

NAKE

Presented to
W. H. Livvie,

*In Memory of Our
Dear Ones*

By
J. B. Boeck,



MRS. L. G. NAKE
1860-1907



MISS NELLIE NAKE

1883-1907

Louisa Gertrude Boeck was born January 18th, 1860, in Pekin, Illinois, of German parentage. Shortly afterwards the family moved to Nebraska, in the hope of bettering their condition and securing something more than a meagre subsistence; but they found the struggle to maintain life just as hard in their new home; and Louisa's object lessons in the fact that those who do the world's hardest work are the ones who receive the least reward for their labor, began early in childhood and continued throughout her life.

Fortunately her father became a student of Henry George's philosophy and learned why it is that the majority of mankind labor hard and incessantly, and the few, without labor, enjoy the largest portion of the fruits.

School advantages where they lived in Nebraska were not all that could be desired, and she was sent to school in St. Louis, where most of her school life was spent, making her home with an uncle, Adam Boeck.

On November 28th, 1883, she was married to Richard M. Nake, a draftsman, at Kansas City, Missouri, and spent her married life there. Their daughter, Cornelia Agnes, better known as Nellie, was born September 21st, 1884.

With motherhood and increased responsibilities came increased realization of the injustice of the unequal distribution of wealth. She made use of her spare time in reading, and her spare thought in studying the condition of those who lived about her; and in the fall of 1897, when she moved with her daughter to St. Louis, she began active Single Tax work. Being a strong letter writer, she wrote many newspaper articles to explain the philosophy she loved so well, and to show that it is our present system of land tenure which enables the few to deprive the many of their just share of the wealth they produce.

In the meantime, Nellie, having pursued the usual public school course in Kansas City and later in St.

Louis, went in 1901, to the State Normal School, at Peru, Nebraska. After a year of training she taught at Johnson, Nebraska, for two years, where she had opportunity to study children close to nature and to consider our social problems as they affect the child. She rejoined her mother in St. Louis, in 1904, and took a position as substitute in the public schools, while the mother taught tailoring in a prominent tailoring school. Thus they maintained their home, and devoted all their spare energies towards spreading the knowledge of Henry George's doctrines and organizing an active Women's Single Tax League.

In the summer of 1905, Nellie attended the meeting of the National Educational Association, in New Jersey, and also made a tour of the largest Eastern cities. The trip was such an enjoyable one that she resolved her mother should enjoy a similar one with her at the very first opportunity. That fall she was assigned a regular position as teacher of the first grade in the Laclede School, which grade she taught for two years, or until her death. She preferred to teach in the slum district, writing to a friend thus: "I feel I have a mission here and can do much good with these little folks, who are not to blame for their environment. They think their teacher a queen and school a paradise." By actual count there were twenty nationalities in her school building.

Two years had elapsed since her visit to the East, and her plans for another journey, with her mother as companion, were complete. The urgent invitation of their uncle, Adam Boeck, now living in Los Angeles, and the meeting of the National Educational Association in that city, decided them to travel westward to the Pacific Coast.

It was here the light went out of these two lives, when the steamship "Columbia," in which they were traveling to Portland, on their homeward journey, col-

lided with the "San Pedro" in a dense fog, July 21st, 1907.

Their sudden and tragic taking away, in the very morning of their careers, was a severe shock to their relatives and to the many friends who had learned to love and revere them. Their loss was keenly felt by all who knew them.

In the hour of affliction and sorrow, however, it was a great consolation to know that their short lives had been well spent in devotion to a great and noble cause rather than in selfish indifference and idleness.

These good and noble-hearted women have gone—

"To join that choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence; live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To juster issues."

The Single Tax League, of St. Louis, showed their appreciation of these two co-workers by giving them a public memorial October 18th, 1907, at Aschenbroedel Hall, 3535 Pine street. Hon. Wm. Marion Reedy, editor of the Mirror, presided and opened the meeting with touching and appropriate remarks. He was followed by Rev. Herbert S. Bigelow, pastor of the Vine Street Congregational Church, Cincinnati, Ohio, in a masterful and eloquent tribute from the religious and ethical standpoint. Then Dr. Wm. Preston Hill, of St. Louis, addressed the meeting as a single taxer and representative of the Single Tax League of St. Louis.

There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore,
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown
They shine forevermore.
There is no death! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;
He bears our best-loved things away,
And then we call them "dead"
And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
Is life—there are no dead.

—J. L. McCrery.

“What is there for which life gives us opportunity that can be compared with the effort to do what we may—be it ever so little—to improve the social conditions and enable other lives to reach fuller, nobler development?”—Henry George.

*THE Faith and the Ideals of Henry George professed
by Mrs. L. G. Nake and Nellie Nake, as revealed
in the address at the memorial service, October 18th,
1907, at St. Louis, Mo., by Dr. Wm. Preston Hill.*

Ladies and Gentlemen:

We are gathered here to pay a last tribute of respect to the memory of two of our comrades, who have been taken from us by a tragic and untimely fate.

It seems but a short time ago that we saw them depart from our city, full of life and hope, to enjoy a well-earned vacation from their useful and honorable labors.

They embarked on that fateful voyage with the fondest anticipations of the pleasures they would derive from new scenes and strange experiences, and, a little while after, we were shocked and grieved by the news of the tragic occurrence which terminated their lives.

After a pleasant visit to relatives in California they embarked at San Francisco on the ill-fated steamship Columbia, bound for Portland, Oregon. They felt it their duty to hurry on their journey, and accepted berths on the lower deck of the ship, in spite of the entreaties of their relatives, who begged them to wait for the next steamer.

The Columbia, about two hundred miles north of San Francisco, in the darkness of the night and under the mantle of a fog, encountered that thing most dreaded by mariners, the collision, and in an instant the happy and joyous journey was changed into a scene of confusion, desolation and death. Many of the passengers on the upper deck managed to effect their escape in life-boats, but those below, and among them our friends, were, no doubt, overwhelmed by the inrush of waters and went down to death in the sinking ship.

Their tragic and dramatic fate startles us by its suddenness and makes us realize the brevity and uncertainty

of human life ; and yet, after all, my friends, their fate is simply a vivid picture of what sooner or later overtakes every human being. If we were willing to accept a purely materialistic conception of man on this planet, every life might be compared to a voyage which is sure to end in shipwreck and disaster. No matter how blest with love and how full of joy, every life will, at its close, be a tragedy as deep and dark as was ever conceived by the imagination of a poet. For this reason the great majority of mankind have refused to accept this sordid materialism. They have refused to believe that the mind that can unravel the secrets of the universe, that can conceive the noblest and sublimest thoughts, will be dissolved again into silent and unresponsive dust. When we stand by the open grave of some dear friend every fibre of our being revolts against the thought of eternal separation, and Love whispers to us the glorious hope of immortality. We feel instinctively that from the darkness and shadow of death springs the light of resurrection. Whatever, therefore, may be our grief in the presence of such a loss as this we must bear it with resignation, in the hope and confidence that our friends have only been translated into another sphere of higher and nobler activity.

Our friends belonged to those chosen few who in all ages have sought to rise above mere selfish and personal motives to consider the welfare and happiness of the human race. They were endowed by nature with sterling honesty and a tender and sympathetic heart. They were worshippers of liberty and, a thing which is rare among the gentler sex, they were true and genuine democrats, not by imitation only, but by every instinct and fibre of their being.

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clinch an argument for the cause she held so dear, and we were often delighted by her apt illustrations and sound logic.

Nellie, the daughter, was a school teacher, beloved by her pupils and associates. She was in every respect a lovely woman. As tender, true, sympathetic and lovable in character as she was beautiful in features, form and face. Death ne'er plucked from this earth a fairer blossom:

To those fresh morning dew drops on the rose
The golden sun a sweeter kiss ne'er gave,
Than thy bright eye-beams when their rays
Dispelled the mists of sorrow from our troubled brow;
Nor shines the silvery moon one-half so bright
Upon the tranquil bosom of the deep,
As did thy face through many years shed light.

These ladies came from a family of reformers, and Nellie was the third generation of Georgites in that family. They were both always ready to contribute from their slender means for the good of the cause. These things seemd to spring naturally, easily and gently from their natures. They were the habits of their lives. They had a noble discontent with the present condition of the human race and a prophetic outlook towards a brighter and a nobler future.

All this they derived from the philosophy of Henry George, the new prophet of righteousness of the Nineteenth Century. They early absorbed his teaching, and thereafter it took possession of their entire beings and influenced their every thought and action. I am sure that if our friends could express a wish this evening it would be that I should explain to you that which was to them more than life itself.

When I speak of Henry George as a prophet, I am aware that I will be challenged by that great majority that has not yet accepted his teachings and who are accustomed to measure greatness by mere worldly success. To these I wish to utter a word of caution. We must not allow ourselves to form a hasty and superficial judg-

ment nor to mistake the immediate applause of the world as a true test of greatness.

All the great thinkers and prophets of the past have been unrecognized, ridiculed and even persecuted by the generation in which they lived.

It is the main attribute of genius to be able to see the truth which lies hidden to the great mass of mankind; to be able to look into the future and grasp the meaning of the new order of things, which still lies dormant in the womb of time. The prophet must necessarily be in advance of his age, and hence his contemporaries, who still cling to the old thoughts and traditions of their day, fail to recognize him and look upon him only as a dreamer and a disturber.

Moreover, a prophet attacks the great wrongs which he sees before him. He unmasks hypocrisy and throws the light of his genius upon the dense mass of ignorance and superstition of his time, and the rich and powerful and crafty, who are profiting by these wrongs, immediately feel that their selfish interests are menaced by this new teacher, and they proceed to ridicule, discredit, persecute and destroy him if they can.

The pages of history are full of examples illustrating this fact. Socrates was at first ridiculed as a harmless dreamer by the populace of Athens and later was considered a dangerous agitator by the powerful few in control of the government, and dispatched to a felon's death; and yet posterity has long since reversed the judgment of his judges and rendered justice to that grand and noble figure.

Christ himself was ridiculed and persecuted by his contemporaries and died the death of a criminal malefactor on the cross, and yet his ignorant executioners little dreamed when they erected that cross on Golgotha that they were planting the first tree of human liberty, equality and fraternity that would grow and spread

down the ages and proclaim to generations yet unborn the universal fatherhood of God and the common brotherhood of man. They little dreamed that the cross, their instrument of torture and of infamy, would be consecrated by that death and become the sainted emblem of all future ages.

To come down to our own time: John Brown, the great opponent of human slavery, perished on the scaffold as a convicted criminal, and yet a few years later a million armed men marched to glorious victory with his hymn upon their lips, and now in all the state of New York there is no place as sacred as that which holds the mortal remains of the once despised felon of Harper's Ferry.

And so it has ever been, my friends. The persecuted martyrs of one generation become the revered saints and prophets of the next.

"Count me o'er earth's chosen heroes;
They were men who stood alone
While the crowd they agonized for
Hurled the contumelious stone.
Stood serene and down the future
Saw the golden beam incline
To the side of perfect justice,
Mastered by their faith divine.

"By the light of burning heretics
Christ's bleeding feet I track;
Tolling ever up new Calvarys
With the cross upon His back.
And these mounts of anguish number
How each generation learned
Some new word of that grand credo,
Which in prophet hearts have burned.

"For humanity sweeps onward:
Where today the martyr stands,
On the morrow is proclaimed
A saint and prophet with clapping hands.
Far in front the cross stands ready,
And the crackling faggots burn,
While the hooting mob of yesterday
In silent awe return
To glean up the scattered ashes into history's golden
urn."

It is fortunate for the human race that in all ages when they were needed, it has produced these grand and noble characters. It is difficult for us to imagine at this day what the world would have been if it had never produced its prophets, its martyrs and its heroes. It is still more difficult for us to realize what we owe to those grand patriots, those immortal deliverers of the past.

They were the ones who have enlarged the boundaries of knowledge and discovered new worlds in the domain of thought. They were like a torch in the darkness, guiding the footsteps of mankind in the night of ignorance. They were the great pioneers of democracy, the heralds of the glorious day of liberty and equality. They were the ones who have freed the souls of men from the thralldom of fear, who have routed the monsters of ignorance and superstition and driven cruel wrong from its intrenchment of power.

Among these immortals stands Henry George.

More than any man of modern times he had the Christ-like spirit, the fire and enthusiasm of the great seers and prophets of the olden time, who have impressed themselves profoundly on the religious thought and convictions of mankind.

It is this that causes many earnest citizens all over the world to look upon him as the apostle of a new revelation, the expounder of a new equity. He has solved the problem that has perplexed mankind for centuries. He has answered the great riddle of the Sphinx propounded by dead and decayed empires to our modern civilization.

The people were beginning to ask themselves these dangerous questions: Is civilization a failure? Is government a fraud? **Is religion a sham?**

Where are those great blessings, so loudly promised in their sacred name?

Is it true that in nations the most civilized, the best

governed, the most thoroughly supplied with churches and schools, that the people are happiest, find the most of joy in life and less of that corroding care and heart-ache that shrivels the soul?

What has our boasted civilization, with its arts and sciences, with its constitutions and ballot boxes, with its labor-saving machinery and wealth—what has it done, I say, for the great mass of mankind?

Is the lot of the savage in his primeval forest better or worse than that of millions of toilers in so-called civilized lands, struggling for a crust, lashed to a frenzy by ever-pressing want, slaves in the great tread-mill of our modern industrial system?

What is our boasted progress to all of these, if it brings them only increase of burdens, sinks them into hopeless poverty, makes them the virtual slaves of other men, and crushes all the beauty and sweetness out of their lives?

Henry George has answered all of these questions. To civilization he has imparted a new meaning and a new ideal; to religion a new inspiration and a grander hope; and to government he has given the only foundation that can endure: the sacred and eternal rock of justice.

He has shown that civilization will not be a failure if it reaches down and elevates the great mass of mankind instead of pampering only a favored few.

He has shown that the present evil conditions are not due to the act of God, but to the ignorance and injustice of man.

He has shown that there can be no progress without justice; that injustice has killed all the civilizations of the past, as it will our own if we heed it not.

All the wrecks on either side of the stream of time, all the great empires that have crumbled to dust, all the mighty nations that have passed away, all warn us that a society based on injustice cannot endure.

Now, what is this fundamental injustice of which we speak?

Stated briefly, it is that the toilers who produce all the wealth of the world do not get it.

Those who build our fine palaces often live in huts and hovels. Those whose labor feeds and clothes the world often feel the pangs of hunger and the stings of misery. Those who weave our fine fabrics are often clothed in rags.

Who are the poor of the world?

They are the wealth producers; the toiling masses of **mankind!** And when I speak of the laboring classes do not mistake me to mean only those who labor by their hands. Everyone who is engaged in the production of wealth, either with his brain or by physical exertion, is classed under the head of labor by political economy.

And who are the rich of the world?

They are mostly those who have never labored in all their lives with either head or hand, and who are even ashamed to acknowledge that any of their ancestors ever worked.

This is the paradox of civilization which has attracted the attention of all the truly great statesmen of the past. The great American patriot, Abraham Lincoln, referred to it in the following language:

“In the early days of our race the Almighty said to the first of mankind, ‘In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread,’ and ever since then, if we except the light and air of heaven, no good thing has been or can be enjoyed by us without first having cost labor, and inasmuch as all good things have been produced by labor, it follows that all such things should belong of right to those whose labor has produced them. But it has so happened in all ages of the world that the majority of mankind have labored, and others have without labor enjoyed the largest portion of the fruits. This is wrong and should

not continue. To secure to each individual the full product of his labor is the worthy object of government. It seems strange to me that any man should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing bread from the sweat of other men's faces."

This is the problem, as stated by Abraham Lincoln, and which Henry George has solved.

"In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," is the fundamental commandment, and yet in all ages the crafty few have managed to live by the sweat of other men's faces instead of their own.

There are many ways in which this can be done. Our rude ancestors accomplished it directly by chattel slavery.

Now, what is the essence of chattel slavery?

We are accustomed to think of the slave as a man who is owned by another, but if this ownership is to be something more than nominal, it must manifest itself in control of the slave's action, a control which must be habitually and continuously for the benefit of the controller. The slave, therefore, has been defined by Herbert Spencer to be a man who works under coercion to satisfy another man's desires. I wish you would bear this definition in mind, because presently I shall show you that the so-called chattel slaves are not the only ones who work under coercion to satisfy other men's desires. Furthermore, it is a mistake to suppose that the chattel slaves received no wages whatever. They received what is known as slave wages, which means that portion of the wealth they produced which was absolutely necessary to maintain them in good working order.

In view of this, I wish to ask you, Has slavery been abolished?

In form, yes; in substance, no. Any man who is deprived of any portion of the product of his labor, for the benefit of anyone else, is to that extent a slave.

Look at the toilers in our sweat-shops. Do they receive anything more than slave wages? Do they not work under coercion to satisfy other men's desires? Look at the agricultural laborers of England. Do they receive anything more than slave wages; do they not work under coercion to satisfy the desires of their landlords more than their own? And look at child-labor in this country. I doubt if all the annals of chattel slavery in the past can surpass the infamy of child-labor in this country today. From early morn until night's sombre shadows mantle the earth, millions of these helpless victims of inhuman greed toil and spin to produce wealth for their masters and receive in return a bare pittance not sufficient to maintain them in good working order, and therefore less than slave wages. Do they not work under coercion to satisfy other men's desires?

So we see that chattel slavery is only *one* of the methods by which men live on the sweat and toil of others.

It is a self-evident proposition that if a few men could get possession of some element which is absolutely necessary to the existence of all men, and without which all men must perish, that these few could command the labors of other men, even more effectually and with less trouble than ever did the master of slaves or the lord of serfs. They can even give their victims the semblance of freedom without losing their economic advantage. They can accomplish indirectly what chattel slavery did directly.

You will observe, therefore, that this coercion that Herbert Spencer speaks of may be either the direct application of physical force to the slave's body, or it may be the indirect pressure of economic conditions, but in either case the result to the worker is exactly the same.

If, for instance, a few could bottle up the air, they could say to the many, Give us a large portion of your

earnings or you shall die for the want of breath, and the many would be forced to submit; or if a few could get possession of all the water they could say to the many, Give us your earnings or you shall die for the lack of water, and this is exactly what takes place in countries where water is scarce and easily monopolized.

But, in the long run, land is quite as necessary to man's existence as air to breathe or water to drink. Henry George has shown man's relations to the planet on which he lives. He has shown that man is a land animal, and without land to live and work upon he cannot maintain his existence.

If, therefore, a few can get possession of the land which the many must live and work upon, they can compel the many to give up their earnings for the privilege of living or working.

This is the fundamental cause that explains the poverty of the working masses and the wealth of the few. The few own the land which the many must use, and the competition of the many to live and occupy that land compels them to surrender the largest portion of their earnings.

When we speak of land we want you to think of land in the large centers of population. The opponents of Henry George are fond of talking about the land of the pioneer away off in some new, undeveloped country. Such land has no monopoly value, in the meaning of political economy. As long as there is free land open to settlement in the immediate neighborhood, the land of the pioneer has no power to draw rent from other people. It has no power to levy tribute on the labor of others, and therefore has no monopoly value.

For this reason, the great Italian economist, Dr. Achille Loria, has divided communities into free or slave communities, according to whether there is free land open for settlement or whether the land is completely

monopolized. He has shown that where the land is completely monopolized, as in England and other countries, the lowest class of labor sinks inevitably to the level of slave wages, and the nation takes on all the characteristics and ethics of a slave community. So true it is that man cannot maintain his freedom unless he has free access to his mother earth.

But it is not even necessary for the land owners to monopolize all the land on the planet to secure their economic advantage, no more than it is necessary for the owner of a spring of water in Arizona to monopolize all the water on the globe to secure his advantage. It is sufficient that all those whose business, health or pleasure impels them to live in Arizona are forced to use this water, to give the owner of the water his advantage. It is useless to tell them that back in Missouri, or the east, they can have all the free water they wish, because they desire to use the water in Arizona and not elsewhere.

Just so it is useless to tell the resident of New York City that he can have free land in Wyoming or cheaper land in Pennsylvania, because his business or desires impel him to live in New York City, where, perhaps, his labor reaches its maximum efficiency, and to live there he must pay tribute to those who have a complete monopoly of the land in that city.

It is the pressure of population that gives to land its economic value.

This is what we mean in discussions of this kind when we refer to land.

The real estate of New York City has been assessed for taxation at \$6,000,000,000, which is greater than the assessed valuation of the real estate of seven of our richest states in the Union: Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa and Wisconsin.

The land of New York City increases in value at the

rate of \$500,000,000 every year, and its owners receive in addition about \$500,000,000 a year in rent. It takes the surplus value above their maintenance for one year created by the labor of four millions of men to pay that annual tribute to the land owners of New York City. We fought a great civil war, sacrificed a million lives, and spent four billions of dollars to abolish slavery and free four million slaves, and yet the owners of the land of New York City possess a greater economic advantage than the ownership of the four million slaves conferred on the slave masters of the South.

The assessment rolls of New York City show that less than twenty thousand people own all the land of Manhattan Island, and less than eighty thousand people own all the land of Greater New York. The production of wealth by the people of New York City is about \$1,500,000,000 a year. Of this amount the eighty thousand landlords receive \$500,000,000 as rent and \$500,000,000 unearned increment on their land. In other words, the eighty thousand landlords receive every year, without contributing one stroke of labor in return, as much wealth as all the balance of the four millions of people receive for their labor. A more monstrous, unequal distribution of wealth it is scarcely possible to imagine.

I do not want you to believe that we are the only ones who have called attention to this injustice. It has attracted the attention of even the plutocrats themselves. The Wall Street Journal, the organ of plutocracy in this country, in a recent editorial, stated: "The American people have solved the production of wealth as no other nation has ever done before, but they have failed utterly to provide for its just and equal distribution. We hope that they will be able to solve this problem without resorting to violent revolution."

It is in these great centers of population that we find

the greatest association of labor; the greatest educational, literary and scientific advantages; the greatest advance in the arts and sciences; in a word, the greatest progress in every department of human endeavor and activity; but it is also in these great centers that we find the land most completely monopolized and imposing an ever-increasing and crushing burden on the people. It is here that land runs up in value to \$50,000,000 an acre and that it takes only three acres to equal in value all the farm lands of Missouri; and in consequence we find there alongside of the greatest wealth, luxury and splendor, the deepest poverty, squalor and destitution.

And this land ownership in New York City is only a part of the land ownership of the United States. We can divide the land values of this nation into three parts. The first part will consist of New York City; the second part will contain the twenty great cities of the Union next to New York City; and the third part will contain all the balance of the United States, including small cities, villages, farm lands, mines, etc.

It is readily seen from this that the farmers own a very insignificant portion of the land values of this nation, in spite of the fact that they own a great deal of land area. All these great land values draw the immense tribute of four billions a year from the people of the United States, without the owners contributing one stroke of labor in return.

Is it any wonder that the laboring masses are poor and the non-laboring classes of landlords wealthy? The ones produce without getting, and the others get without producing. The ones own the land which the others must use.

This is the problem that Henry George has solved. But his greatest contribution to mankind is the practical and feasible remedy he invented. He has demonstrated that we can rearrange our system of taxation so

as to bring about a more just condition so gradually as not to interfere with a single vested interest, and that we can abolish these great wrongs and bring about a more just arrangement of our economic system so imperceptibly that it will not even disturb or materially distress the present beneficiaries of this injustice. Even to right these monstrous wrongs, we will not commit the slightest injustice on any human being.

But right here I wish to utter a word of caution. Whenever any vested wrong is to be righted or any long-standing abuse corrected, those who profit by the wrong are prompt to pose as the defenders of property and to accuse the reformers of attacking property rights. This is the historic attitude assumed by all the beneficiaries of wrong in the past, and within our memory it was assumed by the slave owners in this country.

Just so, Henry George and his disciples have been assailed as communists, socialists, anarchists and accused of attacking all the property rights of the thrifty and successful and undermining the foundations of society.

I want to tell you this evening not to be deceived by all this false clamor. It is the same old fake alarm that has been raised over and over again in the history of the human race.

The real defenders of property are those who insist upon the destruction of any system whereby men take advantage of their fellows under the guise of law.

There can be no real contest between property rights and human rights. The two are indissolubly joined together. Nothing brings greater security to property rights than a scrupulous regard for the natural rights of every human being, and nothing so surely undermines property rights as a disregard for human rights.

We, therefore, who are insisting upon legislation which will protect each citizen in the enjoyment of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, are the real cham-

pions of property rights as well as the champions of human rights. And those who talk so loudly of defending property are the ones who are endangering all property rights by asailing the natural rights of the individual.

Each one of you can, therefore, examine this land question without being alarmed by cries of confiscation or that we wish to do an injustice to the man who has labored industriously, saved his earnings frugally and invested them in a piece of land. Such a man has nothing to fear from us. We are not going to deprive him of one cent of the hard-earned fruits of his labor; but we would fix it in the future so that he will not be able to purchase the legal right to despoil other men of the fruits of their labor. Because we believe that the rights of the majority are quite as sacred and worthy of protection as the rights of the few.

Our constitution already forbids him from investing his earnings in chattel slaves, and I ask you to notice that this constitutional provision does not deprive anybody of any natural right. On the contrary, it protects the natural rights of those who might otherwise become chattel slaves. Just so, when we establish in our laws that nobody will be able to enslave his fellow-men indirectly, nobody's natural rights will be interfered with, but the rights of all will be still more protected. You will notice that there are two species of property. The first is the property produced by labor, the recognition of which is necessary to protect the natural rights of every individual and is the basis of civilization. The second species of property is *created by law*, and its very creation is an assault on the natural rights of every individual other than the beneficiary, and its recognition is destructive of civilization itself.

This is the philosophy of Henry George, to which he has imparted the power of demonstrated truth, and henceforth it is only a question of time until it takes

possession of the conscience of the human race. The history of the past has clearly shown that no human institution can long stand, against which some great thinker has hurled a demonstrated truth. It has shown that all the despotisms that have ever disgraced this planet have not been able to blot out one single truth from the human heart.

This is the great consoling fact that enables us to persevere in this great work, in spite of many trials and disappointments. We know that the truth has inherent power to arm defenders for itself and to prevail against every obstacle. We know that though crushed to earth it will rise again. We know that we may lose a battle or two, but we cannot fail in the ultimate result. If this were not so, we might be tempted to feel discouraged at times when death robs us of such faithful co-workers as our two comrades, whose loss we mourn this evening, and there seems to be no one to take their places.

But we need not fear. The world is ruled by ideas, and it is ideas that take possession of men rather than men who take possession of ideas. Our doctrines will invade the consciences of others in ever-increasing number until borne to final victory. This is only natural. The thinking man finds himself on this planet the subject of change, the plaything of forces beyond his control, the feeble tenant of an hour, the sport of disease and death, and in these shifting sands of time he turns instinctively to the permanent and eternal, and craves, as the flower does the sunshine, the great truths of democracy and religion.

I join these two great words together, my friends, because to me they are one and the same, inseparable and indivisible. Because for me God's kingdom cannot come on earth until we have the complete triumph of justice in the relations of men to each other.

Thy Kingdom come!

I wish, my friends, that everyone who kneels down and utters Christianity's great prayer would really desire in his heart to bring it about, because in that case the world's greatest problems would be nearly solved. What is God's Kingdom except the triumph of justice among men; the translation into life of our conscience; the realization into actual practice of the true, the beautiful and the just? And the way to bring it about is to work for the triumph of justice as well as to pray for it.

Our Father!

What does this mean, my friends? Not your father, nor my father, nor his father only, but the great common father of all men. It means that all men are equally the children of God and that by love they are bound together. It means that you are not to crush your brother into the mire in order to climb onto his back, but that you are to help your brother up.

"Give us this day our daily bread!" means that all men shall have an equal right to exert their powers of mind and body to secure leisure, comfort and happiness for themselves. It means that all of God's children shall stand on an equality at the tables of His bounty, so that each and every one may be able to say, "This is my air, this is my sunshine, and this is my earth." This does not mean, "Give me my daily bread, me, my wife, my son John, his wife, us four and no more."

An aristocrat can't make that prayer. A man imbued with the spirit of aristocracy would pray, "Give me, the trust magnate, all the bread there is in the world and let the rest of mankind either starve to death or become my slaves;" and if his lips did not dare to utter it, that is, nevertheless, the prayer that would emanate from his heart. The aristocrat says: "I am better than other men. I am the special favorite of God. I am his trustee on this earth, especially appointed to look after my brothers and see that they do not get too much to eat. Ages

ago the Almighty made the coal fields of Pennsylvania for my sole benefit, that I might have the power to freeze and starve millions of my fellow men." This is the spirit of aristocracy, and I am glad that this monstrous blasphemy uttered by the President of the Reading Railroad met with a cry of derision and contempt from one end of this country to the other. We did not need the teachings of revealed religion to recognize the absurdity of that claim. All nature protests against it. The earth, with its heart of fire and crown of snow; with its forests, rocks and seas; with its babbling brooks and rippling streams merging into majestic rivers; with its solemn mountains and smiling valleys; with its broad and fertile plains waving with the golden harvest; with its sunshine and its rain; with its every leaf and bud and blossom; with all its youth and beauty bursting into glorious life—these, all these, proclaim the greatness and goodness of the Creator, and the glorious stars shining in the infinite abysses of space are the eternal witnesses of His mercy and justice. My friends, such a God could not be guilty of an injustice. He could not be the father of only a few of His children and the step-father that disinherits all the rest.

Thy will be done!

O God, how long must its fulfillment be delayed? How long must children cry for bread? How long must stalwart men be fed on crumbs that charities bestow, while granaries overflow and burst with wealth these very men have made?

Thy will be done!

Is it thy will that man should rob his fellow-man? Didst Thou not give to each at birth an equal right to use the earth?

Thy will be done!

Yes, it shall be done! It matters not how deep

intrenched the wrong, how hard the battle goes, the day how long. Fear not; the truth will triumph and will bring the dawn.

My friends, you might as well try to square the circle as to try to reconcile that prayer with the present organization of society. The two will not mix any more than you can blend the water of life with standard oil; but I wish you to observe that you will have no trouble to harmonize that prayer with the philosophy of Henry George, because they both draw their inspiration from the same source—from the great fountain of truth and justice.

And now, my friends, but one word more. When we speak of Christianity we do not refer to the fashionable religion taught in many of our churches. We do not believe that those who apologized for human slavery, who applauded the injustice of the present system and throw the protecting mantle of religion around the rich criminals of the earth have anything in common with the doctrines of the meek and lowly Nazarene, and we feel confident that if Christ should come back on earth He would fail to recognize some of the so-called Christianity preached under His name. This thought has been forcibly expressed by a poem, which I am now going to give you. The poet imagines a man who kneels down and utters a conventional prayer, and at the end of it he imagines that Christ appears before him in a vision and criticises his prayer.

“One knelt within a world of care
And sin, and lifted up his prayer;
‘I ask Thee, Lord, for health and power
To meet the duties of each hour;
For peace from care, for dally food,
For life prolonged and filled with good;
I praise Thee for Thy gifts received,
For sins forgiven, for pains relieved,
For near and dear ones spared and blessed,
For prospered toil and promised rest.
This prayer I make in His great name
Who for my soul’s salvation came.’”

This is the conventional prayer. How often have we heard it. The poet now imagines that the Saviour appears in a vision:

"But as he prayed, lo! at his side
Stood the thorn-crowned Christ, and sighed:
'O blind disciple—came I then
To bless the selfishness of men?
Thou askest health, amidst the cry
Of human strain and agony;
Thou askest peace, while all around
Trouble bows thousands to the ground;
Thou askest life for thine and thee,
While others die; thou askest me
For gifts, for pardon, for success,
For thine own narrow happiness.

"Nay! rather bow thy head and pray
That while thy brother starves today
Thou mayst not eat thy bread at ease;
Pray that no health or wealth or peace
May lull thy soul while the world lies
Suffering, and claims thy sacrifice;
Praise not, while others weep, that thou
Hast never groaned with anguished brow;
Praise not, thy sins have pardon found,
While others sink, in darkness drowned;
Canst thou give thanks, while others nigh,
Outcast and lost, curse God and die?

"Not in my name thy prayer was made,
Not for my sake thy praises paid.
My gift was sacrifice; my blood
Was shed for human brotherhood,
And till thy brother's woe is thine
Thy heart-beat knows no throb of mine.
Come, leave thy selfish hopes, and see
Thy birthright of humanity:
Shun sorrow not; be brave to bear
The world's dark weight of sin and care;
Spend and be spent, yearn, suffer, give,
And in thy brethern learn to live."

This, my friends, is the religion that attracted our two comrades, whose loss we mourn this evening. The religion of humanity, a noble conception of Christianity—not a religion to be professed in public and ignored in private, not a religion to be put on on Sunday with our Sunday clothes and laid away again on the shelf with these precious garments for the balance of the week, but a religion for every day and every hour of the day—a

religion that shall enter into every moment of our lives and guide its every thought and action.

We believe that the essence of Christianity is human brotherhood; that the crucial test of that religion is love and service to your fellow-man. We are sure that a man cannot be a true Christian and be an oppressor of his fellow-men. We are sure that the only way to worship God is by the good will you manifest toward your fellow-men.

And now, my friends, on which side will you take your stand? Sooner or later every one of you will be called upon to define your attitude on this great question. You cannot evade it if you will. It crops up in every detail of life and in every social and political question that you may encounter. This question is not of today or yesterday only. It is as old as the human race itself. I want to tell you that there has never been any other question. Every incident in human history is merely a variation of this great theme, a part of this universal conflict.

The immortal Lincoln said: "There is an issue that will continue long after the poor tongues of Judge Douglas and myself shall be silent. It is the eternal struggle between the divine rights claimed by the few and the common rights of humanity. The struggle between those who say to you, 'You must work and earn bread and we will eat it,' and those who desire justice and fair dealing between all men."

On one side we have truth, justice, altruism, democracy and human brotherhood, and on the other side we have pride, greed, selfishness, aristocracy and despotism. On which side will you take your stand? We ask you to raise your eyes from the false and lurid light of selfishness and greed, and behold the slowly rising sun of human brotherhood. Two ways lie open before you: One leading to an ever lower and lower plain, where are

heard the cries of despair and the curses of the poor, where manhood shrivels and where even success brings infamy. Example, Rockefeller. And the other leading to the hilltops of justice and of truth, where are heard the glad shouts of humanity and where even failure is rewarded with immortality. Example, Henry George. Which will you choose?

“Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide
In the strife of truth with falsehood for the good or evil side;
Some great cause, God’s new Mesiah, bringing each the bloom
or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand and the sheep upon the
right,
And the choice goes by forever twixt that darkness and that
light.

“Then to side with truth is noble, when we share her wretched
crust.
Ere her cause brings fame and profit, and ’tis prosperous to be
just.
Then it is the brave man chooses, while the cowards stand aside
Till the multitude makes virtue of the cause they had denied.”

Join us, my friends. We are the ones who are carrying on this conflict in our day. We are the ones who are struggling for what the great and good in all ages have struggled for. We are fighting the battles they would fight if present in our time. We are the heirs to all that glorious past, to all those glorious victories that have been consecrated by the blood of martyrs and the sacrifice of patriots. We have dreamed a glorious dream of the future. We have dreamed of a republic that shall no longer produce millionaires and paupers, trusts and tramps, gorged indolence and famished industry, luxurious idleness and starving labor. We have dreamed of a true republic in harmony with the fundamental principles of religion. A republic of equal rights to all and special privileges to none. A republic that shall realize on the earth that grand trinity: liberty, equality and fraternity. A republic such as Abraham Lincoln and Henry George would have founded. We have dreamed of a flag that shall never be desecrated by foreign con-

quest or by human slavery. A flag that shall become the glorious emblem of humanity; that shall proclaim to all the winds of heaven that it waves over a race of equal freemen; that under its ample folds men will no longer cringe or crawl or grovel in the dust before base mortals like themselves; but stand erect, as God intended man to do. That there, at last, we shall have converted into a reality the glorious words of that immortal song:

"Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light."

And there on the ever-broadening horizon of a glorious future shall dawn the glad sunshine of an ever-better day, and there, at last, justice enshrined in every human heart, shall rule the world forevermore.

IN MEMORIAM.

The St. Louis Single Tax League

Which stands for the promotion of that most lofty of all purposes, justice to the living, has sustained a loss that is perhaps for some time to come, irreparable. Two of its most valued and honored members,

Mrs. Louise G. Nake and Her Daughter, Nellie Nake,

by accident on the high seas, have been removed from their sphere of earthly activity.

The woman who lovingly embraces the fundamental tenets of HENRY GEORGE'S philosophy, is an inspiring example of the gentler sex, in these days of the strenuous social life, hence how severe is the stroke which has taken from us these two noble souls whose thoughts were ever given to the spread of the truths we are organized to propagate.

Genuine sorrow and regret are not made manifest in vain proclamation and perfunctory performance, but in deeds which exemplify a purpose to carry forward the work for which those we miss from our sittings so earnestly stood, hence, in obedience to this sentiment, we have taken advantage of this occasion to set forth, not only the beautiful womanhood of these departed sisters, as exemplified in their lofty ideals and splendor of achievement, but to point out, as well, wherein lies the inspiration which actuated, not only our sisters of the cause, but all of us, to persevere in our efforts to lead the many out of the darkness of ignorance into the light of truth, as given to the world by HENRY GEORGE, "The Prophet of San Francisco;" Therefore, in conclusion,

RESOLVED, By this Association, joined by our guests of the evening, on this the 18th day of October, 1907, in Memorial Meeting assembled, that we deplore the loss of these splendid examples of womanhood, and that we sympathize deeply with the family and friends, and offer as a measure of consolation the prophetic words of our lamented leader, set forth in the last chapter of "Progress and Poverty," entitled "The Problem of Individual Life." Appealing to the deductive powers of the human mind to dwell upon the future beyond the grave, he says:

"For those who see the truth and would follow her; for those who recognize Justice and would stand for her, success is not the only thing. Success! Why, Falsehood has often that to give; and injustice often has that to give. Must not Truth and Justice have something to give that is their own by proper right—theirs in essence, and not by accident?"

That they have, he was fully convinced, for he, further along, tells us that those who sacrifice selfish desires and struggle for truth and justice in this world, "though they may not know each other, sometime, somewhere, will the muster roll be called."

Though our sister fellow workers were taken away in the fullness of their life's glorious mission, let the sweets of consolation abide in the minds of those near and dear to them, for they stood for Truth and struggled for Justice, thus earning in full measure the reward promised by our philosopher and our seer.

The Goldsby.
Neosho.