversies are simply between "capital and labor." No light is being thrown on the subject by anything which labor leaders or business men are saying today. Moreover, the struggle is deliberately carried

up to the point of irreconcilable divergence of interest by the current Marxian philosophy, which openly proclaims class war leading to the downfall of private enterprise, and public ownership of productive capital. Marx's book, *Capital*, pillories the business man, and knows nothing about the great fiscal compromise on which modern parliamentary government is based, according to which the main tax burden is loaded upon manufacture and commerce.

This compromise is now in slow process of reversal by Great Britain, "the mother of parliaments." Along these lines the logic of modern history is moving, and hence the struggle between capital and labor is a false alarm which obscures the underlying problem of civilization. The whole subject of industrial relationships will continue to be plunged in the darkness that now surrounds it until the real nature of the social-economic problem is recognized not only by labor and capital, but by the general public.

LOUIS WALLIS in the *Christian Century*.

### SIGNIFICANT WORDS FROM PRESIDENT LINCOLN

"It is not needed, nor fitting here (message to Congress in re the civil war) that a general argument should be made in favor of popular institutions; but there is one point, with its connections, not so hackneyed as most others to which I ask a brief attention. It is the effect to place capital on an equal footing with, if not above, labor, in the structure of government. It is assumed that labor is available only in connection with capital; that nobody labors unless somebody else, owning capital, somehow by the use of it induces him to labor. This assumed, it is next considered whether it is best that capital shall hire laborers, and thus induce them to work by their own consent, or buy them, and drive them to it without their consent. Having proceeded thus far, it is naturally concluded that all laborers are either hired laborers or what we call slaves. And further, it is assumed that whoever is once a hired laborer is fixed in that condition for life.

Now, there is no such relation between capital and labor as assumed, nor is there any such thing as a free man being fixed for life in the condition of a hired laborer. Both these assumptions are false, and all inferences from them are groundless.

Labor is prior to, and independent of, capital. Capital is only the fruit of labor, and could never have existed if labor had not first existed. Labor is the superior of capital, and deserves much the higher consideration. Capital has its rights, which are as worthy of protection as any other rights."

(Abraham Lincoln in his message to Congress on Dec. 3, 1861.)

### FROM AN INFLUENTIAL FARM JOURNAL

The tendency for all increases in income to be absorbed in land prices must be generally recognized, as economists have recognized it for over a hundred years, and steps must be taken to prevent it, if we are to have a permanently prosperous and unburdened agriculture. The remedy that preserves private possession and fits in with a free economy—the remedy now being advocated in Denmark—is to place all taxes on land values.—*Nebraska Union Farmer*.

### A POINT OF VIEW ON SITDOWNS

Nobody, says everybody, ever made any money just sitting around, and that sounds reasonable, too. That is, it did until a few minutes ago, when my old friend, Jim Soandso, told me of a Chicago citizen, who acquired a five-million-dollar skyscraper by doing nothing but sitting around long enough.

The way it happened was something like this. A long time ago, when Chicago was still a straggling string-town on the lake, a white