

ARE WE MEN?

"We are starving!"
In the richest city in the
Christian world!
Food, shelter, clothing
Were never as abundant
Yet the cry from
Ten thousand women—
"We are starving!"

"We are starving!"
Men sit with folded hands
Or loiter to discuss politics
Or rush about for more
Dollars than they need—
Men—are they Men
Who heed not the cry
"We are starving?"

"We are starving!"
And the land lies fallow.
A billion waiting acres
And a million idle men—
Are we men?—

Who give half a million dollars
To investigate (!!) the cry
"We are starving?"

"We are starving!"
Do we give them food—the
Starving women and children?
We have no money for that—
There's no fund available!
But we have fifty millions
For death machinery to drown the cry
"We are starving!"

—LUKE NORTH

EVERYMAN

Against all
that limits Man



for The
Great Adventure

The First Great Reform

By HENRY GEORGE

The Hour of Action

Great Adventure Conference
in Atlantic City

The Mighty Rebel

The Tenent

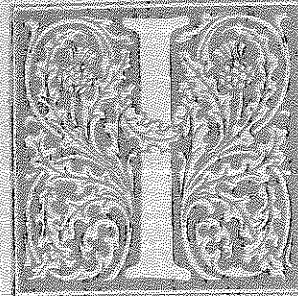
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LUKE NORTH
EDITOR

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THE MIGHTY REBEL

Dedicated to the Great Adventure



I AM THE REBEL—the mighty Rebel!
My soul has burst its bonds with love.
In me is all power, all strength;
In me is that which is unconquerable but which conquers all;
In me the dream of beauty;
In me the perfect faith.

I am the Rebel—the mighty Rebel!
I am he who hopes all, dares all, wins all.
I am the Lover of men.
I will shake down every king from off his throne;

I will humble every empire to the dust.
The chains of men I will break asunder;
The prison doors I will fling wide.
The outgrown creeds and laws I cast aside.
The implements of war and death I burn up with the passion of my love.
Man shall be free—
He shall be free at last!

I am the Rebel—the mighty rebel!
Over the world I hurl my song—and well may the Masters tremble!
Thruout all time they sought to bind me;
They hounded me and threatened;
They builded for me prisons;
They crucified my body;
But I was far above it;
My soul they could not touch.
The earth is fertile with my blood—
And from it shall spring Freedom!

I am the Rebel—the mighty Rebel
Destructive and constructive—both am I.
With the potent passion of my love I burn all evil, ignorance, and lust;
All tyranny and greed to ashes turn.
Beneath the mighty passion of my love
The souls of men burst thru the husks
And dare!—
Dare to be free, to know, to love, to live—
Dare to be men
After the centuries of pain.

I am the Rebel—the mighty Rebel!
I am the builder of the world!
I build with courage and with strength;
I build with beauty and with love;
I build the Dream into the hearts of men;
I build the great new world of Brotherhood;
The world where poverty is not,
The world that has forgotten war and greed,
The world where every soul shall live its fullest love
Unhampered and unbound—
The world of freedom and of joy.

I am the Rebel—the mighty Rebel!
I am the Lover of men!

RUTH
LE PRADE



EVERYMAN

PUBLISHED BY GOLDEN PRESS, FAY LEWIS, PRESIDENT
232 DOUGLAS BUILDING, LOS ANGELES

HERMAN KUEHN
EDGCUMB PINCHON
Associate Editors

The pathway of human progress
is not Inside statutory or constitu-
tional procedure. —Buckle

Entered in post office at Los Angeles as second class mailing matter.

Telephone Main 4905

Vol. 12

(Year \$1.00)

MARCH 1917

(Copy 10 cts.)

No. 2

The editor alone is responsible for, and is the writer of, every line herein not otherwise signed or credited.

THE HOUR OF ACTION

THESE are the darling hours of history, days of romance and heroism for the children of the future, times whose wonderful happenings will be the epics of greater poets than Homer.

These are the hours of the culmination of causes, the fruition of dreams and desires—the time of sudden changes, the blossoming of toilsome accretions to quick transformations.

Everywhere the Powers of Darkness, the hosts spawned of fear and unfaith—the little captains of timidity and chicanery and the big generals of huge cruelties and greeds—are concentrating their forces.

Everywhere the Powers of Life—men of faith and fearless, urged by daring love, audacious intelligence and sympathy—are girding for Action.

Soon they will meet!

Don't you believe in evolution, one is so often asked by the timid?

I believe in nothing but Man, I answer.

Evolution is not a thing to believe in, but a thing to observe and ponder.

Pile all your faith on the altar of Human Beings. It is capacious enough to hold all the Faith of this era—and much more.

Evolution, if pondered a little, reveals two phases: one of slow accretions, the other of sudden mutations.

The new type—tho eons prepare for it—comes like a flash. Leave out either factor, and there is no evolution. It is the quick meeting of the negative and the positive wires that gives electric power or light. Either wire alone is helpless.

"Evolution" that consists of nothing but slow growths, step-by-step processes, "evolves" to—nothing at all.

Nature leaps betimes—and the Unexpected

occurs. The Great Adventure is the unexpected. None of the text books foretold it. No academician predicted it. Indeed it was prohibited, forbidden, by all the schools of economics and sociology. Orthodox singletax, socialism, and anarchism are equally shocked by it.

What!—practise Now!

What a pall of cowardice and constitutional-ity rests on the shopkeeper's world of respectability! Not that the men who keep shop are cowardly or constitutional, but the little politicians who think they represent them.

There are merchants who sell goods, but not themselves, and orators who are proud of selling nothing but themselves.

What a beautiful abandon of material interests in the world this hour!—millions of souls braving unspeakable tortures in the trenches and under the seas for the sole gain of an impersonal ideal, "God and my country"! And—what the press doesn't tell—other millions, more courageous! braving the scorn and tortures of the smug, holding steadfast against the hypnotism of the murderous daily press, standing as firmly for Life as plutocracy does for death, refusing to kill or to countenance the killing of human beings for the profit of the war lords.

They send them white feathers and call them cowards. Wait. You will see. Here is real daring, wedded to intelligence. These will be first in the real Armageddon, when Esdraelon's plains will ring with the world battle of the hosts of Darkness and of Light—when, not human beings shall be slain, but the constitutions, codes, and conditions that limit and degrade them.

These are extravagant, melo-dramatic days, when the souls of Men expand and burst thru customs, creeds, and constitutions—doctrines,

tenets, and theories—into Action. This is the world's hour of Action!

Only of blind, senseless, stupid, murderous, constitutional, statutory Action?

No, of Intelligent Heartful Action as well.

Keep still, timid souls, you will see. Finally—ere long, very soon—the world impulse will pierce even your carapace of respectability, stir the hero within, reveal the Man that even you are at bottom—the Man who will risk his all and himself to stay the world's needless cruelty to the weak, halt the starving of nursing mothers, the murder and debasement of childhood—open the wide rich earth to its idle, famished, cramped, war mad millions! Even you will see the vision and hear the "voices" calling to Action.

Who will not hear and see, if we, the Few Fearless—the few with open hearts and free minds, unbound to any ist or ism, doctrine or tenet, with unshaken faith in Men—(keepers, yes, keepers of the Grail)—if we with unbroken step move forward intelligently, openly, audaciously, to a definite immediate Goal, to be reached in a particular manner on a specified date—who will not hear and see and fall in line? Very few—fewer than there are of us now.

The christian world is tired of its heavy burden of Greed—longs to be shown how to cast it off. Human hearts are waiting, searching, longing for the ray of Light from an Ideal that shall lead to Action!

This is the hour of evolutions' sudden mutations!—a time when the Aloe blossoms, after its "sleep in a century of suns."

To this time comes the new and unexpected, The Great Adventure, natural son of the "unlawful" mating of Head and Heart. Comes The Great Adventure to knit close those who Care, Dare, and Know!

You were looking for a "man on horseback," for one brandishing a sword and calling "Follow me to victory!" You were looking for a new Messiah with an aureole round his brow. Yes, you were looking for the historic, the known, the thing or the personage that has happened before. Yet the business of your boasted evolution is to produce the new form, bringing it to vision quickly. The aged heavy wine bursts the old bottles—New Bottles for Old Wine is the way of things.

Only the form of The Great Adventure is new. Its soul is older than the floor of the sea.

Came an Ideal instead of a man on horseback or in a manger. Came a possible, definite, realizable Ideal held high by three hundred thousand men and women of the Golden West!—

held so high and bold, its light so brilliant, that now all the world can see. The flash of that ideal has leaped across the continent—and on the Atlantic shores, in April of this year, will gather from every quarter of the nation those whose eyes are not dazzled by the light, whose hearts are not shocked by the greatest, strangest, newest thing of The Great Adventure—its Immediacy!

Feed hungry babes and mothers, stop human destitution and degradation—Now, Right Away!!

How awful!

It would hurt the stock market!

It is unconstitutional!

Fortunately in a few of the western states it has become constitutional for the People to change the constitution over night. The People of California and Oregon, for instance, may—may!—open all their natural wealth to their inhabitants, enabling every man to feed his own women and children. But the mothers and children of the Atlantic states must keep on starving because, having no initiative remedy, it would be unconstitutional to open the earth to them—Must they keep on starving because it would be unconstitutional to feed them?

High prices, rack renting, disemployment, slums, breadlines are due to land monopoly. Millions of human beings are being crushed, broken, debauched—because a few people own all the land and its oil, gas, and mineral—because of land monopoly!

Land monopoly is constitutional.

To abolish land monopoly and open the earth is unconstitutional—save in California and a few western states.

Of course the constitution is more sacred than human life—certainly! Ask any politician.

Constitutions are foisted on or made by—People—for the protection and welfare of the whole people—we are told.

It were unmannerly to doubt—and unnecessary. Constitutions are for the service and welfare of the whole people then. They are made by the people, of course.

Very well, these people-made constitutions—made long ago to suit other conditions—are found to cramp, limit, starve, disemploy, debauch the people of today under the conditions of today—

What is Manhood's answer to this situation?

The people must recast or abolish the old constitutions. And they must do it At Once—in the quickest and most direct way possible, because millions of women and children are suffering for the necessities of life, on a monopolized earth! And you are not seriously going

to contend, are you, that a parchment constitution is more sacred than the need of a hungry slum child?

Will the people tear up these old rags of parchment and stand boldly and determinedly for an Open Earth? Will American Manhood arise and end land monopoly—Immediately?

They will if the Ideal of a Free Earth is held high and bold before them. They will if they are led that way. The human mass does nothing of its own accord. Every day and hour it is led here or there and back again—to war, to prostitution, to the shambles of the exploiter—to its own debasement.

It is waiting, anxious, soul and body hungry to be led toward its own unfoldment. How eagerly it listens to every voice! Anyone can gain the attention of the crowd—it is so anxious for Light!

How dazed and confused the crowd is with the multitude of vari-colored lights, the cacophony of many contradicting voices!

It seeks the one pure ray, the White Flame that shall thrill its heart, reveal its chains, and lead it on to Action!

Shall The Great Adventure be to the eager human crowd its White Flame? It is for who Know and Care and Dare to answer. Many care and will dare—as a mass, mankind is made that way. The human mass lacks neither courage nor sympathy—is ready at an instant's notice to stake its all for an Ideal. But only the few Know as well as care and dare. Shall these few now lead the crowd to its own unfoldment?

"It is not merely a robbery in the past," wrote Henry George; "it is a robbery in the present—a robbery that deprives of their birth-right the infants that are now coming into the world! Why should we hesitate making short work of such a system?"

Well, in Oregon, California, and Texas we are not hesitating.

The nation-wide need of the hour is for a Single Tax movement that shall Move!—move with a single one tax purpose—move swiftly, daringly toward a Free and Open Earth—Immediately!—led by men of courage and faith

who, knowing the Cause of destitution, of bread riots, high prices, war, wage slavery, and disemployment, will give the best energies of their lives to remove that Cause.

The crowd is easily misled. Even that intelligent and you would say discerning number with a considerable knowledge of political economy, is thrown off its mental balance by a sounding word or a forensic personality. Only a bold, daring Ideal, unceasingly iterated, unfalteringly held high, can keep its attention and focus its strength.

A Single Tax campaign, state or national, once launched must be kept in Action until its purpose has been accomplished. It will arrive nowhere unless it is kept in Motion. Human nature—on a monopolized earth—is not such a lovely, nor dependable, thing. How could it be, on a monopolized earth?

Human nature has wonderful, beautiful, infinite possibilities—on a Free Earth! That's why the earth must be freed—Quickly. Until it is freed, the chief study and concern of those who would feed the children of Today, must be—not economics, nor politics, nor chicanery or legal mechanisms—but Human Mass Psychology!

Individual conduct is to be disregarded when possible—the individual always. What does it matter whether your secret foe, or the trusted friend who joins the enemy, is named Smith or Jones or Doe or Roe? Under the terrible pressure of monopoly, under the whip of ever threatening poverty, the environment past and present, of only a very few people, will be such as to permit more than occasional ascendancy of their better and more dependable qualities—and no one will be found whose heart and head will always act in conjunction.

Only an impersonal movement can win—and only one that ceaselessly Moves! Every halting after a pitched battle with the enemy is his opportunity to—kick up the dust! Nothing the enemy dreads so much as an open battle. He knows his weakness and his strength. The latter is Dust!—dust of intellectual jangling, of words, words, words, and personal disputes and accusations.

"These One Tax Infidels are dangerous," quoth the good King of Lackies. "Soon they'll have our royal Goat and be feeding on Roquefort cheese if we don't disarm them—"

"Nothing easier, O Sire!" said the First Caparisoned Knight of the Royal Footstool. "Send a herd of goats among them to tramp up a great Dust, under cover of which I will glide in and steal their only puissant weapon, a Golden Ideal."

The King approved. The Dust was raised, but it blinded only those whose Inner Vision was impaired for the moment, so that they could see only with their physical eyes—and the Knight of the Footstool was so blinded by his own dust that he couldn't find the Golden Ideal and came away with a mumbly peg which he grabbed in the dark. He gilded the mumbly peg and tried to pass it off for the Golden Ideal. Some who could not distinguish "fool's gold" from Pure Gold were misled for a month or two, but these were so few and ineffectual that the Knight of the Footstool was finally beheaded for fumbling. The poor King is very unhappy and is stuffing himself with Roquefort against the dreaded loss of the royal Goat.

Call of The Great Adventure

TELEGRAM FROM SECRETARY DIX TO EVERYMAN

Philadelphia, March 12, 1917.

We, the undersigned, deeming The Great Adventure, endorsed by Two Hundred and Sixty Thousand voters of California, as marking an epoch in the history of the Single Tax Movement in America, call upon the Single Taxers of the United States to assemble in Atlantic City on April 13th, 14th and 15th to endorse The Great Adventure and to consider ways and means for advancing the cause thruout the country. Signed by many prominent persons, including William Wallace, Charles H. Ingersoll, James Robinson, Bolton Hall, Robert Ma-cauley, James H. Dix, Frederic C. Leubuscher, Charles Frederick Adams, Frank Stephens, Will L. Ross, Charles F. Shandrew, George L. Record, Senator Edmond Osborne, William Wright, Mark Dintenfass, William Lustgarten, E. B. Swinney, Jas. F. Morton, W. M. Callingham, Antonio Bastida.

There are two ways of instituting the Practice of Single Tax.

1. By concentrating the entire taxing power on land values—and then absorbing these values by the acquirement and operation of public utilities, or by social welfare measures such as old age pensions, etc.

2. By demanding the payment of ground-rent as a public tax.

The latter demand, as worked out in Oregon by W. S. U'Ren and his associates, makes government loans to home makers an integral part of the bill, but it does this in a way not to weaken or diminish in the least the clear, bold demand of the measure that the earth shall

become the common property of the people, open to all on equal terms.

The first method, of merely establishing the principle of one tax on land values, presents perhaps a clearer issue to the public, or at any rate it enables the formation of a simple, terse bill that everybody can read and understand at a glance.

J. J. Pastoriza, the famous Single Tax assessor of Houston, and T. J. Hickey, whose "Rebel" weekly published at Hallettsville, is known and loved by every radical—these two good fighters for a Free Earth have formulated for the People of Texas, the first method in the following language:

Taxation shall be equal and uniform, as to property subject to taxation. Provided, however, that all forms of property which shall have been created by the labor of human beings shall forever be exempted from taxation, and that the state and all political subdivisions thereof, generally known as counties, cities and towns, shall assess for taxation, only the rental of the unimproved value of the land, irrespective of the improvements thereon, and the value of the franchise of public service corporations that use the streets or lands of the state, or any political subdivision of same; and, the legislature is hereby empowered to fix such a rate as to produce the revenue necessary to defray the expenses of the government, economically administered, in this state, or any political subdivision of same.

There is but little difference between this Texas demand and that which was put forth by The Great Adventure in California in 1916, which was approved by 260,332 (counted) votes and is again enunciated, in somewhat simpler form:

To secure to every adult the power to own his own home and direct his own life and work; to abolish land monopoly, wage slavery, disemployment and pauperism, by applying the Golden Rule at the base of life—Article XIII of the Constitution is hereby amended by the following section:

On and after January 1, 1919, all public revenues, state, county, municipal and district, shall be raised by taxation of the value of land irrespective of improvements thereon.

The intent of this Single Tax amendment is to prevent the holding of land out of use for speculation and to apply the land values which the community creates to community purposes.

All laws in conflict herewith are hereby repealed.

The Missouri demand, sponsored chiefly by Vernon J. Rose and his associates in Kansas City is a combination of the Oregon and the California and Texas measures. Like the Oregon bill it proposes loans to homesteaders, the fund for which is taken from the land values tax. Following the loan provisions comes this

clean cut demand for the Single Tax: "All public revenue for the state and for all counties and municipalities shall be derived from taxes on the value of land."

A succeeding clause limiting the rate of this tax to three times the present legal rate, rather weakens the demand, and delays the absorp-

tion of the unearned increment, and this is followed by a three-thousand dollar exemption in favor of homesteaders. Inasmuch as it enunciates the Single Tax principles however and would concentrate all the taxing power of the state on land values, it cannot be denied a

warm place in the heart and hope of The Great Adventure.

The Pennsylvania Single Tax Party platform, on which a spirited campaign was made last year, rings bold and true to the Rental Value demand as made in Oregon:

We demand that the rental value of land shall be collected by the government, and all improvements, industry and enterprise shall be exempt from taxation.

Being convinced that only in this way can involuntary poverty and fear of poverty be abolished; the just division of the products of labor be had; equal opportunity be achieved; and industrial justice consummated, we call upon all men, regardless of their former political affiliation, to join this movement for the emancipation of mankind.

The Oregon Initiative measure, known as the People's Land and Loan Law, is epitomized by its author, William S. U'Ren, as "A bill to abolish land speculation, land monopoly, and landlordism by restoring public ownership of land rent, separate from improvement-rent, and to encourage home makers by state loans on their improvements as they progress and without interest for five years."

The bill is quite lengthy, but this clause shows its bold and unequivocal purpose: "All the appraised land rent of the land of Oregon . . . shall be collected as a public tax."

Again: "The land rent tax shall be paid whether the land is actually used or not."

Merely to enact a Single Tax measure will not translate us all into heaven, or produce "Thy will on earth as it is in heaven"—nor even in a flash "give us our daily bread."

Single Tax is not an ultimate. It is only the beginning—a base for a social reconstruction that will take from the Few their immemorial power to impoverish the Many.

Yesterday ten thousand women clamored for bread in the streets of New York—yet there are people, "Singletaxers" indeed! who devote themselves zealously to hindering a Single Tax demand—pleading, scheming, conniving for an Approach to the beginning of social reconstruction!

Who can tell what form that reconstruction will take? Be sure of this, it will not be on academic lines. Philosophy is not to guide life, but to seek to explain it. Social and political economy cannot prescribe the boundaries of human expansion, tho your knowledge and my knowledge of their principles may—may if we prove strong enough—give some bent and direction toward social development.

At this moment there is a powerful world-tendency toward paternalism, and we in America will not escape it, for it is the last refuge of plutocracy to keep its hand on the throttle of human society. We can however do much to disarm it.

If the private ownership of land is first abolished, before the public ownership of utilities, transportation, etc., is accomplished, or even currently therewith, the teeth of paternalism will be drawn—public ownership, no matter how far carried, will bring Fraternity instead of tyranny. On a free earth that instrument of human degradation, Government, will become what in theory it is supposed to be, a mutual popular agreement for social service and welfare.

The Immediate Task is to open the earth. This must be done Quickly—in any way possible! The issue is, not Single Tax or Socialism, or any doctrine or academic procedure—the issue is, Broken Human Lives!—Starving Women and Children Here and Now!

To feed those women and children now, to cure the disemployment of still a million or more beggars and tramps in the West, where the death machinery industries are few or nil—to abolish land monopoly Now, so that social reconstruction can begin at once—I for one, and I know there many others, stand ready to cast to the wind every theory of economics.

The issue is Impoverished Humanity, in a land of millionaires and billionaires, on a monopolized earth! It is perceived, admitted by all thoughtful students, that nothing effective can be done to feed the starving women and children of Today until the land and its natural resources have been opened to the whole people. Then we can Begin to feed the weak and hungry millions.

In a few Western states initiative and referendum procedure undoubtedly offer the line of least resistance for the Immediate enactment of the Single Tax on Land Values, which concurrently or immediately following, coupled with social welfare and public utility measures, will quickly absorb all the rental values of land and open to use, on equal terms, all the idle land.

This is well for a few of the Western states—but are the women and children of all the other states to go on starving meanwhile?

That is the problem confronting the Single Tax movement in America today—or that part of it which Moves!—The Great Adventure!

That is the problem confronting The Great Adventure National Conference called for Atlantic City, April 13th, 14th, and 15th.

JOAN OF THE GREAT ADVENTURE

By Edgcumb Pinchon

Oh sweet, what will you,
What will you not do?—
The celestial traitress play,
And all mankind to bliss betray,
With sacrosanct cajoleries
And starry treachery of your eyes,
Tempt us back to paradise—
—Francis Thompson.

TO every movement that springs from the heart of the people comes at last the embodiment of its spirit in a person. The Gracchi, Spartacus, the Nazarene were such, Wat Tyler and Piers the Plowman. Only once or twice in history has woman bodied forth the spirit of the mass; and then—with an impetuosity and divine verve that has cleansed the social heavens like a thunderbolt. Of these, Joan is supreme.

Comes now The Great Adventure—a reflow-ering of the eternal verities in the heart of the mass, an exsurgence of the glorious element of human nature, a going-forth of faith and love and daring, re-announcing the gospel of Henry George, of Christ and all the sages, and calling upon men “to get a new mind” for the coming of the kingdom of heaven. Not seeking to open the land—that avails little if the hearts of men be sealed, but seeking to open the hearts of men that out of their awakened passion they may open the land and all the wealth of earth to the brotherly use of all—comes The Great Adventure; and with such a gospel winged in purest faith and divinest music comes now to the people—their Joan—singing

I am a woman free. My song
Flows from my soul with pure and joyful strength.
It shall be heard thru all the noise of things—
A song of joy where songs of joy were not.
My sister singers, singing in the past,
Sang songs of melody but not of joy—
For woman's name was Sorrow, and the slave
Is never joyful tho he smiles.

I am a woman free. Too long
I was held captive in the dust. Too long
My soul was surfeited with toil or ease
And rotted as the plaything of a slave.
I am a woman free at last,
After the crumbling centuries of time,
Free to achieve and understand,
Free to become and live.

She moves swiftly to her message—

I have loved the song of birds and of the stars;
I have loved the sound of waters as they flow—
But more than the song of birds and stars,
More than the sound of waters flowing
I have loved the sound of my comrades' voices
And the music of their souls.

More than the glory of the dawn and of the night
Have I loved the glory of mankind.

And greater than the mystery and strangeness
of the sea
Is the mystery and strangeness of the mass.

But not in any arrogance of heart or brain—
only in the selfless might of love—

Amid the darkness and the doubt
I kneel and do not know.
Around me the wild dust
Of unforgotten dreams is blown;
And in my ears the sound of tortured souls.
Amid the horrors of the dark
I kneel and do not know,
I do not know, I do not know,
There is not anything I know—
Except

I am a woman and I love;
I am a woman and I love—
Not one man only, but all men;
Not one child only, but all children;
And not one nation, but all the world.

And out of her darkness comes the inner-
most cry of love's rebellion: “We cannot
Mount Alone”:

For as long as one man is sorrowful and broken
I, too, am sorrowful and broken.
And as long as one woman is surrounded with
vileness;
I, too, am surrounded with vileness;
And as long as one soul is weak
I, too, am weak.
* * * * *

And joy, that strange sweet thing which all men
seek,
Is never found by those who seek alone.

Halting, as it were, for a moment, to sing
a paen of friendship “To My Comrade Who
Knows All Things” and “Because Your Beau-
ty Is,” with their pure and naive abandon, and
to dally with a little ripple of girl-rapture—

Dost thou know where the fairies live?
The fairies live in the lilies white,
And in the silver soft moonlight;
The fairies live in mad delight
Within my heart—tonight—

she breaks into her triumphant song of “Solid-
arity” with its close of tremendous prophecy—

In the long night a word was spoken;
A single word—yet empires fell, and systems
turned to dust;
And thru the lessening gloom a white bird rose,
Singing a hymn unto the dawn.

Hellenic—and modern—are her hymns “To
the Earth” and “The Beauty of the Body”—

revels of sheer loveliness. But quickly she
turns to sing with tenderest compassion “The
Lost Joy” of labor—

If you had toiled as we have toiled,
You would not sing of joy—

and to smite civilization's cold, dead heart with
the agonized cry of “The Shadow,” an utter-
ance that vibrant with truth and compassion
will never be downed nor hid but will rever-
berate and reverberate till the system against
which it is hurled shall be shattered as a wine-
glass to the sound of a trumpet. In the pres-
ence of the useless misery of the world, she
sings—

My bread is turned to dust; my drink is turned
to blood
* * * * *

Oh, the Shadow is with me always. I cannot es-
cape it.

It is not merely the Shadow cast by one lonely
woman, desolate and begging amid the evi-
dence of great wealth.

It is the Shadow of all the useless wretchedness
and poverty and agony that exist.

It is the Shadow cast by the child-slaves as they
grind their young souls to dust.

It is the Shadow cast by the young girl who sells
her womanhood for bread.

It is the Shadow cast by the workers who toil and
toil and toil, like mere machines, shut out from
all the joy and loveliness of life.

It is the Shadow cast by poverty and pain.

It is the Shadow cast by foul disease.

BOLTON HALL'S THRIFT

Bolton Hall adds another to his list of de-
lectable sermons. It's “Thrift” this time. It
isn't a biography of Harry Lauder but a
clever little sugar-coated bit of common sense,
including the taxation of land instead of labor
and capital. The book is dedicated to me—
and to you—“who want to be good” and “who
find it inconvenient to be poor.”

Friend Hall says the trouble with us is that
“him plenty don't know.” So he tells us about
ourselves, our system and—But wait until I tell
you how he swats the “efficiency system”
which “measures the efficiency of the work in
terms of minutes or hours, while the worker
measures his own efficiency in the terms of
life.” Men and metals do not respond to the
same laws of engineering.

“A college,” he tells us, “is generally a cross
between an orphan asylum and a country club.”
This is partly because we “stifle our own
thoughts which are our life and repeat the
words of others who are dead. Most teachers
do not follow a voice like Joan of Arc; they
only listen for an echo.” The fallacy of try-
ing to live more cheaply is also shown in the
cutting of wages to fit the lowered standard.

It is a dark and fearful thing, made possible by
ignorance and greed.
And it is with me always: I cannot escape it.

But her closing note is one of faith and hope:

Weep not, Beloved, lift thine eyes,
The White Hope shines magnetic thru the night;
And when its light illuminates the souls of men—
Then shall the Shadow cease forevermore.

And to the war-traders she cries her passion-
ate acclaim of human dignity—

Oh, a man is a man!
He is sacred and marvelous.
It matters not where he was born;
Or the language that he speaks.
His blood is precious.
His flesh is wonderful.
He is the child of God.

Out of the heart of that which is The Great
Adventure, a young girl, frail from birth, with
the brows of a Beethoven and the eyes and
lips of a—Joan, full of valor and faith and ten-
derness, has flung forth her song to the people,
in a little volume, “A Woman Free.” And to
The Great Adventure and its captains she has
dedicated her latest song, Magnificat of the
new day, “The Mighty Rebel.”

Ruth Le Prade comes to The Great Adven-
ture with her high faith and loving abandon
to be one with it, sharer in its councils, in-
spirer of its heart, until “the earth is free.”

Having cleared the deck for action, Mr. Hall
does not hesitate to plunge into the land ques-
tion. Not half way—“the measure of the value
of social service is land value, and land value
only.” And again, “you must do one of two
things: you must take for public use income
which individuals have earned, or else take in-
come which the community itself has earned.”
And he has a remedy—the “only” remedy—
consisting of “patient, simple pointing out facts
to the voters.” Discovered, Bolton! You are
of The Great Adventure! Just what we are
doing in California, carrying the message of
a free earth to the people.

In the chapter on simple living the author
tells of a little experiment in a colony near
Summit, New Jersey, the Free Acres Associa-
tion, where each person pays to himself each
year what it is worth to himself to live there.

This isn't all, but you get the idea. One dol-
lar for the book, that's a little more than two
pages for a cent, for a lot of wholesome philos-
ophy on thrift, cleared from the bunk debris
our efficiency experts have heaped upon it,
studded with epigrams and entertainingly par-
celled out in attractive chapters. —Bobspa

A SLUM BOY'S LIFE AND SOUL

GREAT literature is being produced in America, tho the "Big" critics are missing much of it. Last year came a really great American novel, David S. Greenberg's "Murder," the most virile, forceful and instructive volume I encountered in the year's work of reviewing.

The social system is held up in merciless trial and found guilty. It is the photographic presentation of life itself, from the childhood of the parents, bred in sordid environment, neglected in childhood, buffeted and stunted at every step, until, weakened and hopeless they brought into the world a boy to follow their own pathway. The boy, driven by society to the commission of a "crime" (society being the criminal), renders up his warped soul from the electric chair that the bloody vengeance of godly men may be sated.

Mr. Greenberg's "A Bunch of Little Thieves," exposing the conditions of American reform schools as training centers for criminality, fell into the hands of a boy condemned by the great state of New York to die in the electric chair. He sent for Greenberg and poured into his understanding ear his full tale—substantially as Greenberg has reproduced it in his novel.

He caught the psychology of the boy and his soul analysis is wonderfully accurate and

vivid. Whether as propaganda against capital punishment, a stinging indictment of the social system or as a motion picture of the travail of a tragic soul, Greenberg has produced an authentic human document—a masterpiece of realism.

It is no dry presentation of a "problem." The problem unfolds as realistically as if we witnessed its every step with physical eyes. The need for justice has found a voice articulate and decisive. We can hear the whirr of the sewing machine, see the tired slaves driven from orphanage to factory and on into consumptive or felon's grave.

There is no attempt at polish in the novel. It springs in primal, universal strength

No, Greenberg is not playing. He is dealing with facts—nasty, repulsive, horrible facts—but facts the "respectables" must face.

Read this novel and you will realize that the paper titles to idle lands that keep these slum conditions ever with us must be removed. Greenberg's novel will fire your soul with zeal for The Great Adventure. In the intensity of your feelings you will forget about "the process of evolution," "eventualities" and "policy"—until there will be so many "impossibilists" in California in 1918 that the immovable body will meet the irresistible force and the impossible will become the possible. —Bobspa.

KILLING IS CONSTITUTIONAL

Are you frightened at the thought of doing something unconstitutional? Do you see red at once? Are there no other colors in your spectroscope but the blackness of despair or the red revolution?

Both are passé, and quite aside from any purpose of The Great Adventure. Bloodshed is foolish, boyish, unnecessary—impotent! Even to shed the blood of the rich, for a change, were of no avail. The Great Adventure stands for Life!—life for Everybody!—and plenty of it—joyous, laughing, splendid, full life, on a Free and Open Earth! It spurns the entire death psychology, whether for plutocratic war or for the peoples' revolution. What nonsense that human beings should kill each other?

The world is not ruled by physical violence. It has not been so ruled since man learned to throw stones and wield clubs—then intellig-

ence entered and skill in the deployment of physical force began. Guns and armies are but the tools, to be wielded by human wit. And they are not the only tools or the better ones.

Talk of a bloody revolution is—talk! All the guns are in the hands of the enemy. Let the enemy keep them.

Other, greater Forces are coming.

The awakened human heart will spurn all the death devices of plutocracy and disarm the world with a bold, daring determination to reverse the whole dastardly order of death and debauchment. It will lay the Golden Rule at the base of life and reconstruct society on entirely new and different lines.

This it will do with other than sanguinary forces, without machine guns and poisonous gases—and without the demagogry and chicanery of petty politics.

The greatest, the most fundamental of all reforms, the reform which will make all other reforms easier, and without which no other reform will avail, is to be reached by concentrating all taxation into a tax upon the value of land, and making that heavy enough to take as near as may be the whole ground-rent for common purposes. In this simple proposition is involved the greatest of social revolutions—a revolution compared with which that which destroyed ancient monarchy in France, or that which destroyed chattel slavery in our Southern States, were as nothing.

—Henry George, in Social Problems.

THE FIRST GREAT REFORM

By Henry George

A chapter from "Social Problems," written in New York in 1882.

DO what we may, we can accomplish nothing real and lasting until we secure to all the first of those equal and unalienable rights with which, as our Declaration of Independence has it, man is endowed by his Creator—the equal and unalienable right to the use and benefit of natural opportunities.

There are people who are always trying to find some mean between right and wrong—people who, if they were to see a man about to be unjustly beheaded, might insist that the proper thing to do would be to chop off his feet. These are the people who, beginning to recognize the importance of the land question, propose in Ireland and England such measures as judicial valuations of rents and peasant proprietary, and in the United States, the reservation to actual settlers of what is left of the public lands, and the limitation of estates.

Nothing whatever can be accomplished by such timid, illogical measures. If we would cure social disease we must go to the root.

There is no use in talking of reserving what there may be left of our public domain to actual settlers. That would be merely a locking of the stable door after the horse had been stolen, and even if it were not, would avail nothing.

There is no use in talking about restricting the amount of land any one man may hold. That, even if it were practicable, were idle, and would not meet the difficulty. The ownership of an acre in a city may give more command of the labor of others than the ownership of a hundred thousand acres in a sparsely settled district, and it is utterly impossible by any legal device to prevent the concentration of property so long as the general causes which irresistibly tend to the concentration of property remain untouched. So long as the wages tend to the point of a bare living for the laborer we cannot stop the tendency of property of all kinds to concentration, and this must be the tendency of wages until equal rights in the soil of their country are secured to all. We can no more abolish industrial slavery by limiting the size of estates than we could abolish chattel slavery by putting a limit on the number of slaves a single slaveholder might own. In the one case as in the other, so far as such restrictions could be made operative they

would only increase the difficulties of abolition by enlarging the class who would resist it.

There is no escape from it. If we would save the Republic before social inequality and political demoralization have reached the point when no salvation is possible, we must assert the principle of the Declaration of Independence, acknowledge the equal and unalienable rights which inhere in man by endowment of the Creator, and make land common property.

If there seems anything strange in the idea that all men have equal and unalienable rights to the use of the earth, it is merely that habit can blind us to the most obvious truth. Slavery, polygamy, cannibalism, the flattening of children's heads, or the squeezing of their feet, seem perfectly natural to those brought up where such institutions or customs exist. But, as a matter of fact, nothing is more repugnant to the natural perceptions of men than that land should be treated as subject to individual ownership, like things produced by labor. It is only among an insignificant fraction of the people who have lived on the earth that the idea that the earth itself could be made private property has ever obtained; nor has it ever obtained save as the result of a long course of usurpation, tyranny and fraud. This idea reached development among the Romans, whom it corrupted and destroyed. It took many generations for it to make its way among our ancestors; and it did not, in fact, reach full recognition until two centuries ago, when, in the time of Charles II, the feudal dues were shaken off by a landholders' parliament. We accepted it as we have accepted the aristocratic organization of our army and navy, and many other things, in which we have servilely followed European custom. Land being plenty and population sparse, we did not realize what it would mean when in two or three cities we should have the population of the thirteen colonies. But it is time that we should begin to think of it now, when we see ourselves confronted, in spite of our free political institutions, with all the problems that menace Europe—when, tho our virgin soil is not yet quite fenced in, we have a "working-class," a "criminal class" and a "pauper class," when there are already thousands of so-called free citizens of the Republic who cannot by the hardest toil make a living for their families,

and when we are, on the other hand, developing such monstrous fortunes as the world has not seen since great estates were eating out the heart of Rome.

What more preposterous than the treatment of land as individual property? In every essential land differs from those things which being the product of human labor are rightfully property. It is the creation of God; they are produced by man. It is fixed in quantity; they may be increased illimitably. It exists, tho generations come and go; they in a little while decay and pass again into the elements. What more preposterous than that one tenant for a day of this rolling sphere should collect rent for it from his co-tenants, or sell to them for a price what was here ages before him and will be here ages after him? What more preposterous than that we, living in New York city in this year, 1883, should be working for a lot of landlords who get the authority to live on our labor from some English king, dead and gone these centuries? What more preposterous than that we, the present population of the United States, should presume to grant to our own people or to foreign capitalists the right to strip of their earnings American citizens of the next generation? What more utterly preposterous than these titles to land? Altho the whole people of the earth in one generation were to unite, they could no more sell title to land against the next generation than they could sell that generation. It is a self-evident truth, as Thomas Jefferson said, that the earth belongs in usufruct to the living.

Nor can any defense of private property in land be made on the ground of expediency. On the contrary, look where you will, and it is evident that the private ownership of land keeps land out of use; that the speculation it engenders crowds population where it ought to be more diffused, diffuses it where it ought to be closer together; compels those who wish to improve to pay away a large part of their capital, or mortgage their labor for years before they are permitted to improve; prevents men from going to work for themselves who would gladly do so, crowding them into deadly competition with each other for the wages of employers; and enormously restricts the production of wealth while causing the grossest inequality in its distribution.

No assumption can be more gratuitous than that constantly made that absolute ownership of land is necessary to the improvement and proper use of land. What is necessary to the best use of land is the security of improvements—the assurance that the labor and capi-

tal expended upon it shall enjoy their reward. This is a very different thing from the absolute ownership of land. Some of the finest buildings in New York are erected upon leased ground. Nearly the whole of London and other English cities, and great parts of Philadelphia and Baltimore, are so built. All sorts of mines are opened and operated on leases. In California and Nevada the most costly mining operations, involving the expenditure of immense amounts of capital, were undertaken upon no better security than the mining regulations, which gave no ownership of the land, but only guaranteed possession as long as the mines were worked.

If shafts can be sunk and tunnels can be run, and the most costly machinery can be put up on public land on mere security of possession, why could not improvements of all kinds be made on that security? If individuals will use and improve land belonging to other individuals, why would they not use and improve land belonging to the whole people? What is to prevent land owned by Trinity Church, by the Sailors' Snug Harbor, by the Astors or Rhinelanders, or any other corporate or individual owners, from being as well improved and used as now, if the ground-rents, instead of going to corporations or individuals, went into the public treasury?

In point of fact, if land were treated as the common property of the whole people, it would be far more readily improved than now, for then the improver would get the whole benefit of his improvements. Under the present system, the price that must be paid for land operates as a powerful deterrent to improvement. And when the improver has secured land either by purchase or by lease, he is taxed upon his improvements, and heavily taxed in various ways upon all that he uses. Were land treated as the property of the whole people, the ground-rent accruing to the community would suffice for public purposes, and all other taxation might be dispensed with. The improver could more easily get land to improve, and would retain for himself the full benefit of his improvements exempt from taxation.

To secure to all citizens their equal right to the land on which they live, does not mean, as some of the ignorant seem to suppose, that every one must be given a farm, and city land be cut up into little pieces. It would be impossible to secure the equal rights of all in that way, even if such division were not in itself impossible. In a small and primitive community of simple industries and habits, such as that Moses legislated for, substantial equality may be secured by allotting to each family an

equal share of the land and making it unalienable. Or, as among our rude ancestors in western Europe, or in such primitive society as the village communities of Russia and India, substantial equality may be secured by periodical allotment or cultivation in common. Or in sparse populations, such as the early New England colonies, substantial equality may be se-

cured by giving to each family its town-lot and its seed-lot, holding the rest of the land as town-land or common. But among a highly civilized and rapidly growing population, with changing centers, with great cities and minute division of industry, and a complex system of production and exchange, such rude devices become ineffective and impossible.

Will Abolish the Fear of Want

Must we therefore consent to inequality—must we therefore consent that some shall monopolize what is the common heritage of all? Not at all. If two men find a diamond, they do not march to a lapidary to have it cut in two. If three sons inherit a ship, they do not proceed to saw her into three pieces; nor yet do they agree that if this cannot be done equal division is impossible. Nor yet is there no other way to secure the rights of the owners of a railroad than by breaking up track, engines, cars and depots into as many separate bits as there are stockholders? And so it is not necessary, in order to secure equal rights to land, to make an equal division of land. All that it is necessary to do is to collect the ground-rents for the common benefit.

Nor, to take ground-rents for the common benefit, is it necessary that the state should actually take possession of the land and rent it out from year to year, or from term to term, as some ignorant people suppose. It can be done in a much more simple and easy manner by means of the existing machinery of taxation. All it is necessary to do is to abolish all other forms of taxation until the weight of taxation rests upon the value of land irrespective of improvements, and take the ground-rent for the public benefit.

In this simple way, without increasing governmental machinery, but, on the contrary, greatly simplifying it, we could make the land common property. And in doing this we could abolish all other taxation, and still have a great and steadily increasing surplus—a growing common fund, in the benefits of which all might share, and in the management of which there would be such a direct and general interest as to afford the strongest guaranties against misappropriation or waste. Under this system no one could afford to hold land he was not using, and land not in use would be thrown open to those who wished to use it, at once relieving the labor market and giving an enormous stimulus to production and improvement, while land in use would be paid for according to its value, irrespective of the improvements the user might make. On these

he would not be taxed. All that his labor could add to the common wealth, all that his prudence could save, would be his own, instead of, as now, subjecting him to fine. Thus would the sacred right of property be acknowledged by securing to each the reward of his exertion.

Practically, then the greatest, the most fundamental of all reforms, the reform which will make all other reforms easier, and without which no other reform will avail, is to be reached by concentrating all taxation into a tax upon the value of land, and making that heavy enough to take as near as may be the whole ground-rent for common purposes.

To those who have never studied the subject, it will seem ridiculous to propose as the greatest and most far-reaching of all reforms a mere fiscal change. But whoever has followed the train of thought thru which in preceding chapters I have endeavored to lead, will see that in this simple proposition is involved the greatest of social revolutions—a revolution compared with which that which destroyed ancient monarchy in France, or that which destroyed chattel slavery in our Southern States, were as nothing.

In a book such as this, intended for the casual reader, who lacks inclination to follow the close reasoning necessary to show the full relation of this seemingly simple reform to economic laws, I cannot exhibit its full force, but I may point to some of the more obvious of its effects.

To appropriate ground-rent* to public uses by means of taxation would permit the abolition of all taxation which now presses so heavily upon labor and capital. This would enormously increase the production of wealth by the removal of restrictions and by adding to the incentives to production.

It would at the same time enormously increase the production of wealth by throwing open natural opportunities. It would utterly

*I use the term ground-rent because the proper economic term, rent, might not be understood by those who are in the habit of using it in its common sense, which applies to the income from buildings and improvements, as well as land.

destroy land monopoly by making the holding of land unprofitable to any but the user. There would be no temptation to any one to hold land in expectation of future increase in its value when that increase was certain to be demanded in taxes. No one could afford to hold valuable land idle when the taxes upon it would be as heavy as they would be were it put to the fullest use. Thus speculation in land would be utterly destroyed, and land not in use would become free to those who wished to use it.

The enormous increase in production which would result from thus throwing open the natural means and opportunities of production, while at the same time removing the taxation which now hampers, restricts and fines production, would enormously augment the annual fund from which all incomes are drawn. It would at the same time make the distribution of wealth much more equal. That great part of this fund which is now taken by the owners of land, not as a return for anything by which they add to production, but because they have appropriated as their own the natural means and opportunities of production, and which as material progress goes on, and the value of land rises, is constantly becoming larger and larger, would be virtually divided among all, by being utilized for common purposes. The removal of restrictions upon labor, and the opening of natural opportunities to labor, would make labor free to employ itself. Labor, the producer of all wealth, could never become "a drug in the market" while desire for any form of wealth was unsatisfied. With the natural opportunities of employment thrown open to all, the spectacle of willing men seeking vainly for employment could not be witnessed; there could be no surplus of unemployed labor to beget that cutthroat competition of laborers for employment which crowds wages down to the cost of merely living. Instead of the one-sided competition of workmen to find employment, employers would compete with each other to obtain workmen. There would be no need of combinations to raise or maintain wages; for wages, instead of tending to the lowest point at which laborers can live, would tend to the highest point which employers could pay, and thus, instead of getting but a mere fraction of his earnings, the workman would get the full return of his labor, leaving to the skill, foresight and capital of the employer those additional earnings that are justly their due.

The equalization in the distribution of wealth that would thus result would effect immense economies and greatly add to produc-

tive power. The cost of the idleness, pauperism and crime that springs from poverty would be saved to the community; the increased mobility of labor, the increased intelligence of the masses, that would result from this equalized distribution of wealth, the greater incentive to invention and to the use of improved processes that would result from the increase in wages, would enormously increase production.

To abolish all taxes save a tax upon the value of land would at the same time greatly simplify the machinery and expenses of government, and greatly reduce government expenses. An army of Custom-House officers, and internal revenue officials, and license collectors and assessors, clerks, accountants, spies, detectives, and government employees of every description, could be dispensed with. The corrupting effect of indirect taxation would be taken out of our politics. The rings and combinations now interested in keeping up taxation would cease to contribute money for the debauching of voters and to beset the law-making power with their lobbyists. We should get rid of the fraud and false swearing, of the bribery and subornation which now attend the collection of so much of our public revenues. We should get rid of the demoralization that proceeds from laws which prohibit actions in themselves harmless, punish men for crimes which the moral sense does not condemn, and offer a constant premium to evasion. "Land lies out of doors." It cannot be hid or carried off. Its value can be ascertained with greater ease and exactness than the value of anything else, and taxes upon that value can be collected with absolute certainty and at the minimum of expense. To rely upon land values for the whole public revenue would so simplify government, would so eliminate incentives to corruption, that we could safely assume as governmental functions the management of telegraphs and railroads, and safely apply the increasing surplus to securing such common benefits and providing such public conveniences as advancing civilization may call for.

And in thinking of what is possible in the way of the management of common concerns for the common benefit, not only is the great simplification of government which would result from the reform I have suggested to be considered, but the higher moral tone that would be given to social life by the equalization of conditions and the abolition of poverty. The greed of wealth, which makes it a business motto that every man is to be treated as tho he were a rascal, and induces despair of getting in places of public trust men who

will not abuse them for selfish ends, is but the reflection of the fear of want. Men trample over each other from the frantic dread of being trampled upon, and the admiration with which even the unscrupulous money-getter is regarded springs from habits of thought engendered by the fierce struggle for existence to which the most of us are obliged to give up our best energies. But when no one feared want, when every one felt assured of his ability to make an easy and independent living for himself and his family, that popular admiration which now spurs even the rich man still to add to his wealth would be given to other things than the getting of money.

We should learn to regard the man who strove to get more than he could use, as a fool—as indeed he is.

He must have eyes only for the mean and

vile, who has mixed with men without realizing that selfishness and greed and vice and crime are largely the result of social conditions which bring out the bad qualities of human nature and stunt the good; without realizing that there is even now among men patriotism and virtue enough to secure us the best possible management of public affairs if our social and political adjustments enabled us to utilize those qualities. Who has not known poor men who might safely be trusted with untold millions? Who has not met with rich men who retained the most ardent sympathy with their fellows, the warmest devotion to all that would benefit their kind? Look today at our charities, hopeless of permanent good tho they may be! They at least show the existence of unselfish sympathies, capable, if rightly directed, of the largest results.

Natural Line of Social Development

It is no mere fiscal reform that I propose; it is a conforming of the most important social adjustments to natural laws. To those who have never given thought to the matter, it may seem irreverently presumptuous to say that it is the evident intent of the Creator that land values should be the subject of taxation; that rent should be utilized for the benefit of the entire community. Yet to whoever does think of it, to say this will appear no more presumptuous than to say that the Creator has intended men to walk on their feet, and not on their hands. Man in his social relations is as much included in the creative scheme as man in his physical relations. Just as certainly as the fish was intended to swim in the water, and the bird to fly thru the air, and monkeys to live in trees, and moles to burrow underground, was man intended to live with his fellows. He is by nature a social animal. And the creative scheme must embrace the life and development of society, as truly as it embraces the life and development of the individual. Our civilization cannot carry us beyond the domain of law. Railroads, telegraphs and labor-saving machinery are no more accidents than are flowers and trees.

Man is driven by his instincts and needs to form society. Society, thus formed, has certain needs and functions for which revenue is required. These needs and functions increase with social development, requiring a larger and larger revenue. Now, experience and analogy, if not the instinctive perceptions of the human mind, teach us that there is a natural way of satisfying every natural want. And if human society is included in nature, as it surely is,

this must apply to social wants as well as to the wants of the individual, and there must be a natural or right method of taxation, as there is a natural or right method of walking.

We know, beyond preadventure, that the natural or right way for a man to walk is on his feet, and not on his hands. We know this of a surety—because the feet are adapted to walking, while the hands are not; because in walking on the feet all the other organs of the body are free to perform their proper functions, while in walking on the hands they are not; because a man can walk on his feet with ease, convenience and celerity, while no amount of training will enable him to walk on his hands save awkwardly, slowly and painfully. In the same way we may know that the natural or right way of raising the revenues which are required by the needs of society is by the taxation of land values. The value of land is in its nature and relations adapted to purposes of taxation, just as the feet in their nature and relations are adapted to the purposes of walking. The value of land* only arises as in the integration of society the needs for some public or common revenue begins to be felt. It increases as the development of society goes on, and as larger and larger revenues are therefore required. Taxation upon land values does not lessen the individual incentive to production and accumulation, as do other methods of taxation; on the contrary, it leaves perfect freedom to pro-

* Value, it must always be remembered, is a totally different thing from utility. From the confounding of these two different ideas much error and confusion arise. No matter how useful it may be, nothing has a value until some one is willing to give labor or the produce of labor for it.

ductive forces, and prevents restrictions upon production from arising. It does not foster monopolies, and cause unjust inequalities in the distribution of wealth, as do other taxes; on the contrary, it has the effect of breaking down monopoly and equalizing the distribution of wealth. It can be collected with greater certainty and economy than any other tax; it does not beget the evasion, corruption and dishonesty that flow from other taxes. In short, it conforms to every economic and moral requirement. What can be more in accordance with justice than that the value of land, which is not created by individual effort, but arises from the existence and growth of society, should be taken by society for social needs?

In trying, in a previous chapter, to imagine a world in which natural material and opportunities were free as air, I said that such a world as we find ourselves in is best for men who will use the intelligence with which man has been gifted. So, evidently, it is. The very laws which cause social injustice to result in inequality, suffering and degradation are in their nature beneficent. All this evil is the wrong side of good that might be.

Man is more than an animal. And the more we consider the constitution of this world in which we find ourselves, the more clearly we see that its constitution is such as to develop more than animal life. . . If the purpose for which this world existed were merely to enable animal man to eat, drink and comfortably clothe and house himself for his little day, some such world as I have previously endeavored to imagine would be best. But the purpose of this world, so far at least as man is concerned, is evidently the development of moral and intellectual, even more than of animal, powers. Whether we consider man himself or his relations to nature external to him, the substantial truth of that bold declaration of the Hebrew scriptures, that man is created in the image of God, forces itself upon the mind.

If all the material things needed by man could be produced equally well at all points on the earth's surface, it might seem more convenient for man the animal, but how would he have risen above the animal level? As we see in the history of social development, commerce has been and is the great civilizer and educator. The seemingly infinite diversities in the capacity of different parts of the earth's surface lead to that exchange of productions which is the most powerful agent in preventing isolation, in breaking down prejudice, in increasing knowledge and widening thought. These diversities of nature, which seemingly increase with our knowledge of nature's powers,

like the diversities in the aptitudes of individuals and communities, which similarly increase with social development, call forth powers and give rise to pleasures which could never arise had man been placed, like an ox, in a boundless field of clover. The "international law of God" which we fight with our tariffs—so short-sighted are the selfish prejudices of men—is the law which stimulates mental and moral progress; the law to which civilization is due.

And so, when we consider the phenomenon of rent, it reveals to us one of those beautiful and beneficent adaptations, in which more than in anything else the human mind recognizes evidences of Mind infinitely greater, and catches glimpses of the Master Workman.

This is the law of rent: As individuals come together in communities, and society grows, integrating more and more its individual members, and making general interests and general conditions of more and more relative importance, there arises, over and above the value which individuals can create for themselves, a value which is created by the community as a whole, and which, attaching to land, becomes tangible, definite and capable of computation and appropriation. As society grows, so grows this value, which springs from and represents in tangible form what society as a whole contributes to production, as distinguished from what is contributed by individual exertion. By virtue of natural law in those aspects which it is the purpose of the science we call political economy to discover—as it is the purpose of the sciences which we call chemistry and astronomy to discover other aspects of natural law—all social advance necessarily contributes to the increase of this common value; to the growth of this common fund.

Here is a provision made by natural law for the increasing needs of social growth; here is an adaptation of nature by virtue of which the natural progress of society is a progress toward equality, not toward inequality; a centripetal force tending to unity, growing out of and ever balancing a centrifugal force tending to diversity. Here is a fund belonging to society as a whole from which, without the degradation of alms, private or public, provision can be made for the weak, the helpless, the aged; from which provision can be made for the common wants of all as a matter of common right to each, and by the utilization of which society, as it advances, may pass, by natural methods and easy stages, from a rude association for purposes of defense and police, into a coöperative association, in which combined power guided by combined intelligence

can give to each more than his own exertions multiplied manyfold could produce.

By making land private property, by permitting individuals to appropriate this fund which nature plainly intended for the use of all, we throw the children's bread to the dogs of Greed and Lust; we produce a primary in-

equality which gives rise in every direction to other tendencies to inequality; and from this perversion of the good gifts of the Creator, from this ignoring and defying of his social laws, there arise in the very heart of our civilization those horrible and monstrous things that betoken social putrefaction.

THE SQUATTER

By B. F. Lindas

JIM HENNESSY was Irish. His eyes sparkled with the deep blue of the heavens that hung in the mist above the Emerald Isle, and his light red hair and his dark red face glared a perpetual warning of a fiery temper that had earned for Jim the reputation of fighting at "the drop of the hat." A beer bottle in the hand of a pugnacious bartender at "Hogan's" had transformed Jim's almost pug nose into a "Jewish beak" as he called it, while the scar that furrowed the left cheek from the cauliflower ear to the high upper lip was a souvenir of a dance in the club-house of "The Jolly Eight."

Jim had but a dim recollection of his parents. He could faintly recall his father sitting in the low-ceilinged kitchen of the shanty in the "patch" on Biddle street; his red shirt rolled up on his hairy arms and puffing contentedly at an old "dudeen." Now and then would come the fading vision of an old, bent woman in a plaid shawl, and he would catch the echo of a low voice murmuring to him in the darkness of the "little people" the "fairies" and of the "banshee" crying in the moonlight.

Somehow, they just seemed to drop out of his life and he drifted here and there, finally falling in with a gang of young fellows who had their headquarters at "Hogan's" and who made a precarious living by petty thievery.

Jim grew rapidly into a big, strong fearless youth, a terror to the neighborhood "cops," an adept at every crime on the calendar, until being caught red handed in an attempt to "stick-up" the corner grocer, a five years' sentence cut short his promising career.

Jim emerged from prison unreformed and vindictive. But he was now a marked man and the petty persecutions of the police finally drove him away from all his old haunts and he drifted to the cluster of house-boats that cling to the yellow banks along the river near the bridge. Here with a few dissolute companions he began to slip gradually into the habits of a hopeless sot.

Then came the meeting with Bessie one evening in the dark street that pried an opening thru the lumber yards from the ferry landing, when he had beaten off two tramps who had tried to snatch her purse. This chance meeting was the beginning of Jim's struggle against the vicious habits that had dogged him since boyhood—not that he was inexperienced with women, he had drunk with them, caroused with them, beaten them—but the bright eyes, as blue as his own looking at him from the door of the tenement, and the pressure of a little firm hand in his had awakened all the latent emotions, and sentiments, and love that had been buried all his years.

Jim had never worked at anything, but by helping in planting and gathering the rude crops that grew in the rich deposits about the houseboats he had

picked up a smattering of gardening. Just the other side of the bridge from the boats was a shelf of land that had been accumulating for years from the deposits of the river. There was now some two acres of fertile soil. No one had ever claimed it. No one had used it. Early in the spring Jim took possession of it. He had stopped drinking. He built himself a cozy hut with the odds and ends from the adjoining lumber yards, planted his tiny garden, tended it faithfully, and by the time the hickories on the opposite bank had begun to don their golden hues, he had furnished the little home and tucked away enough to keep him the coming winter.

Jim had not seen Bessie since the night in the lumber yard, but now, his eyes clear and muscles supple from a year's hard work in the open, and neatly dressed, he climbed the rickety stairs to her dingy room in the tenement. A month's persistent wooing and the slip of a girl gave up her lone struggle to keep above the current and joined Jim in the hut by the river.

Four years Jim and Bessie lived quietly and happily in the cozy little home. A blue-eyed daughter toddled after them in the garden.

One day a well-dressed stranger drove up and stopped at the gate.

"James Hennessy?"

"That's my name."

"A summons for you." That's all.

Jim took the big folded document into the room. A dozen type-written pages were attached to it. He tried to read it, Bessie looking over his shoulder. He could not understand it. There were, "ejectment," "unlawfully withheld," "restitution demanded," "mesne profits" and many other puzzling phrases staring at him with unintelligible insolence.

He took the paper to a Justice of the Peace on Broadway. His friend glanced over it and then looked at Jim.

"H'm, want your land. Railroad company says it's their land. Call you trespasser. Want you put off. Say you have no right there. Here, take this card. That lawyer is a friend of mine. He'll take your case."

Jim hired the lawyer. It took all his savings.

When the case was called for trial there was no dispute about the facts, and being an equity case was tried before the judge. It was admitted that Jim had cultivated the land, and used it and made a living from it for five years. It was admitted further that this land was not included in the metes and bounds describing the land that had been purchased by the railroad company but that it had been added year by year by the action of the river. Jim had no deed for it, no lease, no contract. The land was not for sale, not for twenty thousand dollars an acre. The railroad owned an unbroken strip along the river

front of the city and would not sell a foot for any price.

The trial was soon over.

The judge was sorry, but the precepts of the law must be upheld. The owner of the land owned not only the surface, but from the center of the earth to the highest heavens, and all the accretions added by nature to the land from year to year. Jim had no right on the land; use and occupancy gave no title except, perhaps, in the minds of some zealous reformers. These principles were simple and fundamental and based on that unquenchable fount of justice, the Common Law of England. "Judgment for plaintiff."

Jim left the court-room with his head whirling from the heat of the stuffy chamber, the ineffectual attempt to understand the unaccustomed words, and the deadening consciousness that he had lost his home.

"Go home, Bessie," he said when they reached the street. "I'll soon be there."

THE NIGHT COURT

Ruth Comfort Mitchell in the "Century"

"Call Rose Costara!" Insolent, she comes.
The watchers, practised, keen, turn down their thumbs.
The walk, the talk, the face,—that seashell tint,—
It is old stuff; they read her like coarse print,
Here is no hapless innocence waylaid.
This is a stolid worker at her trade.
Listening, she yawns; half smiling, undismayed,
Shrugging a little at the law's delay,
Bored and impatient to be on her way.
It is her eighth conviction. Out beyond the rail
A lady novelist in search of types turns pale.
She meant to write of them just as she found them,
And with no tears or maudlin glamour round them,
In forceful, virile words, harsh, true words, without shame,
Calling an ugly thing boldly, an ugly name;
Sympathy, velvet glove on purpose iron hand.
But eighth conviction! All the phrases she had planned
Fail; "sullen," "vengeful," no, she isn't that.
No, the pink face beneath the hectic hat
Gives back her own aghast and sickened stare
With a detached and rather cheerful air,
And then the little novelist sees red.
From her chaste heart all clemency is fled.
"Oh, loathsome! venomous! Off with her head!
Call Rose Costara!" but before you stop,
And shelve your decent rage,
Let's call the cop.

Let's call the plain-clothes cop who brought her in.
The weary-eyed night watchman of the law,
A shuffling person with a hanging jaw,
Loose-lipped and sallow, rather vague of chin,
Comes rubber-heeling at His Honor's rap.
He set and baited and then sprung the trap—
The trap—by his unsavory report.
Let's ask him why—but first
Let's call the court.

Not only the grim figure in the chair,
Sphinx-like above the waste and wreckage there,
Skeptical, weary of a retold tale,
But the whole humming hive, the false, the frail—
An old young woman with a weasel face,

She saw him disappear among the crowd
Late that night she was awakened by some one
fumbling at the door. She opened it and Jim staggered in, his eyes aflame with drink.

"Get out," he yelled in a drunken rage.
"Get out—you got no right here—I got no right here—I'm a thief—I always was a thief—I stole everything—nothing belongs to me—get out!"

Bessie picked up the little girl, wrapped her in a blanket, and ran to the house boats for shelter.

Long into the night the neighbors could hear Jim and his terrible oaths. Then all was still. Just before daybreak a sudden burst of flame stabbed the darkness and lighted up the shantytown. Before anyone could reach it, Jim's hut was smoldering ashes.

In the morning a policeman pulled a charred body from the ruins.

"Good riddance," he said as he turned the body with his foot, "he was a bad character—a natural born thief."

A lying witness waiting in his place,
Two ferret lawyers nosing out a case,
Reporters questioning a Mexican,
Sobbing her silly heart out for her man.
Planning to feature her, "lone, desperate, pretty,"—
Yes, call the court. But wait!
Let's call the city.

Call the community! Call up, call down,
Call all the speeding, mad, unheeding town!
Call rags and tags and then call velvet gown!
Go, summon them from tenements and clubs,
On office floors and over steaming tubs!
Shout to the boxes and behind the scenes,
Then to the push-cart and the limousines!
Arouse the lecture-room, the cabaret!
Confound them with a trumpet-blast and say,
"Are you so dull, so deaf and blind indeed,
That you mistake the harvest for the seed?"
Condemn them for—but stay!
Let's call the code—

That facile thing they've fashioned to their mode;
Smug sophistries that smother and befool,
That numb and stupefy; that clumsy thing
That measures mountains with a three-foot rule,
And plumbs the ocean with a pudding string—
The little, brittle code. Here is the root,
Far out of sight, and buried safe and deep,
And Rose Costara is the bitter fruit.
On every limb and leaf, death, ruin, creep.

So, lady novelist, go home again.
Rub biting acid on your little pen.
Look back and out and up and in, and then
Write that it is no job for pruning-shears.
Tell them to dig for years and years and years
The twined and twisted roots. Blot out the page;
Invert the blundering order of the age;
Reverse the scheme; the last shall be the first.
Summon the system, starting with the worst—
The lying, dying code! On, down the line,
The city, and the court, the cop. Assign
The guilt, the blame, the shame! Sting, lash and spur!
Call each and all! Call us! And then call her!

SONGS OF THE GREAT ADVENTURE, New Bottles, The Naked Truth, War Lines, New and Old Songs, Personal Privilege, Facets of Truth: over a hundred titles of living virile verse, by Luke North. These are not drawing-room ditties, nor l'art pour l'art, yet some of them are graceful, and many lack not real music. Most of them were published in Everyman from time to time; some were widely copied. All of them were written, not to please or flatter or amuse, but because they had to be uttered. As well and handsomely printed as every book should be and few are, in the Everyman easy-to-read type, on good paper, characteristically bound, 160 pages. In stiff cover paper 50 cents, in cloth \$1.00. Golden Press, 232 Douglas Building, Los Angeles. Every copy you pay for adds that much to the campaign fund for a Free Earth. (Special prices will be made on quantities.)

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EVERYMAN's subscription list is within a few hundred of twenty-two thousand—a good many for a publication that caters to No. One and whose chief object is, not merely to Preach the Single Tax Gospel of a Free Earth, but to urge, conspire for, its Immediate Practice. A good many, yet all too few! Will you help to run the list up to a Hundred Thousand within the next few months? Subscribe for your friends, and especially for your Enemies—they need it most, probably. Send in the names of people who might be interested, or who ought to be—and Don't forget your own Dollar! Make all checks payable to Herman Kuehn, secretary-treasurer, 232 Douglas Building, Los Angeles.

NOT EVERY NAME on the Everyman list has been matched by a Dollar within legal recentness. If you feel guilty there's an easy way to purge the sin—a money order, a check, a dollar bill, or stamps—anything but poker chips and collar buttons—potatoes and onions preferred. That "legal recentness" refers to the post office rule which says, Make 'em pungle regularly or cut 'em off! The latter we hate to do—and won't, if you'll drop us a postal saying you'll pay when you get good and ready. That will satisfy your Uncle Sam, whose concern is chiefly that the people who get a publication really care to have it coming. If there's anybody on the Everyman list who doesn't care to have it coming, he'll do us a great favor by saying so. Remember this: when you pay Everyman a dollar you are helping to Free the Land of the United States, your dollar is a contribution to The Great Adventure.

THE ATLANTIC TO THE PACIFIC

Copy of a telegram dated Newark, N. J., February 28, 1917

Luke North, care The Great Adventure, Los Angeles

Conference of those who want Single Tax Now to be held at Atlantic City, April thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth, arranged by Pennsylvania Single Tax Party and numbers of your friends in Delaware, New Jersey, New York, Maryland, etc. Expect large attendance to endorse The Great Adventure to create a political demand for a Free Earth Here and Now. Will you come?

W. J. Wallace

Adopted unanimously by Philadelphia Single Tax Society, March 1st, 1917

Whereas, Henry George attracted the attention of the civilized world by his bold and enlightened crusade against poverty and the vice and crime that flow from it, and

Whereas, He proved by the most convincing logic that the only true remedy for low wages, unemployment and their attendant evils is to make land common property, and

Whereas, He gathered to his standard thousands of earnest men and women through his appeal to their sympathies, their sense of justice and their idealism, and

Whereas, The Single Tax Movement has narrowed down to a mere fiscal reform which in itself fails to generate the hope and inspiration necessary to rouse the masses of men to action,

Resolved, That The Philadelphia Single Tax Society recognizes in "The Great Adventure" in California a revival of the spirit of Henry George in their courageous demand that the land be restored to the people; and be it

Resolved, That this Society give its earnest support to Luke North and his associates, and commend their method of putting the Movement on a high plane by appealing to the moral, religious and spiritual natures of men.

Resolved, That the Secretary be requested to send a copy of these resolutions to Luke North, Daniel Kiefer, The Single Tax Review, The Single Tax Herald, The Ground Hog, and The Public.