

THE STANDARD

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, AT NO. 42 UNIVERSITY PLACE.

[Entered at the post office in New York as second-class matter.]

VOL. XII., No. 6
WHOLE No. 293

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 10, 1892.

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THE STANDARD

VOL. XII.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 10, 1892.

No. 6.

EDITORIAL NOTES.—The worst of the fight for the establishment of the single tax at Hyattsville, is over. The lower court, in sustaining the single tax commissioners, delivers an opinion which makes it highly probable that the decision will not be disturbed by the appellate court. An appeal will be taken, however, and meantime, the subject will be kept alive for discussion. More than that, it will be the issue before the people of Hyattsville at the next village election. The land speculators of that town, who feared to meet the single tax commissioners in fair debate before the people, must meet them now or gracefully yield to the new order of things.

This is, as Mr. Ralston says in another column, a contest which does not alone concern the single tax men of Hyattsville. Every single tax man and woman, as well in other countries as in every part of this, is interested in the success of the experiment at Hyattsville. It is to the interest of the movement that Hyattsville remain, as a single tax town, a perpetual object lesson of the practicability of the single tax. It is unfair, therefore, that the expense of the legal controversy, which will be considerable, should fall upon the village or its single tax residents. It is an expense that should be so widely distributed as to be felt by none. It is to be hoped that Mr. Ralston and his associate pioneers will not be embarrassed by lack of pecuniary support, and it is gratifying to note that without any request subscriptions have already been sent in.

Though it is important to the single tax movement that this experiment should be continued, too much must not be expected from it. As the Newark News, the New Jersey paper of largest circulation, wisely and fairly says of the experiment, "it is only right to Mr. George to say that it gives an unfair test of the value of his theories," because "so narrow and uncertain a trial cannot be a fair one." The people of Hyattsville, notwithstanding this reform, will be with the rest of us under the harrow of the protection tariff, and subject to the burdens and inequalities of personal property and improvement taxation for state purposes. In a great degree labor will still be taxed there, and in some degree land speculation will still be encouraged. In such circumstances, the experiment at Hyattsville cannot be expected to illustrate very clearly the industrial and social benefits of the single tax. But it will, doubtless, exhibit a tendency sufficiently marked to impress the thoughtful with its possibilities; and, as proof of the practicability of the single tax, it will be complete.

Next in importance to the decision in the Hyattsville case is the remarkably successful State conference at Reading, Penn. This conference was not intended for a mass meeting, and no effort was made to secure attendance merely. It was a business gathering. A report appears in another column, to which nothing need be added except that the single tax men of Pennsylvania have formed the nucleus of an organization that may soon change the political character of that monopoly-ridden state. Indiana, Kansas, and Pennsylvania are now formally organized. It is desirable that every state in which the materials for organization exist should follow their example in time to send tried and representative delegates to the Chicago conference next summer.

This single tax conference at Reading commended the Democratic candidates to single tax voters at the coming Presidential election, on the ground that the Democratic party urges the abolition of tariff taxes. As the campaign advances we find more and more cause for satisfaction in following this obviously wise course. The apparent tendency of the party to fall into the hands of ex-Secretary Whitney has not been agreeable. Whitney is a protectionist, whose chief interest in politics is his hopeless ambition to be a Democratic candidate for President. It was he that nearly forced upon the party a tariff plank almost identical with that adopted by the Republicans at Minneapolis; and he was completely cast down by the adoption of the Neal-Johnson substitute. But Mr. Whitney grows smaller as the fight grows bigger. His stepping aside for Harrity was significant. It would have been more significant were it not that Harrity also inclines to protection. But there is no mistaking the significance of Don Dickinson's appointment to the Chairmanship of the Campaign Committee. Whether or not this appointment was in response to Mr. Cleveland's wishes, it is in accordance with the wishes of the body of the party; and what is of more importance, so far as the matter of party success is concerned, it is in accordance with the wishes of that large body of recruits who are Democrats from principle and not for spoils, and without whose support the Democratic

party would be in a hopeless minority. Don Dickinson, at the head of the Michigan delegation in the Chicago convention, recorded the vote of that State in favor of the Neal-Johnson substitute and against Mr. Whitney's protection plank. Mr. Dickinson believes in the substitute, and as Chairman of the Campaign Committee he will work for it.

If work against protection is not done this year, it will be the fault of the Democrats. The Republicans have left nothing undone to make opportunity for a successful fight against the robber tariff. Democrats in Congress might have done better with a systematic reform bill, but they did well enough with the separate bills which placed wool, tin plate, etc., on the free list. It is complained by Governor McKinley, for example, that they tried to make wool free for the New England farmer, while leaving a tariff on woolen goods for the rest of mankind; that they tried to put tin plate on the free list, while leaving the tariff on steel plates, of which to the extent of 90 per cent. it is made. But this complaint is really a criticism of protection. It is the protection, not the free trade, sentiment that makes woolen goods and steel plate dutiable. The Democrats could not abolish it. They could not even abolish the tariff on wool and tin plate, which they tried to abolish. The Republican Senate stuck these bills into a pigeon hole, where they still were when Congress adjourned. If the Democrats deserved criticism for trying to make wool and tin plate free, while leaving woolen goods and the base of tin plate in the tariff schedules, why were they not criticised in the Senate, where they could explain their position to the country? Why were these bills pigeon-holed by the protectionists, and criticism of the Democratic policy reserved for stump speeches, where they could not be replied to? The criticism is not candid. It is not intended to be. It is a fault-finding whine, the true character of which can be exposed if Democratic newspapers and speakers will undertake to do it.

Yet it is folly to keep steel sheets in the tariff list. The only excuse for it is the fact that the protectionists in both parties made it impossible for free trade Democrats in Congress to do more than they did. It is the tariff on steel sheets that really cripples the tin plate industry in this country. And the attempt to uncripple it by putting a high tariff on tin plates shows what an idiotic hotch-potch the tariff theory is. If steel plates were free we could, with free tin, make tin plate in competition with the people of any country in the world. But the tariff on steel sheets raises the price of that constituent of tin plate, so that we can not compete with foreign tin plate manufacturers; and to remedy that, the protectionist rises up in his wisdom and puts a duty on tin plate. Of course the duty on steel sheets ought to be abolished along with that on tin plate. Of course the duty on woolen goods ought to be abolished along with that on wool. But when the McKinleys, backed by a powerful lobby loaded down with corruption funds supplied by steel plate-makers and manufacturers whose products compete with foreign woolen goods, fight all along the protection line, the Democrats cannot be greatly blamed for taking a lesson from the military art and concentrating their attack upon the weakest point. It is not quite becoming in Governor McKinley to criticise them for not attacking along the whole line. Let him defend the point attacked instead of criticising his adversary's tactics.

Governor McKinley is said to be one of the few protectionists who are honest. It is not pleasant to doubt the honesty of any man; but it is impossible not to doubt that of the Ohio Governor, without reflecting upon his intelligence. And it is almost as unpleasant to question a great man's intelligence as his honesty. It is possible that this man who, in his congressional career, has seen the representatives of protected industries pushing and crowding for a share of protection plunder, as a drove of swine hustle around a trough of will, does not yet see that neither patriotism nor philanthropy have anything to do with tariff bills. But assuming that, in his official capacity, he has associated intimately with the hogs without suspecting their character, it is still almost beyond belief that his popular talks about supporting the government by taxing foreigners instead of taxing ourselves, are delivered in good faith. "By what system of taxation shall we raise the million which is required by our government every day?" This is his question. And by way of answer he says, "You can do it by taxing yourself, or you can do it by taxing the product of every people of the world seeking market in the United States." Does Governor McKinley really believe that there is any way under heaven, short of war and subjugation, by which Congress can draw \$365,000,000 a year from the people of other countries? Does he

believe that a protective tariff will do it? Laying aside all the considerations which show the folly of such a proposition, what reply is there to the simple objection that a tariff which protects yields no revenue? Governor McKinley understands that revenue tariffs do not protect. He understands that when a tariff is so low that it fails to prevent imports from competing with domestic goods, it is not a protective tariff; and that, when it is high enough to prevent such competition, it yields no public revenue. If any tariff will compel foreigners to pay our taxes, it must be a tariff for revenue only. Yet it is to such a tariff that Governor McKinley objects; and he objects on the ground that he wants foreigners to support us. When a man, knowing that protective tariffs yield no revenue either from foreigners or citizens, and that none but a tariff for revenue can yield revenues—when a man who knows that, as Governor McKinley does, asks for a protective tariff, the kind that will not yield revenue and is not intended to, for the expressed reason that he wants foreigners to provide our revenue for us, is it not a fair inference either that his brain is weak or his conscience in disorder? Is it not a fair inference, in the case of any man of average intelligence, that he wants protection for a purpose entirely different from the one he specifies?

During the great fight for free trade in England in the early '40's, the Tories were violent and irrational in their opposition to it, just as the Republicans in this country are now. And occasionally some titled member of the House of Commons, notorious for his supply of blue blood and his lack of gray brain matter, would raise the point that McKinley now echoes, the point that protective tariffs compel foreigners to pay our taxes. But these sprigs of nobility brought the blush to the face of the greedy landlords for whom they spoke, and were laughed at by every one else. It is mortifying to find the Governor of a great state going to the England of 1840-6—to the Tory landlords of that England—for protection arguments to use in this country to-day.

But it is not alone for argument that Governor McKinley has gone to the protection Tories of Cobden's time. He has gone to them even for some of his phrases. Was it not McKinley who said that "a cheap coat means a cheap man in the coat?" Very well, it was a Tory nobleman who, fifty years before him, said that "cheap bread makes cheap men."

What is of most interest in McKinley's later speeches, however, is the proof they give that the tariff fight cannot stop with a tariff for revenue only, nor with absolute free trade, but must go on to the single tax. Mr. McKinley takes particular pains to show that there is a strong prejudice against direct taxation of any kind, that proposed by Henry George in particular; and that so long as we raise our revenues by means of a tariff, we should so adjust it as to increase our exports, diminish our imports, encourage our manufactures, enhance the prices of goods, reduce the prices of goods, compel the foreigner to pay our taxes, and so on to the end of the protection chapter. There is a strong prejudice against direct taxation. But nothing more is required than a little discussion to remove all prejudice, except from the minds of people who are really enriched by it—the parasites of the community. This discussion, Governor McKinley is helping to bring about. When the people understand that indirect taxation is always the most expensive to them, and that, like the drummer's overcoat, their taxes are in the bill whether taxation be straight, direct, and open and above board, or crooked, indirect, and secret, they will no longer object to direct taxation. They will be hungry for it. The question with them then will be, what kind of direct taxation shall we have? When they ask that question, the era of the single tax will have begun in earnest. As long as people imagine that indirect taxation does not tax them, they will be prejudiced against direct taxation. But Mr. McKinley and his associates cannot long make them believe this by the flimsy pretense that foreigners pay tariff taxes as a condition of entering our markets.

In the legislative rubbish of the recent session of Congress, labor organizations find an eight-hour law, which absolutely prohibits the employment of men at public work, even by contractors, for more than eight hours a day. This law will, of course, go the rounds of abuse among the papers. Protection, mugwump, and tariff reform papers will vie with each other in condemning the outrageousness of the measure, the wrongheadedness of the men who have demanded it, and the folly of the Congressmen who have acceded to the demand. If we were not on the eve of an important election, the assaults upon the eight-hour law would be made with greater freedom; but, as eight-hour advocates have votes, violent condemnations must not be looked for, except from the mugwump press. The mugwump press "goes" for Labor whenever it shows its head adorned with a big L, election or no election. The protection press tries to be on amicable terms with Labor of the big L

when elections are near at hand, especially if the editor happens to be up for office.

In the abstract, the condemnation of eight hour laws is right. It is no part of the business of legislatures to tell any man how many hours he shall work. Hours of labor should be a matter of individual arrangement. It is just as impertinent for governments to fix an hour for free men to begin work and an hour to quit, and enforce obedience, as it would be to fix an hour to go to bed and an hour to get up, and enforce obedience to that regulation. But it is at the little adjective "free" that all the confusion on this subject comes in. Workingmen are not free men. They are not allowed to contract upon equal terms. All possible opportunities to work, except such as are approached only through a master, have been closed. Men with nothing but work to offer in the market, have the choice of being some man's slave or being a corpse. They are not free, and they must be protected by law or they will not be protected at all. Their masters have no interest in protecting them, for slaves in ample supply can be hired by the day; it is not necessary any longer to buy them outright. They cannot protect themselves. Something must be done for them. Then, let the hours of labor be shortened by law. This will make the burden of labor somewhat easier to them, and by making greater demands for labor it may make their pay better. One would suppose that slaves would rather be free than be protected; but so long as labor organizations look at it in another way they are entitled to all the defense their case gives them.

When "gentlemen" ask protection—a tariff, for example, on foreign steel rails so as to enable them to increase their profits on rails which American workingmen have made for them—there is no great opposition from other "gentlemen" and newspapers owned by "gentlemen," particularly if relations exist between the "gentlemen" who own the paper and the "gentlemen" who ask for protection. On the contrary, the enterprises of the "gentlemen" who want protection are wrapped in the stars and stripes, and to hiss in its presence is called treason. And, after a while, when the people begin to object to legislative privileges for "gentlemen," they are told, on all sides, that the protection which these "gentlemen" receive is probably wrong, but that they have a vested interest in it now, to which general economic principles must give way. It is only when Labor with a big L, demands bad legislation, that general economic principles are supposed to apply.

It is not to be wondered at, when we calmly consider things as we may observe them on all hands, that workingmen—by which is meant poor men, for it is undeniable that work and poverty are bed fellows—are coming to regard the law as their enemy. Laws that injure them, and are obviously opposed to economic laws, are adopted in the interest of men already inordinately rich, whose wealth these laws increase, and scarcely a voice is raised against it. But every paper has a thousand tongues when an uneconomic law is passed in the supposed interest of Labor.

If a little more attention were paid to the difference in the treatment of poor men and rich men before the law, the growing antipathy of the poor to the law might be better understood. Take the affair at Homestead for further illustration. When the workingmen charged with murder were brought into court they were thrust ignominiously into the prisoner's dock, where they were obliged to remain until their bail was perfected. The officers of Carnegie's company, charged with the same crime, and against whom, so far as the court judicially knew, as strong a case existed, were allowed to sit with their counsel in the body of the court-room. When bail was fixed, the same amount was required of the poor men as of the rich men—\$10,000. This was almost equivalent to a sentence to jail pending trial for the former, while for the latter it was a trifle. The law really does not countenance such discrimination. Bail should be regulated not only by the magnitude of the crime, but also by the condition and character of the prisoner. Its sole object is to insure attendance. Yet, so far as a money liability can be surety for any one, the rich man who gives \$10,000 bail is not so secure as the poor man who gives a much smaller amount. But judges have fallen into the bad habit of allowing the magnitude of the crime alone to fix bail, irrespective of the ability of the prisoner to give it, and for that reason rich criminals are frequently at large when innocent poor men are in jail. Poor men would be better than human if, from this, they did not draw conclusions against the impartiality of the law. Note again, in the same case, how different was the manner of the judge. It is indescribable, but it was apparent in the reports of the proceedings, and it must have impressed the workingmen who were present. Imagine an old-time planter sitting as a magistrate, before whom are brought, at the same time, a parcel of negroes charged with some violation of the slave code, and a neighboring planter charged with killing a stranger in a duel. The difference in the manner of the magistrate toward the negroes on the one

hand, and the duelist on the other, would fairly illustrate the difference in the manner of Judge Ewing toward Carnegie's workmen on the one hand, and Carnegie's partners on the other.

Another case well calculated to spread the idea that the law is the servant of the rich and the merciless enemy of the poor, is that of Private Iams, who was strung up by the thumbs. General Snowden has been constrained to repudiate all responsibility for that act of barbarity, and at this late day a variety of efforts are made to create the impression that Iams was very lightly punished. There is no doubt, though, that the first reports, uncontradicted by anyone, and in which the military officers took pride because they expected the public to be as brutal as themselves, were substantially correct; and from them it appears that Iams was strung up by the thumbs for nineteen minutes; that he was watched by two surgeons who were instructed to keep up the punishment as long as the victim could bear it; and that they did keep it up until his pulse rose to 120. Now this was either justified by law or it was not. If not justified, the officers who are responsible for it have merited most severe punishment, and the bail pending their trial should be sufficient to insure their attendance for sentence. It was fixed at \$500. Against this trivial bail, required of a man who could as easily give thousands, thousands were required of a poor man in Pittsburg, who is accused of being accessory to the crime of Berkman, which has already turned out to be a crime of low degree, and against whom the only evidence is that he pointed out to Berkman the building in which the Carnegie company has its offices. It is not easy to believe that in these two cases the bandage of Justice was well arranged over both her eyes, or that her scales were evenly balanced.

In contrast with the way in which Pennsylvania, and for that matter most of the states, discriminates against the poor in the execution of her laws, is New Jersey, whose name has long passed into a proverb—"Jersey justice"—for swift and even handed justice; and it is probable that an unlawful comity which has flourished between chiefs of police may soon be brought to a stop with a sudden jerk by the courts of this state.

When the police of Pittsburg learned that Berkman had received money from one Mollick, of Long Branch, N. J., they telegraphed for Mollick's arrest. An obliging policeman at Long Branch made the arrest, and expecting to win renown as an anarchist catcher, held his prisoner in close custody, refusing to let him see counsel, and neglecting to take him to a magistrate. When the Pittsburg official arrived, counsel had been communicated with by friends of the prisoner, but the policeman refused to admit them to his presence, and before a writ of habeas corpus could be obtained the prisoner was spirited out of the state and carried to Pittsburg.

From beginning to end this was an outrageous violation of the law. But, as it was in the interest of the "better element," and the victim was a poor man, it passes with but little comment; and, unless the courts of New Jersey make an example of both police officers, it will take its place in the long list of facts which go to prove that the law is the servant of the rich and the enemy of the poor.

A relentless prosecution of the case against these policemen might put an end to a dangerous custom which exists among police officials. It happens, by no means unfrequently, that men are arrested and held in close custody for days without a warrant, and while in custody, that they are subjected to searching cross-examinations, with a view to eliciting confessions of crime. This was done with the prisoner at Long Branch. It is an imitation of the French criminal system. But in France the system is authorized by law, and the inquiry is made by a judge with judicial instincts and ambitions, not by catchpolls to whom justice and "railroading" are synonymous terms. Much can be said in favor of the French system; but it is not the law here, and steps should be taken at once to break up the custom. As a rule, the victims now are men who, however innocent of the crime for which they are unlawfully arrested, are guilty of enough other crimes to give them no standing in court in proceedings against the police, and to inspire them with a more or less wholesome disposition to leave well enough alone as between them and the police. But it is cases like these that pile precedent upon precedent, until a custom is established which crystallizes into recognized practice. The custom is unlawful; and lawlessness is, if possible, most dangerous when the lawbreaker is a policeman and his victim a criminal.

ABOLITION IS THE WORD.

The Charles City (Mo.) Banner.

It is getting pretty nearly time for Democrats to quit talking about reducing the tariff on the necessities of life. The thing to do is to advocate the abolition of the tariff on the necessities of life and on everything else.

SOME OBJECT LESSONS.

PROF. JAMES H. DILLARD.

The following experiences are plain illustrations of the rewards of land speculation, and of the prevailing ideas of assessment, and I therefore offer them to the readers of THE STANDARD. It will be seen that the evils here typified might have been considerably ameliorated by a just and strict application of present laws, and I am quite sure that workers for the single tax cause can hardly put forth their efforts to better effect than by trying to get the present laws rightly executed. Ninety-nine per cent. of the assessors of town property, some in ignorance and some in lack of conscience, sport with the laws of taxation, virtually changing them from lot to lot, and from street to street. There is no law for assessing unimproved lots at a less relative value than improved lots, and yet this practice is well nigh universal. I should be happy to join a club which should make its object that of trying to beat into the heads of assessors the fact that vacant lots are "used" just as much as lots that are occupied, and that speculation is a use that does not deserve special favoring.

In 1881, in Norfolk, Virginia, where I was at that time working as principal of a private school, I attended an auction of lots in Brambleton, a suburb not then made a part of the city. I bought for \$55 one of the last two lots that were sold. Thirty-six lots had been knocked down to a wealthy gentleman at an average price of about \$35. The rest were bought by intending builders, who, like myself, were looking for lots whereon to make homes for themselves.

In the course of a few years, houses sprang up as by magic. The streets were graded, sidewalks laid, and Brambleton became the growing quarter. My lot being but thirty feet front, I concluded that I wanted more land. I therefore bought 125 feet, farther out, at \$5 a foot, and sold the former lot. This thirty feet, for which I had paid \$55, brought readily \$725 cash.

Meantime, the thirty-six lots bought by the rich man for speculation were growing in weeds and value, and daily becoming more and more an eyesore to the community. I knew of his refusing \$500 for a lot that had cost him about forty; and yet he was making no contribution to such improvements as grading and sidewalks, which were carried on largely by the voluntary contributions of those who were building houses around his vacant lots. When approached by a would-be purchaser, his reply was that he was saving the property for his son—a boy in knee pants. He could well afford to hold the land, since, as being considered unproductive, it was assessed at an insignificant amount.

This struck me as queer. Here was a man who was a positive drawback to the progress of the place, and yet making out of it some thousands per cent. As to myself, while I had contributed my due share to the grading of the street on which my lot was located, I thought it remarkable that I should somehow get more for nothing, than I could make by three months work in the school-room.

On the new lot which I had bought I commenced to make some improvements. Having put around it a fence at the cost of \$80, I leveled the land, sowed it with grass, planted two dozen trees of rare variety, and thus at a cost of about \$200 I made it look like an attractive building lot, instead of a ridged field. How unwise this was, was soon shown by the arrival of the assessor. Because of these improvements the lot was assessed at \$2,250. I might not have given a second thought to this valuation but for a contrast. Opposite my lot a speculator had bought five acres. The land was still in cultivation, so that it looked like farm land. Although it lay between my lot and the city, and, therefore, nearer to population, and more desirable, its assessment was at a rate just one-tenth as high as mine. This again struck me as queer. I felt that I had been punished for building a fence and planting trees.

Subsequently I built a house, which was welcomed as a great improvement to that locality. The vacant lots adjoining my property were owned by a gentleman in New York city. His agent told me, in delightful innocence, that I had doubled their price. This again struck me as queer: that a poor school-teacher in Virginia should add hundreds to the wealth of a man in New York, whom he had never so much as seen.

The queerness of these object-lessons was fresh in my mind while I was reading and rereading "Progress and Poverty," and they helped me to appreciate some of its revelations.

As I read on, I could not but see how the homely events that had been going on before my eyes in that corner of old Virginia were interwoven with the greatest social problem of the day. Since that time, whether in Virginia, or Missouri, or Louisiana, or New Hampshire, I have found no lack of similar instances. The consolation is that, wherever I have been, I have found an increasing number of those who appreciate the exposition of the master who has thrown his light upon the injustice of a system which fosters such transactions.

INTERROGATION POINTS.

RALPH E. HOYT.

The owner of a small piece of ground, 40 feet, fronting on Randolph street, in Chicago, has executed a lease for the use of it by another party for the unusually long term of 198 years. The annual rental to be paid for the use of this little piece of earth is \$8,000. The total in 198 years will be \$1,584,000. The "owner" of the ground has been holding it vacant for a long time, waiting for just such an opportunity as has now opened up before his delighted vision. He has not improved the land, but has generously permitted other people to improve the surrounding land in innumerable ways, thereby steadily enhancing the value of his particular holding. And now the city is so big and growing so rapidly that he is able to lease his ground, as above stated, to a man who will improve it and use it. Of course Chicago and every other growing city is honeycombed with such object lessons, but I select this one merely as a basis for a few plain, pertinent

questions, which, possibly, the single-tax-hating Tribune would like to answer:

Was the rental value of the ground mentioned created by the present individual owner?

If not by him, was it created by the community; that is, by all the people who unitedly have made Chicago what it is?

If that value was created by the energy and industry of the community as a whole, does it not justly belong to the community?

If not, why not?

If ground rent rightfully belongs to the community, how does the community "rob" anybody, or "confiscate" anybody's property, by taking for public use that which the public made, owns, and needs?

Is not the "robber" or "confiscator" the individual who appropriates to his own use that which belongs to the public?

REFORM BY SPASM.

DAVID L. THOMPSON.

It will be remembered—or perhaps it has been mercifully forgotten—that a conference of church workers was held in Chickering Hall, New York, in January, 1889, the object of which was declared to be, in the probably devout but certainly laconic language of its temporary chairman, "to save the city to Christ."

The instrument more especially to be relied on for this purpose, was a vast system of personal appeal made possible by an equally vast system of house to house visitation. To this end a sort of pictorial directory of depravity had been prepared, consisting of a map of the city blotched here and there in black to indicate the areas of greatest vice, and spotted all over more minutely in higher colors to represent to the eye the location of saloons, dives, gambling houses, and the like. The mental impression so produced was strengthened by statistics.

The conference opened of course with prayer, effected a permanent organization after the usual manner, appointed its committees, listened to inspiring addresses by prominent clergymen, and adjourned—probably with the singing of the doxology, but whether or no is immaterial.

Before the month was out the returns began to come in. The Rev. Dr. Motter, of the Twelfth Ward Sub-Committee, reported, according to the newspapers, that "there was an organization of the clergymen of the Twelfth and Twentieth wards, west of Sixth avenue, already in existence for the carrying on of the work which the Conference Committee had undertaken; that it was then engaged upon a canvass of both wards, and would complete its canvass before it would decide whether to organize under the Conference Committee or proceed upon its course independently."

The Rev. Dr. Elmendorf, also of the Twelfth ward, declared that "the responses from the clergymen to the invitation of the Sub-Committee had not been of a character to inspire very strong hopes of the success of the movement;" while Dr. Bronner, of the Ninth ward, more picturesquely reported that "a dead heat had already begun a house to house visitation in his ward, representing himself as a visitor from the Chickering Hall



David L. Thompson comes of New Jersey stock, but was born in the village of Watham, Ohio, whence he removed (or rather, was removed) to the former State at the age of three. He was educated in Flushing, N. Y., and was occupied in teaching there, at Flushing Institute, till the second year of the war, when he enlisted in the Ninth New York Volunteers, otherwise known as Hawkins's Zouaves. He was taken prisoner at Antietam and served a short term in Libby prison. Being paroled and exchanged, he rejoined his regiment before Fredericksburg at the beginning of 1863, remaining with it till the following May, when, on its muster out at Suffolk, Va., he was transferred to the Third New York Volunteers, with which regiment he served till the end of the war. He has been tutor, bookkeeper, bank clerk, and is now the cashier of an iron house in the city of New York. He was a delegate from New Jersey to the National Single Tax Conference of 1890.

Of his connection with the single tax movement, he writes: "I was interested in social questions at an early age—about as soon, in fact, as the thinking period in young people seriously begins. I could never understand, for instance, why the rich, who buy their coal in large quantities, should be able to get it at \$1 a ton, while the poor of the cities, who are forced to buy by the pailful, must pay at the rate of \$16. I saw that our civilization was organized on this plan throughout, and the thought was not reassuring. It was explained to me, of course, that this was a fundamental principle of business—a fact which I recognized without, however, being reconciled to it. 'It was clear to me that under such a system a duty rested upon every human being to struggle to get rich—to take himself as quickly as possible out of the sixteen dollar into the four dollar ranks. When I discovered, however, the parallel truth—that every occupation was full—I realized the fierceness of the competition thus necessitated, and when to this was added the perception that the means of subsistence were the subject of this competition, I saw that it meant a universal, bitter struggle of accelerated intensity, in which greed and unscrupulousness were the controlling factors and out of which the success of the few could only be achieved through the misery of the many."

"I turned for relief to political economy. I wrestled twice with Adam Smith, at periods ten years apart, but without success. I forget whether 'profits' was my particular bugbear, but suspect now, that it was rather a genuine lack of clear apprehension as to the meaning of the terms employed, due to an initial neglect to fix the meaning accurately and use them uniformly."

"About this time appeared Darwin's 'Origin of Species.' I read the book with interest, but found in the summing up the old disheartening condition dignified by its statement in scientific form, and inferentially strengthened in its application to the human race by a demonstration of its application to the rest of the animal kingdom, and to the entire vegetable kingdom as well. Shortly after, I came upon further sanction of it by the high authority of Emerson under the plausible name of 'Pro-

Conference Committee, and invariably ending with an application for a small loan."

No subsequent reports seem to have been made—none at least of sufficient interest or encouragement to ensure them notice in the newspapers. That first report seems to have settled the business. The grandiose scheme of metropolitan regeneration, unfolded less than a month before, and blown almost to bursting with high resolves and rosy promises, collapsed, as Sairey Gamp would phrase it, "like a gash balloon." Filling the entire field of vision in a near view, it dwindled almost immediately to next to nothing, with a dead beat squarely planted on the vanishing point.

Of how many, many similar projects is this particular project typical in its results. How surely may anyone, if only of middle age, look back over a long line of such, differing among themselves, of course, in object and method, but all essentially the same. Here it is a band of women invading with intemperate zeal a bar-room, and dropping on their knees in prayer, hoping thereby to exorcise the devil of strong drink; there it is a throng of "solid" citizens assembled in a church, and listening to the associated clerical talent of the vicinity protesting against the establishment of a race-course, and organizing to put in motion against it the Governor's veto; now it is another throng gathered, irrespective of party, in angry mass meeting, to bundle out of office some embezzling town or city treasurer; again the social pot is all a-bubble over a story of official bribery in connection with some public franchise, and leading citizens unburden their souls incontinently, and every local Boanerges pounds his pulpit in vehement denunciation. Shortly after, come the annual meetings of the various reform bodies, with their customary words of praise for the great things accomplished. Two or three years after, however, at these same meetings, things seem always to have settled back in the old rut; the appalling increase in intemperance is dwelt upon impressively—the actual number of gallons of beer consumed, per man of the population, being set forth with painstaking accuracy; the prevailing political corruption is bewailed afresh; the urgent need of finding some way of checking the alarming increase in the number of gambling houses is eloquently represented; all this being but preliminary to those larger contributions which are strenuously solicited for the purpose of bringing to a triumphant end the long and virtuous campaign against evil, which is always just about to succeed, but somehow never seems to.

New York city just now was all agog with one of these periodical windstorms, of which the Rev. Dr. Parkhurst was the moving centre. Only the other evening two thousand citizens or more gathered in Cooper Union and worked themselves up into a fine frenzy of civic virtue because Dr. Parkhurst's method had been criticised, and it was thought necessary that he should be "sustained." And sustained he was, by resolutions and fiery speeches, and enthusiastic cheers.

Now, what will come of it all? Does not every attendant at that meeting, in his cooler moments, know that two or three years hence, when this flurry is over, vice—and vice, too, of the particular kind that Dr. Parkhurst is fighting—will be just as prevalent in New York as now? Has not the city passed through one access after another of reformatory fever? Did it not attempt, more than thirty years ago, when it was hardly more than a town, to enforce the Maine law? Did it not go into virtuous hysterics, later, over Tweed? After that again, did it not prosecute the boodle Aldermen? Yet, does any one doubt that intemperance and political corruption and jobbery are as rife there now as ever?

If any candid participant in that intemperate meeting would know just why the vice inveighed against so eloquently, there exists, let him first banish from his mind every lingering effect of that perturbing scene and go off into a quiet corner by himself, resolved to do a little dispassionate, honest thinking. When he has put himself in this receptive attitude, let him select out of any community a hundred well-to-do citizens and subject them, in imagination, to a gradual process of deprivation. Suppose, for greater pertinence, this experimental hundred be chosen right out of that prosperous company that sat upon the platform at the Cooper Union, and

gressive and Arrested Development.' This view, if established, meant a total obliteration of the conception of a beneficent Creator, as up to that time inculcated, and a justification of the universal industrial warfare then going on with such disastrous consequences. The situation, therefore, for any one who lifted his eyes above the sordid business of the moment, was full of gloom. I knew, in a sort of blind intuitive way, that such a condition must sooner or later bring about its own ending, but what the method would be I had no definite idea.

"After some years of this, a lady who for a long time has done, and is still doing, most efficient, tactful work in furtherance of the single tax, asked me if I would read 'Progress and Poverty.' Out of regard for her I consented, but permitted the book to lie on my table a week before opening it; the name of Henry George having come to my attention associated with 'labor politics,' a compound it seemed to me then of false political economy and demagog in equal parts. I began then, at the preface, and was struck at once both with the author's earnestness and power of clear expression. I cautiously reflected, however, that other writers had set themselves tasks of similar nature with intentions as honest and purposes as high. The first chapter I found 'dry as a remainder biscuit' as to its matter, but running through it the same unrivalled precision of thought and clearness of expression. Fortunately I remembered Herbert Spencer's caution that as all fundamental truths, embracing as they do a wide variety of conditions, are necessarily stated in abstract, general terms, a vagueness corresponding with their approach to universality must be looked for in the mental impression produced by their expression. I concluded, therefore, that the vagueness in this case was probably due to this fact, coupled with an unfamiliarity on my part with economic writing. The impression made by the reading of the first of the book was only a repetition of that described—that of haziness in spots, alternating with other spots of remarkable clearness.

"I laid the book aside then for two months; my mind, however, during the interval being busy day and night with the great theme. At the end of that time I took it up again and was gratified to find that much that had been accepted in a tentative way had become clear and could be dismissed as settled and assimilated, leaving me free to concentrate attention upon knotty points alone. It is not necessary to specify further. I have read 'Progress and Poverty' several times since then, and can only say that it seems to me, now, as an open window through which an intelligent observer may see stretching out before him with increasing clearness, an illimitable vista of salutary change.

"I risk, of course, a charge of egotism in making public this bit of self analysis, but I willingly incur it if by so doing I may lead some other reader, beset by the same difficulties to persevere, assuring him that the outcome cannot fail to be a vastly clearer, more satisfactory apprehension of the great truths of the 'dismal science,' together with a mental peace not likely to be reached in any other way."

for the same reason let the solitary thinker be the Rev. Dr. Parkhurst himself.

First, let each one of the hundred begin to suspect that he is not doing so well in business this year as he did the year before. The next year, let him figure up again and discover that a similar result is true for that year, also. The year after, let him realize, by extending his alarmed inquiry further backward, that this condition has been true for a longer period than he suspected; that it has, in fact, become habitual with him; and also let him realize now, for the first time, that nothing he can do will change it; that though here and there some one of his acquaintance, by questionable practices may prosper, for the great mass, himself included, honest work, no matter how continuous, will, from that time forth, not only not enable him to lay by anything for that "rainy day" about which he has often expatiated so patronizingly in his charitable work, but that it will not even maintain him. Then let him project his anxious thought into the future, and forecast the consequences. Let him see social position sacrificed, wife and children deprived first of luxuries, then of necessities, and just ahead of him, growing daily clearer through the blue enchantment of distance, the disenchanting grim walls of the poor-house. Let him happen, just at this point, upon the annual report of the Health Board of the city, and find his gloomy forecast verified by reading there, as he may, that of all those who die in New York over the age of 60, five-sixths steadily die in public institutions.

The consequences of such a perception of the hopelessness of further struggle will soon appear. One, as he feels the means of maintenance slipping from him, will grow reckless and take to drink; another, after efforts more or less strenuous, will give up the struggle altogether and become a tramp; still another, if he holds a place of trust, will presently begin to steal or stake his insufficient income on the turning of a die or the hardly less capricious fluctuations of the market; a fourth, after reciprocal recriminations, and a period of domestic wretchedness, more or less prolonged, will desert his home outright, or make in the divorce court an exposure of its misery; a fifth, more mercurial, will put an end to all, by suicide. And so indefinitely. Concurrently with these effects, another kind, even more demoralizing, will appear. Moved by a profound consciousness that under a plausible appearance of civilization, life has nearly become for them nothing but a savage struggle for existence, some of the hundred—the least scrupulous—determined not to be swamped in the inhuman conflict, will begin to cast about in search of some less difficult way of making a living than that conventionally known as work, and will quickly find it in catering to the vices of their fellows. Nor does it require any exhaustive psychological knowledge to perceive that those who will take this course, are not necessarily the morally obtuse, but quite as often those of superior acumen, who, for this reason, feel more keenly than the majority, the injustice of their position—those, in a word, who under just conditions, would be peculiarly the ornaments of society. The slow, inexorable pressure of increasing want will search out the weak spot in the character of each, and through it bring about inevitable collapse. Probably Dr. Parkhurst will admit that no more promising nursery of vice could be devised, than this identical, once virtuous hundred, under such circumstances.

But just here, recognizing the unmistakable drift of the argument, he will start up and declare that the case supposed is purely theoretical; that no such condition of affairs exists in New York, or in any other civilized community. Warming with his theme, he will tell you with alliterative gusto, that toil, thrift and temperance will enable any man to earn a living and, probably point in confirmation to particular cases in his own acquaintance of men who began life as pedlars or day laborers, and now are millionaires. If pressed still further, he will begin to draw on his reserve stores of proof—his fund of evidence accumulated in the study of what he supposes to be the economic field—will tell you, probably on the authority of Mr. Edward Atkinson, that not only are the deposits in the savings banks all over the country relatively greater than ever before, but that everything is cheaper and wages higher, that a bushel of wheat is moved now over a thousand miles of rails ten times as cheaply as it was thirty years ago, and, finally, as if to cast far from him by a desperate effort the net of proof he felt about to settle on his dialectic shoulders, he will tell you with dogmatic fervor and that annihilative eloquence peculiar to his calling, that this view is sustained and placed beyond the shadow of a doubt by a warrant higher than any direction of human wisdom—the biblical assertion, that the seed of the righteous need never beg for bread.

This warmth need not disturb your equanimity in the least, however, when you recognize its real nature. It is the fierce rush of the trout when he first finds himself hooked; for hooked the reverend doctor was, and that securely, the moment he consented to go off by himself and think.

Now ask him to take his hundred away into some new country and set them down entirely by themselves, without resources of any kind, in order that he may study the mechanism of industry from the beginning. To make their isolation complete, and therefore impossible of affection by any outside influence, let the scene of their new labors be an island—that conventional island which plays so serviceable a part in economic speculation. The first thing they will need is food. How shall they get it? They will take first, of course, whatever in the way of fruit or game the island offers. As these spontaneous offerings, however, will be soon exhausted or their quantity prove dangerously fickle, the hundred will soon discover that systematic application of their labor to the surface of the earth must be the mainstay of their existence. Their first impulse, perhaps, will be to labor separately, each for himself. In this way they may soon accumulate not only food enough but make provision also for those other physical needs—shelter and clothing.

Imagine the little community, therefore, settling down to a life of this kind—each man fashioning his own tools and utensils, building his own house, raising and preparing his own food, providing the material for and making his own clothing, &c. To some one of those civilized brains thus savagely circumstanced, the suggestion will before long come with axiomatic clearness that isolated individual effort not only consumes the entire time of

the individual, but even then provides the means for material existence only, and that of the rudest kind.

This budding economist will have noticed, however, that some one of the hundred displays a special aptitude for building houses. Remembering the old saw, that practice makes perfect, he imagines this natural builder doing nothing but building houses, and sees at a glance the vast improvement in the architectural appearance of the colony. It will quickly suggest itself to him, therefore, to exempt this builder from all other labor and permit him to devote himself exclusively to the construction of houses, the others supplying him with the physical necessities mentioned. He imagines the same process going on in every other occupation with like results. As he notes the marked improvement in everything the colony produces, and the increasing leisure all enjoy, the thought will flash upon his mind that it is this which constitutes civilization; that this differentiation of individuals in special callings, and subsequent exchange of products, enables a community to rise from the plane of the savage to that of the civilized state. To his original deduction, therefore, that individual labor provides subsistence, he will now add another, viz: that it is associated labor alone which ensures civilization.

This associated industry, rendering labor more effective, and production, consequently, more rapid, increases the demand for land—that natural factor of production, from which alone the raw material for its exercise is drawn—a fact shown by its increasing value.

Suppose, now, some eccentric member of the hundred should take it into his head to exchange whatever surplus he might have for land, continuing the process till all the land not used were his. It is clear that he would have it in his power to bring the process of civilization to a standstill at any moment. He has only to withhold his consent to the use of his land to cause the colony to stop at once at the stage of development then reached. And if any increase of population should occur, as by births or immigration, it must begin to retrograde industrially—to revert to that condition of isolated individual effort or comparative barbarism from which it had struggled up with so much obvious benefit.

Worse effects, however, would follow. Suppose seven of the hundred, having more or less aptitude for building, would decide to take up this new calling, selling their land for the purpose, to the aforesaid ever ready buyer. If experiment should show that five builders were all that the colony could furnish with steady employment, two would naturally attempt to return to their original occupation. But this is now impossible; the land is closed against them. The community, however, being of civilized extraction, cannot see them starve. It must build a poorhouse for them, therefore, and support them at the public charge. But the evil will not stop there. These reluctant pioneers of pauperism will propagate it in another form. In their desire to rescue themselves from the shame of their dependent condition, they will offer their services, should any one desire them, at the lowest price—a price just high enough to enable them to live. In doing so they will fix the wages of the majority of the workers there at the same point; for if any employer should wish to engage laborers, he need pay them only what these competing paupers ask. Pauperism, therefore, and the reduction of wages to the starvation point, in other words, industrial chaos and social degeneration, follow inevitably, as consequences of that original monopolization of land.

While it is not probable that any individual in a community so small would take it upon himself to hold land in this arbitrary way, because of the odium attaching to a course, the disastrous consequences of which would be so clearly traceable to him as the sole cause, we have only to imagine the population of the colony increased a hundredfold to see that the act would lose this odious personal character, the land, and with it the responsibility, being now divided up among perhaps fifty owners, and individual caprice being supplanted, in popular apprehension, by that impersonal, irresponsible thing called market price. The hundred who would punish the offender with a severer than legal penalty—social ostracism—increased in number to ten thousand, will look with admiration on the financial strength of those who are able to "hold land for a rise."

Now, if Dr. Parkhurst will reflect that all through and around the City of New York is drawn this stricture of private land ownership, tying up its business by checking production and hampering exchange, forcing men out of the ranks of labor into those of pauperism, thence impelling them in the way described to various vice and crime, he will realize that though he should succeed in his endeavor to hold every member of the police force up to the very extremity of efficiency, he would do no more for the eradication of vice than would he who, with the intention of shaking down a massive wall, should explode in front of it a fire-cracker. He would only succeed in causing it to scatter a little more and sink into obscurer corners.

Consider the matter only mechanically. Here is a force all pervasive and ever-active, stronger by universal admission than any that animates the human breast. Pitted against it is another force, intense indeed, but varying in its intensity, fitfully exerted in narrow, special lines, and without exception self-neutralized at the critical moment through pervasion by the very force it is opposing. It is the old laughable paradox—that of lifting one's self over the fence by pulling one's boot straps.

Mrs. Partington, with her preposterous broom, suggests the character and magnitude of the labor involved in all such ill considered efforts, as also its inevitable futility; it is Don Quixote, however, tilting against the windmill, believing them to be sheep, who stands as the immortal after type of those reformers who put themselves in motion to reform, in ignorance alike of the particular thing that needs reforming.

If Dr. Parkhurst would put the earnestness of his desire for better things beyond the shadow of a doubt in others' minds, let him go up into his pulpit and assure his congregation that the injunction, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," clear as it is in morals and accepted by his audience as their rule of conduct, has also an antecedent economic rendering quite as clear and binding. Then let him point out to them the fundamental, vital relation borne by land to human welfare, making clear to them that to hold

this natural element as property, to their interest apparently as isolated individuals, nevertheless returns upon them as members of society in multiplied, continuous disaster. Let him plead with them, therefore, to reverse this, assuring them that by simply giving back to the community that property of land which the community creates, religious practice may be made to coincide with theory, bringing, as it does so, for the first time within the horizon of comprehension the meaning of their Master when he enjoined upon his followers unconcern for bodily needs, declaring that in observance of the natural order provision for them was included, and pointing for illustration and justification of his teaching to the hills of the field.

Let him, however, should he decide to take this course, write out his resignation as pastor of his church, to take effect, not after a leisurely interval determined by his own convenience, but immediately—the moment the more influential of his hearers clearly get his drift.

WINTER IN AUSTRALIA.

JOHN FARRELL.

SYDNEY, N. S. W., June 11.

This is midwinter in Australia, and a time of the worst depression that has ever been known. Midwinter, with us, does not carry quite the same bitter meaning as in the old world countries, whose working millions shiver and starve through months of ice and fog. In most parts of Australia snow has never fallen within man's memory, and there are few districts where the cold is severe at any time. But there is such difference of climate with us in most places during winter as to make warm clothing and efficient shelter very desirable. And there are now large numbers of persons in every one of the colonies, save New Zealand, perhaps, who find both these things beyond their reach. Queensland, Victoria, and New South Wales are each disgraced by the presence of an army of destitute unemployed. Public and private benevolence are contriving all sorts of schemes to alleviate the distress, and everything is being suggested by politicians and public men to provide employment for the people except the simple plan of letting them employ themselves. There is a condition of things existing now, in the cities of this and the neighboring colonies, which is heartrending. In Victoria the privation is very great, and with us thousands of good men are unable to earn bread. The advent of the new tariff has brought with it an experience that should make the masses wise unto salvation in a political sense.

And while there are thousands among us who can not find work to do, certain monopolistic interests are busily engaged in endeavoring to import cargoes of black and yellow laborers from various quarters of the world for the Queensland sugar fields. The unfortunate Polynesian is to be once more introduced by force or fraud; for the northern part of South Australia, Coolies are being invoiced from India; while West Australia extends open arms to the Chinaman, who receives no welcome in any other colony. Just now Australia seems in a fair way of being converted into a sort of workshop for assorted inferior alien races, upon whose earnings the parasites of monopoly propose to live. There has been some negotiation between the premiers of several of the colonies for a conference on the subject of alien labor, and such a conference may possibly take place. If so it will be a fraud. No one doubts that a majority of the people of Australia, and of every colony in it, are opposed to what is a very thinly disguised system of slavery. In the sugar-growing zone of Queensland it may possibly be the case that most of the voters favor the reintroduction of Kanaka laborers; but a very marked victory was recorded at Bundaberg, in the very heart of it, last week, for a labor candidate who strongly opposed black labor and supported land value taxation against an influential employer's candidate of totally opposite views.

The conference referred to was first suggested by Mr. Theo. Playford, the Premier of South Australia, who, as I mentioned in my last letter, had just returned from India and purposes establishing colonies of Indian natives on the shores of the Gulf of Carpentaria. Recognizing that such a step is likely to lead to inter-colonial anger and possible involvement, Mr. Playford proposed that delegates representing each of the Australian governments should come together in conference upon the subject. Sir Samuel Griffith, who, however blameable he may be in other respects, is thoroughly well versed in constitutional law, has declined to have anything to do with the conference. He points out that at present the Parliament of each colony is supreme in the making of laws for that colony, so far at least as the other colonies are concerned, and no decision such a conference could come to would be in the slightest degree effective. That is the plain truth, and Sir Samuel's views are generally endorsed. A day or two ago a powerful letter from Sir Henry Parker appeared in the columns of the Daily Telegraph, condemning, in unmeasured terms, the policy of retrogression to slavery which Sir Samuel Griffith has adopted, but applauding the wisdom and honesty of his refusal to take part in a bogus conference. It is certain that Sir Henry will throw himself into the fight against the introduction of inferior races, just now beginning, with whatever force he yet possesses. This fight will soon be fierce and widespread in the colonies, the people of which will pay scant attention to the recommendations of a conference so constituted as that proposed. Queensland and New Zealand are the only colonies which decline to send representatives, however. Mr. Dibbs, the New South Wales Premier, now in England, has, we learn by cable, disapproved of this colony being represented. Mr. Barton, the acting Premier, has, however, committed himself to it, and a ministerial muddle is likely to ensue. That is a very small matter, though. The large matter is the inter-state friction that the conference is pretty sure to generate, and which, with the spirit of reprisal awakened by our adoption of protection, will count against federation.

Mr. Fyfe, the Premier of Tasmania, has lately been touring the Colonies as a sort of minor and unaggressive Blaine, begging for reciprocity. He has represented the mutual advantage of free interchange of products in

some few lines, at least, between Tasmania and the other colonies, but has met with little encouragement. The worst rebuff he experienced was from the government of this colony, which it was pointed out had only just begun its protectionist career. But the selfish subsidized interests, which feed on the loaves and fishes of protection, are hungry for more, and in every one of the colonies oppose any reduction of duties. Victoria, in a wild passion of retaliation, has done one of the most conspicuously idiotic things on record. The largest part of the meat supply of Victoria comes from other colonies, especially Queensland—70 per cent. of it, at the lowest estimate. A stock tax has been imposed of £2 per head upon cattle, £2, 10s. on horses, two shillings per head on sheep, ten shillings on pigs, seven shillings per 100 lbs. on beef and mutton, and ten shillings per 100 lbs. on pork. Sir Graham Berry, the arch-humbler of Australian public life, and the father of Victorian protection, in supporting this monstrous imposition maintained that the tax would not be felt, and would not raise the price of meat by a farthing per pound. The price has already been increased by a penny a pound, and in some cases even more. Coming at such a time, this should be the last spasm of protectionist folly in Victoria.

Probably it will be. There is a very distinct move in the direction of land value taxation noticeable in Melbourne just now. The admirable propaganda work carried on so unremittably by Mr. Max Hirsch and a few other leading single tax men there, is beginning to bear fruit. Mr. Hirsch never seems to rest. His writings spread over town and country newspapers, and his lectures before municipal councils and elsewhere are at last beginning to awaken intelligent comprehension. The reforms suggested by Mr. Hirsch with regard to the derivation of either municipal and railway revenues, or of both, from land values have the support of about twenty-five members of Parliament. The single tax movement per se is also growing rapidly. The annual meeting of the league, held in Melbourne last week, was attended by a very large and thoroughly representative audience. The enthusiasm was intense. Mr. Hirsch was re-elected as president, as were Mayors A. C. Nichol and John Brunton, respectively, as honorary secretary and honorary treasurer. The principles of the League begin to commend themselves in new directions, and are being discriminated in a variety of ways. The intensified hardship which the stock tax must bring with it may surely be expected to have a swift reactionary effect. After the people have taxed themselves into actual starvation, the idea of taking taxes off may occur to them.

A lengthy letter from Henry George, Jr., describing the political situation in the United States, and explaining the action taken by Congressman Tom L. Johnson, in connection with the wool duties debate, was received by last American mail, and published in the Daily Telegraph. The announcement that, what is here regarded as the leading protectionist government of the world, had undertaken to act as publisher of the most uncompromising free trade doctrines, was received with delight here by the friends of progress, and with chagrin by the protectionist press. Preparations are now being made for free trade propaganda on a wide scale, and there is great activity among the single tax league branches. Protection is certain to be utterly overthrown at the next election, and the feeling that the present ministry will not long hold together is growing.

Some ten days ago, a bye election for The Bogan, a country electorate, which for years past had returned a protectionist member, resulted in a free trade win, notwithstanding that the chief protectionist managed to have himself labelled as a labor candidate. There are stormy times ahead in politics here, especially for those labor members who have proven false to their platform.

The National Association, which is essentially an organization of employers and "the right-thinking classes" generally, and has come into existence as a foil to trades unionism, has decided that something should be done to settle people on the land. It therefore offers a prize of £25 to anyone who will suggest that something, provided it does not violently disturb vested rights. In South Australia, the agent of the National Defense Association, a similar body has been going through the land imploring all who, by thrift, foresight, and the other usual virtues have got together a little property to watch the single tax party, and overthrow their machinations before it becomes too late. Speaking at Kapunda he said that the single tax views were gaining a good deal of ground in the colony. When he started out in the interests of the league he had no idea that the single tax had extended so far, but everywhere he found people with a glimmering of light, and a hazy notion of what it was. The fact is that the mass is being perceptibly leavened. There are now in all parts of Australia so many men who have a very clear "notion" of what the single tax means, that they will soon dispel the haziness of the others. The single tax men of the world may look to Australia for some examples that will encourage them before long.

THE JAPANESE LAND TAX.

WM. S. KAHNWEILER.

In reference to the editorial on the Japanese land tax, in the issue of the 3d inst., the following will probably be of interest to STANDARD readers. It is an extract from my diary during my visit to Japan in 1890, and this particular information was given me by an American gentleman who has lived in Japan over a quarter of a century, and who for the greater part of that time has been legal adviser to one of the great departments of the government.

The tariff on imports being only 5 per cent., the largest part of the revenue is raised by the land tax, which is rather complicated. There is:

1st. The imperial tax, which amounts to 2½ per cent. on the assessed (not actual) selling value of the land.

2d. The Ken (province) land tax, which can never exceed one-third of the imperial tax.

3d. The Ku (community, i. e., city, town, or village) land tax, which can never exceed one-seventh the imperial tax.

4th. The relief land tax, which is small and turned into a fund to be used in times of distress, caused by failure of crops.

5th. The Ken house tax.

6th. The Ku house tax.

7th. The relief house tax, to be used in case of calamities, such as floods or fires.

Aside from all differences of principle, this, it will be seen, is a combination of seven taxes instead of a single tax, and their application can have none of the effects that would follow the application of the single tax.

That landlordism and all its existing evils exist in Japan, the following extract, taken from the Japanese Daily Mail, of June 6th, 1890, will show:

"About 150 peasants of the Kojima district of the O'Kayama prefecture met at Teushoji Temple. Akasakimura, on the 28th ult., and decided not to pay any rent to landowners for the present year, and to give up farming in the districts if no reduction of rent be granted."

SINGLE TAX NEWS.

The Single Tax is a tax on land, regardless of its improvements and in proportion to its value. It implies the abolition of all other forms of taxation, and the collection of the public revenues from this source alone. It would be **CERTAIN**, because land values are most easily appraised; **WISE**, because, by discouraging the withdrawal of land from use and encouraging its improvement, it would expand opportunities for labor, augment wealth, and increase the rewards of industry and thrift; **EQUAL**, because every one would pay taxes in proportion to the value of the land, of right the common property of all, which he appropriated to his own use; and **JUST**, because it would fall not upon labor, enterprise, and thrift, but upon the value of a special privilege. It is more fully explained in the Single Tax Platform in another column; and in "Progress and Poverty," by Henry George, every point is discussed and every objection answered.

The underlying principle of the single tax—that the earth belongs equally to all, and that the best way to secure substantial justice is to tax the occupant an amount equal to the yearly value of the land—is sound.—Journal of the Knights of Labor. September 24, 1891.

We have no hesitation in declaring our belief that the ideal taxation lies in the Single Land Tax, laid exclusively on the rental value of land, independent of improvements.—New York Times, January 10, 1891.

The best and surest subject of taxation is the thing that perforce stays in one place, that is land.—New York Sun, August 26, 1891.

Every one of these taxes [on commodities and buildings] the ostensible taxpayer—the man on the assessor's books—shifts to other shoulders. The only tax he cannot shift is the tax on his land values.—Detroit News, November 1, 1891.

The Bee does not say that it will never be a full-fledged single tax advocate. It believes in it in theory now; it pauses only on the threshold of doubt as to the expediency under existing circumstances.—Sacramento (Cal.) Bee.

The products of individual industry should remain at all times untaxed. Take the annual rental value of land without regard for improvements, no matter what it amounts to. The community could put this fund to better uses than the individual landlords.—St. Louis Chronicle.

PROGRESS OF THE MOVEMENT.

The great news of this week is the legal victory of Commissioner Ralston and his associates over the land speculators of Hyattsville. Judge Brooke has decided the case in favor of the single tax men, and Hyattsville will remain the first single tax town in the world unless the higher court reverses this decision or the people of the town change their policy.

It will be remembered that a majority of the commissioners of Hyattsville, Md., decided to exempt all improvements as well as personal property from taxation. This threw the burden of local taxes upon the value of land, and excited the angry opposition of some of the owners of unimproved land in the town, who made various maneuvers to embarrass the commissioners, but being defeated at every turn finally applied to the courts for a mandamus to compel the commissioners to levy taxes on improvements. The commissioners filed their answer to the petition for mandamus, and the anti-single tax men demurred. This raised the question of the constitutionality of the law authorizing the commissioners to make exemptions, and the legality of the act of the commissioners in exempting a whole class of property. The question was argued week before last by Chas. H. Stanley and M. H. Levenson for the commissioners in favor of the single tax policy, and L. W. Habercorn, R. Ford Combs, and Marion Duckett for the anti-single tax men.

The decision is a complete vindication of Mr. Ralston and his associate commissioners. The opinion of Judge Brooke is in substance as follows:

The act of 1886, chapter 424, incorporates the town of Hyattsville in the usual manner and form. By the act of 1890, chapter 355, this law was amended with respect to the mode of assessments and laying taxes on assessed property within the corporate limits. The act of 1892, which is further amendatory, enlarges the powers of the commissioners by constituting them a final board of appeal, equalization, and control of the assessments, being empowered with a political view for the government and benefit of the community, to make such deductions or exceptions from the additions made by the assessors as they may deem just, and to correct errors or illegal assessments. Upon the making of the deductions or exceptions, additions, corrections, and final completion of the assessment roll the board of commissioners shall levy a tax upon all the property remaining embraced therein, not exceeding 25 cents per annum per \$100 of the valuation thereof, and shall deliver to the treasurer their warrant for the collection thereof, which shall be collected as provided for in the act of which this is an amendment, on or before the second Monday in June in the year in which no general assessment shall be made.

The constitutionality of this amendatory act of 1892 being questioned, we first direct our inquiries to this point. By the fifteenth article of the bill of rights it is provided that "every person in the state, or holding property therein, ought to contribute his proportion of public taxes for the support of the government according to his actual worth in real or personal property;" and it is upon this portion of the said article that the petitioners rely to place the act of 1892 beyond the limits of the Constitution. This, however, is not a new question in the courts of our state. We have a clear and unqualified declaration that "it has never been decided by the appellate court that the fifteenth article of the bill of rights was applicable to any taxation except for the support of the state government."—51 Md. Reports, 461.

"This is a fundamental declaration of the rights of the citizen against unequal and undue assessments of taxes by the government."

In construing this declaration of rights, however, the terms employed can only apply to a direct tax on property, and not that the legislature should be limited to the objects of taxation. The restriction is only

intended to prevent arbitrary taxation of property without regard to value.—40 Md. Reports, 51.

From these decisions it must appear that so much of article 15 as we have above quoted can refer only to state government. But there is yet a qualification following in the article that "fines, duties, or taxes may properly and justly be imposed or laid with a political view for the good government and benefit of the community."

If our construction of this qualification be correct, it follows necessarily that the legislature may provide for any mode of taxation by municipalities for municipal purposes.

That this provision of the bill of rights does not restrain the legislature from exempting property from taxation with a political view for the good government and benefit of the community we have also abundant authority. Thus, "the authority of the legislature to make discrimination and to accept any species of property from taxation according to its views of public policy cannot be questioned." Its power has been exercised from the origin of the government.—47 Md. Reports, 203.

"For, although the abstract declaration in the bill of rights may be said to subject all property to taxation, yet it has always been held that the legislature may exempt from taxation such property as in its judgment a sound policy may require."—69 Md. Reports, 466.

If, however, we have succeeded in demonstrating that the taxing power of our State lies with the legislature, power also to exempt property from taxation vests therein, and competency to delegate such power to other bodies including municipal corporations; that this power has been delegated and accepted in the present case, and proceedings in the form of legislation thereunder had; that the conclusion must be obvious that the position of the respondent is irrefragable against the mode of attack, and the only remedy against the evil complained of is at the ballot box and not a court of law.

We have been referred to many and various authorities and precedents collected by the respective counsel from decisions in other States. To these, however, we have not considered it necessary to refer in detail. In general they coincide with our State authorities, and of these we think we have supplied a sufficiency upon which to rest our judgment in the case. In accordance with our views of the law we must sign an order overruling demurrer, refusing the right of mandamus, and dismissing the petition with cost of the respondent.

Mr. Ralston writes as follows:

There is every prospect that the case will go the State Court of Appeals. The expense of the litigation has been, and will be, considerable, and we do not feel that such expenses are properly chargeable against the town. We cannot help it said that the town's meagre revenues have been expended in an attempt to propagate any political theories, however unjust the accusation might be. For this and other reasons, and having in mind the straightened financial condition of the most of us who live in Hyattsville, we feel constrained to request that you, through your paper, ask the single tax men of the country to contribute as they can to the carrying forward of this legal controversy. At the same time, we desire to acknowledge receipt of the following: W. I. Boseman, Parkersburg, West Va., \$10; T. F. Monahan, Washington, \$2; R. J. Boyd, Washington, \$2; M. W. Moore, Washington, \$5.

PENNSYLVANIA CONFERENCE.

The single tax men of Pennsylvania have completed their state organization. The work was done at a state conference held at Reading on the 6th. Over one hundred and fifty single tax delegates, representing the leading cities and towns of Pennsylvania, were in attendance. It was the first state convention. A. H. Stephenson, the national committeeman, called the conference to order. Charles S. Prizer, president of the Reading Stove Works, was elected president; John Tillard, of Altoona, vice-president, and Edmund Yardly, of Pittsburg, secretary. A large number of delegates made speeches in favor of the single tax idea. The platform of the National League was endorsed as the declaration of principles, and the following was enthusiastically adopted:

WHEREAS, The platform of the Democratic party urges the abolition of the protective tax, and the tax upon note issues, be it

Resolved, That we recommend that single tax men support the national Democratic ticket.

Every Congressional district is to be thoroughly organized. At night a public meeting was held, at which 3,000 persons were present.

SINGLE TAX IN KANSAS.

The People's Party of Lyon County, Kansas, is the first to adopt the single tax. At the convention last week, R. T. Snediker, who was on the committee of resolutions, endeavored to secure the insertion in the committee's report of the following clause:

1. "The land, including all the natural sources of wealth, is the heritage of the people, and should not be subject to speculative traffic. Occupancy and use should be the only title to the possession of land. The taxes upon land should be levied upon its full value for use, exclusive of improvements, and should be sufficient to take for the community all unearned increment." Taking the weight of taxation off of the agricultural districts where land has little value, and placing it on coal, mineral, and city lands where bare land, regardless of improvements, rises in value from thousands to millions of dollars per acre.

2. "Give us all the world as perfect freedom of trade as now exists between the states of our union, thus enabling our people to share, through free exchanges, in all the advantages which nature has given to other countries, or which the peculiar skill of other peoples has enabled them to attain." This would destroy the trusts, monopolies and corruptions which now infest our land.

That our representatives this day nominated be instructed to work and vote for a revision of our tax laws as follows: That all personal property, all improvements on land that is the result of labor and capital, and all land values irrespective of improvements shall be assessed at their true value, and placed in separate columns, so as to give the true values of each class separately and distinctly from the other. That each county, through the Board of County Commissioners, may have the option of raising the necessary taxes for public purposes by levying the rate of tax all on personal property, or improvements on land, or on land values irrespective of improvements, or on any two or all three classes of property, as directed by a vote of the people in each county.

A majority of the committee rejected the clause, and Mr. Snediker was obliged to make his fight on the floor of the convention. He did this with such success that his report was adopted with a hurrah.

AGITATION IN TENNESSEE.

The Young Men's Business League, of Memphis, Tenn., are agitating for a constitutional convention, and the principal subject to which they have turned their attention is that of taxation. At a recent regular meeting of the league, the chairman of the Legislative Committee, upon presenting an able report covering the entire subject of constitutional reform, stated the

so much of the report as related to taxation had been contributed by Bolton Smith, one of the members of the committee. It is as follows:

It is a great injustice to our merchants to compel them to pay a tax on their stock of goods and other personal property for the purpose of building streets that do not in the slightest degree increase the value of the same, and in many cases undoubtedly result in raising the rent of their stores.

The constitution should be changed so as to permit us to build street sewers and country roads by a tax levied upon the property benefited. This principle has been applied to this state to the construction of sidewalks, and in other States to country roads, streets, and sewers. In St. Louis, the sprinkling of the streets is provided for by a front foot tax. The principle is sound, its operation is practical, and would permit the reduction of the rate of taxation. Its application in country districts has been productive of much good. The cost of the construction of roads is made by a tax upon the property benefited in proportion to proximity, and a portion of the cost is collected each year with other taxes. It has invariably been found that the increased value of land resulting from a first-class road near by has been far more than the taxes amounted to.

In addition to this we feel that if we are to have manufactories, there must be some way found of exempting from taxation buildings and machinery used by manufacturing establishments. It is difficult to suggest any plan of doing this that will be satisfactory to the entire state, and we therefore recommend that the principle of local option be incorporated in any constitution hereafter to be adopted. Let each municipality have the right to determine not only what its tax rate shall be, but also upon what species of property such taxation shall be levied. The people of the different municipalities understand the local conditions and necessities, and no valid argument can be offered to show why they should not be intrusted with this measure of local government. It brings an important function of government near to the people, and by increasing the importance of local politics will insure greater popular interest in local affairs.

We believe it would be well to apply this principle of local option in the matter of the object of taxation to counties as well as to cities in this state.

THE SINGLE TAX PROPAGANDA ASSOCIATION

makes the following supplementary report:

California.—Work done before Mr. Reynolds was appointed secretary: Sent out: 162 tracts, 36 papers, 62 printed letters enclosing stamped and self-directed envelope, and 31 personal letters to single taxers, enclosing report-blank, etc.; 3 letters written for local alliance paper; 8 persons replied to the printed letter; 2 were Nationalists, one of them with her husband had formerly been strong single taxers; one of the eight was strongly opposed, the others responded cordially. To the personal letters 7 replies are reported; each promises some work, and 2 appear to be very earnest.

A member in Louisiana reports the prospect of a local association of some size.

In May these secretaries were appointed:

Maine.—Eugene M. Edwards, Bangor; 40 persons invited by letter to join. Distributed 80 tracts, some papers, and many copies of "St. George"; 5 active isolated members secured, and the association called to the attention of several groups of single taxers, and favorably received. The secretary hoped to have them organized in local associations at an early date. The field in this state is very promising.

West Virginia.—W. J. Boreman, Parkersburg; 22 persons addressed, and about 3,000 copies of "St. George" distributed; 290 additional "St. George's" have been distributed by the acting secretary.

S. M. GAY, General Secretary.

C. ESTELLA BACHMAN, Acting Secretary.

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY.

In June, 1891, I took charge of the Letter Writing Corps, as Mr. Atkinson, who until then had been its secretary, could no longer give it the necessary time.

By correspondence with former members, and others interested in the plan, a force of forty to fifty regular writers was obtained by the following October. This number has been found to be about as large as can be conveniently used for the scheme, as far as it is at present developed, although I may add that, as experience has shown us, our lists of targets are extensively used by STANDARD readers who are not on our rolls as regular members, but who have helped to make our corps work very effective, and for whose assistance I take this opportunity to render my thanks.

It is a common remark of a person whose name has been published in these weekly lists: "I have sprung into sudden prominence. I receive letters from people in all parts of the United States."

To facilitate the work a system of divisions was established to localize the epistolary attack upon the target, and at the same time to avoid the danger of a larger correspondence than his prominence justified. By this system it is also easy to concentrate the fire of the entire corps upon a few individuals of national importance when occasion requires.

The experience of the members of the corps has convinced me that this work, while it excites little public notice, is an effective branch of propaganda, and fully repays the faithful efforts of its members.

It has first brought the single tax to the attention of many who are now enthusiastic believers with us, and by its quiet but persistent activity is helping men and women all over this country to a solution of the problems of the day.

CORRESPONDENCE DIVISION.

This department was established in hopes that members would correspond with "targets" privately furnished by the secretary until they were convinced or considered hopeless. It has not, however, found favor with single taxers, and the assistant secretary, Miss Fanny Mendelson (10 East Sixteenth street, New York city), has had considerable difficulty in finding corresponding members for six "targets." Those members have made no report of their success or failure. It is felt, however, that the growth of the Propaganda Association may create a demand for this kind of work and that among its members and in the economic reading circles may be found letter-writers willing to join the division. Therefore we shall not abandon the project at present.

MARIAN DANA MACDANIEL, Secretary.

New York, P. O. Box 471.

SINGLE TAX LETTER WRITERS.

Division A—Rev. R. E. Ely, Prospect House, Cambridgeport, Mass. Interested in reforms, preaches on sweating system, etc.

Divisions B and E—Ridgefield Press, Ridgefield, Conn. The editor is kindly disposed toward the single tax, and would probably publish short letters. The town has a growing summer population and is booming. Explain single tax in its effects on speculation and in relation to the farmer.

Division C—Edson Hannum, Southampton, Mass. Writes in the Independent Pulpit occasionally and is looking for the remedy.

Divisions F and K—Rev. Mr. Lanier, Augusta, Ga. Is engaged in mission work among factory hands and interested in social questions.

Divisions G and I—W. S. Cagle, 706 Highland avenue, Knoxville, Tenn. Now a prominent real estate man, knows a little of Mr. George's ideas.

Divisions H and J—Hiram Orcutt, 165 Harvard street, Dorchester, Mass. Recently had a long letter in the Boston Journal on "Capital and Labor." One sentence will suffice to hang an argument upon: "Laborers should never forget the debt of gratitude which they owe to the capitalist, who has so invested his money that they may find constant employment and thus support their families."

Division L—R. J. Mann, Elgin, Ill. Retired farmer. Explain the farmer's position toward the single tax. He imagines "money" would be exempted from taxation, and thus increase the farmer's burden.

Divisions M and N—James Spillard, Elgin, Ill. Lawyer. Interested, and a little encouragement would probably bring him to give the single tax his support.

Division D—Herald (Dem.), Newport, R. I. Would probably publish free trade and single tax articles, as its editor is practically a single taxer.

New York, P. O. Box 471.

MARIAN DANA MACDANIEL, Secretary.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

—W. S. Beard, of Kansas City, Kan., asks the following questions, the answers to which are given by Edward J. Shriver, secretary of the New York Metal Exchange.

How many, and where located are the tin fields of the United States?

Nowhere. There are scattered deposits all over the country, but not in paying quantities. A fake concern in the Black Hills has been largely advertised to sell stock on, and a small mine in California has given some promise, but very little performance as yet.

To what persons, of what nationality, whether members of syndicates, or not, do these mines, or lands belong?

The leading interest in prospects alluded to, is held in London.

How many and where are the tin plate manufactories of the United States? How many employees?

Nobody knows; there has been so much lying about it. No tin plate has yet been made in sufficient quantity to be considered a marketable commodity, although there is no reason why it should not be, tariff or no tariff.

How does the jobbing or other price since July, 1891, in the United States (date of McKinley's laws' effect), compare with that prior to that date a year or two?

Present prices are higher by practically the amount of increased duty than those ruling prior to October, 1890, when the law was passed. Between that time and July, 1891, when it went into effect, the market rose in advance, both here and abroad, which fact is taken advantage of by the tin plate trade to make a comparison with the period when the imposition of the law was certain but its legal operation deferred, rather than the period before the law was adopted. Enquirer will find this point treated in detail by me, through several letters to Bradstreets, during the months of April and May, which finally shut up one of the most blatant liars—the American Manufacturer—on this point.

—Uncle Tom, of St. Louis, writes: A gentleman here wants to know whether under the single tax patents on inventions would be granted as now.

The single tax has nothing to do with patents on inventions.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.

Justice Rumsey, of the Supreme Court, sitting at Rochester, N. Y., has decided unconstitutional the act of 1892, making a new apportionment of the State for Assemblymen, Senators, and Congressmen. The ground is that there are gross inequalities of population in the Senate districts.

Congress adjourned, August 5, after having passed a bill appropriating \$2,500,000 to the World's Fair in Chicago.

Mr. Frick and other members of the Carnegie company at Homestead have been held in bail on the charge of homicide.

Jones, Democrat, has a majority for Governor of Alabama, of almost 10,000, but fraud is charged and there may be a contest.

The building trade strike in New York has ended in an unconditional surrender of the men.

FOREIGN.

Parliament met, August 6, and Mr. Gladstone had a magnificent reception. On August 8 the Liberals moved a vote of want of confidence in the Tory government. The Irish members will support the Liberals.

The Honduras revolution has been suppressed, and President Bogran has been shot.

Palos, Spain, is celebrating the anniversary of the departure of Columbus for America 400 years ago.

Local elections all over France show greatly increasing devotion to the Republic.

PROTECTION DISASTROUS TO FRANCE.

Christian Union.

As an offset to Lord Salisbury's recent utterances as to a partial return to the policy of protection, it is interesting to observe how France fares under her new tariff law, which is avowedly the extreme system of protection enforced anywhere in Europe. Last year her duties were raised from 25 to 50 per cent., and the law, which went into effect in February, has shown, during its first three months, how it is likely to influence trade. The results seem to have been promptly felt, and are, frankly, disappointing to protectionists. They hoped, by levying almost prohibitive tariffs, practically to stop the importation of foreign manufactured goods. The decrease in these for the first quarter year has been some three million francs; but the value of manufactures exported at the same time fell off ninety-three millions. It is hard to account for this important decline on any other basis than that of the

UNEARNED INCREMENT.

TEEDLE-TEEDLE AND TUM-TE-TUM.

Flavel Scott Miles, in Harper's Young People.

I know a little maiden who is learning how to play:

She seems to be in earnest, for she's at it 'most all day.

She tortures the piano, and calls forth most piercing wails:

And when I ask the reason, says she's practising the scales.

I like to hear good playing, though I cannot tell a flail

From E sharp in the treble, or whatever's called like that;

But I wish when scales are practised pianos were made dumb,

I grow so tired of hearing that eternal tum-te-tum.

Now when this little maiden at first began to play,

'Twas teedle teedle teedle that employed her all the day.

I really felt quite happy when the fateful day had come,

And she was then promoted to this awful tum-te-tum.

I was tired of teedle-teedle, and thankful for the change;

It showed this young musician was not limited in range.

But oh! my hopes were empty, it was three long months ago,

And tum-te-tum, te-tum, te-tum is all she seems to know.

I don't know what's to follow, but I know I should be glad

At any change whatever, for it can't be half as bad.

I've come to this conclusion—you may know my awful grief—

I'd welcome teedle teedle as a merciful relief.

With an earnestness unworthy I hear this maiden dram

Just underneath my study at this fearful tum-te-tum.

I'll have a celebration when the glad day comes, and she

Is thought to be proficient to essay a teedle-dee.

PARAGRAPHS.

Mr. Jinks: What a trusting little woman Henry's wife is. Mrs. Jinks: Yes. She has never been married before.—New York Weekly.

"If I was pa an' ma," said Willie, "I'd hire another doctor. The baby we got last time wasn't finished. It hadn't a tooth or hair."—A Waif.

Man wants but little here below;
But as the days go by,
He finds with every rising sun
He needs a fresh supply.—Puck.

"Bobby says that he has completely reformed since you accepted him." "Yes, he says I snatched him out of the jaws of death, out of the mouth of hell, back to the Four Hundred."—Life.

We may safely leave many branches of knowledge to specialists, but far different is it with knowledge as to the production and distribution of wealth which directly affects the comfort and livelihood of men. The intelligence of the masses can alone safely guide in these matters.—Henry George.

The man who knows it all
And keeps it, we adore:
But he who knows it all,
And tells it, is a bore.

"Jennie," said the young woman fiercely, "I'm never going to have anything to do with another church fair." "Why not?" "All the young men are over at the dining table betting on who will get the oyster. Isn't it scandalous?"—Washington Star.

The Design Was All There.—Benvenuto Cellini had just finished a beautiful hanap, when Lucrezia Borgia entered his studio. This gentle lady admired the work in silver, but failed to grasp the meaning of the design. "The design appears to me to illustrate some Biblical episode," said she. "It does," returned Cellini; "Daniel in the

lions' den is the subject." "Ah! but I see only the lions." "Undoubtedly; however, you note a slight distention of the lions' bodies?" "Yes." "Well, that's Daniel."—Jeweller's Circular.

"Professor, I understand you have flunked my son in history in spite of his assurance to me that he answered accurately every question on this paper." "Yes, Mr. Bunker, it is true. There was but one question on the paper and your son answered it rightly." "And yet you flunked him?" "Yes. The question was, 'Tell all you know about the war of 1812,' and your son's answer was, 'It was fought in 1812. That is all I know about it.'"—Brooklyn Life.

HOW THE THING WORKS.

Altona A. Chapman in New Earth.

Mr. Truslow is a protectionist, and a consistent one at that. He not only believes in good wages for American workmen, but he pays them, on principle, even when it is not strictly necessary. While he will not countenance anything like extortion, he prides himself on the fact that he pays a fair price for everything he gets, and especially for labor. It is almost a fad with him.

I saw him the other morning, about twenty minutes before his usual time of starting down town for business, standing at his area gate, a solid, comfortable, benevolent looking man of about fifty-five. A load of coal had just been dumped on the sidewalk in front of his house, and as Mr. Truslow lives too far up town for the modern convenience of a coal chute, human muscles supplemented by a basket and shovel are requisite to transfer the coal to its proper destination in his cellar, and he was waiting for the man whom the coal dealer had agreed to send along to do the job.

Presently the expected individual swung around the corner—a clean-limbed, active, ruddy-faced fellow, rather better dressed than the majority of men who are usually employed to do such jobs. His clothes were clean, showing that he had done no dirty work that morning, and his bearing was that of one accustomed to better things.

"I usually pay fifty cents for a job of this kind," said Mr. Truslow, when the new comer presented himself as a candidate for it.

"How much coal is there?"

"About a ton and a half."

"Shan't touch it for less than seventy cents."

"Why, man, you are extortionate," expostulated Mr. Truslow; "fifty cents is ample for a job of that kind. A smart man could easily do four such jobs a day, even if he had to hunt around a little to find them. Now two dollars a day is good wages for a laboring man."

"I guess I know best what it is worth to me to bend my back and soil my clothes with a job of that kind," was the retort.

"O, certainly, suit yourself; you are your own master," replied Mr. Truslow with dignity; "but I do not pay any more, for I can get plenty of men to do it at that price."

"All right," was the indifferent answer, as the man turned on his heel and walked off.

Mr. Truslow glanced at his watch, and finding that he still had some minutes to spare, concluded to wait a little longer. He did not have long to wait. As if scenting a job afar off, two applicants shortly came in sight from opposite directions and made straight for the heap of coal. Both were dirty and rough looking, but one was also ragged in addition.

He of the whole clothes reached the gate first. "Want that coal put in, mister?" was his prompt greeting.

"Yes, what do you want for the job?" asked Mr. Truslow.

"Why, what do you call it worth?" asked the other, eyeing the heap of coal in a speculative way.

"Fifty cents is what I always pay," was the reply.

"I'll do it for that," said the man promptly. "Give me a basket and a shovel and show me where you want it put."

"Say, mister, he wants too much. I'll do the job for you for thirty cents," bid in the ragged fellow, who had in the meantime joined the two at the gate.

Mr. Truslow turned upon him in a glow of righteous indignation. "I have no respect for a man who will attempt to underbid a fellow work-

man," he replied hotly. "The job is worth fifty cents, and I never offer less for a thing than it is worth. I would not employ an undercutter like you on principle; so you'd best be off about your business, for you'll get no job here."

The ragged applicant shrank back abashed at the gentleman's energetic tone and manner, and having shown his man where to find basket and shovel, and where to put the coal, Mr. Truslow betook himself down town to his office in a very comfortable frame of mind. For had he not on the one hand resisted extortion, and on the other vindicated the claim of honest labor to adequate remuneration?—two praiseworthy acts sufficient to make any man feel that he had made a good beginning to the day.

The ragged man did not take his departure, however. Warned by a meaning wink from the successful applicant, he still clung enviously about the gateway. Mr. Truslow was no sooner out of sight than the two men held a brief conference, with the result that he of the whole clothes seated himself on the front steps and began calmly smoking a pipe, while he of the ragged seized shovel and basket set to work vigorously at the heap of coal.

He had hardly been at work two minutes when, as if attracted by the ringing sound of the shovel, a third individual appeared upon the scene, whose looks fairly discounted the ragged toiler at the coal heap. Not only was the new comer grimy and tattered to the last degree, but his pallid features, even under their liberal coating of dirt and tan looked fairly ghastly in contrast to the matted locks of his inky black hair; while in the wildly brilliant eyes there burned a fierce expression more like the gleam in the eyes of the hunger-pinched wolf than anything human.

"How much you gotta for zat?" he asked eagerly of the busy shoveler.

"None o' your business; clear out!" was the gruff response, as he vigorously shoveled away.

"Who gif you zat job?" persisted the Italian, nervously clenching his hands.

"Clear out, I tell you, or I'll split your head open!" returned the other, just pausing long enough in his work to make a threatening gesture.

"Here, you, come tell me what you want. I'm busting this job," called the quondam contractor from his sunny perch on the front stoop.

"Me wants job, me do him vera cheap; me gotta wife, two trees, five children; say got nothing to eat; me must haf work," he ejaculated rapidly, gesticulating with passionate eagerness.

"What'll you do that job for if I give it to you?" asked the boss, jerking his thumb towards the heap of coal where his hireling was so readily shoveling away.

"I do it for fifteen cent—only fifteen cent to get bread for wife and babies," pleaded the Italian.

"You shall have it," was the reply. "Here, you," to the other, "drop that shovel and let this man go to work."

"Shan't do it; the job's mine and I'll drop it for no man," was the dogged response. "I've begun it and I'll finish it, or know the reason why."

With a single vigorous kick the boss overturned the nearly filled basket. "Come," he repeated, "drop that shovel and clear out! If you don't I'll make you."

Slowly the other measured his antagonist (who was much the larger and stouter man of the two) from head to foot; then with a defeated look and a muttered curse he threw down the shovel, which was eagerly seized by the Italian, and sullenly slouched away.

Wages having thus adjusted themselves on a solid basis, there was no further interference, and the Italian, who worked with the energy of desperation, soon finished the job. Warning him to keep out of sight, the quondam boss presented himself hat in hand at the basement door, received the stipulated fifty cents for his job, fifteen cents of which he handed over a minute later to the Italian, and then strolled away look for to another chance to speculate in other men's labor.

"I tell you, sir," said Mr. Truslow oracularly that afternoon in his office to a friend with whom he was discussing the politico economic situation: "protection for our manufacturing classes, and a disposition on their part to pay reasonable wages to the working class, is all that is needed to solve the labor problem."

MY LAST PROPOSAL.

Corahill Magazine.

[Concluded from last issue.]—"Let us take it as a gentle hint to me, and not as a lover's omen," laughed Harold, pleasantly. I groped about, found a candle, and bade him good night. Then I sought repose and dreamed real dreams, haunted with Kate's bright eyes and silver treble laugh.

I think I have said that I reviewed for the *Slasher* in those days. It was poor stuff, and I had long ceased to be proud of it; but it provided my daily bread, or rather my daily cutlet and pint of claret, and I was at least honest about it. I certainly worked very hard at my learned reviews, and crammed my subjects thoroughly. I was always at work. Etheridge used to say "I worked like the devil, but without his intelligence;" the truth is, they were all a little jealous of my position. For I was the "we" who taught Darwin science, instructed Tennyson in the laws of metre, and patronized George Eliot. It was admitted, too, on all hands, that I was excellent at turning out those readable reviews that the public enjoys, and that used to drive weak-minded authors to early graves in my time. Nowadays weak-minded authors are difficult to drive; more's the pity. I was writing something the next evening for Saturday's *Slasher* when Harold came in with a merry smile on his face. I saw no devilry in it then.

"Do you want a subject for one of your real good things?" he asked. "Here is a new volume of poems just out; they are screamingly funny."

"Where did you get them?" I asked.

"I found them in a fellow's rooms and borrowed them for a few days. No one you know," he added hastily.

He handed me a thin volume, daintily got up in a white and gold boudoir binding, lettered in scarlet on the cover, "'Sighs from my Heart,' by Sappho."

"Modest young lady, isn't she?" suggested the Saxon, quizzically.

"If she is a lady," I replied, sententiously, with the air of one who was too old a hand to jump at obvious conclusions.

"Listen to this, then," cried Harold, snatching the book from my hand, and reading with very comic effect a poem addressed "To my Hero," each verse of which ended thus:

His locks are gold,

His looks are bold,

My Hero!

"Just suits you, Penrose," he said as he finished. "You have red hair and your looks are perfectly brazen."

"Who publishes it?" I said, smiling at his vagaries. "Ah, I see. Well, I'll run through it, and if it is all like that stuff it will come in useful. I've a lot of dull, solemn things here, nothing to make fun of."

"Now do write a good one. Let us have a specimen of your cayenne-pepper papers, as Crofts calls them. I shall come in and keep you up to it."

His locks are gold,

His looks are bold,

My Hero!"

Etheridge struck an attitude as he recited this, laughed aloud at me in his merry, high spirited way, and went off, leaving me the volume.

I read the poems, and found them just the weak sort of rubbish I expected, and knocked off a notice of them. I sent down to the publishers to find out why we had not got a copy of the *Slasher*, and was told that it would come in on Friday. I wanted something light for half a page, so I did the ordinary kind of sneering, smart review that the public chuckles over and enjoys. Even as I wrote it I sighed to myself as I often did, for I never grew callous about other people's feelings, and I always blame an author's friends as much as an author for the nonsense he publishes. I shall never forget that review; every wretched word of it is burned deep into my heart, and when I remember the hundreds of equally cruel and equally just notices—I must be fair to myself—that I had written, I feel happy to have left the trade to others who have less unwieldy consciences and tougher hearts.

On Sunday morning I rose early. I had not slept well—I do not wish to pretend I had—neither did I eat a good breakfast, but I was awake to the necessity of dressing carefully, particularly carefully, and this I did. I strolled northward toward Park Crescent, where Mrs.

Winterton lived; all the good people were coming out of church, and the dinners were coming to meet them out of the bake-houses. It was a clear, frosty morning. Every one seemed cheerful and contented. I had never known London look so bright and happy. As for me, I walked on air, erect, with swinging steps, smiling pleasantly at the passers-by, for I did not know what was before me.

Of course, Mrs. Winterton was at home to me, just as she had been for the last ten Sundays at this hour. No one was there, and she would be down in a minute. Jane smiled at me as usual, for I was a very regular visitor, and remembered Jane handsomely in my prayers and Christmas boxes. I walked through the drawing-room into the boudoir, where I was privileged to enter. She would come there, I knew. A copy of the *Slasher* was lying on the table—cut, too, I noticed. I wondered if she had read my article on "Romola." It was a careful, well-considered thing, I thought. She used often to say she could tell my hand at once. Poor Kate!

I saw, the moment she entered, that something was amiss. Women can hide everything but tears—tell-tale tears. I remember hearing an American girl say she envied a baby its power of crying for an hour or two, and turning up fresh at the end of the bout. From a feminine point of view, the accomplishment is undoubtedly worth acquiring. We tried to talk, but it was a failure. I dare say I was nervous, but then, so was Kate. She was quite distraught, and not in the least her own bright self. Instead of our usual frank, open conversation, it was the weather and Disraeli's last good thing. I was determined to break through her reserve. My eye caught the *Slasher* lying open by her side.

"Well, Mrs. Winterton, you have been reading the *Slasher* I see?"

She darted a keen look at me, and, with something of her old fire, but with a trace of bitterness in the laugh that accompanied her answer, she replied: "Oh, yes, I have read the *Slasher*."

"Did you look at 'Romola'?"

"No, I only read one thing, a short notice of some poems or something," she said, taking up the paper, and looking at it carelessly.

I rose, and seated myself on a chair slightly behind her.

"I can show it to you," I said; "Sighs From my Heart."

"Did you write that review?" she said, half rising, and bending forward to make up the fire. I could not see her face, or I might have been tempted to lie.

"Yes, I wrote it," I said. "It's smart; don't you think so?"

"It is smart," she replied after a pause, as though she was reading it over again—"very smart."

"I'll lend you the book to look at," I continued. "It's the greatest trash you ever read. Awful rubbish."

"Thank you," she answered coldly, still reading the paper, with her face turned from me.

"Such irresistibly comic stuff, that 'To my Hero'! I couldn't help quoting the refrain—"

His locks are gold,

His looks are bold,

My Hero!

Ha! ha!"

My laughter stopped almost in its birth. I was looking over her shoulder on to the paper, when a full round tear fell with a "blob," as we used to say in the nursery, on to the page in front of her. That "blob" went straight to my heart. I caught her hand in mine, I may have gone on my knees, I don't know what I did.

"Mrs. Winterton! Kate!" I cried. "What is it? What is the matter? Tell me! I can't bear to see you unhappy. How can I serve you? I came here to-day to tell you—yes, indeed, to tell you I love you."

She tore her hand away from mine, and was speaking to me from the other side of the room. I was half-kneeling by her chair, I think, and rose slowly as she spoke.

"You love me! You? Why, you wrote that!" she cried indignantly, pointing to the wretched review.

I looked at her in surprise. Then it began to dawn upon me as I gazed at her dear little figure quivering with indignation.

"Why you—do you mean—to say," I stammered out, "that—you—are—?"

"You great booby, of course I'm Sappho. What a fool the man is!"

She stamped her little foot impatiently, and was almost laughing through her tears at my stupor and amazement. I had never seen her look prettier.

"But—I never knew," I began feebly. "You never told me."

"Of course I didn't—I should have told you to-day. I only got the first copy on Tuesday, and Mr. Etheridge came in and found me with them, and he likes them."

"Did he tell you so?" I shouted.

"Of course he did, and you can say so now, you know. Don't get excited. Please go on. Say they are lovely, and beautiful, and soul-stirring, and all the rest of it. Praise me up. Do. They are works of genius, are they not? Worthy of the great poetess herself."

"No, Kate," I said. "I will be quite honest with you; they are rubbish—great rubbish."

She was not prepared for this, and did not know what to say. Something prompted me to cross the room towards her. She allowed me to take her hand.

"Kate," I continued, "I love you too well to tell you a lie. They are rubbish—dreadful rubbish. I did not know whose they were. If you had shown them to me before, they need never have been reviewed at all, here or anywhere. I love you so well I would not have told you a lie about them—no, not to win you for myself for ever. Do you believe that, Kate?"

She had let the miserable paper fall into the fender, and her head was turned from me again. "Yes, I believe you," was all her answer. I gathered the paper up and thrust it into the fire. Turning to her, I took her hand once more, and we both stood over the mantel-piece watching the paper writhing in the flame.

"Etheridge gave me your book," I said.

Her hand tightened involuntarily on mine. She was about to say something angry, but I checked her.

"He, too, loved you," I said, "and all is fair in love and war, they say. Never mind him, what about me? Am I to be forgiven? Can you forget this miserable affair? You are the only friend I have in the world. Is this to part us?"

She said not a word, but gazed into the fire.

"Kate, you heard what I said just now. I have told you I love you. May I come back when all this is past and forgotten and say this to you again?"

The ashes had whitened in the flames and were now burned into nothingness, and she turned her face up towards mine.

"You may stay and say it now, My Hero," she whispered with a smile, and the least suspicion of a twinkle in her bright eye. And it was thus I made my Last Proposal.—[The end.]

LAW AND ORDER.

Benjamin R. Tucker in Liberty.

The editor of the New York Sun drew an interesting parallel the other day between Andrew Carnegie and a hypothetical farmer. This farmer was supposed to have ten farm laborers in his employ, who, objecting to a reduction of their wages, resisted such reduction by arming themselves and taking forcible possession of the farm and buildings. The duty of the farmer under these circumstances, the Sun explained, "would be to call upon the authorities of the state to put him in possession of his own: and the state ought to do it, if it required every constable, sheriff, and regiment." There is not the smallest doubt that the Sun selected the case of a farmer for this parallel because the employing farmer is nearly always a hard-working manual laborer himself; the Sun's chief anxiety just now being to delude its readers with the idea that, in standing up for Carnegie, it is standing up for principle and the right of property, and that it would stand up as stiffly for principle and the right of property if the property in question were that of a manual laborer. Now, a day or two after the appearance of this article, General Snowden's troops marched through Pennsylvania. They spent one night at Radebaugh, where lives a farmer named John Smith. During the night they trampled down John Smith's wheat and rye fields, robbed his potato patch, his onion bed, his hen-coop, and his pig-pen, and tore down his fences to use for firewood in roasting the product of his farm. The

next day I searched the columns of the San to find its demand on Governor Pattison to call out somebody (not the troops, for they were already out and were themselves the offenders) to protect John Smith's property from ravage by the state soldiery. I found no such demand. Instead I found a humorous account of the affair occupying nearly a column, written in a style which indicated that the editor of the San regarded this wanton assault on Farmer John Smith's property as one of the best jokes ever perpetrated. He seemed especially delighted with the fact that, when John Smith sought redress, one of the regimental surgeons had been introduced to him as the general, and had gravely assured him that the state would pay the bill. Evidently, in professing anxiety a day or two before about the property of the farmers, the editor of the San had been giving the laborers "guff." He is not interested in the property of laborers. He cares nothing for any form of honest labor. The only labor that he wants protected is that of the capitalists and editors who spend all their efforts in devising and defending means whereby to rob the people.

A WHALE AND SWORDFISH DUEL.

San Francisco Chronicle.

Visitors to Monterey were entertained recently by the sight of a duel between an immense whale and a swordfish, which ended fatally for the larger but more defenseless monster of the deep. The whale was first seen by a party of bathers one pleasant afternoon last week, and appeared to be enjoying himself by lazily swimming about the bay and occasionally sending a shower of spray aloft like that thrown up by a powerful fountain. The presence of the whale or some other cause seemed to frighten the small fish that abound in these waters, and great schools pressed closely inshore, the waters in places near the beach being fairly alive with them, while the surface was kept agitated by their leaping into the air as though seeking to escape from some enemy.

The whale followed the schools of fish in shore, when suddenly there was a tremendous splashing of the water, the great mammal was observed to move hurriedly hither and thither, while the convulsions of his body and his strange actions convinced the observers that he was engaged in deadly combat with some other monster of the deep. It was a singular duel, and it lasted for some time. Nothing but the whale was visible, his enemy never coming to the surface or within range of those who were watching the scene.

Finally the thrashing ceased, the water became calm, and then the whale was seen lying motionless upon the surface of the bay, as if dead. This continued for some time, but after about an hour he seemed to revive, and after lashing the water for some time with his tail, he headed for the outer bay, where he was subsequently seen by the aid of a glass to have resumed his motionless condition.

The following morning several persons discovered the dead body of the whale high and dry on the rocks a short distance from Monterey. The body was considerably above low water mark and the fins were extended.

An examination revealed the existence of several wounds on the under side, which were of a character such as could only have been inflicted by a swordfish, and are conclusive proof that it was a duel between these two denizens of the deep that had been witnessed the previous afternoon.

The carcass measured seventy-five feet in length, and the blubber was removed and dried out. For several days the stranded whale was the centre of attention for the entire country round about, and many hundreds of residents and tourists visited it.

A Chance to Make Money.

After reading of preserving fruit by the California Cold Process, I got samples, and cleared over \$50 last week, selling directions. People will pay a dollar for directions gladly when they taste the fruit, which, not being heated or sealed, looks beautiful and tastes perfectly fresh. I think this a grand chance to make a hundred or two dollars round home; I have a friend that has made from ten to twelve dollars a day for the past three months, selling directions. The Cold Process being so much better, cheaper and healthier than canned fruit, every body wants it; you can put up a bushel in ten minutes. I will mail sample and complete directions to any one for 19 two cent stamps, which is the cost of sample, postage, etc. In this way I can help you to start in a good business. Miss FRANCIS ROBERTS, New Concord, Ohio.

PROF. GARNER IN DARKEST AFRICA.

New York Sun.

"The cage will be my house as well as my fortress when I am camping in the jungles. The battery that I carry will develop three volts of electricity for 300 consecutive hours. With it I will be able to flash my light at night, snap my camera, and operate my telephone and phonograph. The cage is so arranged that by means of an induction coil it can be heavily charged with electricity at a moment's notice. This will be a more effective way of keeping away prowlers and meddlers from it in my absence than posting a notice: 'Claws off.' With the aid of the flash light I intend to get views and pictures never before seen by savage or civilized man—nocturnal views of the great African jungle and forests at evening, at midnight, and at sunrise.

"I will be unable to induce a great many desirable specimens to come within speaking distance of my phonograph, but I have apprehended this contingency and have devised a unique mode of preventing the loss of these sounds. I have the phonograph so arranged that that the telephone can be connected with its diaphragm. The other end of the telephone can be carried at random through the forests to the herding place of the animals. There it will be placed in the underbush or trees. This end will be placed in a large tin horn, both the horn and telephone being painted a foliage green, so as not to attract the attention of the animals. In front of this horn will be placed baits and decoys in order to get the animals to utter sounds in it. These sounds will, of course, be transmitted to the phonograph.

"Another new device of my construction is a silent gun. I will desire often to secure a certain animal from among a herd without frightening the herd, which an ordinary firearm would, of course, do. It is a silent gun. The barrel consists of a straight reed bored out smooth. The ammunition for the gun is a missile which is driven by the force imparted by two rubber bands and two steel springs. The missile, which is made of steel, is shaped like an arrow head, is hollow, and is to be filled with fifteen drops of prussic acid. It is so contrived that on entering its quarry, it will be forced open and the contents discharged in the animal struck, producing instant and painless death. Another contrivance—a masked battery, it might be termed—consists of a canteen to which is attached a hose about two feet long, on the end of which is a metallic nozzle, provided with a ring to fit the forefinger, and a valve opening and closing. The canteen will be worn buckled under the arm, while the nozzle will be worn on the fourth finger of the right hand, so that it may be used instantly in case of surprise. This will be charged with concentrated ammonia, a douche of which will stifle the most ferocious beast. I will also carry a taxidermist's outfit for preparing skins and skeletons of animals for mounting.

"TRIUMPHANT DEMOCRACY."

You can read all about it in Carnegie's pages, Where he tells how high tariffs result in big wages, But lock-outs and strikes as the fruits of Protection

Will be apt to secure Grover Cleveland's election. Carnegie perhaps by his blatant hypocrisy May thus pave the way for "Triumphant Democracy." —Toronto Grip.

IBSEN'S COURTSHIP.

London Daily News.

When Henrik Ibsen fell in love with the beautiful daughter of Pastor Thoresen, now to make known the fact to her troubled him for weeks. At last he resolved to write to her. He would come and fetch his answer the same afternoon at 5. Did the lady accept him she would be "at home," otherwise not. At 5 o'clock he presented himself, and the maid asked him to go into the best room. He was very hopeful, and glad to have time to collect himself before he met the lady. But when he had waited half an hour awful doubts began to assail him. After an hour had passed he imagined the letter had not reached the young lady. Some fatal mistake was making a fool of him. Still he waited on. After two hours he began to be ashamed of himself. She would learn that he had sat two hours in that deserted house, and would laugh at him. At last he jumped up in a rage, and ran to the door. It

was opening it when a loud peal of laughter arrested him. He turned and saw the fair head of his adored emerge from under the sofa. Her mouth was laughing, but her eyes were filled with tears. "Oh, you dear, good fellow, to wait all this while!" she said. "I wanted to see how many minutes a lover's patience lasts. How hard the floor is! Now help me to get out, and then we will talk." In less than a week the marriage was arranged.

WHAT THE MOTHER HEARD.

Detroit Free Press.

The mother's suspicions were aroused, and that night when the young man left the house, and the daughter came up stairs, she interviewed her.

"Elizabeth," she said sternly, "didn't I hear Mr. Simpley kissing you in the parlor as I came along the hall?"

"No, mamma, you didn't," responded the daughter emphatically.

"Well, didn't he try to kiss you?" persisted the mother.

"Yes, mamma," demurely.

The mother spoke triumphantly.

"I knew it," she said. "Did you permit him?"

"No, ma'am, I did not. I told him you had always taught me that I should not permit any young man to kiss me."

"That was right, that was right, my dear," said the mother encouragingly. "And what did he say to that?"

The girl blushed, but was undaunted.

"He asked me if you had ever told me I was not to kiss a young man."

The mother began to feel that possibly she had omitted a vital link in her instructions.

"What did you tell him?" she asked.

"I said I didn't remember it, if you had."

The girl stopped, and the mother broke out:

"Well, go on, go on."

"I guess that's what you heard, mother," and the daughter waited for the storm to burst.

OUT OF PRACTICE.

Cornhill Magazine.

On one occasion when I was performing the marriage ceremony over a somewhat elderly gentleman of very dull and stupid exterior, I could hardly get him married at all. When I told him to give me his right hand, he gave me his left, when I said, "Say this after me," he immediately remarked, "Say this after me." But when I came to the words I wanted said, he was stolidly silent. At last he saw that I was somewhat bothered by his extreme stupidity, so in the middle of the service he upset my gravity by volunteering the following apology: "You see, sir, it's so long since I was married afore, that you must excuse my forgetting of these things."

BRAZILIAN COFFEE.

Boston Bulletin.

Should you ask your grocer for "best Brazilian" he would not know what to give you. The reason is because the best coffee grown in Brazil is sold under the name of "Java" and "Mocha," and a large share of the inferior grades are marked "Bourbon" and "Martinique." Yet nowadays the latter island produces hardly more than 500 sacks of coffee a year—a mere drop in the world's big bucket; and Bourbon yields perhaps 6,000 sacks per annum—just about enough to supply the markets of Rio for twenty-four hours. At least nine-tenths of the "Mocha" coffee that you drink with such gusto because it costs an extra price is the small round bean of the Brazilian plant, picked from the tips of the upper branches, where the tropic sun has had most chance to infuse richness into it, and afterward "separated" by hand.

EVOLUTION OF THE CLUB.

New York Times.

Modern clubs differ both in character and in purpose from the older ones. A man joins a club nowadays, not so much for its company, which he can meet elsewhere, as for its conveniences—its chef, its cellar, its library, etc. It provides him cheaply with luxuries and facilities which might be otherwise out of his reach. But to achieve this many subscriptions are necessary, and the net must be cast wide for members.

In the huge clubs of the present day it is not possible to preserve that friendly intimacy between the members which flourished when a club could be defined (in the words of a seventeenth

century writer) as a "sodality in a tavern." But, for this very reason, mutual consideration between them becomes all the more necessary; and if some of the best features of a sodality are bound to disappear in a modern club, we may at least be careful to exclude from it some of the worst features of a tavern.

A COWARDLY HUSBAND

Boston Home Journal.

A friend who once traveled with the circus told me this: "Many years ago I was a clown in Forepaugh's. One of the lion tamers had a sharp-tongued wife who was so insanely jealous of him that she kept the poor man in a constant state of trepidation. One afternoon she caught him talking to a pretty bareback rider, whereupon she secured a horsewhip and chased her husband until finally he took refuge by jumping into the lion's cage and hiding himself behind the animals. 'Ugh! you miserable coward,' she cried angrily, tugging at the bars, 'come out and face me if you dare!'"

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PLATFORM

ADOPTED BY THE NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF THE SINGLE TAX LEAGUE OF THE UNITED STATES AT COOPER UNION, NEW YORK, SEPT. 3, 1890.

We assert as our fundamental principle the self-evident truth enunciated in the Declaration of American Independence, that all men are created equal, and are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights.

We hold that all men are equally entitled to the use and enjoyment of what God has created and of what gained by the general growth and improvement of the community of which they are a part. Therefore, no one should be permitted to hold natural opportunities without a fair return to all for any special privilege thus accorded to him, and that value which the growth and improvement of the community attach to land should be taken for the use of the community.

We hold that each man is entitled to all that his labor produces. Therefore no tax should be levied on the products of labor.

To carry out these principles we are in favor of raising all public revenues for national, state, county and municipal purposes by a single tax upon land values, irrespective of improvements, and of the abolition of all forms of direct and indirect taxation.

Since in all our states we now levy some tax on the value of land, the single tax can be instituted by the simple and easy way of abolishing, one after another all other taxes now levied, and commensurately increasing the tax on land values, until we draw upon that one source for all expenses of government, the revenue being divided between local governments, state governments and the general government, as the revenue from direct taxes is now divided between the local and state governments; or, a direct assessment being made by the general government upon the states and paid by them from revenues collected in this manner.

The single tax we propose is not a tax on land, and therefore would not fall on the use of land and become a tax on labor.

It is a tax, not on land, but on the value of land. Thus it would not fall on all land, but only on valuable land, and on that not in proportion to the use made of it, but in proportion to its value—the premium which the user of land must pay to the owner, either in purchase money or rent, for permission to use valuable land. It would thus be a tax, not on the use or improvement of land, but on the ownership of land, taking what would otherwise go to the owner as owner, and not as user.

In assessments under the single tax all values created by individual use or improvement would be excluded and the only value taken into consideration would be the value attaching to the bare land by reason of neighborhood, etc., to be determined by impartial periodical assessments. Thus the farmer would have no more taxes to pay than the speculator who held a similar piece of land idle, and the man who on a city lot erected a valuable building would be taxed no more than the man who held a similar lot vacant.

The single tax, in short, would call upon men to con-

tribute to the public revenues, not in proportion to what they produce or accumulate, but in proportion to the value of the natural opportunities they hold. It would compel them to pay just as much for holding land idle as for putting it to its fullest use.

The single tax, therefore, would—

1. Take the weight of taxation off of the agricultural districts where land has little or no value irrespective of improvements, and put it on towns and cities where bare land rises to a value of millions of dollars per acre.

2. Dispense with a multiplicity of taxes and a horde of taxgatherers, simplify government and greatly reduce its cost.

3. Do away with the fraud, corruption and gross inequality inseparable from our present methods of taxation, which allow the rich to escape while they grind the poor. Land cannot be hid or carried off and its value can be ascertained with greater ease and certainty than any other.

4. Give us with all the world as perfect freedom of trade as now exists between the states of our Union, thus enabling our people to share, through free exchanges, in all the advantages which nature has given to other countries, or which the peculiar skill of other peoples has enabled them to attain. It would destroy the trusts, monopolies and corruptions which are the outgrowths of the tariff. It would do away with the fines and penalties now levied on anyone who improves a farm, erects a house, builds a machine, or in any way adds to the general stock of wealth. It would leave everyone free to apply labor or expend capital in production or exchange without fine or restriction, and would leave to each the full product of his exertion.

5. It would, on the other hand, by taking for public use that value which attaches to land by reason of the growth and improvement of the community, make the holding of land unprofitable to the mere owner, and profitable only to the user. It would thus make it impossible for speculators and monopolists to hold natural opportunities unused or only half used, and would throw open to labor the illimitable field of employment which the earth offers to man. It would thus solve the labor problem, do away with involuntary poverty, raise wages in all occupations to the full earnings of labor, make overproduction impossible until all human wants are satisfied, render labor-saving inventions blessing to all, and cause such an enormous production as such an equitable distribution of wealth as would give to all comfort, leisure and participation in the advantages of an advancing civilization.

With respect to monopolies other than the monopoly of land, we hold that where free competition becomes impossible, as in telegraphs, railroads, water and gas supplies, etc., such business becomes a proper social function, which should be controlled and managed by and for the whole people concerned, through their proper government, local, state or national, as may be.

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MERIDEN.—Meriden single tax club. Meets second and fourth Fridays of the month at 7.30 p. m. at parlors of J. Cairns, 72½ E. Main st. President, John Cairns; secretary, Arthur M. Dignam.

SHARON.—Sharon single tax committee. Chairman, J. J. Ryan.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

Washington single tax league. President, Edwin Gladmon; treas., R. J. Boyd; sec'y, Wm. Geddes, M.D., 1719 G. st., n. w.

IOWA.

BURLINGTON.—Burlington single tax club. First Saturday of each month, 805 North 5th st. Pres., Wilbur, Mosena, 920 Hedge av.; sec. treas., Frank S. Churchill.

ILLINOIS.

CHICAGO.—Chicago single tax club. Every Thursday evening at 206 La Salle st. Pres., Warren Worth Bailey, 319 Lincoln av.; sec., F. W. Irwin, 217 La Salle st., room 733.

SOUTH CHICAGO.—Single tax club of South Chicago and Cheltenham. Pres., John Black; sec., Robt. Alchison, box K. K., South Chicago.

MASSACHUSETTS.

BROCKTON.—Single tax club. Meets Friday evenings corner Glenwood av. and Vernon st. Pres., Wm. A. McKindrick; sec., A. S. Barnard, 54 Belmont st.

MINNESOTA.

MINNEAPOLIS.—Minneapolis single tax league. Every Tuesday evening, at the West Hotel. Pres., H. B. Martin, Woods' block; sec., Oliver T. Erickson, 2203 Lyndale av., N.

MISSOURI.

STATE.—Missouri single tax committee. Henry H. Hoffman, chairman. This committee is pushing a State single tax petition. Blanks sent on application. It is also forming syndicate for publication of local single tax papers throughout the United States at little or no expense. Write for circulars to Percy Pepon, sec., 513 Elm st., St. Louis.

ST. LOUIS.—Single tax league.—Meets every Friday evening 8 o'clock in Bowman Block, n. e. cor. 11th and Locust sts. Pres. J. W. Steele Sec'y, L. P. Custer, 4233 Connecticut st.

NEW YORK.

Brooklyn Woman's Single Tax Club meetings, third Tuesday of each month at 3 p. m., at 198 Livingston street. Pres., Eva J. Turner, 565 Carlton avenue; Cor. Sec., Venie B. Havens, 219 DeKalb avenue.

OHIO.

DAYTON.—Free land club. Pres., J. G. Galloway; sec., W. W. Kile, 108 East 5th st.

PENNSYLVANIA.

GERMANTOWN.—Single tax club. Cor. Sec., R. D. Bur-

leigh, 13 Willow av. Meets first and third Tuesdays of each month at 463 Main st., at 8 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA.—Single tax society. Meets every Thursday and Sunday at 5 p. m. Social meetings second Tuesday, No. 30 South Broad st. Cor. sec., A. H. Stephenson, 240 Chestnut st.

POTTSTOWN.—Single tax club. Meetings first and third Friday evenings each month in Weitzenkorn's hall. Pres., D. L. Haws; sec., Geo. Auchy, Pottstown, Pa.

READING.—Reading single tax society. Monday evenings, s e corner 6th and Franklin sts. Pres., Wm. H. McKinney; sec., C. S. Priser, 1011 Penn st.

TEXAS.

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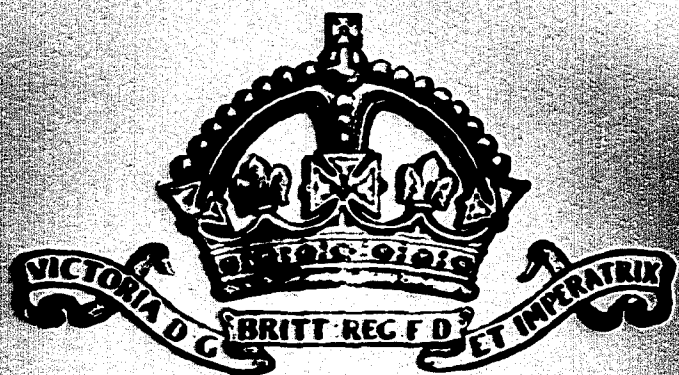
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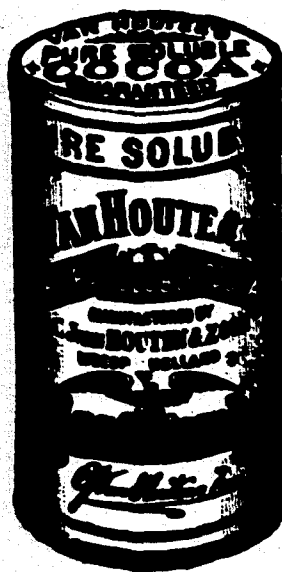
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