

renown was not his while living; for those who serve truth are appreciated only after they are dead. But high place he won in the hearts of his fellow crusaders.

S. C.



JOSEPH FELS.

Henry George, Tom L. Johnson, Joseph Fels—these three names are irrevocably associated with what is fast coming to be recognized as one of the great movements of the world's history.

Unlike in personality, yet alike in impulse, diverse in function but united in aim, theirs was a devotion of service of such a kind as to make it impossible to think of one without thinking of the others. Henry George, the prophet of this new crusade, was more than prophet. Tom L. Johnson, its municipal constructor, with his vision of a city set on a hill, was more than municipal constructor. Joseph Fels, its financier, was more than financier. The three had great characteristics in common which supplemented and harmonized all that was distinctive of each.

And so it is, as we view their life's work now in the perspective into which death has cast it, that these three men who as individuals were so different, stand out as instruments of human progress with so impressive an appearance of unity.

It is sixteen years since Henry George's body wearied of its work and he left it behind him. It is nearly three since Tom L. Johnson's task dropped from his hands as he rejoined his old friend and preceptor. And now Joseph Fels has gone to meet the other two. His work on this plane of life seems ended. So did theirs when they passed away. But theirs had only begun, as we all know now. May we not believe that this will prove to be as true of the work of Joseph Fels?

That follower of Henry George who doubts it, whoever he may be, must have learned little from the history of the crusade that George began. He can have learned nothing from that last great chapter of George's great work—the "Conclusion" of "Progress and Poverty."



But whether Fels's work is to go on or not, we have seen somewhat of its power, not alone in our own land but over the globe. The public ear was dull to the cause in the service of which Joseph Fels has died, when he called its friends to activity. The public ear is alert now to catch its echoes.

Nor did Joseph Fels do this work with money alone. He gave himself as well as his money. And

his wife joined him in his gifts and his work. They were rich, but riches did not appeal to them. The rights of the disinherited did. We are often told that rights are of no moment in comparison with duties. How the two principles can be separated remains to be explained, if it be explainable. But if rights be ignored and duties alone be considered, where in the history of our day is the man and the woman to be found—the rich man and the rich woman—whose sense of duty has been so keen that at its call they give all their income and themselves besides? And mark well the duty-call. It was to uproot social institutions whereby monopoly thrives at the expense of labor—institutions, moreover, upon which their own extraordinary income chiefly depended.

This man and this woman have lived modestly in order that their large income might go farther in the service of their chosen cause. For this reason they denied themselves some of the commonest luxuries, not only of the rich, but of even the moderately well to do. Into the service of that cause has been poured by them, year after year, one dollar for every dollar that anybody else would give. "Matching dollar for dollar," was Joseph Fels's method. "How much do you believe in this cause?" was his question, asked or implied. "If a dollar, here is mine to match it." "If ten, I match it with ten." And so the whole joint income of himself and his wife went out as fast as it came in.

Sometimes faster, perhaps. Outsiders know at any rate—they know from circumstances, for Joseph Fels took no one into his confidence as to the magnitude of his contributions—that he must have spent in Singletax work during the past five years not less than \$100,000 a year. There was \$25,000 or more in the United States, \$25,000 or more in Great Britain, \$10,000 or more in Australasia, and thousands on the continent of Europe, especially in France, Scandinavia, Germany and Spain.

All this was no mere matter of drawing checks against an overflowing bank account. It was a giving of one's income without stint.

It was more. Although Joseph Fels required the appointment of local commissiosers to receive contributions to match his own and to supervise expenditures and refused to dictate to these men, he never allowed his money contributions to serve as a substitute for personal activities. As speaker, as teacher, as organizer, as contribution solicitor, as adviser, he was incessantly active. If he had never possessed a dollar to give to any one or any thing, Joseph Fels would have been a serviceable and conspicuous leader in the Singletax

movement. To this all will testify who knew of the work he actually did.

It is too soon to sum up the results of that work and of the munificent financial support that went with it. There would be too much likelihood of underestimation. The time is fast approaching, however, when they may be reckoned; and when that time comes, the name of Joseph Fels will rank in general public esteem where it already ranks with those who knew him.



Personal sorrow is not to be disregarded when worthy men die. Whatever the faith in a further life, and however strong the conviction that within the range of wider horizons the best has happened, death makes a sad parting. We who knew Joseph Fels—all of us, from his least intimate friend to the wife who was as one with him—are in sorrow now. Yet we know that nature is gentle with sorrow as with pain; and that the sorrow of the present will mellow into a memory which we would not dim. Is it not so with those of our own households? Has it not proved to be so with Tom L. Johnson and with Henry George? Will it not be so with Joseph Fels?

Of whom could it be more truly averred than of this man that if it be that he has finished his course, yet that he has kept the faith and fought a good fight even to the end?

And who is there to say that he would have chosen better by living in the luxury of his income than by devoting both it and himself to the work of his later years? Better than luxurious living, better even than the luxury of charitably relieving individual distress, was that work which Joseph Fels was doing—uprooting the fundamental cause of those economic inequalities which breed poverty in the midst of luxury.

Of no one could these verses be more aptly quoted than of Joseph Fels:

In service poured he out his soul to death
And lifted up unselfishness in life.

LOUIS F. POST.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE

DEPRESSION IN SASKATCHEWAN.

Ceylon, Sask., January 27.

Western Canada, more than any other country, has been built on borrowed capital. Besides, for a number of years a steady stream of money has flowed in, brought by settlers and capitalists for investment. An immense volume of business has been built up based on the continued influx of this foreign capital. Bountiful crops and fair prices have not brought comforts nor reduced debts, but have

caused further investment in land, horses, and machinery. In two decades the public domain has been devoured from Port Arthur to the Rockies. Only the less accessible portions and the distant Peace River country yet remain.

The influx of foreign capital has lately been greatly curtailed and the season just past was nominated for the liquidation of our enormous floating debt. So, in spite of a crop above the average in both quality and yield, we now have all the symptoms of a severe financial stringency, amounting in several overgrown towns to a collapse.

It is at such a time as this that one is impelled to look about him to see whither we are drifting. An intimate acquaintance with the social, intellectual, and economic mind of Western Canada would be, I fear, grievously disappointing to many Americans who have been inclined to idealize us. The fact is we can scarcely be said to have a mind in any of these spheres. No idealism of any sort is shaping our development. No integrating agency is producing apparent results. Luxuries there are for those who can afford them, but social and intellectual enjoyments there are none. Politics is left to the politicians, as religion is left to the preachers. True, some very progressive legislation has been enacted, but this has been done in a purely paternalistic way—has been done for us, not by us. Farmers and business men complain bitterly of the burdens of the tariff and the trusts and of railway extortions, but this merely supplies topics for squabbling party papers.

Nothing so well demonstrates the pervading apathy as the recent failure of direct legislation. Though the Scott government had earned the reputation of being progressive, here was a proposition that threatened encroachment on the domain of government by the politicians. It could not be safely opposed, for its few but active and idealistic defenders might come back and set the prairies on fire. So the Machavalian plan was adopted of passing a denaturalized bill, requiring to put it into effect a popular majority that should not be less than 30 per cent of the total registered vote. This put the Direct Legislation people in a hole, as was expected and intended.

The situation, though unfavorable, is, by no means hopeless. Opinion is not corrupted. Strictly speaking, it is not indifferent; it is unintegrated. Progressive thought is general, but scarcely the first step has been taken to express that thought in popular action. This, perhaps, is inevitable in view of the manner in which the country has been settled. This is a country of "stake" farmers and business men. We live in shacks and forego comforts and enjoyments in our pursuit—often vain pursuit—of easy money. If fortune favors it only makes possible a bigger plunge.

Probably the only cure for such a condition is a financial reverse, and that may be what we have coming on now. The symptoms so far are closely similar to those of the Western States in the '80s. One thing is certain: If forced liquidation is generally demanded the financial cyclone will be swift and thorough in its work.

The Singletax, as applied here, has scarcely prevented land speculation at all. It is only local reve-