

"why could it not be drawn from taxes?" True, it might be. But on whom do taxes fall? Those that fall upon production are paid by labor, those that fall upon land values are paid by the owners of natural opportunities in economic rent first collected from labor. Out of the latter fund it might be possible to provide for many things. But least of all would it be necessary to provide for Workingmen's Insurance. It might be thought needful to provide for those who could not work, but never for those who work. There might be insurance for the crippled, the lame, the halt, the insane—but not for those whose hands and brains create the only fund that pays for everything—the workers of the world. And if there is a fund started for insurance anywhere or for any purpose—why not a State Insurance for the idlers, who do not produce anything, to provide against a time when their unearned incomes shall be cut off and they find through long habits of idleness that it is impossible for them to join the workingmen in production, and they become the objects of charity? Absurd, you say. Yet not more absurd than that those who produce every form of wealth should be insured against the consequences of unemployment, ill health, death, or other cause out of the wealth of the nation of which they are the sole creators.

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WE regret to chronicle the death of E. E. Nobis on October 10th, an old time Single Taxer who was associated with the editor of the REVIEW in Jersey City in the formation of the Land and Labor Club in 1887.

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THE Tenants' Union, of New York, organized about six years ago, is out with a manifesto announcing that its purpose is to improve the housing conditions of the people of this city, and to prevent speculators from holding land out of use until they can rob the community of the fruits of its enterprise and labor. The officers of this association serving without pay are C. Donovan, Alexander Law, and Daniel Cavanagh, all veteran workers for the Single Tax.

#### J. R. HERMAN WRITES OF THE MISSOURI CAMPAIGN.

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Some thirty years ago, Henry George announced to the world that land values were public values, and that the life of civilization depended on taking these values for public purposes in lieu of all other taxes.

Since then the work of Henry George has been translated into all the leading languages, is a living issue in the British Empire, and is rapidly becoming a world-wide issue.

The Single Tax propagandists were told it would never find favor in America on account of the opposition of the American farmer, who, unlike agriculturists of other countries, was a land owner. For the first time in the history of the movement, the Single Tax was presented to a community of farmers last fall. The State of Missouri can be said to be fairly representative, lying between the conservatism of the east and the radicalism of the west.

The Single Taxers of Missouri initiated a constitutional amendment providing for the gradual exemption of labor products, and within the course of five years, all taxes would be raised from land values, with the exception of inheritance taxes and liquor licenses. The limitation on the rate of taxation was removed, thus providing for the full application of the George theory in the future if the people so desired. This measure was defeated nearly five to one, the only organization favoring it being the State Federation of Labor, which gave it a nominal endorsement. Both old parties were against it and the progressives were non-committal. The farmers formed an organization and raised fifty thousand dollars at the first meeting, joining with the big real estate men of the leading cities. Pitted against this power was a little handful of devoted followers of George, partly financed by Joseph Fels. The writer took part in this campaign, and is therefore in position to relate some of the incidents of the campaign, which will indicate the state of feeling among the farmers.

I live in Denver, Colorado, and entered the campaign at St. Joseph, Mo., situated



in the richest farming section of the State. Francis Neilson, M.P., had delivered a speech in favor of the measure the night before at the Court House. That settled it with the farmers. Two foreigners, one from a foreign state and another from a foreign country, dared to presume to dictate to them how they should run their own affairs. This was but a match to a powder magazine that had been heated to explosion by misrepresentation so outlandish as to be unbelievable, but that this Englishman, a representative of a monarchy, should tell free-born American citizens that they intended to take their land away from them, was the limit, and the way those farmers went about to protect American institutions was a caution. No one can realize the seriousness to which the state of feeling developed who did not take part in the campaign. My experience was common to other speakers and writers, and the reason we were not all killed can be attributed to some accident.

William Black, of Kansas City, directed my movements. I had no trouble in St. Joseph. The dailies would run my matter under the caption of the People's Forum, but were always careful not to approve of my letters editorially. But when I entered the farming districts, trouble began. I have campaigned for the Single Tax for 17 years, and was over this ground thirteen years before, and had never had any trouble, for it was not then an issue. But it was an issue now, and the liveliest issue I ever engaged in, except that it was so one-sided. At first we found an occasional hero who dared to advertise a meeting, but two weeks from the election we could not find a man who dared to make a speech in his own neighborhood not for fear of being boycotted, but for fear of his life. Judge Rea, of Savannah, born and raised in the county, his father a judge before him, was told not to come to some parts of his own county if he valued his life. He got up a meeting for me, and it was a nervous meeting in a town of four thousand. I was billed to debate at Marysville, and as I entered the Court House, a farmer stepped up to me and politely told me I ought to have a bullet put through me

and that would put a stop to this damn foolishness. Then I was obliged to make my own dates. With the exception of one man by the name of Flacy at Cameron, who faced the hostility throughout, I had no open friend in north-west Missouri in the farming sections. At Clarkesdale, a town of 500, I called on the Mayor and told him I was going to deliver a Single Tax address there, and asked for protection. He flatly refused it, and told me I had better not stay in town. I told him that in the absence of government in that town, I would resort to self-protection. This statement perhaps saved me from being mobbed. At Maysville, the lights were cut off and I was left alone in the court room, and as I groped my way out of the building, I was told that a mob of sixty boys and men with eggs and rocks was coming in the other side, but I escaped it. I was in Gallatin three hours, plenty long enough to be safe. As I walked up the street, little groups would gather on the corners and make remarks as I passed, these groups growing larger, and as I went about I could see they moved towards me and when I entered the bus to take the train, a considerable sized crowd of silent but determined men gathered about the bus, and I knew from the looks of them that I would be as safe among a band of Comanche Indians on the war path, as among them that night. This statement is not made for effect, but for the truth. The week before, W. J. Flacy, a clothing merchant at Cameron, advertised a meeting to be held in the park on Saturday afternoon. I missed my train and did not get there until evening. We learned later that an organized committee of fifty men had intended to meet me at the depot. Soon after I began speaking, eggs began to fly at me and the audience, but eggs did not stop the speaking. Then a rough character stepped in front of the stand and tried to pick a quarrel with me. Failing in this, he started to pick a quarrel on the outside of the audience, and but for the quick action of the marshal, I would not be able to write this story. The plan, we afterwards learned, was to start a riot and in the mixup, I was to be strung up to a tree, but the marshal clubbed the leader



over the head and put him in the lockup. The last I heard of Cameron, they were trying to punish this leader, and the city officially wrote me a letter of apology. It isn't far back to Lovejoy. At King City, the only man who dared to openly espouse the cause was a man by the name of Pickard. He said, "Stranger, I have lived here most of my life, served four years in the Union army, and was through the most turbulent period in these parts. I have raised a family, and draw a pension. I never was in jail, and neither was my family. I have always paid my debts. But, sir, I would not undertake to make a speech anywhere in this county for fear of my life." "Then," said I, "you do not advise me to speak here." "You may do as you please, but I am only telling you that in my judgment you will be either injured or killed." I spoke there, but only by special protection from the city authorities, and then under turbulent auspices.

Dear reader, this occurred in the heart of the United States of America, in the twentieth century, in the land of the brave and the home of the free, where Christianity and free speech are supposed to prevail. What had I done to those people that they should seek my life? I was asking nothing from them. I merely asked them to listen to a new gospel of freedom, and the same savage instinct that dominated men in the dark ages was ready to leap forth. Where men dared to talk to me they said they would vote for the amendment if they dared, but a secret ballot was no protection. In one county, six hundred votes more than there were voters in the county were recorded against the measure. The farmers said if the cities outvoted them, they would resist by force,—that it was merely a scheme on the part of the cities to load all the taxes on the farmer, yet there were more land values in the cities and rights of way in Missouri than in the farming sections. But figures did not count in this whirlwind of passion. However, this hysteria is dying down, and a rational campaign of education is setting in. Let it be remembered that the Canadian farmer is becoming a Single Taxer as fast as the American working man, and the

landed class is becoming fewer in number.  
—J. R. HERMAN.

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OPEN LETTER.

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To the honorable President of the Chamber of Urban Property of Zaragoza, Don Felipe J. Guillen.

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Translated by M. J. STEWART.

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HONORED SIR:

The Educational Monday issue of the *Herald of Aragon* has given the opportunity to discuss in our beloved town various notes relating to the Single Tax, and for you to comment on them: for this reason I take pleasure in directing these lines to you.

The famous Aragonese jurisconsult, Don Marceliano Isabal, opened a recent meeting with a careful paper on land values, giving an account of "Georgist" aspirations, which he did not qualify as unrealizable, although he styled them deeply radical. He said: "It is truly rare that the official Chamber of Urban Property, a conservative organization in the social sense of the word in regard to all the interests which it represents, and yet in politics as to all which touches any of its worthy and most influential members, should have pointed out in its notable resolution to the City Council in November the advisability of the latter inquiring "to see if they could introduce the Single Tax, in place of multiplying and subdividing the tax conceptions, etc. etc."

A fortnight later, in the number of January 22nd, in the same section of the same paper, your honor has stated as President of the Chamber of Urban Property, that in speaking of the Single Tax, an allusion was made to a careful revision of the form of tax notices and to a fixed organization of the tax by levy which would free the taxpayer from the nuisance of constant small tax payments, and appeared to regret that this was supposed to be an inspiration of the policy of Henry George.

Respecting at its fullest value your frank opinion, I can find no motive for