

THE STANDARD

TEN CENTS.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, AT NO. 42 UNIVERSITY PLACE.

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

VOL. XI., No. 25.
WHOLE No. 296.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY JUNE 22, 1892.

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THE STANDARD

VOL. XI.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 22, 1892.

No. 25.

THE CHURCH AND THE SOCIAL PROBLEM.—The Rev. C.

B. Morse, of New Wilmington, Penn., points out, in the last issue of the Canadian Methodist Quarterly, "the weak point in modern Christianity." Mr. Morse is manifestly a single taxer, and, of course, in his opinion, the weak point in modern Christianity is its failure to see the ethical side of political questions and the necessity of advocating that side from the pulpit. Mr. Morse urges that if the Church is to be honored by the masses, it must be on their side in great political questions involving the essentials of ethics. "When the slavery question was under agitation," says Mr. Morse, "the Church declared that its duty was not to reform society, but to reform the individual man. When the consciences of the individual men had been awakened, said the Church, social evils such as slavery would disappear."

Mr. Morse warns his brethren in the ministry that if the Church will not become a champion of humanity, if she will not strike down the oppressor with the word of truth, if she will not insist upon exact justice for all men, if she will not enforce the radiant doctrine of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, her glory will depart and she will become a thing of contempt.

It is encouraging to find such utterances from the pen of a minister published in an organ of any Church. The history of the Church in its relation to slavery and to the entrenched evils of the world is one of shame and cowardice. When Christianity became respectable and the Church hardened into a machine, the Gospel of Christ began to lose its power. That what is vital in the teachings of Christ have continued their hold upon men is owing less to the organized efforts of the Church than to the fact that Christ enunciated the universal code of ethics that all good men have found more or less clearly written in their own consciences. If the Church is to be the great ethical teacher, it must live up to its own code. The very corner stone of Christian ethics is "love thy neighbor as thyself." So long as the pulpit is cravenly silent upon great social wrongs because they who profit by such wrongs build churches and pay the salaries to parsons, the masses who suffer from these wrongs will be beyond the pale of the organized Church.

Does any clergyman say, "But we cannot turn the pulpit into a hustings?" True; we would not have the pulpit urge even the single tax as it must be urged upon the stump. The side of the single tax peculiarly appropriate to the pulpit is its ethical side. We do not insist that clergymen shall teach a scientific political economy from the pulpit; but when the highest ethics and the clear-cut ascertainment of scientific political economy lead to the same conclusion the pulpit cannot refuse to enforce that conclusion simply because there is a politico-economic as well as an ethical method of arriving at them. Above all, the Church cannot afford to ignore such ethical conditions because they are hateful to the rich few that build churches and pay pew rents.

MR. ATKINSON AMENDED.—Mr. Edward Atkinson is writing for the New York Times a series of articles upon "taxation and workers," and, as is usual with the work of Mr. Atkinson, his matter is a bristling arsenal of facts and figures serviceable as weapons in the warfare with protection. As everybody knows, Mr. Atkinson is no friend of the single tax. Perhaps the very wealth of statistics in which he revels has somewhat trammelled him in the discussion of broad principles. At any rate he has so far misapprehended the significance of the single tax as to believe that such a reform would be unnecessary could the principle of fertilizing soil by aeration be successfully applied.

It is difficult to understand how any man with a deserved reputation for acuteness should fall into such an error. It is equally difficult to understand how men who see so many of the truths that lead directly and logically to the single tax can stop short of belief in that principle. The following paragraphs from Mr. Atkinson's latest article suggest a leaning toward the single tax:

Lawful taxation consists in taking such part of the products of work as may be necessary for the conduct of the Government by measures so devised that all the work that the people exert in supplying the means shall be secured to the benefit of the Government, and shall not be diverted for the support of private enterprise.

Unlawful taxation—making use of the terms lawful and unlawful as synonyms for right and wrong—may be imposed by measures that are legal for taking the property or work of one citizen and conveying it to another under the forms of law, which, nevertheless, "constitutes robbery by a decree under such forms of law."

Mr. Atkinson's first paragraph here is, of course, directed at the injustice of the protective system, but what single taxer can read

it without seeing in it a suggestion of the single tax? Let us try our hand at amending Mr. Atkinson's enunciation of principles.

Lawful taxation consists in taking such part of the annual value of land as is conferred upon it by the presence of the community for the conduct of government, by measures so devised that all the work that the people exert upon land shall inure to the benefit of the individual worker, save that the special gains resulting from the occupancy of peculiar natural advantages shall go not to private individuals but to the community.

Let us take up Mr. Atkinson's second paragraph and see what his "unlawful taxation" is in the light of the single tax. Single taxers will agree with his definition of unlawful taxation, but will go further and add:

Unlawful taxation may be imposed by measures that are legal for taking property or work of one citizen and conveying it to another under the forms of law, as, for example, by permitting one citizen to exact from another a price for the privilege of using natural opportunities which nevertheless "constitutes robbery by a decree under such forms of law."

THE CONVENTIONS.—As this issue of THE STANDARD goes to

press, the Democratic convention is in session, preparing to name its presidential candidate; and before these words fall under the reader's eye that nomination will in all probability have been made. That Cleveland will be the candidate is no longer doubted by the most despondent among his supporters nor denied by the most reckless of Hill's clique. The convention will close with a victory of political principle over mere partisanship.

Out of the flotsam and jetsam of the Minneapolis and the Chicago conventions, excellent material for a most interesting third political party might be secured. Quay, Platt, Hill, and Murphy are so nearly the same in principle that they could come together like so many globules of quicksilver; and with Flower for their candidate and the Sun for their organ they might make almost as much bewildering noise in the campaign as they made in the lobbies of their respective conventions.

AS TO EELS AND OTHER FOLKS.—Perhaps most men who

have grown up in the country have somewhere in the rearward of memory a dim recollection of the boyish theory that eels turn raw after cooking unless promptly eaten. The only parallel in the intellectual world to this curious physical property attributed to eels is the case of some persons with whom single taxers are compelled to wrestle. As eels will not stay cooked, so some men will not stay convinced. Argument, however effective for the time being, has really no permanent value where these men are concerned, for, once the man who has silenced them is out of sight, they wilfully return to their intellectual error.

It is this consideration that makes it seem hardly worth while for THE STANDARD to attend to the suggestion of a correspondent that we reply to a recent absurd assertion in the Knights of Labor Journal. That particular eel has been cooked a great many times, but it turns raw with each new issue. Here is the latest evidence of our contemporary's intellectual rawness:

"The single tax," says the Knights of Labor Journal, "whatever beneficial effects it might have, would do little if anything to lessen competition among city workers."

If there is any one proposition that has been clearly established to the satisfaction of those who can see anything in the single tax, it is that it would affect city workers just as it would affect other workers. Nothing so convinces a single taxer of an opponent's misapprehension as the common assertion that, whatever benefit access to land might have for rural workers, it could not benefit urban workers since they do not earn their living from the soil. We can't all be farmers, says the intellectual eel, that has never been cooked over the single tax fire; then he keeps on saying it after he has been cooked fifty times, because he has the unenviable property of turning raw.

Once for all, if the single tax will open natural opportunities to workingmen it will relieve not only the competition among the farmers and farm laborers, but the competition among laborers of all classes. There is competition of two sorts, both of which act under our present system of landholding. The competition between men of varied physical and intellectual powers is an entirely wholesome competition, whereby men fit themselves into their peculiar niches, and do the work in which they are most effective. This is a competition that would not disappear under the influence of the single tax. There is another competition, the desperate struggle of disinherited men for the privilege of earning a living, the competition for work made artificially scarce by an iniquitous system of landholding. This species of competition under the influence of the single tax would disappear, not only in

rural districts but in the country. It is the pressure of this competition under the existing system that drives men from villages and rural districts to the cities, and creates the hideous conditions that we see in the tenement-house region of New York and other great towns. Open natural opportunities, and you loose the outer band that presses upon society and makes its pressure felt at all points. Loosen this band and relief is felt everywhere. The city worker will not turn farmer under the single tax, but some thousands or millions of workers on the outer edge of that restrictive band will turn to natural opportunities, and the relief will be felt in the tenement-house region in New York as in the distant rural districts. The competition of varied powers and qualities, physical and intellectual, will not cease; the mere competition for place for the right to earn a living will cease.

LET THE SOCIALISTS TALK.—It is entirely to the credit of the New York Board of Aldermen that the request of the socialists to hold a meeting in City Hall Park has been granted. Some of those opposing the request in the Board exhibited the usual ignorance, touching not only the socialists but the broad right of public meeting. *THE STANDARD*, while esteeming the socialists peculiarly wrong-headed, recognizes the fact that they seek to reform society by legitimate political methods. This being the case there should be no more question of their right to hold public meetings than of such right in any other political party. Nothing will sooner reveal the errors of socialism than free discussion, and it is a mistake alike of policy and principle to muzzle those who seek to present any side of the social question or any remedy for social ills short of absolute violence. It is not the business of municipal officers to maintain things as they are, but merely to administer existing laws and to preserve the peace.

WHICH?—The Republicans seem to have fallen quite in the habit of putting their Vice-Presidential nomination up at auction and knocking it down to the highest bidder. No secret was made four years ago of the fact that Vice-President Morton was nominated simply and solely on account of his ability and willingness to supply the party with a large campaign fund. Four years in office taught Mr. Morton that, whether or not the toy is worth the price he once paid for it, it is certainly not worth such a price a second time, and he declined to be a candidate for re-election. An appropriate successor was found in Whitelaw Reid. But Mr. Reid's nomination has a streak of humor which was wholly absent from that of Mr. Morton, whose candidature was in all respects as solemn as a bank vault. It is gravely announced by that prince of humorists, Chauncey M. Depew, "our Chancey," as the gods in the gallery call him, that the selection of Mr. Reid was "a concession to organized labor" and "practically the nomination of Typographical Union No. 6." To give color of seriousness to Mr. Depew's humor, Mr. Reid pretends to have changed his attitude toward labor organizations, which suggests the inquiry, Which is most palatable to trade unions, Mr. Depew's fun or Mr. Reid's hypocrisy?

IMMORALITY THE CAUSE OF POVERTY.—Professor J. H. Hyslop, of Columbia College, is another apologist for injustice. In an article on "Poverty and Socialism," published by the Independent, he endeavors to show that moral causes are the chief agency in producing poverty. This is doubtless true, but not in the sense intended by Professor Hyslop. Injustice is a moral cause, and it is injustice that produces poverty; but the professor alludes not to injustice, but to the personal immorality of the victims of poverty. This voices a common supposition among those who live luxuriously upon the fruits of injustice, and it is a favorite apology with their hired "thinkers." Yet, how transparent a dodge. Of what avail are the pauper statistics of charity organizations in the face of the truth that some cannot thrive by injustice unless others suffer from it. To possess labor products, or to be able to command them at will, is to be above poverty. This is the condition of the wealthy, so many of whom never labor—never make any return for what they receive. But to the extent that they enjoy without laboring, others must labor without enjoying. Here is the key to the poverty puzzle. It does indeed point to immorality, but to that form of immorality which is described in the eighth commandment.

MICHIGAN'S ELECTORAL SYSTEM.—The Supreme Court of Michigan upholds the Miner Electoral law under which Presidential electors are to be chosen from Congressional districts instead of the State at large. There never has been any reason to suppose that the court could do otherwise; nor is it desirable that there should have been. Michigan has now the best method for choosing electors of any State in the Union. It is not fair that a State almost equally divided between the parties, as is New York for example, should throw its entire electoral vote to one party or the other according to the slight fluctuations of the election. Election by districts approximates more nearly to the popular will. Fairer methods of choosing electors than that now established in Michigan

are possible, but in no other State of the Union is there in operation a method so fair.

TREASON IN ULSTER.—The landlords of Ulster, in Ireland, have done their best to convince the rest of the world that all their former denunciation of Irish treason and Land League violence were not aimed at treason nor at violence, but merely at people they did not like. In expectation of the adoption of Home Rule they have held a convention at Belfast, at which they resolved to have nothing to do with an Irish Parliament, and threatened disorder, violence, and bloodshed if one should be set up. This is not the only instance either in the past or the present showing that some kinds of "law-abiding" men are law-abiding only when the law suits their own notions.

FREE TRADE IN THE SOUTH BEFORE THE WAR.

DANIEL R. GOODLOE.

In ante-bellum days the friends of free trade were not afraid to call themselves by that name. The term free trade was the shibboleth of Southern Democracy, even among those who only proposed the reduction of the tariff rates to the revenue standard.

But not a few among them meant precisely what the words import.



They were in favor of absolute free trade with all the world, and would have resorted to direct taxation as the means of raising revenue. The Democratic sentiment in that quarter of the Union at that day, strongly bent in that direction; and the leading politicians were only restrained from its open avowal by deference to Northern Democratic interests and necessities. Pennsylvania was a strong Democratic State, but her people, from the origin of the Government, insisted on protection to her iron manufacturers, her coal production and other industries. The leading men of

the South felt it to be necessary to conciliate this Northern proclivity to "protection."

There were able men in the South, however, who did not disguise their opposition to the whole tariff policy. Among these was William W. Boyce, of South Carolina, an able, honest, clear-headed, and courteous gentleman, who was sent to Congress for four terms immediately preceding the civil war. In 1858 Mr. Boyce was made chairman of a special committee to analyze and report upon the expenditures of the Government, and to propose a plan of reform. He delivered an able speech on the subject, which was quoted in *THE STANDARD* a year or more ago, and as chairman of the committee he made a report, which, in forceful, and perspicuous, yet dignified, language, lays bare the injustice of the tariff system. I find the report in *DeBow's Review* for July, 1858, with highly commendatory words from the editor.

DeBow's Review was esteemed at that day as a high authority throughout the South on all questions of political economy, and what it says of this report of Mr. Boyce may be taken as an exponent of the real Democratic sentiment in that part of the Union. The *Review* says: "We have, on several occasions, referred to the subject of direct taxation, and indicated the many considerations which should induce the adoption of that system of revenue in our country."

"When Mr. Boyce, of South Carolina, made a movement in Congress for

Daniel R. Goodloe was born at Louisburg, Franklin County, North Carolina. He received the usual common school education, and was then put into a printing office, where he spent two years and a half. He was then placed at school again, in the Classical and Mathematical Academy of his native town, and afterwards, at a similar institution at Mount Pleasant, Munoz County Tennessee, where he remained two years and more in the study of mathematics. In 1836, in response to the call for volunteers, he went to Florida and served six months as a private soldier in the Tennessee Mounted Infantry Volunteers. In 1837 he returned to his native State and town, and in the following year started a weekly Whig newspaper at Oxford, in the adjoining county of Granville. He read law there, and after obtaining license to practice in all the courts, he gave up the business more for the reason that he had no aptitude for public speaking than for any other cause. Another embarrassment was that in his youth he had read the great debates which occurred in the Virginia Legislature upon the subject of slavery and emancipation, and was never able to shake off the influence they produced on his mind, which circumstance unfitted him for cordial co-operation with either of the old parties in politics, and a lawyer not in politics was an anomaly. He was at the same time a free trader, having learned political economy from Say and Adam Smith. But he clung to the Whigs because they were more tolerant of anti-slavery than the Democrats.

With such views he went to Washington in 1844, edited the Whig Standard, a Henry Clay campaign paper, and at the close of that disastrous campaign edited for some five months the Georgetown Advocate. He then taught school for three years in Maryland, and resumed journalism at Raleigh and in Washington. He was assistant editor and afterwards editor-in-chief of the National Era, corresponded some with the Tribune, and in 1860-61 was "Our Own Correspondent" of the New York Times. He was appointed by Mr. Lincoln chairman of the commission to value and pay for the slaves in the District of Columbia, and afterwards by President Johnson was appointed as marshal of the United States for the District of North Carolina. While in the latter capacity it became his duty to denounce and expose the high-handed knavery of the carpetbaggers, which caused the Republican leaders in Congress and the administration of the day to turn him adrift. Since those times, after practicing in his native North Carolina a few years, he returned to Washington and engaged in writing and compiling books; one, "The Birth of the Republic," has been published.

the appointment of a special committee to analyze and report upon the expenditures of the Government, and to propose a plan of reform, we heralded it with gratulation, and offered him the right hand of fellowship in his labors.

"The result of the investigation so far has been communicated to the country in a report exhibiting great research and ability, and which has been received with marked attention and favor in the North and the South. It is our belief that Colonel Boyce has inaugurated a movement the effects of which will be felt in the future financial policy of the Government. It will interest our readers to have the report, and we give it to them without omitting a line."

The report opens with a statement showing the two and almost threefold greater increase of the public expenditures beyond that of the population. In the year 1823 the population was 10,600,000 and the expenditures were \$9,784,000, so that there were more millions of people than dollars of expenditure. But in 1857, when the population was 28,500,000, the expenditures had reached \$65,032,559, or more than \$2 expended for each inhabitant, male and female, old and young.

This prodigal expenditure of the people's money, and the rapid growth of the abuse, Mr. Boyce naturally attributes to the facility with which it is abstracted from their pockets, without their knowledge, through the instrumentality of the tariff. If every dollar were paid directly to the Legislature by the citizens, they would soon demand to be informed how the money is expended. "The expenditures," the report states, "ought not, for very obvious reasons, to increase in proportion to the increase of population. But, conceding that it should, the expenditures of the Government, in round numbers, should not exceed \$28,000,000." The "obvious reasons" consist mainly in the fact that a great and powerful people have less need for a great army and navy to defend it than a small, weak nation.

Mr. Boyce's remedy for the evils he so graphically depicts is a total abandonment of the tariff policy and a resort to direct taxation.

His report says:

"Ascertain the total amount needed for the Government. Apportion that among the States, according to the rule of apportionment, and let each State collect its quota in its own way, and pay over such quota, deducting the reasonable expenses of collection.

"The advantage of this system would be: 1. Perfect equality, according to the provisions of the constitution, in the burdens of taxation. The moral effects of this perfect constitutional equality could not well be over-estimated. No State, no section could complain of paying an undue share; for each State loyal to the constitution could not but be satisfied with the equality of the construction. There could be no longer any complaint of class taxation. The apportionment would simply be the result of an arithmetical calculation, in pursuance of the rule prescribed by the constitution. The vast enlargement of the republic and the increase of States inculcates most strongly the benefits of removing all causes of complaints as to the inequality of taxation, by establishing the system of equality laid down in the constitution.

"The only objection to this mode of collecting the taxes is, that possibly some of the States might refuse to collect their quota. But this objection could be surmounted by the Federal Government collecting the quota of such State by its own fiscal agents."

After further arguments in favor of direct taxation, the report, at some length, proceeds to show the gross injustice of the tariff system, but the following brief extract will serve to present an idea of the radical hold the committee took of the subject. The report states:

"The doctrine of free trade, or, as it may more comprehensively be called, free exchanges, rests upon the great principle of justice. Every individual has a right to use his labor in the manner most to his own advantage, provided he violates the right of no other person. Individuals cannot enjoy this right effectually unless they are permitted to exchange the fruits of their labor to the best advantage. Government, therefore, has no right to interfere by protective or prohibitory duties and compel one portion of the community to exchange the fruits of their industry, their products, with another class of the community on less advantageous terms than they could exchange them with foreigners. * * *

"The doctrine of free exchanges rests on one great industrial maxim, that individuals are better judges of their monetary interests than Government can be; and if industry is left perfectly free, it will, as a general rule, take the wisest direction."

In the same volume of the Review I find a dialogue, copied from a Georgia newspaper, published at Columbus, and entitled the "Corner Stone." The following introductory passages will exhibit the spirit and vigor of the whole:

C (A politician in office).—"I understand, B, that you are in favor of free trade?"

B (A planter).—"You are correctly informed. I believe God made this world for free trade, or he would have made every part of it capable of supplying all the wants, and satisfying all the desires of all the people, that each tribe of barbarians might exist in savage independence of every other."

C—"If God intended the world for free trade, the world and all the nations of the world have been a long time finding it out."

B—"Not much longer, considering the age of the world and its probable duration, than they were in finding out that the earth revolves around the sun. Not much longer than it took to discover the power of steam, or how to transmit intelligence upon a streak of lightning, and no one's interest was opposed to those discoveries."

On another day when the parties met, the planter, B, asked C, the politician: "What system of taxation are you in favor of? I know but two—free trade and direct taxes, or a restricted trade with a tariff. Which are you in favor of?"

C—"I am in favor of a tariff just high enough to defray the expenses of an economical government—a tariff for revenue only."

B—"Then you are a tariff man."

Not merely the protective policy, but the whole tariff system as well, was

without genuine loyal friends in the South before the war. Not even the Whigs, except in the border States, were really in earnest in sustaining it. The exigencies of party alone caused them to acquiesce in and give half-hearted support to that Northern measure. And the same is true now.

DEMOCRATIC FREE TRADE.

On the 15th of June the House of Representatives at Washington had under consideration the question of reducing the duty on tin plate, when the Hon. Frederick E. White, a Democratic member from Iowa, said:

This tariff question is hoary with age and remarkable as a theme of discussion. In this country it is over a century old. It is older than the Constitution, and has been almost continuously the subject of exciting and sometimes acrimonious debate. It is perfectly safe to assert that it will continue so to be until we cease to use it for the questionable purpose of public taxation, as well as for the disreputable purpose of booming private enterprises.

We shall never be able to agree how much or how little tariff ought to be levied, how high or how low the per cent. ought to be, what business should be discriminated against, and what business in favor of. In the very nature of the case there must always be a prolonged and bitter contest each time a general tariff bill is formulated over the inevitable question as to which interest is to be let in on the ground floor, and which is to be left out in the cold.

Some weeks ago when we were discussing the free-wool bill, as you all remember, five of our Democratic colleagues combined, and, by what our Republican friends call a clever trick, inserted in the Record all the chapters of Henry George's book (entitled "Protection or Free Trade?") relating to the tariff question. Our friend from Kansas (Mr. Simpson) took care of those chapters treating of the question of the single tax.

A motion was made on the Republican side of the House to expunge from the Record this literature. This motion was promptly tabled. Our genial friend from Michigan (Mr. Burrows) had made this motion and took the occasion as the spokesman of his party to deliver himself of an opinion which, if true, would certainly be of momentous importance. As the leader at the time of the Republican minority he deliberately declared that the action of the House in refusing to expunge from the Record Henry George's book irrevocably committed the Democratic party to the doctrines of absolute free trade. Well, now, if this were true, I am willing to admit right here in the presence of you all that I should not allow it to disturb me very much. I should not permit myself to go into any hysterical fits over the matter. (Applause and laughter on the Democratic side.) The trouble with his (Mr. Burrows's) declaration is that it is not true.

Now, Mr. Chairman, I want to ask, if I may be permitted so to do, who is this man Henry George, against whose breast the Republican party has leveled its savage-looking lance? Is he some noted ignoramus whose overshadowing ignorance threatens to engulf us in intellectual darkness? Certainly our Republican friends will not stultify themselves by asserting such a preposterous proposition. Is he some malignant enemy of his race, or some bloodthirsty revolutionist or anarchist who is seeking to turn the world upside down all at once, and, regardless of consequences, inciting his followers to acts of lawlessness and violence?

Does anyone stand ready to thus accuse? But, if he is not to be accused or convicted of these capital crimes, may I be permitted to change the form of my question and ask whether he be guilty of offences of a lesser grade? In his discussion of economic, social and political problems, does he employ unjustifiable or vituperative language and outrageous illustrations? Has he anywhere in all his writings violated good manners or transgressed the recognized limits of a strict propriety?

Ah, Mr. Chairman, this man is not vulnerable along any of these lines. He is not weak in any of these particulars. I will tell you what it is that hurts the Republican leaders. It is coming to be gradually but surely understood, not alone by what were once his immediate followers, but by all classes of our people, a large section of the Republican party included, that this man Henry George is one of the most remarkable men the present century has produced. A humanitarian, a philosopher, a large-hearted and noble-minded patriot, a true lover of his kind, an original, a bold and successful investigator.

A man, sir, equipped with an intellect of which any age may be proud, and who is industrious beyond all belief. It is this logician and philosopher who is succeeding better than any of our day in laying bare to the gaze of the world the wretched philosophy which has vitalized and characterized the commercial policy which for thirty years the Republican party has fastened upon an unwilling and protesting people. It is the resistless current of this writer's logic, his unanswerable reasoning, and the indestructibility of his conclusions which are dreaded and sought to be suppressed by the Republican party. The sum total of his offending is that he is seeking to supplant with a better philosophy, a nobler creed and a more generous gospel the wretched ideas and antiquated methods indorsed by Republican platforms and enacted into law by the Republican party; methods and ideas the pedigrees of which reach back into the feudal ages, to the barbarous epochs in the history of our race.

Now, Mr. Chairman, I do not believe that a protective tariff could be maintained in this country for twenty-four hours if it were not for two delusions. The first of these delusions is that it makes things cheap, and the second is that it protects labor. I say that it does neither. How do we protect anybody? That is the primary proposition of this whole controversy. How do we protect an American, and against whom do we protect

Frederick Edward White, of Webster, Iowa, was born in Prussia, Germany. In 1841 his father died when he was ten years old. He came to America with his mother in 1857, and settled on a farm in Keokuk County, Iowa, where he has since remained. Up to the breaking out of the war he worked as a farm hand for other parties in the neighborhood. Early in the winter of 1861 he enlisted in the Eighth Iowa Infantry, and was rejected on account of not being quite 18 years old; he enlisted February, 1862, in the Thirteenth Iowa Infantry, and served until the close of the war. He was mustered out in August, 1865; returned home, and bought land and engaged in farming and stock raising, which business he has followed since. He never held a public office, until he was elected to the Fifty-second Congress as a Democrat, receiving 17,022 votes, against 16,573 votes for John F. Lacy, Republican, 1,046 votes for Perry Engle, Union Labor, and 201 votes for Listen McMillin, Prohibitionist.

him? We protect him against his rival, of course, against his foreign competitor. When you want to protect the American steel manufacturer, what do you do? You simply levy a tax upon the competing article, which is foreign steel. When you want to protect the American woolen manufacturer you tax foreign wools, and so you go on through the whole list.

Now, you will notice that no man can be protected unless he has a competitor, unless he has a rival; in other words, unless he has something to sell, and is selling it in competition with like articles or commodities which are the property of his rival. If, then, by exercising the taxing power this competition can be either loosened or strangled altogether, protection is accomplished. It can be brought about in no other way. There can be no possible difference of opinion as to how this thing works. It is not only plain but self-evident. To handicap his rival with a tax or expel him altogether is the orthodox way of protecting the American. But if we tax foreign hats to protect the American hat manufacturer, and if we tax foreign glass to protect the American glass manufacturer, if in each case when we wish to protect we never vary the rule, but uniformly pursue the same course, slap a tax on the competing commodity, can any one explain to me why we do not apply the same rule in case of the American laborer?

Above all other men he is to be protected. This whole system is said to have been invented for his exclusive benefit. He is to be the sole beneficiary of this benevolent legislation. Then why vary the rule in his case which you apply in every other, and which works so well? The American laborer can undoubtedly be protected, because he has a commodity upon the sale of which he depends for a living. He also has a rival, a competitor, who is selling a like commodity in the same market. May I ask what it is the American laborer sells? Unfortunately for him, he sells only his labor! He has absolutely nothing else, and labor is and always has been upon the free list. (Laughter.)

Now, if you want to actually protect the American laborer you must be consistent and tax that commodity which comes in competition with what he sells, viz.: the labor of his foreign rival, the competing article. But you all know that no political party could stand for one day in this country that would advocate so preposterous a proposition. I have sometimes illustrated this question by citing my own case, and will take the risk of doing so here. Thirty-five years ago, when 14 years old, I left Germany, my native country, and landed upon your shores. When I arrived I was a veritable pauper, no having money enough to procure a night's lodging. I immediately became a competitor with you in the labor market; I became a rival. No difference where I might have gone, whether upon a farm, in a mine or workshop, I sold my labor in competition with yours.

Now, it has often occurred to me when studying upon this question how easily you Americans could have protected yourselves against me. How? Why, simply by taxing my labor which came in competition with yours. You had two ways of protecting yourselves against me. You could have levied so high an immigration tax as to have excluded me altogether, or, after permitting me to land, you could have imposed upon me an annual tax of—say, forty or fifty, or a hundred dollars. Then while I would have been compelled to earn this money, getting it ready to hand over to the tax collector, you Americans could, in the meantime, have earned the same amount and appropriated it to your own use. This would have been a protection for you against me. But you permitted me to land and you have not taxed me, and you ought to know by this time that if you allow a Dutchman to come in among you he will not only make a living but get rich where a white man would starve to death. (Great laughter.)

We have been told so repeatedly and so confidently that the inevitable tendency of a high protective tariff is to lower the price of manufactured products, and this claim forms so large and so conspicuous a part in the glorification in which our Republican friends so habitually indulge, that we ought to devote a little time to the examination of this claim, and ascertain how near it is true or how much of it may be false. The apparent earnestness and the persistency with which this claim is made plainly indicates that those who make it are unwilling to concede, and, in fact, they never do concede, that there is any other force or factor in existence which plays any considerable part, or, indeed, any part at all, in this constantly lowering price list of manufactured articles, but that it is high tariff and high tariff alone.

I must frankly confess that before I could become a convert to this sort of political economy I would first have to be convinced not only beyond a reasonable doubt, but beyond the shadow of a doubt, that the age of miracles had returned, and had returned to stay. How any article can be made either temporarily or permanently cheap simply by loading it down with taxes to an extent sufficient to interfere with its free sale or to encumber it with restrictions to prohibit its sale altogether is a problem which I have not the mental capacity to solve.

The stubborn fact, the historic truth, stares every intelligent man in the face that everything made by human hands or that is in any sense the result of human skill, has been getting constantly cheaper, not only since the Republican party has been in power, but for the last thousand years and more; and has been getting cheaper not only in this country but in every other, in countries where high tariffs are maintained, and in others where free trade prevails, and notably so in England, where the protective principle is entirely repudiated. If it be true as an economic proposition that high tariffs beget low prices, then no one ought to be seriously blamed for thinking well of the opposite proposition that low prices should beget high prices.

But anyone really undertaking to discuss such a proposition would lay himself liable to the suspicion that he was mentally unsound. What is then the true, active cause of this constantly lowering price list of manufacturers? Why, sir, it is a constantly improving industrial condition caused primarily by mechanical inventions, scientific discoveries, and the promotion of general knowledge; it is a higher order of human ingenuity and industry, a more practical industrial education, all resulting in superior methods of manufacture. The slow, clumsy ways of our forefathers have given way to the improved methods of a more mechanical age.

We are constantly discovering and harnessing to our use new forces of nature, are continually utilizing new ideas and better methods, and the inevitable result is, the civilized world over, cheaper food, cheaper goods, cheaper comforts. Let me tell you who it is that is responsible for this universal blessing of lower prices, who are the public benefactors, and who are entitled to our everlasting gratitude. It is not McKinley nor the law that unfortunately bears his name. Neither is it any other Republican statesman or politician. It is not the Republican party, but it is the mechanic, who has the mental capacity to evolve an idea, an idea which materializes in the shape of a new machine, or in an improvement upon an old one; it is the machine, standing ready with his skill to utilize the mechanical force of the idea thus evolved; it is the chemist who sits in his laboratory working with the seal of an enthusiast both night and day in order that he may discover some hidden force of nature, some new combination of materials or substances, some new process that will be a more powerful factor in the industrial world; it is the scientist and the philosopher who, taking for their text the gospel of eternal truth as it stands revealed in the geological strata and the physical constitution of the universe, are constantly dragging to the light of day better light and more knowledge. (Applause.)

When, then, this new light and knowledge has been brought to the point of availability, when these new machines have been invented and the old ones improved, when all these new forces, combinations and processes have been brought to the point of practical utility, they are given to the world, they become the world's property. That is what has enabled us to make

such wonderful progress. That is the secret of our marvelous success. That is what has enabled us to multiply a hundred, and in some instances a thousand fold, our mechanical power, and hence our productive capacity. (Applause.) The reason things sell lower than formerly is because they are made cheaper, and they are made cheaper because of better, superior methods and processes employed in their manufacture.

Now, there is one more point to which I wish especially to call the attention of this House, and which is never discussed in connection with this question, and which, in my judgment, ought to arrest the attention of every thinking man. I want to inquire how near the policy of a high protective tariff, as championed by the Republican party and as crystallized in the McKinley bill, is in harmony with the natural laws and institutions which surround and should govern us. I happen to be one of those peculiar individuals who believe in the everlasting efficacy of the laws of nature. I believe the nearer we approach to and obey those laws, whether in our capacity as individuals or in our collective capacity as a nation, the nearer we will be right.

Why do I say this? Simply because I know that nature has made fewer mistakes than men. Nature has committed fewer blunders than political parties, and when it comes to a contest between a well-ascertained law of nature and a resolution in a political platform, I unhesitatingly endorse the one and condemn the other. (Applause.)

Now, let us pursue this line of argument one or two steps further. Look at this world in which we are living with its vast oceans and continents, not separated by impassable barriers, but each united with all the others.

Behold your valleys and rivers, your forests and plants, your mountains stored full of a thousand useful minerals, with a capacity of the soil to produce in endless variety and wonderful profusion all the grasses and fibres, fruits and grains essential to man's well-being, with climatic conditions admirably suited to every locality. These things indicate to me, nay, not merely indicate, but overwhelmingly prove, that his earth upon which we live is not an accident, but has been prepared especially for man's habitation. We find that man has been endowed not only with the social instincts and moral perceptions which enable him to utilize and enjoy the companionship of his fellows, but in addition to these primary qualities he has been further equipped with the mental capacity to analyze and determine the various conditions which constitute his environment.

This being undeniably true, I hold it to be man's supreme duty to always work in harmony with and never in antagonism to those natural laws by virtue of which our existence as social beings is rendered possible and enjoyable. Let me pursue this line of thought one more step. During the geological eras—that is, during the periods of the world's natural history, when order was being evolved out of chaos, when the oceans and continents were separated and each assigned to its permanent resting place, when the soils were being ground up and deposited, when climatic conditions were being fixed, in short, when this earth was generally taking on its present shape, we find that all countries were not made alike. No particular country or section was so arranged as to be able to become entirely independent of every other.

Without intending to be the least irreverent, I want to say that when this earth was created the creator thereof did not have the Republican platform to guide him or he would have made it altogether different. (Applause.) He should so have arranged it (with the guidance of the platform) that every country, whether large or small, could be perfectly independent, self-sustaining, and thus would we all have become rich. But we find the world modeled upon a different plan. A dependency one upon the other, and an interdependency existing among all, is the plan that was adopted. We find, for instance, that countries like the greater part of Russia, a large part of Canada, Minnesota, Wisconsin, and the Dakotas have received a soil and a climate admirably suited for the raising of wheat, and a large surplus of this valuable cereal is the result of these natural conditions.

When we go south of this wheat belt into Kansas, Iowa, Illinois, Missouri, we find the soil and climate exactly suited to the raising of those grasses and grains which enable us to make cheap meat. A surplus of meat products is here the result of natural conditions. But while we have meat in abundance and to the north of us they have wheat in superabundance, neither locality is able to raise a pound of cotton, except under highly artificial conditions, which from an economic standpoint would be out of the question. To the south of us, however, the people are enabled, primarily because of soil and climate, to raise a large part of the world's supply of cotton.

Still further south the people, because of natural conditions, are enabled to raise rice, sugar cane, and all the semi-tropical fruits. Then, when we leave the confines of our own country and look across thousands of miles of an expanse of ocean into the Flowery Kingdom, we find that the people of China, because of natural conditions, are enabled to enrich the world's commerce with their tea and silks and other remarkable productions.

When you go to Brazil the same holds true of coffee, while still other parts of the earth yield up to the world's commerce their spices, their fruits, their oils, their woods, and their drugs, which can grow and mature only under the fierce rays of a tropical sun. Now, when you have thus looked around about you, and have taken a hasty and very incomplete inventory of all these natural blessings, and when you discern in the physical configuration of the globe how the oceans and the rivers are so arranged as to permit an easy exchange of all these various products and commodities, these natural blessings, between different and distant countries; then when, last of all, you take into consideration men's appetites, their wants and their necessities, wherever they may be located, whether south or north, or in intermediate regions—when you have done all that, then let me tell you that for the philosophical mind, for the mind that is free from party prejudice, for the mind that is determined to seek after the truth and willing to embrace it when discovered—for such a mind there is but one conclusion to reach, and that is that when God Almighty created this earth He created it in such a way and fashioned it in such a shape, and He made man's conditions such as not only to permit, but actually to compel men and nations to trade with one another. (Applause.)

Why, when you look round about you and behold how everything has been arranged upon so magnificent a scale, how admirably all these conditions have been adjusted—to say nothing at all of revealed religion, with which I am not dealing—these things to which I have called attention are enough to fill every mind with unqualified admiration for the Creator, to fill every heart with thankfulness and praise, and to overwhelm every soul with all the sentiments of an eternal love and a never-dying gratitude. (Applause.) Now, I believe that civilized man the world over has now reached that point in the development of a superior civilization when the commercial policy of every country should be adjusted in harmony with and not in antagonism to the natural law. (Applause.) A law which, if obeyed, will make of every ocean an open public highway, and of every river an unobstructed thoroughfare, and eventually link together in a common bond all the nations of the earth and in an indestructible brotherhood all the races of men.

But the commercial policy fastened upon our country by the Republican party makes fierce war upon all these noble ideas and lofty principles, it seeks to tear down all these natural conditions and institutions, and to ignore all these natural laws, and to set up in their place a creed and a code pitifully narrow and contemptibly selfish (applause), a code and a creed which carried to its logical conclusion would build around about us a wall through which no man could go and over which no being could leap.

When you and I as Democrats advocate a freer trade, a freer commerce, are we advocating that which in principle is wrong and in effect injurious? What is commerce? Is it not true that it has always been in all ages of the

world's history the most powerful of all our civilizing agencies? Has it not been the most conspicuous factor in the transformation of barbarian hordes into civilized communities and states?

Commerce has always been the forerunner and must forever continue to be the handmaid of Christianity. Commerce will penetrate and dispel the darkness of heathen lands, and diffuse in its stead the exhilarating sunshine of peace, progress and prosperity. Commerce will distribute the surplus, the superabundance of our country among the needy, the destitute of other lands, thus avoiding want and preventing famine. Commerce will pick up the waste materials, the refuse products of sections that are highly favored, transform these into articles of value and wealth by transporting them to other sections which are less favored. Between men of distant climes and widely-separated regions commerce equalizes the bounties and blessings of nature, tears down man's prejudice, builds up his manhood, teaches him that every other man is his brother, thus emphasizing that eternal truth that God hath made of one blood all the nations. (Applause.) Is there a man among you all who would cast a vote or raise his voice against a blessing so gloriously rich, against a beneficence so nearly universal?

Think of it! Commerce ascending and descending every river, traversing every valley and plain, reaching to the very heart of every desert, braving the storms, riding the mad waves and plowing the deep waters of every ocean, among the simooms of the far south, amidst the water spouts of the equator, even upon the perpetual ice fields in the far, far north, upon all the water, upon every land, this never-tiring, ever-busy agent is at work furnishing your necessities, supplying your wants, augmenting your knowledge, and increasing your wealth. (Applause.) Remember that the expansion, the extension of commerce and man's civilization have always gone hand in hand.

If you promote the one, you encourage the other; if you injure the one, you necessarily retard the other. Annihilate commerce, and, let me tell you, the clock of time would reverse itself; your decay and degeneration would be marked more rapidly than was ever your growth and your progress. We should always remember that from his primeval condition of barbarism to his present state of civilization man has advanced with slow and hesitating steps. He long abused his facilities by mistrusting his neighbors and hating his brethren who happened to inhabit a foreign land. Thus man succeeded throughout ages in maintaining his isolation, his exclusiveness, and also his feebleness.

Man has grown strong and capable just in the proportion that he has torn down and leaped over his primitive environments; and nothing in this wide world has been of such valuable service to man in these his transitory stages from barbarism to civilized life as commercial intercourse with his fellow-man and brother. (Applause.) When, then, you, my Democratic friends, cast your votes for a freer commerce, freer trade, you have the satisfaction of knowing that you are working in harmony with nature's laws; and I am happy to be able to state in conclusion that your action upon this question is also in harmony with the spirit of the times. (Prolonged applause on the Democratic side.)

AUSTRALIAN AFFAIRS.

JOHN FARRELL.

SYDNEY, N. S. W., May 14.—Mr. Dibbs, the accidental Premier, who, by the bungle of the Labor party's vote on one occasion, came into office, and by the treachery of a section of them upon another dragged in protection after him, has left our shores for a five-months' trip to Europe. In returning he will visit Chicago, where this colony purposes being extensively and most expensively represented. The object of his mission is not very clear, but it is claimed that he is going to restore the confidence of the British investor in our securities, and place the colony and its resources in their true character before that scared individual. A banquet was tendered to him on his departure, at which speeches optimistic as to the future were delivered by the Premier and his ministerial colleagues. During their electioneering campaign these gentlemen saw things in a very different light. Then the position of the colony was one of impending union, according to their tale. The state of the public finances and credit they misrepresented in order to show an apparent necessity for new taxes. The taxes have been piled on, and in the increase of revenue thus resulting it is necessary to pretend that signs of growing prosperity are visible. Nothing is visible, however, but a sharpening of the distress which has lately been prevalent and a steady growth of discontent and stagnation. Since the new tariff came into force business has fallen off, and many of the largest firms are now working with fewer hands than they have had employed at any time for years past.

Just a day or so after Mr. Dibbs's departure the names of a batch of nine new members, who had been appointed by him to seats in the Legislative Council, were gazetted. With one exception these are protectionists, and his action is regarded as a discreditable attempt to pack the nominee chamber with class supporters. There was not much need to do this so far as the safety of protection at the hands of the council is concerned. A large majority of the members are nominally free traders, but as the issue of the future here will be protective or land value taxation, they may be counted upon to vote as solidly for protection every time as they did a few months ago. The new appointments have made the Labor party very angry with Mr. Dibbs. Those members of Parliament who, returned upon the platform of the Labor Electoral League, sold themselves to Mr. Dibbs and protection, are at a greater discount than ever. The Premier has taken every opportunity to defy, and snub, and humiliate them. Some time ago they headed a deputation asking him to appoint to the Legislative Council a number of representatives of labor. He expressed indignation at being asked to make the nominee chamber of a partisan character, treated the deputation very cavalierly, and immediately appointed a batch of his own partisans.

The general election in Victoria has passed, bringing with it disaster to the so-called Labor party there. Thirty-three candidates were professedly in the interests of unionism of whom but a dozen, mostly former members, were returned. The gain of seats was but four, Mr. Hancock, one of the most prominent and frothy of the former Parliamentary representatives of toil being beaten, as in the interest of common sense he should have been. His silly denunciation of capital and senseless talk generally regarding employers was responsible largely for the strong opposition which met and overthrew the Labor party in the election. To all who intelligently strive to hasten on the reign of justice their overthrow will not seem a calamity. The speeches delivered by them hardly showed anywhere a glimmering perception of principle. The best any of them seemed capable of proposing was something in the way of State regulation of indi-

vidual activities at every turn, coupled with more or less idiotic proposals for the further taxation of production. It would seem that empty-headed men in the most politically empty-headed colony of the Australasian group, got together as Victorian labor candidates. And the best thing that could have happened for the Victorian workers has happened in the defeat of most of them. Our own Parliamentary Labor party has brought enough discredit on the name of labor representation, but the Victorian thirty-three, if they had been returned under the leadership of a Hancock, would have inflicted a crushing blow upon it.

The "vote for thrift" party was badly beaten in Victoria, fortunately. Their sham motto could not prevail against the "one-man-one-vote" principle, to which a considerable majority of the members of the new Parliament are pledged. The proceedings of this Parliament will be watched with profound interest throughout the colonies. Victoria is in so depressed and miserable a condition, after years of high protection, that the most wretched straws of national economy are being clutched at. The railway freight rates and passenger fares are to be increased, officials are to be dispensed with, and the last possible shilling's worth of labor squeezed out of each Government employee by the amalgamation of duties and so forth. The issue of uniforms is to be restricted to important stations, caps only being provided for the officials elsewhere. The railway men are making protests against the new proposals, and through their special organ are pointing out how much better it would be for them and for the country if the taxation of land values were resorted to. There were shown during the election campaign many evidences that the principle of taxing land values is coming into favor. That it will shortly be adopted for the raising of municipal revenues by the district councils is pretty sure. In this connection Mr. Max Hirsch has done much good service, lecturing before the shire councils wherever the opportunity presented itself. There is earnest and vigorous work being done by the single tax men in Victoria. But the present concern of the people is to put on a large number of new taxes, dismiss everybody who can possibly be spared, and by reducing the wage rate and the possibilities of employment, restore the lost prosperity of the colony.

New Zealand, notwithstanding the injurious effect of the taxation of capital and property, is now in a very thriving condition. The "boom" in flax, which set in some four years ago, has something to do with this, as also has the great expansion of the frozen meat trade. But what probably has most to do with it is the enormous increase of settlement on the land under the provisions of the Perpetual Leasehold bill. There is not the slightest danger that the people of New Zealand will ever allow that beneficent measure to be interfered with again, save to remove some faulty and anomalous conditions attaching to it. Its value in enabling people with small capital to get direct access to land is becoming fully appreciated. No better barometer of New Zealand sentiment exists than the feeling which prevails towards Sir George Grey. The veteran ex Governor's name is synonymous with the most advanced principles of reform, and it cannot now be mentioned anywhere in New Zealand, except, perhaps, at the board meeting of a land syndicate, without evoking thunders of acclamation. Recently, on the occasion of his birthday, Sir George was accorded such national greeting and congratulation as no other public man in Australia would have received. If his health holds out he may soon again appear as the leading spirit in New Zealand politics. Should he do so, it will be with the chief purpose of more equitably adjusting the incidence of taxation in accordance with the views of Henry George.

In Queensland there has transpired a little during the past month. The determination of the present government to hand over large areas of the country to railway constructing syndicates, and to sell other large areas to whoever will buy, will probably be carried out. So will the reintroduction of practical savery. Mr. Playford, the Premier of South Australia, the extreme northern portion of whose territory neighbors that of Queensland, lately returned from India, whither he had gone to inquire into the suitability of Indian labor for that portion of his colony. He is about to bring out a hundred families as the nucleus of cotton, sugar, rice and jute plantations, which are to be worked by the new comers at a very cheap rate indeed, for the benefit of landowners. Of course, it is argued that, if black labor is not introduced, the North will remain undeveloped, and a large amount of possible employment will thus be lost to the European population. That the European population, even if increased a thousand fold, could find plenty of employment without having to employ Kanakas and Coolies in the capacity of jackalls, never seems to occur to statesmen of the Playford stamp. This admission of alien races will prove a bone of contention among the colonies, and will militate against federation. But the spirit of federation appears to have died out with the disappearance from public life of Sir Henry Parkes, who is now engaged in writing his reminiscences.

In this colony the single tax movement is making visible and rapid strides. At the annual conference of branches of the New South Wales league held during the Easter holidays, a large number of delegates were present, and considerable progress was reported. There is no other political organization in this colony alive. The old free trade body, after attempting to get a renewed lease of life, under the title of Free Trade and Liberal Association, is dead. Some attempt was recently made to resuscitate it, but as it was found that real instead of sham free traders and liberals were likely to preponderate, that was abandoned. Free trade propaganda is now being carried out very enthusiastically by the single tax speakers, who are making their voices heard throughout the country. Not a week passes but several addresses are given in the city and suburbs. Literature is being distributed and letters written to the press and to public and private individuals, while the membership of the league branches steadily grows. The churches are also stirring.

Within the past fortnight two very remarkable addresses have been delivered, the one by the Rev J. J. L. Ferguson, M. A., at Dulwich Hill, (the suburb in which I reside), on the "Syllogism of the Single Tax," and the other by Dr. Roseby, entitled "The Labor Problem in the Light of the Law of Christ," before the annual meeting of the Congregational Union

of New South Wales. Dr. Rossby's address, which was published verbatim in the Daily Telegraph, filling several columns, was an especially fine one, and has attracted a great deal of attention. Altogether things are happening here which forebode splendid political results in the near future.

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 ascertained; **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; **JUST**, 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, 1901.

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, 1901.

The best and surest subject of taxation is the thing that perforce stays in one place, that is land.—*New York Sun*, August 20, 1901.

Every one of these taxes (on commodities and buildings) the ostensible taxpayer—the man on the auctioneer's block—shifts to other shoulders. The only tax he cannot shift is the tax on his land value.—*Detroit News*, November 1, 1901.

The law does not say that it will never be a full-fledged single tax advocate. It follows in it as theory now; it passes 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*.

NATIONAL COMMITTEE OF THE SINGLE TAX LEAGUE.

The National Committee is carrying on the newspaper work of the Memphis committee in supplying news companies with single tax matter for their ready prints and plates.

CONTRIBUTIONS FOR WEEK ENDING JUNE 20.

Northwestern Newspaper Union, for single tax moulds.....	\$12 00
George C. Madison, St. Paul, Minn.....	6 00
	18 00
Balance reported last week.....	8 42
Total.....	\$26 42

Geo. St. John Leavens, Secretary.

PROGRESS OF THE MOVEMENT.

This is an important week to the single tax movement in politics. It could hardly be more important if the Democratic party were considering the advisability of naming a pronounced single tax candidate on a single tax platform, for whether the delegates know it or not the convention at Chicago is really deciding whether to face the party towards what we have so long sought for, or to turn it back into the political slough of partisanship and spolia hunting. The nomination of Cleveland will open the way for a campaign of education that will go as far beyond that of 1896, as it went beyond any preceding campaign. The significance of this convention to us, is strongly felt by thoughtful single tax men everywhere, many of whom are onlookers at Chicago, while not a few are members of the convention.

The Chicago Single Tax Club, of which Warren Worth Bailey is president, decided to hold a public meeting immediately after the adjournment of the convention, which the *New York Evening Post*, in its convention special, notices as follows:

At a meeting of the Single Tax Club last night it was decided that all who could should go next Sunday in a body from their hall to the Union Depot, to meet Henry George and Congressman Tom L. Johnson. It has been decided to hold a big public meeting next Thursday evening, at a place to be announced later. Henry George, Congressman Johnson, Mayor Whelan, of Minneapolis, and others will speak. The members of the club all express themselves in enthusiastic terms for Cleveland.

ORGANIZING IN KANSAS.

A promising State organization has been started in Kansas. W. H. T. Wakefield, the Kansas member of the National Committee, called a single tax conference to be held at Wichita on the 15th and 16th. Pursuant to this call the conference met, and Mr. Wakefield reports its proceedings as follows:

Nearly one hundred persons assembled, most of them being delegates to the People's Party State Convention. Judge W. P. Campbell called the conference to order and nominated W. H. T. Wakefield for chairman, who opened the proceedings with a brief address.

Mrs. E. M. Blackman, of Leavenworth, secretary for Kansas of the Woman's Progress League, was chosen secretary. Interesting addresses were delivered by Judge Campbell, Quincy A. Glenn, Judge McKay, and others. A committee of five, with Judge W. P. Campbell as chairman, was appointed to report a plan of work to an adjourned session. This committee recommended that the president appoint one in each of the seven Congressional districts of the State as an executive committee, and that a secretary for each of the 100 counties be selected to act under its direction. The recommendation was adopted, and the following were appointed as members of the State Executive committee: First Congressional district, Dr. J. H. Turner, Pawnee, Brown County; second district, Judge Nathan Cree, of Wyandotte; third district, Quincy A. Glenn, of Wellington; fourth district, E. T. Sackett, of Hartford, Lyon County; fifth district, Dr. C. W. Brooks, of Enterprise, Dickinson County; sixth district, A. N. Whittington, of Lincoln, Lincoln County; seventh district, Judge W. P. Campbell, of Wichita.

On the evening of June 14 Hon. Jerry Simpson, who had that day been succeeded by acclamation for Congress, spoke to an audience of 5,000 in the Grand Opera House. He gave them single tax and free trade straight from the shoulder, and was applauded to the echo.

AMONG COLORED PEOPLE.

The *New York World* of last Sunday publishes a remarkable interview with Bishop I. M. Fitzpatrick, of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, in whose diocese there are seventeen flourishing congregations. The Bishop is a man of wealth, a large landowner near Opelika, Ala., and editor of the *Colored Workingman's Journal*, published at Opelika. At the time of the *World's* interview he was about to start for Minneapolis as a delegate to the Republican convention. In the course of the interview Bishop Fitzpatrick said:

Many of the colored people of my section belong to the Colored Farmers' Alliance, and they have adopted a single-tax platform as the only means of political salvation for our race, and I hope yet to see it a plank in the platform of the Republican party. I hope shortly to establish a single-tax paper, edited, printed and published by colored men.

The success of the single tax may injure me as a landlord, but it will be the consummation of freedom. Many white people favor it, and if the colored people join with them and form a third party, neither the Democrats nor the Republicans would dare count our votes out.

That Bishop Fitzpatrick's ideas of the single tax are to a great extent also those of his race in the South is indicated by other interviews with representative negroes in the same issue of the *World*. C. Menafee, born and reared a slave on a Mississippi plantation, but now one of the wealthiest colored men of Alabama, while stating that in politics the colored people of Alabama are Republican, adds:

But I hear the single tax is likely to cause a split in our ranks. The agitation has but recently reached this part of the State, but most of us are in favor of it. I don't suppose it could help me, as I am already a landowner, but it will lift my people.

And the Rev. W. A. Byrd, pastor of Mount Zion Church, at Madison, Fla., also a wealthy colored man, speaks in the same strain. His congregation, which numbers nearly three hundred colored people, have requested him to preach a single tax sermon, and he announces his intention of doing so next Sunday.

The same correspondent met Governor Tillman, of South Carolina, to whom he propounded two questions in the line of his inquiries among colored people, and received answers quite as remarkable in their way as the colored men had given. Here is the dialogue:

Are you bidding for the negro vote, Mr. Tillman?

No. I don't want it, was the response. The fact is the negro vote is a frozen serpent, and I mean to keep it so. There are very few colored votes polled nowadays, and I make no bid for those.

Are you imbued with the single tax idea which seems to have taken hold of the negroes?

No, sir. I don't know much about it, and there are not a hundred white men in the State who do. The farmers want the tax taken off land, not put on. My time is taken up hunting out fellows who hide their stocks and bonds. We tax them. Why, if I advocated a single tax I could not walk across the street; the people of Columbia would lock me up as a lunatic.

By the side of such ignorance and demagoguery the negro interviews make one wonder why South Carolina should prefer a Tillman to a black man.

IN CONGRESS.

In Congress another single tax member, one who does not care who knows it, has been discovered in the person of Frederick E. White, of Iowa. He made a free trade speech last week on the question of reducing the duty on tin plate, which attracted the interested attention of the whole House, and elicited frequent applause from the Democratic side. An abstract of this remarkable speech appears in another column, along with a portrait of Mr. White.

We have already reported the nomination of Judge Maguire, of San Francisco, for Congress. There is no doubt of his election, but our friends at the Golden Gate are making assurance doubly sure by their work. The *San Francisco Star* reports that, in response to a call for a Maguire Central Club, nearly a thousand signatures were promptly received. The *Star* says: "Maguire's election is certain, but we want him to go to Congress by a big majority—so large that it will show that the people mean business." Judge Maguire's election will add another to the growing group of single tax free traders at the national capital.

MISCELLANEOUS WORK.

Under the direction of A. H. Stephenson, the member from Pennsylvania of the National Committee of the Single Tax League, a plan of enrollment suggested by G. F. Stephens is being carried out. According to Justice, cards printed with blank space for the names and addresses of those who favor the single tax are sent out, which cards when returned by the signers will show of each whether he is an active worker, a subscriber to Justice or THE STANDARD, a limited or unlimited single taxer, and his Congressional district. The cards go out in duplicate, one being returned to the officers of the State organization and the other to the proper local committeemen having charge of the work. The plan is being pushed with vigor, and its early results are highly satisfactory.

The Good Citizenship League, of Flushing, L. I., a large and influential organization of public spirited women, in which most of the influential families of Flushing are represented, has no creed, either political or religious. It is organized for the purpose of making a study of public affairs. There need be no surprise if such an organization occasionally gives its attention and labor to trifling reforms, but this is more than compensated for by the earnestness with which it frequently considers really important and practical questions. Among its committees is one on taxation, at whose request, on the 14th at the Public Library Hall in Flushing, William Lloyd Garrison discussed the "Ethics of Taxation." The meeting was very successful, and Mr. Garrison's lecture was, as all who have ever heard him or read his speeches would expect, an excellent one.

At the regular weekly meeting of the Sacramento (Cal.) State Organization of Federated Trades, held on June 6th, Richard Caverly was called upon for an address, and in responding, according to the *Sacramento Bee*, "he devoted his attention principally to the single tax on the rental value of land. If taxation were upon the land alone, he explained, there would very soon be no enormous areas of idle land held for speculation purposes, and the land monopolist, the greatest enemy of all labor and all prosperity, would soon be a thing of the past. His taxes would be as high upon unimproved as upon improved land, and he would naturally proceed to improve

it. Labor would find ample employment, for it would be required in the improvement of this now vacant land and in the creation of wealth."

On the 18th, at Des Moines, Ia., Prof. Ed. Amerst Ott preached in the East Side Christian Church of Des Moines, from the text: "Love thy neighbor as thyself." Prof. Ott is a single tax man, and Mr. Brokaw writes that his sermon was radical, pointed and eloquent. As Mr. Brokaw observes, such preaching would soon fill our churches with people. Mr. Brokaw, who writes, suggests that alluminum souvenirs of the International Single Tax Conference, to be held at Chicago in 1893, be designed and sold for the purpose of helping out with the expenses fund.

At the out-door meeting of the Germantown (Pennsylvania) Single Tax Club, held on the evening of June 15th, T. Wistar Brown, Jr., delivered an address to a deeply interested and unexpectedly large audience. Copies of "Justice" and of the Congressional edition of "Protection or Free Trade?" were distributed and were readily accepted by the attendance. These meetings are to be held in the open air every week during the summer, except on stormy evenings, when they will be held at the club room, No. 4683 Main street.

Clitus Barbour, a lawyer of San Francisco, who has heretofore held to the idea that the greatest robber of industry is the money power, now admits that the single tax appears to be fundamental and right; and at the last meeting of the Single Tax Society he delivered an address on "First Principles," in which his whole argument was strictly in line with that of the single tax. At the same meeting 2,000 copies of the Congressional edition of "Protection or Free Trade?" were ordered.

SINGLE TAX LETTER WRITERS.

Divisions A and E—Arthur R. Kimball, of the American, Waterbury, Conn. We understand Mr. Kimball accepts the single tax theory, but has never advocated it as a practical measure. Ought to be willing to accept letters for his paper, even if he does not back them up editorially.

Divisions B and F—W. H. Pratt, Box 75, Hackensack, N. J. Mr. Pratt recognizes the present evil social conditions, and if his attention were directed to the single tax might become a valuable worker in the cause.

Divisions C and D—Rev. Dr. Benj. F. Da Costa, 48 West Ninth street. Dr. Da Costa may be a single taxer, as the Congregationalist says. He has decided that "low wages are inimical to virtue and directly breed vice." If so, letters would help him to advocate our principles more boldly and by name.

Divisions G, J and O—J. O. Staats, Dallas, Ore., Democratic candidate for the Oregon Legislature. Advocates in his speeches the non-taxing of improvements, on the ground that man's industry should not be fined.

Divisions H and L—A. G. Wolfenbarger, Lincoln, Neb., leader of Prohibition party in Nebraska. Address him from the farmer's standpoint and on the ethical side. Is a hard fighter for his beliefs.

Divisions I and K—Helen M. Mason, 6211 Virginia avenue, St. Louis, Mo., writes for the Union Signal. Evidently knows nothing of the single tax. Her theory of life is that there is just so much work to be done and so many people to do it, and that by assigning each his share all might have competence and leisure. Briefly her remedies are: For government to do its work more thoroughly and thus employ more men; to have a national intelligence office, and to prohibit any one from doing more than his share of work.

Divisions M and N—Rev. W. D. Simonds, Battle Creek, Mich. Mr. Simonds' chief present objection is that he fears the single tax will destroy his chance of a "home of his own."

New York, P. O. Box 471. **MARIAN DANA MACDANIEL, Secretary.**

OBJECT LESSONS.

This department contains facts, gathered from all parts of the world, that are of current interest and permanent value, and illustrate social and political problems. Information from trustworthy sources is solicited.

GROUND RENTS IN CHICAGO.

Ralph E. Hoyt, in a Chicago letter to the Los Angeles Express, says:

With every square yard of "downtown" land worth a fabulous price, the owners of business blocks see, or think they see, a necessity for putting up new buildings that almost rival Bunker Hill Monument and Trinity steeple in height. Meanwhile the landowners have a good thing in the way of ground rents. In some cases the owner of the ground is also owner of the building that covers it; but, in numerous instances, the situation is otherwise. Many a man owning a piece of ground occupied by only one building receives rent therefor to the tune of \$10,000, \$20,000, or even \$30,000 annually. The syndicate that has built and will open the great Northern hotel, on Dearborn, Jackson, and Quincy streets, must pay to the owner of the land, on a fifty year lease, \$25,000 a year for the first two years, and \$50,000 a year for the balance of the term. The owner of the land has never improved it, but has held it out of use, waiting for just such an opportunity as has now opened up to him. The community, not he, has created the rental value of that ground by building up a great city around it. Chicago, and of course every other city, contains many such object lessons, which single tax advocates eagerly seize upon and use as proofs for their theory that ground rent justly belongs to the community and not to individual landowners.

CAUSE OF POVERTY IN BERLIN.

S. M. Burroughs writes from Berlin:

You are quite right in understanding that the chief cause of the poverty among the workers here is land monopoly caused by the exemption of land values from taxation, which enables landowners to levy a large tribute upon users of land. Let me cite but one instance as an example of what is going on here. A piece of land which was bought three years ago for 12,000 marks has recently been sold for 260,000 marks. Berlin in the business center resembles Chicago greatly in the elegance of its shops and the regularity of its streets, therefore it was a matter of surprise to learn that the cost of the land was in almost every case greater than the cost of the building. On vacant land there is no tax at all. Berlin is a paradise for the ground landlord, but a hell for the poor workers who, after they have paid a ground rent, have not enough left to live upon.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.

An amicable settlement of the labor difficulties at Tonawanda, N. Y., where rioting was anticipated, has been effected and the militia have been dismissed.

The National Prohibition Convention is called for the 20th and is to be held at Cincinnati. It will comprise 1,119 delegates.

E. L. Antony, Democrat, has been elected over Barber, the third party candidate, to fill the unexpired term in the National House of Representatives of Senator Roger Q. Mills.

The People's party of the Fourth district of Kansas have dropped John G. Otis, the present member, and nominated E. V. Wharton, whom the Democrats have endorsed.

Dr. John Agnew, of Philadelphia, died on the 14th.

The People's party of Kansas have nominated L. D. Welling for Governor.

The International Typographical Union, in session at Philadelphia, has selected Chicago for the next convention.

Emmons Blaine, son of James G. Blaine, who actively worked for his father's nomination at Minneapolis, died suddenly at Chicago of blood poisoning.

President Harrison has been formally notified of his nomination for re-election.

FOREIGN.

Bismarck arrived at Vienna on the 19th, where he was welcomed by hundreds of students, who created such confusion that the police were powerless to preserve order and he was obliged to fight his way through the crowd to his carriage. His journey from Friedrichsruhe is reported as a triumphal procession.

A local revolution has broken out in Rio Grande do Sul, Brazil.

The Liberalists, including Crispi, were successful at the municipal election at Rome on the 19th.

All the European governments except Russia have accepted the invitation of the President to participate with the United States in an International Monetary Congress.

CORNERED IN CHICAGO.

New York Evening Post.

There was an animated controversy in the lobby of the Grand Pacific Hotel at an early hour this morning, which epitomized pretty well the points at issue between the two warring elements in the party.

"Why are you for Hill?" one man was heard to ask another with some vigor of tone.

"Because Hill carried New York State when Cleveland couldn't," was the answer.

"Is that your only reason?"

"Well, I like him also because the Republicans and mugwumps hate him."

"He doesn't draw any votes from the mugwumps and Republicans then."

"Not one, and he's proud of it."

"When did he carry New York?"

"When Cleveland didn't. In 1888."

"How many votes did Hill get then?"

"More than 651,000."

"Were all those Democrats?"

"Yes; and Hill Democrats, too."

"How many votes did Cleveland get?"

"Less than 633,000."

"Well, my friend, whom did the 15,000 Hill Democrats vote for when they knifed Cleveland?"

The Hill man was nonplussed.

CLEVELAND AND CROASDALE.

The following extract from a speech by Congressman Bourke Cockran before the Virginia delegation at Chicago is not less interesting for its glaring errors:

These people who are at the back of the Cleveland movement are the same who indorsed the nomination of the late Mr. Croasdale for Congress against Congressman Dunphy. These same people signed the call for a mass meeting at Cooper Union where Croasdale spoke. He attempted to criticize the Force bill, but he was hissed down by the people and called to order by the chairman. A few nights later Colonel Fellows, in opening an address in Tammany Hall, said he thanked God there was one place in New York where a man could criticize the iniquitous Force bill without being hissed down.

THE MCKINLEY BILL REDUCES WAGES.

New York Times.

PITTSBURG, June 17.—The iron workers are not so enthusiastic for the duty on tin-plate to-night as they were when the question was debated before Congress. The chief claim of the promoters of the proposed industry then was that the duty was required in order to keep up the American standard of wages.

To-day the tin-plate and sheet iron manufacturers met the workmen. The latter expected a pleasant time, and were astounded when the manufacturers proposed heavy reductions in the wages of all the higher classes of workmen employed in tin-plate and sheet mills. The workmen are, if possible, more indignant now than at any time during this week of surprises.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

—G. W. Wood, editor, publisher and printer of the Mackinaw Witness, writes from Mackinaw City, Mich.: From what is said in THE STANDARD for June 8, it appears that there is not much difference between compositors' wages in England and in this country—48 cents a thousand ems in London and 50 cents in New York—28 cents in a provincial job office. Here in Michigan wages are lower. I am informed that the union rate at Grand Rapids is 40 cents. In smaller towns the men are not organized

THE HOUSEHOLD.

SHALL SEWING BE DONE AT HOME?

ALICE CHITTENDEN.

A question came up the other day that proved too knotty for settlement by the parties who had it under discussion, and it was unanimously resolved that one of the number should present it to the readers of THE STANDARD.

Two or three ladies making a morning call on a friend found her in her sewing room before a table piled high with muslins, nainsooks, embroideries and laces, while she herself was rapidly cutting out garment after garment of ladies' and children's underwear.

"What new crochet have you got into your pretty little head now, Mary," asked one, "are you working for a children's hospital or an old ladies' home, or both?"

"Neither," replied her friend. "I am simply cutting out a year's supply of undergarments for the family, which my seamstress is going to make up."

"You are not doing this from motives of economy, I should judge," said another. "You can most certainly buy these things ready-made at the spring sales cheaper than you make them, or at least than you can buy the material and pay for having them made."

"Why," said a third, "yesterday I bought really nice corset covers for 25 cents apiece; night-gowns for 99 cents; children's cotton flannel night drawers for 84 cents, and pretty morning gowns for my nurse for 97 cents. All were neatly finished; the cotton garments were trimmed with Hamburg edging or lace, and the dresses were daintily made and were a good fit."

Then followed further evidences of Mary's want of thrift, during all of which the hostess was quietly going on with her work. When they had ceased she said:

"And who makes these garments, do you think?"

"Why, sewing women, I suppose," said one.

"What do you suppose they get for the making? The materials for the articles you have mentioned cost me almost as much as you paid for them ready-made, and I have even less trimming on them than some of you have described. How much, think you, does a woman get for making a dozen wrappers which are sold at 97 cents each, and of which the eight yards of material cost 80 cents, to say nothing of lining for the waist and thread and buttons?"

The ladies looked at each other. "We never thought of that," said they. "A dozen wrappers, did you say? Think of making a whole dozen. I should think it would be a week's work at least."

"Mrs. Martin," said the lady, addressing the seamstress, "come here and tell these ladies some of your experience."

A neat, pale little woman in rusty black came forward.

"I have tried almost every honest way of making a living since my husband's death, and for a year previous to that, while he lay ill. I made corset covers at 35 cents a dozen. There were sixty button holes to make, and sixty buttons to sew on, and I could only make a dozen in a day by sewing until twelve o'clock at night."

"I had not been used to hard work or to running a machine, and I suppose I was slow, for when I took the first lot home the manufacturer said they did not care to let me have any more, I was too long in making them."

Quick looks of sympathy and cries of Oh! and Ah! from the listeners.

"Then I tried ladies' wrappers at 75 cents a dozen from another place, but I was too slow," with a sigh.

"Dreadful! Dreadful!" said the callers.

"Please go on, Mrs. Martin."

"I made children's drawers at 25 cents a dozen, and children's cotton flannel night drawers at 35 cents a dozen, but I could not earn enough to buy bread, much less pay rent. A woman who lived in the same apartment house used to make 'hickory jumpers' for 35 cents a dozen. There is almost as much sewing on one of these as on a white shirt, but she made a dozen in a day. She used to run her machine until one and two in the morning. I have seen her get up from it and say 'I feel as if my limbs were on fire.' She had, per-

haps, been running it with scarcely a pause for hours. She was only 23 years old, and had married a widower of more than twice her age with five children. He was out of work and they all depended on her for support. Her baby was born dead. The doctor said she had sewed too steadily."

There was a moment of horrified silence and then one and all declared that never again would they buy "bargains" in ready-made clothing.

"I think it will be worse for the poor women if you don't," said Mrs. Martin. "They are glad to get work even at those prices. It is often all that stands between them and starvation. Sometimes there is an old mother or an aunt or sister who is something of an invalid, but who can just manage to look after children and do the housework—there isn't much to do when one gets so far down, and then the wife can give her whole time to the work. Most of them work faster than I do."

"I can't reason Mrs. Martin out of her belief that we will only make matters worse by not buying this poorly paid work," said the hostess.

"But surely," said one of the callers, "if we each find some needy seamstress and hire the things made, that will be better."

"But that will only be four," said Mrs. Martin, who seemed totally destitute of the first principles of political economy, "and there are so many."

"It is better to really help four than to keep eight on the verge of starvation," said one lady.

And so the matter ended. Have the readers of THE STANDARD anything to say on the subject?

UNEARNED INCREMENT.

PURPOSE.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in Harper's Weekly.
The uses of sorrow, I comprehend
Better and better at each year's end.

Deeper and deeper I seem to see
Why and wherefore it has to be.

Only after the dark wet days
Do we fully rejoice in the sun's bright rays.

Sweeter the crust tastes after the fast
Than the satiated gourmand's finest repast.

The faintest cheer sounds never amiss
To the actor who once has heard a hiss.

And one who has dwelt with his grief alone
Hears all the music in friendship's tone.

So better and better do I comprehend
How sorrow ever would be our friend.

PARAGRAPHS.

Kaiser William: "There is but one man who can run this empire properly." Caprioli: "Sire, you flatter me." K. W.: "Oh, I don't mean you. I mean the average American Editor."—Boston Transcript.

She: "If you should propose to a wealthy girl and should be rejected, what would you do?" He: "Well, I suppose I should have to earn my own living."—Detroit Free Press.

"You like the old songs, don't you?" he said. "Yes," he answered, "I believe I do." "Wonder what it is that gives them their charm?" "I guess it's the fact that they are not likely to be sung."—Washington Star.

We have noticed that no matter where a man has a pain he is always satisfied that he would be very brave and patient if it was only somewhere else.—Rochester Post.

It behooves those who would conscientiously use their votes to come to intelligent conclusions upon the tariff question, especially those whose aim is the emancipation of labor.—Henry George.

"Do you know what Bismarck's scheme of the progress of creation is?" asked the major. "No. What is it?" asked the judge. "First there was the Creator, then germs, next Germans."—Pittsburg Chronicle.

A man had consulted his fortune teller as to his future. "You will suffer from poverty, kind sir, until you're 30," was the ready reply of the Pythoness. "And then?" "Oh after that you'll get used to it."—Exchange.

"Mamma," said little Ethel, who has been vainly trying to make the preliminary preparation with a needle and thread. "I do believe this needle is cross-eyed."—Good Housekeeping.

"It's most decidedly queer to me," remarked

Chollie's father to that young man, "that in a country where thought is free you seem to be utterly unable to get any."—Indianapolis Journal.

"I own 1,000 acres of land," said the heiress. "How delightful!" "And there are twenty young men after me." "For the land's sake!" "Yes."—New York Press.

I'm in love with a married woman.
And she called me dearer than life;
You think this is wrong and inhuman?
Oh, go to the deuce! she's my wife!

—A Walf.

We can never be sure that the opinion we are endeavoring to stifle is a false opinion; and if we were sure, stifling it would be an evil still.—John Stuart Mill.

Jack: "I'm in an awful dilemma." Dick: "Engaged to two girls, I suppose." "No; to one."—Brooklyn Life.

Teacher: "Now, Tommy, tell me who first discovered whalebone." Tommy: "Jonah."—Harper's Young People.

And yet what would become of a country governed despotically, if a lawless tyrant had not to dread the edge of a poinard? Horrible alternative, and which is sufficient to show the nature of the institutions where crime must be reckoned as the balance of power.—Mme. de Staël.

ORIGIN OF "YANKEE DOODLE."

Harper's Young People.

It is ever so much older than the Declaration of Independence, and is said to have been originally written in Greek—"Iankhe Doole," meaning "Rejoice, O Slave!" or "Let the Slave Rejoice." The Greek words certainly sound, pronounced English fashion, enough like "Yankee Doodle" to make this belief a reasonable one.

All sorts of queer verses have been sung to the jumping, frolicsome tune, and in the time of King Charles I. a number of doggerel verses which ridiculed Cromwell were sung to it. The opening verse,

"Nankee Doole came to town
Upon a Kentish pony;
He stuck a feather in his hat,
And called him macaroni,"

is almost the same as one of those still sung to the national air.

Besides this an old English nursery rhyme also claims the tune, and this was a great favorite with the little ones. There was something altogether delightful in the rapid jingle:

"Lucy Lockett lost her pocket,
Kitty Fisher found it;
Not a bit of money in it,
Only binding round it."

Pockets in those days were bags put on outside of the dress, or this accident could not have happened. Let us hope that Miss Lockett was more careful after this experience, and that she finally had "a bit of money in it" too. The tune used to be called "Kitty Fisher's Jig," and this Kitty was a real person and a famous beauty in the reign of Charles II.

It is a much-disputed tune, and has been claimed for France and Spain, while in Holland it is said that when the laborers were paid for their work "as much buttermilk as they could drink and a tenth of the grain," they sang, to the air of "Yankee Doodle,"

"Yankee dudle, doodle down,
Diddle, dudle, lanther,
Yanke biver, boover, bowen,
Botermilk und tanther."

It came to America through England, and was given as a national air by a British surgeon in the French and Indian war. This was more than twenty years before the Revolution, and compared with the uniformed and well-drilled regular troops, the colonial regiments presented so ridiculous an appearance that "Yankee Doodle" seemed just the thing for them. They did not mind the ridicule, and laughed at the tune themselves; but they liked it from the first, and when it became twisted up with the Stars and Stripes nothing could have induced them to part with it. "It is the blood of their political life, and you might as well attempt to rob them of Bunker Hill, or of the memory of Washington, or of the Stars and Stripes themselves, as of this dear old clinking, slattering, right-about-face, defiant battle march."

THE GOLD-BUG.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

What he! what he! this fellow is dancing mad
He has been bitten by the Tarantula.
—ALL IN THE WHORE.

[Continued from last issue.]—By this time what little doubt I might have entertained of my poor friend's insanity, was put finally at rest. I had no alternative but to conclude him stricken with lunacy, and I became seriously anxious about getting him home. While I was pondering upon what was best to be done, Jupiter's voice was again heard.

"Mos' feared for to venture pon dis limb berry far—de dead limb patty much all de way."

"Did you say it was a dead limb, Jupiter?" cried Legrand in a quivering voice.

"Yea, massa, him dead as de door-nail—done up for sartin—done departed dis here life."

"What in the name of heaven shall I do?" asked Legrand, seemingly in the greatest distress.

"Do!" said I, glad of an opportunity to interpose a word, "why, come home and go to bed. Come now!—that's a fine fellow. It's setting late, and, besides, you remember your promise."

"Jupiter," cried he, without heeding me in the least, "do you hear me?"

"Yea, Massa Will, hear you ober so plain."

"Try the wood well, then, with your knife, and see if you think it very rotten."

"Him rotten, massa, sure nuff," replied the negro in a few minutes, "but not so berry rotten as might be. Might venture out little way pon de limb by myself, dat's true."

"By yourself?—what do you mean?"

"Why I mean de bug. 'Tis berry hobby bug. Speck I drop him down fast, and den de limb won't break wid just de weight of one nigger."

"You infernal scoundrel!" cried Legrand, apparently much relieved, "what do you mean by telling me such nonsense as that? As sure as you drop that beetle I'll break your neck. Look here, Jupiter, do you hear me?"

"Yea, massa, needn't holler at poor nigger dat style."

"Well! now listen!—if you will venture out on the limb as far as you think safe, and not let go the beetle, I'll make you a present of a silver dollar as soon as you get down."

"I'm gwine, Massa Will—dead I is," replied the negro very promptly—"mos' out to de end ow."

"Out to the end!" here fairly screamed Legrand, "do you say you are out to the end of that limb?"

"Seen be to de end, massa—o-o-o-o-o-oh? Lor-gol-a-marcy! what is dis here pon de tree?"

"Well!" cried Legrand, highly delighted, "what is it?"

"Why taint nuffin but a skull—somebody ben lef 'im head up de tree, and de crows done gubble ebery bit ob de meat off."

"A skull, you say!—very well!—how is it fastened to the limb?—what holds it on?"

"Sure nuff, massa; mus ook. Why dis berry curious circumstance, pon my word—dere's a great big nail in de skull, what fastens ob it on to de tree."

"Well now, Jupiter, do exactly as I tell you—do you hear?"

"Yea, massa."

"Pay attention, then!—find the left eye of the skull."

"Hum! hee! dat's good! why dar aint no eye lef at all."

"Curse your stupidity! do you know your right hand from your left?"

"Yea, I nose that—nose all about dat—tis my lef hand what I chop de wood wid."

"To be sure! you're left-handed; and your left eye is on the same side as your left hand. Now, I suppose, you can find the left eye of the skull, or the place where the left eye has been. Have you found it?"

Here was a long pause. At length the negro asked:

"Is de lef eye of de skull pon de same side as de lef han of de skull, too?—cause de skull aint got not a bit ob a hand at all—nebber mind! I got de lef eye now—here de lef eye! what mus do wid it?"

"Let the beetle drop through it, as far as the string will reach—but be careful and not let go your hold of the string."

"All dat done, Massa Will; nighly easy ting

for to put de bug fra de hole—look out for him dare below!"

During this colloquy no portion of Jupiter's person could be seen; but the beetle, which he had suffered to descend, was now visible at the end of the string, and glistened like a globe of burnished gold in the last rays of the setting sun, some of which still faintly illumined the eminence upon which we stood. The scarabæus hung quite clear of any branches, and, if allowed to fall, would have fallen at our feet. Legrand immediately took the scythe and cleared with it a circular space, three or four yards in diameter, just beneath the insect, and, having accomplished this, ordered Jupiter to let go the string and come down from the tree.

Driving a peg, with great nicety, into the ground, at the precise spot where the beetle fell, my friend now produced from his pocket a tape-measure. Fastening one end of this at that point of the trunk of the tree which was nearest the peg, he unrolled it till it reached the peg, and thence farther unrolled it in the direction already established by the two points of the tree and the peg, for the distance of fifty feet—Jupiter clearing away the brambles with the scythe. At the spot thus attained a second peg was driven, and about this, as a centre, a rude circle, about four feet in diameter, described. Taking now a spade himself, and giving one to Jupiter and one to me, Legrand begged us to set about digging as quickly as possible.

To speak the truth, I had no especial relish for such amusement at any time, and, at that particular moment, would most willingly have declined it; for the night was coming on and I felt much fatigued with the exercise already taken; but I saw no mode of escape, and was fearful of disturbing my poor friend's equanimity by a refusal. Could I have depended, indeed, upon Jupiter's aid, I would have had no hesitation in attempting to get the lunatic home by force; but I was too well assured of the old negro's disposition to hope that he would assist me, under any circumstances, in a personal contest with his master. I had no doubt that the latter had been infected with some of the innumerable Southern superstitions about money buried, and that his phantasy had received confirmation by the finding of the scarabæus, or, perhaps, by Jupiter's obstinacy in maintaining it to be "a bug of real gold." A mind disposed to lunacy would readily be led away by such suggestions—especially if chiming in with favorite preconceived ideas—and then I called to mind the poor fellow's speech about the beetle's being "the index of his fortune." Upon the whole, I was sadly vexed and puzzled, but at length I concluded to make a virtue of necessity—to dig with a good will, and thus the sooner to convince the visionary, by ocular demonstration, of the fallacy of the opinions he entertained.

The lanterns having been lit, we all fell to work with a zeal worthy a more rational cause; and, as the glare fell upon our persons and implements, I could not help thinking how picturesque a group we composed, and how strange and suspicious our labors must have appeared to any interloper who, by chance, might have stumbled upon our whereabouts.

We dug very steadily for two hours. Little was said; and our chief embarrassment lay in the yelping of the dog, who took exceeding interest in our proceedings. He at length became so obstreperous that we grew fearful of his giving the alarm to some stragglers in the vicinity—or, rather, this was the apprehension of Legrand—for myself I should have rejoiced at any interruption which might have enabled me to get the wanderer home. The noise was, at length, very effectually silenced by Jupiter, who, getting out of the hole with a dogged air of deliberation, tied the brute's mouth up with one of his suspenders and then returned, with a grave chuckle, to his task.

When the time mentioned had expired, we had reached a depth of five feet and yet no signs of any treasure became manifest. A general pause ensued, and I began to hope that the farce was at an end. Legrand, however, although evidently much disconcerted, wiped his brow thoughtfully and recommenced. We had excavated the entire circle of four feet diameter, and now we slightly enlarged the limit and went to the farther depth of two feet. Still nothing appeared. The gold-seeker, whom I sincerely pitied, at length

clambered from the pit with the bitterest disappointment imprinted upon every feature, and proceeded, slowly and reluctantly, to put on his coat, which he had thrown off at the beginning of his labor. In the mean time I made no remark. Jupiter, at a signal from his master, began to gather up his tools. This done, and the dog having been unmuzzled, we turned in profound silence toward home.

We had taken perhaps, a dozen steps in this direction, when, with a loud oath, Legrand strode up to Jupiter and seized him by the collar. The astonished negro opened his eyes and mouth to the fullest extent, let fall the spades, and fell upon his knees.

"You scoundrel," said Legrand, hissing out the syllables from between his clinched teeth—"you infernal black villain!—speak, I tell you!—answer me this instant, without prevarication!—which—which is your left eye?"

"Oh, my golly, Massa Will! aint dis here my lef eye for sartin?" roared the terrified Jupiter, placing his hand upon his right organ of vision, and holding it there with a desperate pertinacity as if in immediate dread of his master's attempt at a gouge.

"I thought so!—I knew it! hurrah!" vociferated Legrand, letting the negro go, and executing a series of curvets and caracoles, much to the astonishment of his valet who, arising from his knees, looked mutely from his master to myself, and then from myself to his master.

"Come, we must go back," said the latter, "the game 's not up yet," and he again led the way to the tulip tree.

"Jupiter," said he, when we reached its foot, "come here! was the skull nailed to the limb with the face outwards or with the face to the limb?"

"De face was out, massa, so dat de crows could get at de eyes good, widout any trouble."

"Well, then, was it this eye or that through which you dropped the beetle?"—here Legrand touched each of Jupiter's eyes.

"Twas dis eye, massa—de lef eye—is as you tell me," and here it was his right eye that the negro indicated.

"That will do—we must try it again."

Here my friend, about whose madness I now saw or fancied that I saw, certain indications of method, removed the peg which marked the spot where the beetle fell, to a spot about three inches westward of its former position. Taking now the tape-measure from the nearest point of the trunk to the peg, as before, and continuing the extension in a straight line to the distance of fifty feet, a spot was indicated, removed, by several yards, from the point at which we had been digging.

Around the new position a circle somewhat larger than in the former instance, was now described, and we again set to work with the spade. I was dreadfully weary, but, scarcely understanding what had occasioned the change in my thoughts, I felt no longer any great aversion from the labor imposed. I had become most unaccountably interested—nay, even excited. Perhaps there was something, amid all the extravagant demeanor of Legrand—some air of forethought, or of deliberation, which impressed me. I dug eagerly, and now and then caught myself actually looking, with something that very much resembled expectation, for the fancied treasure, the vision of which had demented my unfortunate companion. At a period when such vagaries of thought most fully possessed me, and when we had been at work perhaps an hour and a half, we were again interrupted by the violent howling of the dog. His uneasiness, in the first instance, had been, evidently, but the result of playfulness or caprice, but he now assumed a bitter and serious tone. Upon Jupiter's again attempting to muzzle him he made furious resistance, and, leaping into the hole, tore up the mold frantically with his claws. In a few seconds he had uncovered a mass of human bones, forming two complete skeletons, intermingled with several buttons of metal, and what appeared to be the dust of decayed woollen. One or two strokes of a spade upturned the blade of a large Spanish knife, and, as we dug further, three or four loose pieces of gold and silver coin came to light.

At sight of these the joy of Jupiter could scarcely be restrained, but the countenance of his master wore an air of extreme disappointment.

He urged us, however, to continue our exertions, and the words were hardly uttered when I stumbled and fell forward, having caught the toe of my boot in a large ring of iron that lay half buried in the loose earth.

We now worked in earnest, and never did I pass ten minutes of more intense excitement. During this interval we had fairly unearthed an oblong chest of wood, which from its perfect preservation and wonderful hardness, had plainly been subjected to some mineralizing process—perhaps that of the bi-chloride of mercury. This box was three feet and a half long, three feet broad, and two and a half feet deep. It was firmly secured by bands of wrought iron, riveted, and forming a kind of open trellis-work over the whole. On each side of the chest, near the top, were three rings of iron—six in all—by means of which a firm hold could be obtained by six persons. Our utmost united endeavors served only to disturb the coffer very slightly in its bed. We at once saw the impossibility of removing so great a weight. Luckily, the sole fastenings of the lid consisted of two sliding bolts. These we drew back—trembling and panting with anxiety. In an instant a treasure of incalculable value lay gleaming before us. As the rays of the lanterns fell within the pit there flashed upward a glow and glare from a confused heap of gold and of jewels that absolutely dazzled our eyes.

I shall not pretend to describe the feelings with which I gazed. Amazement was, of course, predominant. Legrand appeared exhausted with excitement, and spoke very few words. Jupiter's countenance wore for some minutes as deadly a pallor as it is possible in the nature of things for any negro's visage to assume. He seemed stupefied—thunderstricken. Presently he fell upon his knees in the pit, and, burying his naked arms up to the elbows in gold, let them there remain, as if enjoying the luxury of a bath. At length, with a deep sigh, he exclaimed, as if in a soliloquy:

"And dis all cum ob de goole-bug! de putty goole-bug! de poor little goole-bug what I boosed in dat sabage kind ob styie! Ain't you ashamed ob yourself, nigger?—answer me dat?"

It became necessary at last that I should arouse both master and valet to the expediency of removing the treasure. It was growing late, and it behooved us to make exertion, that we might get everything housed before daylight. It was difficult to say what should be done, and much time was spent in deliberation—so confused were the ideas of all. We, finally, lightened the box by removing two-thirds of its contents, when we were enabled, with some trouble, to raise it from the hole. The articles taken out were deposited among the brambles, and the dog left to guard them, with strict orders from Jupiter neither, under any pretence, to stir from the spot, nor to open his mouth until our return. We then hurriedly made for home with the chest, reaching the hut in safety, but after excessive toil, at one o'clock in the morning. Worn out as we were, it was not in human nature to do more immediately. We rested until two, and had supper, starting for the hills immediately afterward, armed with three stout sacks, which, by good luck, were upon the premises. A little before four we arrived at the pit, divided the remainder of the booty, as equally as might be, among us, and, leaving the holes unfilled, again set out for the hut, at which, for the second time, we deposited our golden burdens just as the first faint streaks of the dawn gleamed from over the tree-tops in the East.

We were now thoroughly broken down; but the intense excitement of the time denied us repose. After an unquiet slumber of some three or four hours' duration we arose, as if by preconcert, to make examination of our treasure.—[Continued in next issue.]

BOWS AND ARROWS IN MODERN WAR. Notes and Queries.

Many of your readers will be as much surprised as I was in learning that at the battle of Leipsic the Russians brought into the field numbers of Baskir Tartars, who were armed only with bows and arrows. So we read in General Marbot's Memoirs, written by himself and lately published. The General was himself wounded by an arrow in the battle.

Every man knows of some cat that he thinks it his neighbor's duty to bell.—*Atchison Globe.*

MONMOU.

Translated from Tourguineff by J. D. Kay.

[Concluded from last issue.] As for Gabriel, he passed a most uneasy night, and only waited for his mistress to awake to put into execution his plans for the removal of Monmou. Late in the morning she called her maid and said to her with the air of an injured martyr, that she was so fond of assuming—

"You see, Louise, to what a miserable state of nervousness I have been brought. Go, I beg of you, and bring Gabriel to me. It seems that he cares more for that dog than he does for my comfort or even my life. Ah! I never could have believed it of him. Go, go, my child; do as I bid you."

Louise betook herself to Gabriel's room, and they remained closeted there for some time. Then, as at a given signal, all the servants assembled and bent their steps in the direction of Guérassime's quarters. Gabriel marched at the head of the procession, then came the footmen and the cooks, and lastly a crowd of women and children brought up the rear. One man was stationed on the narrow staircase that led to the room, two others armed with sticks stood near the door, and a crowd of servants of lower grade swarmed about the entrance.

Gabriel beat upon the door with his fist. "Open the door," he cried. He was answered by a half-stifled bark from within.

"Open, open, I tell you," roared the steward. Stephen reminded him that Guérassime could not hear, either his words or his blows.

"What shall we do," groaned Gabriel.

"There is a hole in the door," suggested some one.

"But he has fastened it up with a thick bit of cloth."

"Tear the cloth away."

At this moment another bark was heard.

"Poor little beast, he is betraying himself," said some one more kind-hearted than the others.

"Well, Stephen," said Gabriel, "if you choose you can remove the cloth; for myself, I don't care to risk it."

"All right," said Stephen, and mounting the stair, he thrust his stick through the cloth and brandished it about through the opening.

Suddenly the door opened, and at sight of Guérassime the whole flock dispersed in a twinkling, Gabriel in the lead as before.

"Fly! fly!" he cried; "save yourselves!"

The stalwart porter stood erect on the threshold and gazed contemptuously at the cowardly throng. As he stood there his mighty stature, his brawny hands and arms, his dignified manner, made him seem a giant among pigmies. Gabriel stepped forward and explained to him that, according to his mistress' orders, he must sacrifice his favorite, and that if he still refused to do so, let him look out for himself. Guérassime pointed to Monmou, made the gesture of putting a cord with a slip-noose around his neck and then looked searchingly at Gabriel.

"Yes, yea," he answered, "that is what I mean."

Guérassime looked down at Monmou, who was close at his side, as usual, and repeated his former sign, and then struck himself upon the breast, as if to say that he himself would be the executioner. Gabriel hesitated. He was not sure that he could be trusted to keep his word. Guérassime looked at him with a bitter smile, and again striking his breast he retreated to his room and locked himself in.

"Let him alone," said Stephen; "he always keeps his promises. He is not like us, and that is the truth."

"Well, so be it," said Gabriel; "but, nevertheless, we must be upon our guard."

"Harold," he said, to a pale-faced boy, one of the undergardeners. "Take this stick and sit here and let me know at once if anything happens."

Harold seated himself on the lowest step of the staircase, and Gabriel returned to the house to despatch Louise to her mistress with the message that her commands had been obeyed.

Rejoiced at this good news, the tender-hearted lady enjoyed her tea immensely, and further comforted by a dose of the infallible cordial, she was soon in a peaceful slumber.

An hour later the door of Guérassime's room opened and he appeared clad in his Sunday suit, and

leading Monmou by a cord. Harold moved aside to let him pass, and then followed at a safe distance to see what he would do. He went out at the gate and entered a tavern just opposite, where he was well known and where they had come to understand his sign language. He ordered some beef and cabbage, and while he waited for it he sat with his head resting on his hand. Monmou sat near him, his eyes fixed upon his master's face. His coat looked smooth and shining and he had evidently been recently washed and combed. When the food was brought Guérassime cut it up fine and placed the plate on the floor in front of Monmou, who proceeded to eat it in his refined and dainty manner. As Guérassime watched him the great tears poured down his cheeks and fell on the dog's glossy coat and into his food. Having paid his bill he went out, always followed by Harold, and walked with slow and solemn footsteps down to the river and out upon one of the numerous bridges that span the Moskwa. On his way he stopped in a brick-yard and, picking up a couple of bricks, concealed them under his cloak.

He remembered having seen on a previous day a place where some row boats lay moored, with oars in rollocks, ready for use. He stepped into one of them, and placing Monmou by his side rowed out into the stream, unmindful of the angry shouts of an old man, the owner of the boats, who came out of a cabin near by and demanded the return of his property. The vigorous rowing of Guérassime soon carried him beyond the old old man's reach, and seeing how useless it was to try to stop him, he retired to his cabin, trusting to luck that he should ever see his boat again. Guérassime rowed on until he left the walls of Moscow far behind him. When he had reached an almost desert place, with nothing in view but woods and mountains, he dropped his oars, took Monmou in his arms, leaned his head against the dog's head, and sat for a long time motionless. Suddenly he sprang up with an expression of horrible despair on his face, tied with strong knots the two bricks to the neck of his little friend, held him for a moment pressed against his heart, gazing with a look of agonized affection into his face. Monmou returned the look with one of equal love and of perfect trust, gently waving his feathery tail.

Guérassime turned away his head, shut his eyes and slowly let his arms fall asunder.

God was kind to him that he could not hear the cry of anguish that Monmou uttered as he reached the water, nor could he hear his struggles as the cruel waves sucked him down. For once his deafness was a blessing to him.

When he again raised his head and opened his eyes the only sign of what had occurred was a rippling circle in the water near him.

Harold, who had run home when he saw Guérassime enter the boat, informed the household of what he had seen.

"There is no doubt in my mind that he has drowned his dog," said Stephen. "If Guérassime promises a thing he can be relied upon to keep his word."

No one saw Guérassime for the rest of that day. He didn't even come in to dinner.

"What a strange creature is Guérassime," said one of the laundresses. "Fancy caring so much for a dog!"

"He has come back, though," said Stephen. "I met him just now in the courtyard. I wished to say a kind word to him, but he looked so fierce and dealt me such a blow in the ribs, that I let him alone. He does not do things by half, does Guérassime," said Stephen, rubbing his side, "he certainly has healthy muscles of his own." Shortly after the servants dispersed to their several quarters, and silence brooded over the house.

At the same hour, on the road to T. might have been seen a man of unusual height carrying a bag slung over his shoulder and a staff in his hand. It was Guérassime, and he was bent on returning to his native village, and he had noted the landmarks when he passed over the road before, and he was sure that he could find his way back. After his sacrifice of Monmou he had returned to his chamber, gathered together his few belongings, put them in a corn bag and set out on his journey. The village to which he belonged was twenty-five miles from the turnpike, but he plodded vigorously along, his deep sorrow mitigated by contentment at leaving the detested city behind him. He had left the house of his mistress for-

over, and with throbbing heart and sparkling eyes proceeded on his way.

Night came on—a warm, tranquil night; the sun set in a bank of clouds, black, but tinged here and there with red. The sweet, familiar odor of the forest was as balm to his weary soul, the smell of mother earth was as perfume to his nostrils. He walked bravely on under the stars, the soft night breeze caressing his face.

Two days later he stood at his cabin door, much to the consternation of an old woman, who had taken possession of it at his departure. He had walked over sixty miles.

Having prayed before the sacred images, he proceeded to report himself to the Mayor of the village. That functionary was rather puzzled at first as to how he should receive the runaway, but it was harvest time, and his well-known prowess as a harvester made him too valuable to discard.

He was given a scythe and set to work, and all marvelled at his skill.

In the meantime his absence had soon been discovered at Moscow.

The morning after his departure some one had entered his room, and informed Gabriel that he was missing.

The steward shrugged his shoulders, and gave as his opinion that the fellow had gone to join his car at the bottom of the river.

With much trepidation he sought his mistress in order to break the news to her.

She flew into a violent rage, abused Gabriel, and declared that she never had desired the death of Moskou. She ordered that Guérassime should be sought for, far and near, and brought back to Moscow.

In the meantime the Mayor of the village reported the return among them of Guérassime, and then the old lady quieted down, and abandoned her project of having him brought back. Why should she trouble herself about such an ingrate?

Shortly after this she died, and her heirs knew nothing about Guérassime.

He lived alone in his little cabin, keeping to the last his wonderful strength and quiet grave demeanor. His neighbors remarked, however, that since his return from Moscow he could not endure the presence of a woman or a dog.

But why should he require a wife or a dog?

He was able to take care of himself, and no thief would dare to approach his dwelling.

AT CHURCH IN HUNGARY.

F. D. Millet in Harper's Magazine.

We sat there marvelling at the strange dresses, enchanted by the brilliant colors, all the while unable to realize that this was the customary weekly ceremony, not a dramatic pageant arranged for our benefit. The sexes sat apart, and the married and the single each had a portion of the pews reserved for them, and each entered the church by a different door. Near the altar the marriageable maidens came clumping in with their red boots, always in parties of three or more, each with a little bright-colored rug, a prayer-book, and a bunch of flowers. Spreading out their rugs on the stone floor, they knelt down in rows facing the altar, and, after carefully arranging their pleated Sunday chemises so as to cover their feet, remained a few moments in the attitude of prayer, and then rose and took their seats. Of all that great congregation there was not one who did not wear the costume, and, with the exception of some of the ornaments and finer textiles, all the articles of dress were of home production. Every thread of the linen and wool had been spun on the busy distaff as the women went to and from the fields to their work, and woven in the winter time, when the clatter of the loom is heard in every house.

WEEKNESS.

London Standard.

William Taylor, (or "Willie Harrow," as he was commonly called), being visited in his last extremity by a clergyman, was asked if he were prepared for another world. "Dead, sir," said Willie, "I dinna ken if I need trouble myself about it; for if the folk there are like the folk here, they'll pay unco little attention to a pair body like me."

He who thinks he can't win is sure to be right about it, for he has already lost.—Texas Sittings.

"AVERAGE" PEOPLE.

Mary Riley Smith, in Harper's Bazar.

The genius soars far to the fountain
That feeds the snow-cap in the sky;
But though our wings break in the flying,
And though our souls faint in the trying,
Our flight cannot follow so high;
And the eagle swoops not from the mountain
To answer the ground-bird's low cry.

The world has a gay guerdon ready
To hail the fleet foot in the race;
But on the dull highway of duty,
Aloof from the pomp and the beauty,
The stir and the chance of the chase,
Are toilers, with step true and steady,
Pursuing their wearisome pace.

False prowess and noisy insistence
May capture the garrulous throng,
But the "average" father and brother,
The home-keeping sister and mother,
Grown gentle and patient and strong,
Shall learn in the fast-nearing distance
Wherein life's awards have been wrong.

Then here's to the "average people;"
The makers of home and its rest;
To them the world turns for a blessing
When life its hard burdens is pressing,
For stay-at-home hearts are the best.
Birds build if they will in the steeple,
But safer the eaves for a nest.

TOLSTOI AT HOME.

James Creelman in Harper's Weekly.

The visitor, on entering the house, finds himself in a rude, bare, uncarpeted apartment, on whose walls hang a few trophies of the chase, indicating the count's skill as a hunter. These are skins of various animals, and beside them is Tolstoi's rifle. The walls are stained by time and usage, and from pegs are suspended some half dozen overcoats and caps, beneath which is a row of great boots of felt and leather. The visitor is welcome to the temporary use of any of these articles. From here a small door leads into an uncarpeted chamber, where the walls are lined with bookladen shelves, whose tenants are brown dusty volumes, showing signs of frequent use. This library is selected with a catholic taste, and contains the works of every philosopher from Plato to Henry George. At one end of the room is a little iron bed and washstand, and it was here that I slept during my visit. By the window is a table, on which is always set a bottle of ink and a pen. None other than an intense literary worker could live in such a place. Beyond this bedchamber is the count's workroom, and here a collection of shoes, in all stages of making and unmaking, accompanied by scraps of paper scribbled with notes, litter the floor. This is the place where he works and talks for hours, and almost every object in sight is some implement of honest, sturdy toil. The count seldom spends less than four hours a day in this room, invariably sitting with one leg drawn under him. Upon rising in the morning he goes out for a long walk, having first taken a drink of tea from the samovar up-stairs, which is always filled with the fragrant liquid. When Tolstoi walks he does so with a stride which, for its length and rapidity, is something wonderful, and this fact was forcibly impressed upon me during a tramp I had with him across the fields. He usually walks a distance of three or four miles. On his return he has breakfast, always confining himself to a vegetable diet, for he regards the slaughter of dumb creatures as a useless and cruel thing. I asked him once if he did not consider the practice of felling trees, in which he himself occasionally indulges, as a destruction of life, but he replied that plants represented the least sensitive form of animation, and, further, that there was some use in felling trees, but none in killing animals. Tolstoi neither drinks spirits nor uses tobacco, but for his guests he always provides both meat and wine.

Passing upstairs from the outer room already

described, the visitor finds himself in a dining room or general hall. There is absolutely no furniture in this chamber excepting a long trestled table, which is always spread, a few chairs, a piano, and a writing table. Some portraits of the illustrious ancestors of the Tolstoi family are on the walls. The floors are uncarpeted, and there is nothing to soften or relieve the savage scantiness of the surroundings. In this apartment the count receives, upon an equal footing, prince and pauper, politician, poet, painter, and exile. No distinctions of any kind are made, and the greatest noble in Russia will here find himself sitting at the same board with one of the count's farm laborers. Countess Tolstoi does all her knitting here—a pursuit which occupies much of her time, in conjunction with the preparation of clothing for the poor, in which charitable task she is assisted by her daughter. The little boys of the family make their play-ground in this room, which is also the antechamber to the sleeping apartments of the countess and other members of the household. Everything about the establishment is simple and plain to the last degree, and the lives of its inmates are in accordance. Life is truly real and earnest here, and when I asked the count if he thought it well for his family to live so completely apart from intercourse with the centres of cultivation, he replied: "I don't believe in moving about. Better to stay in one spot, for roving is a mistake. A man may study and learn from his fellow-man and live a life of truth and love anywhere; the humbler his surroundings the better."

Count Tolstoi is a firm believer in the maxim that work is a sacred duty. He always devotes four hours of every day to manual labor of some kind, either ploughing in the fields or making shoes, and he laughs at the ideas of those who despise toiling with their hands. The village shoemaker is a chosen chum of his, and they are accustomed to work together in the count's house. On his literary labors Tolstoi expends great pains, both from an intellectual and a mechanical standpoint. His manuscript is full of interlineations and erasures, and the handwriting is small, fine, and hard to read. The countess transcribes it for the printer, and I know of one instance where she made fifteen copies within a year of one of her husband's books.

"GOD BLESS YOU."

Harpers' Young People.

The fashion of saying "God bless you!" after sneezing originated with the ancients. These people believed that some danger attended sneezing, so they generally made a short prayer, such as "Jupiter, help me!" It has been found to be the custom among savages to do the same, and Jewish rabbis also make mention of the fact. An old Roman writer says that the custom originated during a plague, when people who were seemingly in good health sneezed and fell down dead.

PAINFUL SURGICAL OPERATIONS.

London Standard.

Sheridan, when dying, on being requested to undergo an operation, humorously replied that he had already submitted to two, which were enough for one man's lifetime. Being asked what they were, he answered: "Having my hair cut, and sitting for my picture."

OPIUM SMOKING.

California Magazine.

It is a difficult question to determine how far a smoker can go before he becomes hopelessly enthralled. The Chinese say that a man can break off the habit if he has not smoked long enough to get the yin or craving. When a man gets to that stage he is supposed to be past hope. Home is deserted, business neglected, he spends his days and nights on the opium couch. Month after month he sinks deeper. Appetite for food gives place to an insatiable hunger for opium.

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The body becomes attenuated, the face dark, the whites of the eyes turn a sickly yellow, the man is a moral and physical wreck. The shackles bind tighter, the craving increases, vitality diminishes. More opium, yet a little more, and then comes the long last sleep from which no awakening ever comes. Like a lamp, the oil of which has run low, the wick is repeatedly turned up temporarily quickening the flame but only hastening the final exhaustion of the oil and with it the extinction of the light.

TELEPATHY.

Owen Meredith in Boston Transcript.

Last night we met, where others meet,
To part as others part,
And greeted but as others greet,
Who greet not heart to heart.

We talked of other things, and then
To other folk passed by;
You turned and sat with other men,
With other women I.

And yet a world of things unsaid
Meanwhile between us passed;
Your cheek my phantom kiss flushed red,
And you looked up at last;

And then your glance met mine midway
Across the chattering crowd;
And all that heart to heart can say
Was in that glance avowed.

FUNERAL ENJOYMENT.

London Standard.

Among the peculiarities of Selwyn, which attracted attention, were his love of children and his morbid taste to see death or the dead. Not an execution escaped him, and he is said to have made a journey to Paris to see Damien broken on the wheel. This last propensity was the subject of many a joke among his intimates, of which the first Lord Holland's was the best. When on his deathbed he was told that Selwyn had called to inquire after him. "The next time Mr. Selwyn calls," said he, "show him up; for if I am alive I shall be delighted to see him, and if I am dead he will be glad to see me."

A precocious Boston young lady, whose parents are strict Episcopallians, had three little kittens given to her. After she had them for a few days, her mother asked her what she was going to name her. "I am going to call them Battle, Murder, and Sudden Death," she replied. —Harper's Bazaar.

SUNSET CLUB

is the name of a new cigar. It is made of long pieces of the most delicious Havana tobaccos. Send \$2.00 to Buck & Rayner, State and Madison streets, Chicago, for a trial box of twenty-five, free by mail. After that a few whiffs will do the rest.

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SINGLE TAX LEAGUE OF THE UNITED STATES.

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 periodic 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 contribute 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 blessings 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.

Advertisements of organizations that have adopted the declaration of principles made by national conference at New York, September 3, 1890.

For each half inch or less a charge of \$10.00 per year is made for advertisements in this department.

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For each half inch or less a charge of \$10.00 per year is made for advertisements in this department.

CONNECTICUT.

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, 980 Hedge av.; sec. treas., Frank S. Churchill.

ILLINOIS.

CHICAGO.—Chicago single tax club. Every Thursday evening at 204 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. Altchison, box K. E., 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., 612 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, 4333 Connecticut st.

NEW YORK.

BROOKLYN.—Eastern District single tax club. Monthly meetings on the first Monday of each month, at 94 South Third street, Brooklyn. Pres., Joseph McGuinness, 133 E. 9th st., Brooklyn, E. D.; sec., Emily A. Deverall.

Brooklyn Woman's Single Tax Club meetings, third Tuesday of each month at 3 p. m., at 198 Livingston street. Pres., Eva J. Turner, 504 Carlton avenue; Cor. Sec., Venie B. Havens, 219 DeKalb avenue.

OHIO.

DAYTON.—Free land club. Pres., J. G. Galloway; sec., W. W. Kile, 106 East 5th st.

PENNSYLVANIA.

GERMANTOWN.—Single tax club. Cor. Sec., E. D. Burleigh, 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 8 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, a e corner 6th and Franklin sts. Pres., Wm. H. McKinney; sec., C. B. Friser, 1011 Penn st.

TEXAS.

HOUSTON.—Houston single tax club. Meetings every Tuesday evening, 7.30, Franklin st. Jas. Charlton, Pres. E. W. Brown, sec. and treas.

The Badge of the Single Tax Propaganda Association,

One-third smaller than the cut, is of solid silver. Hanging to a watch chain or bangle, or pinned against a coat or dress, the bright star attracts attention by its odd position, and the arrangement of the lettering fixes it. An inquiry follows, and the subject of the single tax is introduced without trouble to the wearer of the badge. No time is wasted in trying to lead up to it. The badge is a time and labor-saving device, useful to all single taxers, but invaluable to busy men and women, especially those who frequent public places or are in the habit of attending meetings.

The acting secretary, Miss C. Estella Bachman, of Mauch Chunk, Pennsylvania, will mail the badge to any address on the receipt of price and a two-cent stamp to cover postage. She will inclose a certificate of membership free to any one who wishes to join the association.

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It cuts the skin and frets the under-skin; makes redness and roughness, and leads to worse. Not soap, but the alkali in it.

Pears' Soap has no free alkali in it. It neither reddens nor roughens the skin. It responds to water instantly; washes and rinses off in a twinkling; is as gentle as strong; and the after-effect is every way good.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

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A WONDERFUL MEDICINE FOR

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ONLY A PART

Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil is only a part of that effectual careful living which restores your healthy weight when you are losing it. Do not expect too much.

There are digestions so impaired as not to be able to deal with it. Nothing but harm can come of taking it when you cannot digest it. Go to your doctor.

The gain is often slow at the best. Content yourself with slow gain. The shortest way to health is the patient one.

If Scott's Emulsion would always do what it often does, bring back appetite, stimulate digestion, restore color and plumpness, we could always control the diseases of thinness.

Give it all the help you can, the help of careful living in all ways.

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