

Scotch and Irish Champions of Single Tax

Davitt, McHugh, McGhee and Ure

"Pay Pay" Writes Again of the British Advocates of Henry George's Doctrines--Protestants and Catholics Work Together for It--The Inexhaustible McGhee and the Tireless Ure.

(Special Letter to The Advertiser by T. P. O'Connor, M. P.)



The first disciple of Henry George was Michael Davitt. Brooding over the wrongs of the nation, he spent nine long years in penal servitude, brought into intimate association with the wrecks of human society, whom hereditary instincts, weakness of will, or inauspicious environment had sent to the horrors of the convict's life. Davitt came out of jail with a considerably changed man, from those with which, a robust man, he had entered upon his punishment. In the first place he ceased to be the Irish nationalist, as he himself put it in a letter to the Standard after his release from his second imprisonment. He had been inspired by a "noble vision" of the vision of an international Democrat, who saw in the fight for the liberties of his own country, only one part of the work of the universal liberation of all nations and of all men.

Fierce Passages of Arms.

THERE were some fierce passages of arms between Davitt and the Irish politicians, who developed in some cases into personal animosities when men engaged in the fierce work of making revolution disappeared, but Davitt was never converted to peasant proprietorship. It is one of the secret facts of recent Irish history, which few people know, that when the Land League in 1879-80 issued its first manifesto in favor of peasant proprietorship, Davitt refused to sign his name. Davitt found some ardent friends among the Irishmen in Great Britain. One of the first was Edward McHugh, then associated with the Dockers of Liverpool, and one of the leaders in the great strike that took place many years ago. Edward McHugh is still alive and well, an ardent teetotaler, a non-smoker, an indefatigable worker, and a fanatical single-taxer. He is one of those modest men, however, who do their work in silence and obscurity, one of those men who are more concerned with their work than with themselves, and he has managed, though unseen and unknown, to do a great deal of effective work in his time. I may now reveal the secret that it was he who was largely responsible for that uprising among the Crofters of Scotland, which has wrung from Parliament so many Crofter acts within the last 25 years. Mr. McHugh was then an official of the organization. He went quietly and unheralded to the Scotch mainland and islands, where the Crofters were already beginning to assert their hood. In a short time the Highlanders were in a flame, and the agitation began which has already done so much to alleviate the conditions of Crofter life. And few realize that it was the quiet, soft-spoken, almost fugitive figure of the Irish agitator which set the fuse to the magazine.

Inexhaustible McGhee.

RICHARD MCGHEE was a companion and fellow-officer of Edward McHugh in the days of the dock strike. The two men were alike, and yet different. They are both Scotch by birth, but the one is a Catholic and the other a Presbyterian, and in spite of their fervent agreement this difference of opinion reveals itself

in their temperaments. Mr. McHugh has the softness of the Celt, McGhee has the aggressiveness of the Presbyterian. The kindest-hearted of men, filled with the enthusiasm of humanity, he is the fiercest of combatants. Like McHugh, all his passions go out into politics; he has never taken a drink throughout his whole life, but unlike McHugh, he is an inveterate smoker. He is the most inexhaustible man I ever met. Fatigue, depression, neither self-doubt nor doubt of his cause or of his success, are unknown to him. I have been his traveling companion more than once in the devastating labors of an American tour and a better traveling companion I never knew or could know. Travel by night was the same to him as travel by day, a journey of a thousand miles no more fearsome than a journey of a hundred. He could rise at any hour of the morning; he could stop up till any hour of the morning, smoking, it is true, innumerable cigars, but leaving the drinking to others—the drinking, but not the talking. He never ceases to talk. That extraordinary well-spring of energy, optimism, and fanatical faith flows everlastingly and inexhaustibly, like some river that has run its even course for a million years. And next to the question of home rule there is one question which possesses him, and that is the single tax.

Like Stones From a Sling.

LIKE Mr. Raffan and some other single-taxers, Mr. McHugh at one time represented the aggressive rather than the conciliatory element of the movement. His words are rapped out in a strong North of Ireland accent and are more like stones from a sling than the smooth reasoning of the speakers who long to persuade rather than assault. Living in a distinctly Orange town—Lurgan—in the North of Ireland, Mr. McGhee naturally has to face much of the hostility which such opinions have encountered in that region, and I dare say, when the civil war begins it may interfere with his glass windows. But McGhee is not a man to be frightened or even worried because a few panes of glass are sacrificed to the rowdiness of those blind tools of the landlords, the sweatshops, and office-seekers, who are lend-

ing themselves to the campaign against the emancipation of Ireland, and especially of the Irish workers. The single-taxer, Mr. McGhee has done splendid work. When this sturdy ultra-Protestant Ulsterman comes to deal with the ridiculous fears of religious persecution, which has done such hard work for the Orangemen in British elections, everybody is made to understand how grotesque the whole cry is, how grotesque and how insincere. The man addressing them with his fierce words, his fearless aggressiveness, his strong Scotch accent, is not the man to lend himself to an arrogant and persecuting clericalism from any church or from any creed.

A Remarkable Scotchman.

ONE figure finally I must describe briefly in this review of the land tax movement. The lord advocate cannot be counted among the single-taxers, but he is certainly an advanced land tax reformer. Mr. Ure is one of the marvels of our time. Head of a great and laborious department, an active member of the legal profession, whose work cannot be reached by a taxicab to the law courts of London, but involves a long journey to Edinburgh, an assiduous attendant at the House of Commons, he has yet found time to attend more meetings during the last few years than any man of his time. And when he speaks he does not spare himself. What is important also is that the audience do not spare him. As with the combined lucidity and keen analysis of his splendid Scotch intellect, Mr. Ure unfolds the philosophy and the economics of land, and reforms his audience's listening; it is to them the breaking of a new dawn and a new light, and they insist on his going on and on till sometimes he has spoken for two hours at a stretch and left his audience not tired, but crying for more. It is difficult to understand how he can stand the strain, but again, like McGhee, Mr. Ure has never been seen anybody tired or depressed or discouraged. He came to the House of Commons alert, well groomed, smiling, apparently a gentleman of leisure, taking a somewhat amused view of the man before him, a joyous and detached spectator you might imagine of the human comedy. He is indeed a man who justifies the hatred and the terror which he inspires among the Tories. The combination of clear reasoning and of fervid eloquence, that untiring frame, and that dauntless spirit, are serious factors to face in the coming struggle. And perhaps the hat and the sword are augmented and justified in the fact that they leave the object so untouched, smiling, alert, genial. Mr. Ure passes all the attacks by, in lofty meditation, fancy free.

**A Brilliant Sketch of Booth;
A Great Creative Mind
Alone With an Idea That
Burned at a White Heat**
By A. G. Gardiner, Editor of the London Daily News and Leader.

Whatever may be the fate of the great fabric which he created, General Booth will remain one of the most remarkable figures in the religious history of the modern world. His career has that quality of independence and isolation which is the hall-mark of great creative minds. It owed nothing to others; it was indifferent to conventions and traditions and schools; it flashed across the sky like a comet, leaving no trace behind it. He was his own man, his own idea, his own mission. His amazing crusade amidst the bricks and mortar of the East End, he ended it amidst the sanction of the whole world; but throughout his life he was the man of the street, the man of the slum. It was as though the ordinary standards of criticism and conduct had no meaning for him. He was alone with an idea, that burned at a white heat, and consumed all that lay in its path.

And yet the first impression of the man was not that of the fanatic or the mystic. It was the impression of a man of affairs. The black, penetrating eyes, made more striking by the setting of the white hair and long white beard, seemed charged with worldly wisdom, with an acumen that searched all your secret thoughts, weighed all your motives, laid bare all your designs. Nor was the impression of the man was not that of the fanatic or the mystic. It was the impression of a man of affairs. The black, penetrating eyes, made more striking by the setting of the white hair and long white beard, seemed charged with worldly wisdom, with an acumen that searched all your secret thoughts, weighed all your motives, laid bare all your designs. Nor was the impression

misleading. His genius was the genius of the businessman. When he passed the Stock Exchange he might have been the "big hearted old sea captain," Thomas Coram, succeeded in getting through the papers for the incorporation of the "Foundling Hospital of London," the first home for friendless little children that was ever known among the English-speaking people of the earth. From the beginning of human history on this planet right down to quite modern times, the lot of the little child, especially if it happened to be a girl child without legal parents, was a most forlorn one, full of all that was calculated to touch the heart and call forth the sorrow and pity of mankind. But it seems that the compassion was not forthcoming and the little unfortunate, friendless and neglected, had to get along as best they could, save as they were now and then assisted by some private individual. Childhood—a thought that is so masterful in the present time—the people of antiquity had but a trifling regard for. Many of the greatest thinkers of Greece and Rome, the foremost molders of the public opinion and sentiment of their day, had no tenderness in their souls for childhood as such. Its innocence, its helplessness, made but a weak appeal to their sympathy and love.

The child that was born into the world without a legal father and mother, or that was born below a general mental and physical standard, or that chanced to be a girl, was in danger of being exposed, cast out into the fields to die of the wild beasts, or to be devoured by the wild beasts. The men who built the Parthenon and the Pantheon, who created civilization and carried it to the uttermost parts of the world, were as heartless as the barbarians, as is evidenced by their attitude of cold-blooded indifference to the appeals of helpless childhood. When the children began to look up. There was at least one to "bless" them, to take pity on their weakness and to see in their purity, innocence, and helplessness, the sacred obligation which was not to be ignored. Hence the beautiful words "Suffer the little ones to come unto me and forbid them not." But progress was slow, and it was not until the fifteenth century that the work of saving the little children from destruction was fairly and systematically begun.

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mission, the honor of the army was completely established.

A Spiritual Pioneer.
His religion was a religion of practical service, never of mere exhortation. Behind all the drum-beating and the crude appeals, there was the constant purpose of social regeneration. The spiritual emotion which he generated was not allowed to evaporate; it was turned into the motive power for draining the morass of society. If you took service under the colors of the army, it was not enough to shout "Hallelujah" at the great corners; you must work day and night amongst the fallen and the homeless for small pay and under a taskmaster who gave him no rest and allowed no idleness. Social reform was the hand-maid of his religion, and it is as the pioneer of the great movement which has now taken possession of politics that he will be best remembered. Many of his schemes failed to come to fruition; some of them were not entirely sound; but he led the way like a great adventurer into the jungle of the world, and the inspiration of his vision and of his selfless enthusiasm can never wholly pass away.

It is his supreme title to remembrance that he found the poor. The churches had preached to the comfortable and the cultured. He went down into the dim abysses of the ignorant and the vicious. He went down not as a casual visitor from another sphere, but to live with them and for them, and whatever we may think of his methods it cannot be denied that no ideal of Christianity than he did. It was a joy that burned in him with the heat of lustre to the end. No disappointment, no bereavement, could diminish it. When his noble wife and helper died he said, "I have no longer a home; I have only a house where I store some furniture." But his loneliness did not depress him. It only made the flame of his spirit burn with a purer fire. Today we feel that a great lamp has gone out.

First Foundling Asylum

(Rev. T. B. Gregory.)

It was 173 years ago—July 25, 1739—that the big-hearted old sea captain, Thomas Coram, succeeded in getting through the papers for the incorporation of the "Foundling Hospital of London," the first home for friendless little children that was ever known among the English-speaking people of the earth.

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WOULD SCREAM FOR HOURS WITH ECZEMA
Baby Dreadful Sufferer. Could Not Keep Him from Scratching. Every Joint Affected. Used Cuticura Soap and Ointment and He Is Well.

"Enclosed find my son's photo and I feel by writing these few lines to you I am only doing my duty, as my son was a dreadful sufferer from eczema. At the age of two weeks he began to get covered with red spots on his legs and groin, which mother thought was red gum or thrush; but day by day it grew worse till every joint and crevice were affected and baby started screaming for hours day and night, such a thing as sleep was out of the question. I took him to the hospital and he was one of the worst cases he had seen, the doctor did not think it so serious when I started. I followed their prescriptions for four months and still he was getting on from scratching so great was his agony."

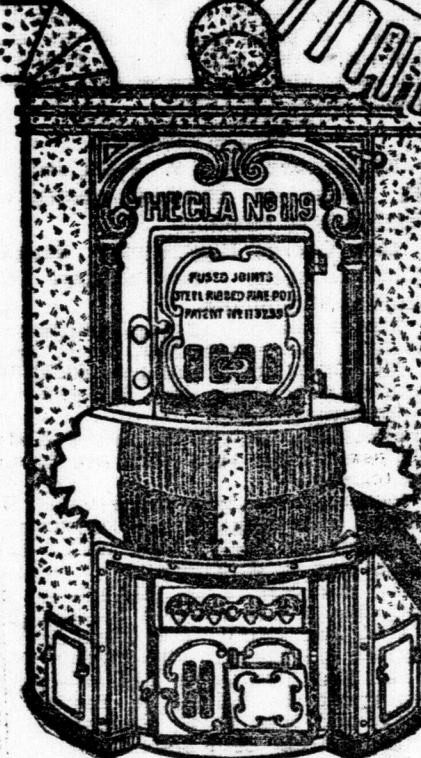
When he was five months old I tried the Cuticura Remedies and I am very thankful to say my baby is to-day free from all his suffering. His groins were the lower part of his body, under the knees, arms, in arm joints, and the bathing with Cuticura Soap, baby was nearly cured. I still kept on using the Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and now, thank goodness, he is quite well, although he is now ten months old, has not had any further return of the trouble. (Signed) Mrs. G. Martin, 2 Knight St., Ealing, London, N.W. Mar. 31, 1911. Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold throughout the world, but a liberal sample of each, with a 32-page book on the care and treatment of the skin and hair will be sent free on application to Potter, Drug & Chemical Co., 60 Columbus Ave., Boston, U.S.A.

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