

expressing in three brief syllables a condensed idea, thus: Singletax.

And what implied this symbol that aroused in different bosoms such varying emotions? Merely the means and method of a regenerating social evolution. But how could taxes—those baleful and hated burdens of the poor, linked in thought with death as the inevitable visitant of misfortune—how could taxes symbolize hope, justice, righteousness and freedom? Well might the mystified multitudes ask and wonder.

But here was a man who could give reasons for the faith that was in him, and could formulate a convincing answer to the general doubt and query.

"Free the land, open Nature's storehouse, remove the burden of taxes from those products which men and women create by their labor. Take instead, for the use of all, that which the presence and activities of all bring into being. Turn to that social fund which springs up from the very earth wheresoever people congregate to live and work upon it. Draw from this perennial source the public revenues which are expended to bring life-sustaining water to the home, to open the highways of travel, to establish the centers of education, and to provide and do all those necessary and accustomed services which the word *civilization* naturally implies."

This message, flashing forth with the intensity and picturesqueness of a dramatic and dynamic personality, stirred the sluggish, rebuked the faint-hearted, and inspired receptive minds with a new social faith and an awakened purpose. And through all the urging and the precept, the golden vein of humor ran—that hall-mark of imagination and poetry and true philosophy.

Heroes as well as sluggards are ever moving to the shades and sunlight of the world beyond. Fels could have gone only bravely and with a smile—but reluctantly, as a mortal who must have seen from the vantage ground of the work accomplished the magnitude of the work yet to be done. Indifferent as he was to mere laudation, he must have perceived that he had earned the thanks and won the admiration of those who understood the meaning of his service.

No formal grieving would have been his wish, but rather the taking to heart of the lesson of his life, with cheerful hopefulness and fraternal resolution, to the furthering of his undying purpose. The evangelists of freedom, like freedom itself, can never die. Henry George, profound sage and teacher of statesmen, lives on a thousand lips and in countless thoughts each new and brightening day. So Joseph Fels, apostle of practical reform, unresting, impulsive, truth-telling and spontaneous, becomes first a memory, then a tradition, and finally an elemental part of mankind's precious heritage of human freedom.

THE VISION AND JOSEPH FELS.

From a Speech by George Hughes, Delivered at the Fels-Crosby Memorial Meeting, in Kansas City, March 29, 1914.

As I look up at the photograph of Fels, and there trail through my mind the talks I have had with him and Berens and Kiefer, which have brought out so many facts and situations in the life of Fels, it brings so very close the person, the meaning and the struggle of that great man, so small in stature, so imbued with what is the chief characteristic of his race through all the ages. I seem to see him in his youth, with that colossal energy, heedless of the prejudice his being a Jew caused, looking around for how to employ his faculties so that he could obtain the wherewithal to satisfy his desires. I see the way in which he cast aside untruth, half proven facts, and irrelevant facts. I see him turning neither to the right nor to the left, but heedless of personal comfort, holding time as merely useful to produce with, to get things done with, pursuing his way to the point where we know most about him.

Things Berens said, as we drank tea together there in the Strand, convince me that owing to his wife largely, and to the innate love of facts which was the driving force in Fels, the first commandment was never far from him. It would seem he never set up the false god of the human hero to worship; that the false gods of position display and his own power had nothing but scorn from him. But it would appear that in the days he was building his fortune and position, his mind was ever questioning, seemingly getting no answer which his keen love of truth would permit him to accept in full.

And then there comes into the hidden but pulsing inner life of this man the opening note which tuned for his mind that first commandment. He and Mrs. Fels, in the semi-seclusion of a trans-Atlantic voyage, watch and are struck by the satisfaction in living of a great English Socialist. As Fels put it to me, "He was calm and contented and without envy or hatred or malice the whole of the day. He never stopped talking about social conditions, and I never saw him aware of himself or his own interest, and I *never* saw him bored." On that momentous voyage across the Atlantic, it would seem that Fels and his wife had come close to the solution of that ever-present question, that first commandment! "Thou shalt have no other Gods but me."

And then and then and then, comes what gave to us who are bound to him by common faith and to the world at large, which his brave nervous never-turning force has so advanced—his never-closing effort. Fels in his talks with Berens over in England got his clear answer—what he had looked for unconsciously all his breathing life. He got a glimpse of God, of the Creative power,

that was beyond question, was indisputable. How Joseph Fels has kept the first commandment since then, is history. I need not mar the splendid vision of it by trying even to word it.



THE WORKER FOR JUSTICE.

Address of A. P. Canning at the Joseph Fels Memorial Meeting in Chicago, March 11, 1914.

In the last chapter of "Progress and Poverty" we find these words: "The truth that I have tried to make clear will not find easy acceptance. If that could be, it would have been accepted long ago. If that could be it would never have been obscured. But it will find friends—those who will toil for it; suffer for it; if need be, die for it." Thus, from the cottage of a poor man struggling to make a living on the western margin of our civilization was heard again the voice of a prophet. For only the prophetic eye could see through the gloom of poverty, indifference and hostility, the host of earnest men and women in every walk of life, who were to receive his message, and catch something of his spirit. Surely this prophecy of Henry George, published in 1879, has been fulfilled in all particulars, in every nation where the vision of justice allures the weary sons of men.

The call of the "Prophet of San Francisco" has been answered not only from the ragged ranks of the disinherited masses to whom his gospel means so much. His challenge and invitation to all those who are willing to trust liberty and follow wherever it leads, has been accepted also by many who had the power and ability to win high places of preferment, and thus separate themselves from the struggling masses of men "who must beg some brother of the earth to give them leave to toil." Editors, preachers, artists, and captains of industry have responded to his call, and disdaining the ephemeral success which could be easily theirs, have striven for the realization of that vision which brought immortality to the obscure printer of California. "This is the power of truth."

The most hopeful sign of the times is not that so much money is being spent to relieve temporarily the distresses of the poor, but that one or two millionaires and many less rich have seen the necessity, and are willing to spend their lives in an intelligent effort to destroy the cause of involuntary, undeserved poverty, with all its attendant miseries.

When the story of his service and sacrifice is told, no name should be more potent to inspire the youth of this and other lands than that of Joseph Fels, who joyfully left the lounging rooms of wealth and ease in spite of the sneers and criticism of his class, to battle till death for the rights and liberties, not of his own nation or race, but of all mankind wherever the battle was on.

His is another honored name added to the long list which could be gathered in every land of those who have attempted by pen, voice, or money to realize the vision of Isaiah through the simple measure of justice proposed by Henry George. A list destined to grow every year, until the coming of that day when those who build houses shall inhabit them, and those who plant vineyards shall eat the fruit of them.

Death interrupts our frivolous as well as our serious employments. Let us rejoice that when it came it found Joseph Fels not striving for personal gain, but struggling for human brotherhood, a cause which has the power to translate ordinary men and women now, as it has in the past, into heroes and heroines. Joseph Fels, disdaining the pleasures of the ease-loving rich to work and plan for the exploited masses was a worthy member of the race which has produced the greatest figures in world history, running back over the hill of Calvary and into the valley of the Nile to the great Lawgiver who left the honors, pleasures and privileges of Pharaoh's court to lead a race of slaves into liberty.

Quoting him again whose challenge changed and quickened the currents of Joseph Fels's life: "Like the swallow darting through thy hall, such, O King, is the life of man! We come from where we know not; we go—who shall say? Impenetrable darkness behind, and gathering shades before. What, when our time comes, does it matter whether we have fared daintily or not, whether we have worn soft raiment or not, whether we leave a great fortune or nothing at all, whether we shall have reaped honors or been despised, have been counted learned or ignorant—as compared with how we may have used that talent which has been entrusted to us for the Master's service? What shall it matter, when eyeballs glaze and ears grow dull, if out of the darkness may stretch a hand, and into the silence may come a voice: 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!'"



JOSEPH FELS, LOVER OF MAN.

From a Sermon Preached by Rabbi Nathan Krass in Brooklyn, New York, March 13, 1914.

There are some Jews who pride themselves on the fact that they have outgrown the tenets of their faith and have substituted philanthropy for religion. For the stirring ideals of the religion of their fathers they have naught but contempt. And of what does their *soi-disant* philanthropy consist, and by what motive is it impelled? Are they really interested in helping their fellowman? Are they not chiefly concerned with glorifying themselves, and is not their help merely a tempo-