

therefore, to struggle to meet the exorbitant interest of the usurers who prey upon this class in Egypt.

In the Sudan the benefits of peace have been fully reaped by the cultivators, and the increased facilities of communication have brought markets hitherto undreamt of to the doors. The development of the rich products of the country has been carefully fostered, and a golden harvest has thus been brought in, which has remained in the country. It is therefore not surprising that the people are contented, happy, and loyal.

Dr. Sun Yat Sen on the Taxation of Land Values.

In another column we are reproducing, from THE INDEPENDENT, New York, an address delivered by Dr. Sun Yat Sen, at Shanghai, on April 18th, 1912. The Chinese Apostle of true Democracy is evidently concerned to lay the foundations of the new Chinese Republic upon the firm rock of social and economic justice, so that the first-fruits of the presence, needs and activities of all shall accrue to all, and not be confiscated by a privileged class or caste. The evil, anti-social, demoralising and degrading effects of the latter have been vividly impressed upon him during his sojourn in Western Europe and America; and he has learned his lesson. Hence his inspired and inspiring address should be welcomed and appreciated not only in the "benighted" East, but also in the "progressive" West.

Mr. Walter Long and The New Land Policy.

Speaking at Devizes on August 5th, Mr. Walter Long, M.P., said:—

Did any thoughtful man believe that good would be done to the country by breaking up estates? It was madness. The Insurance Act was intended to bring in votes; it had brought in curses instead, and the result was that the Chancellor of the Exchequer had been following Consols and gone down steadily in the public estimation. Therefore the Government and Mr. Lloyd George were anxious to find something else. It was too late. They were going to their doom as fast as men could go; no lifebuoys which they could throw them would save them, and therefore he did not think they need trouble themselves about that new land tax policy.

The "signs of the times" are set dead against Walter Long's optimism; and his Party are going to be "troubled" by the new land policy for quite a long time to come.

THE CRY OF THE LANDLESS.

The cry of the landless rends the air,—
The cry of a people in despair!
Far in the valley and up on the hill,
Down in the coal mine and out in the mill,
Where the wind chases the leaves in the lane,
Where the stream sparkles and winds o'er the plain.
In the dim workshop and in the great store,
In the mean hovel that shelters the poor,
Where the grey masses grow weary and die,
Where the pale mother sinks down with a sigh,
Where the young children are careworn and sad,
Where the keen struggle is driving men mad,
In the small village and up on the moor,
Out in the forest and by the sea-shore,
Everywhere, everywhere over the land,
Where men are toiling with brain and with hand,
The cry of the landless rends the air,—
The cry of a people in despair!

The landless are crying for liberty;
Open the toll-gates and set them free!

—DOUGLAS P. BOATMAN.

HENRY GEORGE: THE MAN.

In the current (July-August) number of THE SINGLE TAX REVIEW (New York), Mr. Edward R. Taylor, a deep and intimate friend of Henry George, has a deeply interesting article under the above heading. He summarises Henry George's character in the following words:—

He was sincere to the core. He never under any circumstances sought to be anybody but himself. . . . He was nearly always cheerful. He neither whined nor complained but patiently bore every burden put upon his back. He was a strong man morally, mentally, and physically. Neither ridicule nor criticism could depress him, nor laudation unduly exalt him. He was self-centred, and feared nothing the future might bring him, for he felt in his heart of hearts that his was the torch to light suffering humanity out of the abysmal torments of poverty to the high ground of a new hope and a new life.

His most striking element of character was his sympathy for his fellow-man. This was the fire that burned in his soul, and in reality was the main cause that incited the production of his great book. He was not only a political economist—that and nothing more; had he been merely that, he would have written well on economic subjects, but he would not have produced a book which served to carry his name and message to all the people of the earth. It took love of man to do that; and in George's breast such love never abated. . . . He never affected the attitude of a superior person. Very early in life the poverty incident to all large cities interested him, until it began to tug at him for solution. Why was it that with plenty of unused land within the city limits the tenement houses reared their horrid heads? Was this a natural condition, or was it not rather an artificial condition produced by man, and if indeed it was artificial, then it was surely remediable. On this he pondered, and pondered, and finally by slow approaches reached the conclusions expounded in PROGRESS AND POVERTY. His was a receptive soul awaiting the call that was to set it in responsive vibration; and when the call finally laid its imperative voice upon him, it found him ready and eager.

California no longer looks askance at him. She values him now as one of her most precious jewels. He is in very truth her own, for he came to her when a boy, and remained with her until his final message was delivered. . . . He experienced all kinds of life within her borders, and he often went an-hungered; but his heart kept beating, his mind kept working, and his courage kept burning, until at last he stood on the mountain top of Truth with the breezes of heaven singing anthems of glory around him.

The Henry George Commemoration Dinner, under the auspices of the English League for the Taxation of Land Values, will take place in London on the evening of the Land Values Conference to be held on October 7th.

LAND, CAPITAL AND LABOUR.

"What did you tell that man just now?"
"I told him to hurry."
"What right have you to tell him to hurry?"
"I pay him to hurry."
"What do you pay him?"
"A dollar a day."
"Where do you get the money to pay him with?"
"I sell bricks."
"Who makes the bricks?"
"He does."
"How many bricks does he make?"
"Twenty-four men can make 24,000 bricks in a day."
"Then instead of you paying him, he pays you six dollars a day for standing around and telling him to hurry."
"Well, but I own the machines."
"How did you get the machines?"
"Sold brick and bought them."
"Who made the bricks?"
"Shut up. The fools may wake up."
"But why doesn't he make bricks for himself and sell them, and buy his own machines?"
"Because he can't make bricks without clay, and all the clay is on my land."