

political world. Day in and day out they keep the land question to the forefront of discussion. When Parliament is in session, it is discovered that scores of the members in both Liberal and Labor parties hold the opinions of Henry George, and force discussion of the land question whenever opportunity appears. When Parliament is not in session, propaganda is kept up by letter writing to the newspapers and the circulation of books and leaflets. This is the work of a devoted and highly intelligent body of men under the leadership of John Paul, who direct the United Committee for the Taxation of Land Values, and its subordinate organizations, one of which is the English League, of which Sir Josiah C. Wedgewood, hero of Gallipoli and member of Parliament, is President.

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A circumstance that points to the probability that the land question may soon be the storm-centre of British politics, is the recent spectacular "Back to the Soil" campaign inaugurated by Lloyd George, in which he is demanding that the monopoly of agricultural land be destroyed, and access to idle acres be secured for idle men. It is not clear that he has any definite idea of how this is to be brought about, except by involving the country in deeper socialistic commitments to be financed by the people for the ultimate benefit of the monopolists. Remembering his various and terribly expensive adventures in state paternalism in the past, one must smile at the assurance which permits him in recent speeches to attack the Baldwin government for the subsidy dole to the coal people. "If we go on" he says, "we shall be subsidizing each other right to the end of the chapter. We shall all of us be paying each other's wages."

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Which is true enough, of course. But coming from Mr. Lloyd George, this seems to justify the old taunt of Lord Cecil, that the Welsh statesman has "an opalescent mentality that protects him from embarrassment when confronted with the ghosts of his dead selves."

—CHARLES O'CONNOR HENNESSY.

## A Definition of Land

"**L**AND is the habitation of man, the storehouse upon which he must draw for all his needs, the material to which his labor must be applied for the supply of all his desires; for even the products of the sea cannot be taken, the light of the sun enjoyed, or any of the forces of nature utilized, without the use of land or its products. On the land, we are born, from it we live, and to it we return again—children of the soil as truly as the blade of grass or the flowers in the field."—HENRY GEORGE.

COLUMBUS man who has been in Florida a short time boasts he has "made more money there than in a lifetime in Ohio;" but he does not tell who lost it.

—Lorain, Ohio, *Journal*.

## Memories of Henry George\*

**T**HERE is a dispute in progress among the banner-bearers of today as to who discovered the desirability of railway control, the need of interstate commerce commissions and the value of conserving forests, streams and mines. The Republican Progressives claim to be the true conservationists, while the Democrats assert that the Progressives have stolen democratic thunder, while the Socialists rejoin, "We are the only real Progressives," and the Populists, (what there are left of them) point to their platforms of twenty-six years ago, and quite justly say, "We are the people! Here are your regular ideas! Here are your notions of leasing coal lands, and your scheme for controlling transportation, and telegraph." In this they are quite right, for Jerry Simpson and I helped General Weaver insert those planks in the People's Party platform at St. Louis in 1892.

Jerry and most of his associates have gone to their last pre-emption claims, but I am still here to bear witness to their early tillage. Without being able to settle any dispute, I can, at least, tell you that Jerry Simpson took those planks from a book called "Progress and Poverty." He boldly borrowed them for his party's uses.

As a matter of fact, most of the economic reforms of today were discussed by Henry George and his little group of disciples in the early eighties. Before the publication of "Progress and Poverty," there was no statement of the question of the injustice of grants of Eminent Domain, and of the danger of railway domination. Our system of government was considered almost perfect, our resources limitless and our transportation system the best in the world. To pick Uncle Sam's pockets was a delightful exercise of ingenuity; he was rich and could stand it. Henry George was the first clear voice saying, "Thou shalt not steal public values." Under his instruction "equal rights to all and special privileges to none," meant something more than political rights; it meant that all men should stand on an equality as regards the earth and the values which come from social organization.

More than forty years have passed since I first took up the little paper-bound edition of "Progress and Poverty." I am one of the veterans of the Anti-Poverty War. I was living in Boston when I first gave an open allegiance to the cause. Although I had been converted to the theories of "the prophet of San Francisco" while living in Dakota, I had said little about it. It wasn't as easy to be a "George man" in those days as it is now, not even in Boston where radicals abounded. I had been several years in the East before my conversion from a passive disciple to an active advocate came about. My change of attitude was due to hearing the Prophet himself.

\*This article from the pen of the distinguished novelist, Hamlin Garland, will form one of the chapters in a work to be published by Will Atkinson, Capon Springs, W. Va., entitled "The Henry George We Knew;" a fuller announcement of which will appear later.—Editor LAND AND FREEDOM.

As this was one of his first appearances in Boston, and for the further reason that it took place in a most historic spot, I must describe it in detail. It was, as I remember it, a dark rainy autumn day, and the place was Fauneil Hall, cradle of liberty, and as I entered it, I recalled one by one, the splendid warriors for the rights of man, whose voices had echoed from its walls. I thought of Wendell Phillips, of Ralph Waldo Emerson, of William Lloyd Garrison, of Theodore Parker, and many an other of New England's militant liberty-loving citizens.

From my seat in the narrow gallery, I looked down on the broad central floor of the Hall (in which no seats were allowed) paved with a closely packed mosaic of derby hats and rough coats of all shades of black and tan. It was evident even to my inexperienced eyes, that this was a crowd of working men, to whom the name of Henry George was at once a challenge and a hope. Many of them were Irish, for George had already served sentence in an English prison for speaking his mind about the private ownership of the earth, and all of us know that whatever else this man might be, he was not a self-seeker, and this belief in his sincerity rendered us keenly eager to see and hear him.

My brother was beside me, and together we hung over the rail with such intensity of impatience as only Edwin Booth could call from us. I had a dim feeling that the moment was historic. At last, a bustle at the back of the platform announced the coming of the speaker. A little group of men entered from the back and took their seats on the platform. Among them was a short red-bearded man of dignified demeanor and keen glance. The noble lines of his head distinguished him. With pale face, lips tense with emotion, he waited through his introduction. He was as eager to speak as we were to hear him.

At last the presiding officer finished, and the man of the hour stepped forward and the old Cradle of Liberty rocked with the applause of men who had caught, vaguely at least, the far-reaching importance of this man's presence. As we cheered, he began walking up and down the stage, his eyes blazing with the mounting emotion of the orator, the line of his lips, the clench of his hands predicting storm.

He was in the prime of his life at this time, alert to every remotest brain-cell, with all his marvelous store of experience and reading and deduction at his tongue's end. He expected opposition. He was used to it. He confronted an audience as a trained gladiator enters the ring, knowing well that ruthless opponents awaited him.

His first words profoundly moved me. Coming after the applause, following the tense tiger-like movement of a moment before, they were surprisingly calm, cold, material and direct. Action had condensed into speech.

"This man has himself in hand after all," I thought. "His heat is transformed into light."

His words were as orderly as those of a man writing with a pen. They had precision and grace as well as power. He spoke as gifted men write, with style and arrangement.

His address could have been printed word for word as it fell from his lips. This self-mastery, this grateful lucidity of utterance combined with a personal presence distinctive and dignified, reduced even his enemies to respectful silence. As for me, I forgot everything, forgot where I stood, in my devouring interest.

His gestures were few and constrained, but his voice was resonant, penetrating, and flexible, and did not tire the ear. Its cadences were colloquial and pleasantly dramatic. He was an orator and a great orator though not as other men are orators. He had neither the legal swagger, nor clerical cadence; he was vivid, individual and above all *in deadly earnest*. He was an orator by the splendor of his aspirations, by his logical sequence and climax, by the purity and heat of his flaming zeal. I count that speech among the greatest influences of my life. I left that hall a disciple.

The following night as he stood on the platform in the Globe Theatre facing two thousand people, I heard him to still better advantage. His lecture was called "Moses and the Land Question," and again I acknowledged the far-reaching power of his logic. He was more of the scholar than the orator in this address, but when, occasionally, he put down his manuscript and addressed us directly, pacing back and forth along the footlights, I rose on a wave such as no other speaker had ever roused in me. He filled my mind with pictures of a land of peace and plenty toward which we were marching. His utterance and his manner so impressed me I said, "Here is a man who by all the laws of thought and sincerity may be called a poet."

When I saw him next, some months later, he stood on a platform of Tremont Temple facing a still larger audience. Again he was forced to wait, while the people thundered applause. Again he marshalled his facts and his figures, and drew his deductions against our feudalistic system of land-holding. Again he plead for wronged and cheated men, and on his fine forehead came the pitying lines of one who suffered as Christ suffered, for those who were hungry and oppressed. He brought a new conception into the hearts of those who listened, a disgust with things as they were, and a burning desire for the happier order which he so eloquently foretold.

He finished his main address, and before his voice had died away a dozen men were on their feet all over the hall, eager to confuse him before his converts. The chairman, powerless to manage these shrewd and disputatious opponents, shrank back appalled, but George came to the front of the stage, and in a voice clear and cutting as steel, called out "Sit down. You can't all speak at once." And then pointing to a man in the gallery he said, "Go on, Sir, what is your question?"

The question being repeated, George answered it in a sentence and levelling his finger at another opponent called out, "Now *your* question, Sir?" One by one his hecklers fell. If a questioner haggled or started to argue, George stopped him. "Your question, Sir!" If the man could

not frame his question, George did it for him and asked, "Is that your question?" "Yes, that's it." "Very well, the answer is this." He was superbly combative, but patient of genuine doubt.

Later I came to know him in his own home in New York City; a modest home even to my inexperienced eyes, but in it every Sunday afternoon and evening, some of the best known reformers of this country and the old World assembled. No "crank" visitor from any country in those days left New York without seeing Henry George. He was one of the city's celebrities.

Fearless as a lion when combatting in public, he was the gentlest of men in private life. His low voice, his cordial eyes, his smiling lips disarmed his bitterest enemies. He made little of wealth or social distinction in his callers and recognized no lines of class or creed. In the peaceful, homey atmosphere of his East Side house, it was difficult to imagine that he had been twice thrown into prison for his disturbing speeches and that he could hold an audience of five thousand people in the clutch of his small right hand. It was entirely natural that I, possessing his friendship, should become each day more profoundly committed to the great reforms which he so boldly and unselfishly embodied.

—HAMLIN GARLAND.

## Henry George

### AN AUSTRALIAN REMINISCENCE

MANY years ago about the time when Gladstone was denouncing the Bulgarian atrocities and Disraeli, as Lord Beaconsfield, was returning in triumph from Berlin, I was chronicling their doings, and many others, on the London press. The great fight between free trade and protection was then in everybody's thoughts, and, on behalf of the former, one significant fact was constantly being urged—that the more you took off taxes on imports the greater was the revenue obtained. The explanation, of course, was simple, since the lighter the tax the cheaper the goods, the cheaper the goods the greater the consumption, and the greater the consumption the larger the area over which taxation would be spread, so that while the tax itself might be smaller it would be paid by a larger number of persons, with the result that, within certain limits, a greater revenue would be obtained. But this evidently could not go on for ever, and the question that arose in my mind was: Where is the revenue to come from when the taxation of goods through the Custom House is done away with altogether, and trade is really free? With that question still uppermost, and still unanswered, in my mind—for nobody in those days thought of suggesting, let alone solving the problem—I left England for New Zealand shortly after Henry George's magnum opus first saw the light.

A few years afterwards, when in Adelaide, I was sent to report a lecture on "Progress and Poverty" by a very able

Presbyterian clergyman—the Rev. Mr. Gilmour—the first account ever given in Australia, so far as I am aware, of Henry George's work. Then I learned to my astonishment that there was a hitherto untaxed source of revenue which had been created by the community, and therefore belonged to the community, and which was amply sufficient to meet all the normal requirements of the community without the necessity of imposing a tax of any kind. It belonged by right of creation to the individual, and could be taken by the Government to meet the expenses incurred by the community without infringing on the right possessed by every individual to what he himself had made. That lecture led me straight to the works of Henry George, and the reading of "Progress and Poverty" shed a new and brilliant light on the mazy labyrinth and complex problems which society presented at every turn. Everything he wrote was a revelation—"Protection or Free Trade" certainly not the least—and the perusal of the *Standard* was a continually recurring treat.

At last came the eventful moment when the writer of all these remarkable books, who had completely changed my outlook on life, arrived in Sydney, in answer to the urgent appeal of the Single Tax League of New South Wales, which collected and forwarded £1,000 to meet the expenses of the trip and subsequent campaign. Everything we did in order to raise the requisite funds and ensure the visit was published in the Sydney press till the people generally became almost as enthusiastic as ourselves, and when the Prophet of San Francisco actually appeared on the scene he could not have been more heartily welcomed if he had been a king, as indeed he was, although his kingdom, like that of a still greater Prophet, was not to be measured by worldly pomp but by the way in which it met the needs of the age and by the loyalty which reigned in the hearts of his disciples. I was secretary of the Single Tax League at the time and shall never forget the wonderful welcome he received, how we met him at the very entrance of the harbor and led him in triumph to the Circular Quay, where the people thronged about him as if he were—what some of us knew him to be—a modern Messiah bringing a message of salvation to a world steeped in selfishness and crime, which was for a while at any rate to reject his gospel of brotherly love with scorn. On the evening of his arrival a banquet was held in his honor, and we heard the great message proclaimed by the Prophet himself.

On a beautiful spot in Balmoral overlooking the Sydney harbor is a stately amphitheatre recently erected by the Order of the Star in the East to provide a suitable auditorium for the expected Messiah to proclaim the gospel which is to rejuvenate the world. No such auditorium had been erected for Henry George. It was an ordinary, matter of fact, every-day kind of a hall in which the Prophet spoke, but large enough to accommodate a goodly number of admirers eager to hear what their revered Master and