

RELATED THINGS CONTRIBUTIONS AND REPRINT

THE UNCOMMON COMMONER.

By Edmund Vance Cooke.

Bulwark and barbican, grim and tall,
Keep and turret and moated wall,
Portico, peristyle, stately hall,
Palaces, castles, courts and all;
Lofty minaret, lordly dome,
Humble yourselves at the childhood home
Of Lincoln.

Made of a few sticks, clumsily cut;
No window to open, no door to shut;
So wretched, indeed, that the name of hut
Were gilded praise of its poverty, but—
By the kernel alone we must judge the nut.
Who could have dreamed in that early hour
That out of such muck would have sprung the flower—
A Lincoln!

Reactionaries! who strive, today,
To hold that men are of differing clay;
Oligarchs! plutocrats! ye who say
The fathers were wrong, and yea or nay
May answer a People's Rights today,
That some are to rule and some obey,
One plain word shall command your shame;
Into your faces I fling the name
Of Lincoln.

Whence did he come? From the rearmost rank
Of the humblest file. Was it some mad prank
Of God that the mountains were bare and blank
And the strong tree grew on the lowliest bank?
Not so! 'Tis the Law. The seed blows wide
And the flower may bloom as the garden's pride,
Or spring from the ditch. Nor time, nor place,
Condition nor caste, nor creed nor race
May limit manhood. The proof is the case
Of Lincoln.

How was he trained—this untaught sage,
With nothing but want for his heritage?
Set to work at the tender age
Which should have been conning a primer page;
His whole youth spent for the pitiful wage
Of axman, boatman, farmer, clerk;
For learned alone in the school of work
Was Lincoln.

What was his power? Not kingly caste,
Nor jingle of gold, howsoever amassed;
Not Napoleon's force, with the world aghast;
Not Tallyrand's cunning, now loose, now fast;
Not weak persuasion or fierce duress,
But strong with the Virtue of Homeliness
Was Lincoln.

Homely in feature. An old style room,
With its tall, quaint clock and its old, quaint loom,
Has very much of his home-made air;
Plain, but a plainness made to wear.
Homely in character. Void of pretense;

Homely in homeliest common sense.
Homely in honesty, homespun stuff
For every weather, mild or rough.
Homely in humor, which bubbled up
Like a forest spring in its earthen cup.
Homely in justice. He knew the law,
But often more than the letter he saw;
And, sheathing the sword to its harmless hilt,
Wrote "Pardon" over the blot of guilt.
Homely in patience. His door stood wide,
And carping and cavil from every side
Dinned in his ears, but he went his way
And did the strongest that in him lay.
Homely in modesty. Never a claim
Of credit he made, and he shirked no blame,
Yet firm in his place as the hemisphere
When principle said to him, "Stand thou here!"
Homely in tenderness. Motherhood's breast,
Where the new babe cradles its head to rest,
Is not more tender than was his heart;
Yet brave as a Bayard in every part
Was Lincoln.

O, Uncommon Commoner! may your name
Forever lead like a living flame!
Unschool'd Scholar! how did you learn
The wisdom a lifetime cannot earn?
Unsanct'd Martyr! higher than saint!
You were a MAN with a man's constraint.
In the world, of the world, was your lot;
With it and for it the fight you fought,
And never till Time is itself forgot
And the heart of man is a pulseless clot,
Shall the blood flow slow when we think the thought
Of Lincoln.



IMMEDIATE AND ULTIMATE AIMS OF THE SINGLETAX.

From the Speech of Herbert S. Bigelow at the
Washington Singletax Conference
Banquet, January 17.

It is good once in a while to come back to one's friends—to mix with those who share one's ideals. It is good to come back and look into your faces and feel your heart-throbs. It is the best thing in the world just to feel while out on the battlefield that somewhere one is earning love and affection.

Now, as for the ultimate aim of the Singletax, there are so many ways in which it might be expressed. It is nothing short of establishing the Kingdom of Heaven on earth. I might express it differently by quoting a text,—the text of the first sermon I ever preached—"I came that they might have light and that they might have it more abundantly." When I preached that sermon for the first time I hadn't read "Progress and Poverty," and so I didn't see the deep truth, feel the significance of that glorious sentence.

I went to preach that first sermon of mine across the city upon one of our hillsides. It cost me thirty cents to get there. I was anxious. I

had let my mind picture the great throng waiting anxiously for my utterance. The first thing I saw was a big fat woman struggling to light some lamps suspended to the ceiling. There were a few men and women and children present—seventeen in all. It was part of the arrangement that for my services I was to receive the entire collection, and I am going to confess to you that I stopped that night under the first lamp-post to count the change, twenty-three cents.

I looked the sermon over the other day and decided that I had been overpaid. I didn't then know how to preach a sermon from that text. Henry George has taught me how. Is not the ultimate aim of the Singletax that we shall create a social condition so just, so free that every child shall have more abundant life, which the Heavenly Father meant that he should have?

Jane Addams tells about a woman in the Hull House parish. She worked in a feather factory. She had one child, a boy, whom she took to the factory every day. All the workers loved him. They called him Gussy. One day the mother was hanging out the clothes on the roof of the tenement house in which she lived. Little Gussy was playing around her. Suddenly she missed him. He had fallen off the roof. They picked him up limp and dead. The funeral service was at Hull House and after it the mother sat over in one corner of the room. Miss Addams asked her if there was anything she could do for her. "Please, Miss Addams," she replied, "just let me have one day's wages. Gussy was always begging me to rock him. I never had time. I would like to stay home one day now to rock the empty cradle."

Some say that the suffering of mankind is the result of some blunder God has made, some that it is the result of discord in nature's laws and that the only remedy is for the government to step in and, by doing this and that, take care of people. The philosophy of the Singletax is that it is not God's blunder, neither is it the fault of the laws of nature. The philosophy of the Singletax is, that human institutions, man-made laws, have interfered with God's laws, and that the way to help is to abolish special privileges that rob the people. It would deprive you of great opportunities to hear others if I were to attempt to do what is altogether unnecessary—that is, to explain why it is that we think land monopoly the most vicious of all these special privileges; and why we believe that the method of abolishing taxes on everything that is made by labor and of compelling each man to contribute to the government an amount in proportion to the value of the land he holds, is the most sensible way to destroy this greatest of all special privileges. I will content myself with saying a word about the Ohio situation.

I had a half-formed resolution when I came here. It is entirely made now. Sometimes some

of my friends in their kindness think that I should expect, that I have a right to expect, or that they are hoping for me some sort of promotion in political life. My friends, the resolution I partly formed, and it is all formed now, is that Dan Kiefer and I should go back to Ohio to fight. We fought for fifteen years in Ohio to get the Initiative and Referendum. That was just the beginning. The real fight is coming. We are going to place on the ballot of Ohio this fall a straight out-and-out Singletax Amendment. If we lose, as we probably shall for a time, it will be on the ballot next year and the next and the next, until we win.

What reward could a man have more than to go back to his own State and fight a battle like that and then come once a year and find in your faces the approval for his coming? We used to hope that Tom Johnson would be President. We used to hope that Johnson would be President, and I did him a great injustice. Back in those days, when he laughed at the suggestion, I never quite believed him. I didn't see how his attitude was possible, but, friends, I believe it now. What the world needs is a man who will go back and fight and fight as long as life lasts if necessary.

There come to me tonight two beautiful pictures—beautiful to me—a little blue-eyed girl and a fine bonny lad who is already growing to my shoulder. God knows that I have never prayed for that little girl that she might some day live in a house of Privilege and have other little girls of other men waiting on her. And for the boy, God knows I never prayed for him the power to crowd the children of other men from the table of the world. I pray for them that they may be given the opportunity to do some useful service, that they may come into a society where they know that they have a chance and that all other men's children have the same chance as well. That, my friends, is what I am asking for.



SOME FRIENDS OF OURS

No. 5. The Woman Who Held Mortgages.

Part One.

For The Public.

Zoeth Raeburn was dead. He left a quiet, repressed wife, who had been a poor girl with a sick mother when Raeburn came to the village on some business connected with one of his mortgages, saw her at a house where she did the weekly wash, and married her within the year. He loved her, too, in his own way; he loved nothing else except money.

He had told her with his love of exactness: "I'll be good to you and your mother; I am always square with everybody I deal with. You run the