

If other proposals for the abolition of labor exploitation and the establishment of social justice are futile, that will become evident as they are tried. If they contemplate an over-doing or an under-doing, progress in the general social movement will slough off the non-essentials and develop the essentials. The Singletax *principle*, the Singletax *method* and the Singletax *policy* commend themselves as guides to all who in good faith and with good vision are looking for that labor state in which those who earn shall have and social justice reign. Be their labels of any denomination in religion, of any party in politics, of any cult in philanthropy, of any sect in anything, they will find the Singletax their best asset for the realization of their own ideals, if their purpose coincides with its objective, which is *industrial democracy*.

CONDENSED EDITORIALS

SINGLETAX SEED TIME AND HARVEST.

Herbert Quick, in a Private Letter.

There was a time when truth seemed to me so plainly true, that I thought all it needed was bold and wide proclamation and everybody must be converted. That was a long time ago. I know now that the Kingdom of God is not to be set up in our day in Jerusalem. A few may be healed. Some dead may be raised, some blind eyes may be opened, crowds may follow a teacher, and it may look to the Sanhedrin and the Synagogue as if things are going to be overturned. But they are not overturned. The teacher still must be lifted up in crucifixion in order that all men may be drawn to him. There are numerous Gethsemanes and Calvaries along the road yet. Missouri and Oregon are not lost, nor is the cause. It has only been a skirmish. Long after this election has been forgotten, the truth sown in those States will be found growing. This is seed-time. Nobody knows when the harvest time shall be. But it will come. Probably we shall have to suffer a great deal more. Quite probably the chance of loot through unearned increment will have to become more distant from the average man's mind before he will enlist to abolish loot. Remember how corrupted we are as a people by and through this loot. Bedouins would doubtless be better off were the robbery of caravans abolished; but the robbery of caravans is too much a thing bred in the bone to be unpopular in Bedouin camps. Southern mountaineers are prone to feuds. The feuds are bad for the feudists, but more than one campaign is called for before this type of murder will be given up. Monopoly of land is ingrained in our people's minds as a part of the eternal scheme of things. It is not to be shaken in one or two campaigns.

Some speak in terms of bitter disappointment over the failure of the Initiative to get results in Singletax legislation. There is no reason to blame the Initiative. The people voted as they believe. They may not have been well informed, and they may have

followed blind guides; but that is neither here nor there. What they wanted to do in those elections they have done. Singletaxers failed to convince them. Very well—then Singletaxers ought to have failed in the election. No good can be accomplished by any possible rushing of legislation in advance of public sentiment. You can't sneak up on God's blind side in that way. Only one victory is worth while, and that is a victory through the sober, enlightened judgment of the voters. It is better not to win, until we can win through that. I would not enact a Singletax law in Missouri or Oregon if I could. We have demonstrated that these States are not yet ready for it. We have had a good, democratic licking. It will be good for us, if we are the right sort of democratic soldiers.

The Clackamas County tax roll and the township rolls made in Missouri are the really big things we have done. Now let's use them. Let's go about it to show people where their material interests lie. Let us appeal to class consciousness a little more. After all, in the main men vote in their own interests if they know what they are. We ought to have the people listed according to the way they would be affected by Singletax—laboring men, home-owners, mortgaged people, speculators, farm-owners, farmers, tenants, hired-men and the like. We must eventually win by appealing to the victims of monopoly, rather than to its beneficiaries—or to victims and beneficiaries alike. Perhaps, after all, the best course is the thorough one. "Private ownership of land must be abolished," could not fail as a slogan much more completely than the softer speech has failed.

All this is a plea for democracy first, and then education. The Initiative as a means of getting Singletax may not be a swift means, but it is the best means, for all that. Or, if not the best, it is better than any means by which the Kingdom of God might be thought capable of being slipped over while the people aren't looking. That can't be done. Education is the only thing worth while. I am disposed to believe that the appeal to reason which has been made in Missouri and Oregon is worth a great deal more than it has cost.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE

THE LABOR WAR AT LITTLE FALLS, N.Y.

A Clergyman's Report.

Schenectady, N. Y. November 19.

Wednesday morning, October 30, about half-past six, 250 or 300 strikers started on their daily parade around the mills. They had a permit from the Mayor for these parades that had never been revoked. The marchers seemed unusually happy and joked with those on the sidewalk as they passed along. Every block or two spontaneously would burst forth the Marseillaise—in five different tongues—the only song that all the nationalities knew. The line swung down past one of the mills and doubled back. Suddenly a confusion was noticed, and then a muffled shot down the front half of the line!

The lines broke. The middle of the street was

crowded. I was in the back part of the line and immediately saw that the strike breakers—the private detectives from Albany—who had been sworn in as special policemen, were confirming the rumor that “there would soon be trouble.” I saw that unless the strikers could be got away, violence would occur and a chance be given to flood the country with reports that would prejudice the cause of the strikers.

I rushed into the midst of the struggle, pulling men out of the way of the policemen's clubs and shouting, “Back to the hall!”

The Captain of the Police told me to keep on, and urged the people to follow my advice.

For this assistance given to the police, after spending ten days in the county jail, I am held with ten or a dozen others in \$2,000 bail for the grand jury on charge of assault with intent to kill!

After the strikers had got back to their headquarters, I found one of them who saw the officer fire the first shot. We were going together to the office of a lawyer, when the patrol wagon came rushing down and we were both arrested. Then the police continued on to the headquarters of the strikers; and there, I am informed, smashed everything in sight in the Slovak gymnasium, which had been kindly lent to the strikers for their meetings.

On arriving at the Police Headquarters we were pushed into the bull pen, which a day or two since has been condemned in scathing terms by the State Inspector. There we found about a dozen others and our number kept increasing until we were more than thirty.

At least nine of the men had broken heads. When I was placed in the pen six were in one cell and one in another. The latter's face was almost beaten to a jelly. He told me he had been taken into the mill, his hands tied behind him, and beaten half a dozen times over the mouth with a policeman's club. I didn't see him beaten, but his face corroborated his story. The six men in the other cell were all bleeding. They were shut off from the water faucet. We took an envelope, and as each placed his head against the bars we poured the water on his wounds.

In a few moments a man who said he had been shot by one of the officers was thrown into the cell. He sank groaning on the wooden bench. Three times he fell off and was lifted back. It took fully fifteen minutes and constant application of our meagre supply of water to bring him to full consciousness. A pool of his blood lay all day on the cement floor beneath our feet.

A little while later an Italian was thrown down the stairs. As he came in the doorway, his collar grew limp from the flow of his own blood. He said he was hit on the head as he came down the stairs.

Later still the now familiar noise of some one being dragged in was heard again. A man of middle age came through the door. The door clanged on his arm. It was opened again and he was knocked to the floor. He started to protest, and was knocked down again. He rose up and struck the officer; with a fiendish look on his face the officer threw him down, jumped on him with his knees, and with an instrument that looked like a blackjack rained a dozen blows on his face. A Slavish boy who started to protest was smashed in

the mouth. Then the officer, still fighting, was dragged by the two men with him into the hall. They feared the results of his brutality.

In the afternoon an Italian was arraigned. When he returned to the pen, I saw a bunch on his face as large as an egg. He said the Chief of Police had stayed with him alone in the court room and had hit him with his fist in the face.

During the day, the language used to many of the Poles and Italians was unspeakable. An Italian boy said to me, “Have they got the right to hit anybody that way?” I didn't have time to answer before the question of right and legality faded away in the presence of a big club stained with the blood of another victim.

Then we were handcuffed together, and escorted by a burly special with an army rifle, after hearing the command of the Chief of Police to “pump anyone full of lead” that started to break, we marched through the streets to Herkimer Jail.

I see ever in my waking hours the bright-eyed, swarthy child of sunny Italy, the stolid faced descendant of the Polack, and the sad-faced Russian Jew, as they each in turn told me in our common prison cell, “They wouldn't do this in the old country”; and I wonder if, after all, the solution of our industrial problems lies in the direction of “subjecting the foreigners.”

Not a single weapon was found on any of the strikers arrested, the largest instrument being a pocket knife, such as any man or woman carries to sharpen pencils. The police had the weapons. To those who were present it seemed perfectly clear that the police deliberately created their own riot and carried out their program of taking from the strike situation all who had been active in carrying it on. Back of every move can be clearly seen the determination, by fair means or foul, to break the back of this starvation strike.

The need for funds is greater than ever.

ROBERT A. BAKEMAN.



FOR A NEW CHARTER IN DULUTH.

Duluth will vote on its new charter December 3, a charter that is a municipal constitution, compact and simple. The old charter fills 225 pages of print, with careful enumeration of powers, duties, processes, salaries of officers, office routine, precision and punctuation. The pending charter is compressed into 40 pages of type. The powers of government are conferred on a Commission of five members, chosen at large, to serve four years, of whom one shall be mayor. The salaries are fixed at \$4,000 on the present population, \$4,500 when the city passes 100,000, and \$5,000 when the population reaches 150,000. All other salaries are to be fixed by the Commission itself.

The enumeration of powers is covered in the most general terms. The city shall have all powers possessed heretofore by the city, all powers conferred by general State legislation, all powers, functions, rights and privileges usually exercised by, or incidental to, or inhering in municipal corporations, all municipal power, functions, rights, privileges and immunities of every name and nature whatsoever, plus all powers recited in this charter. That's all.