

THE STANDARD

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THE STANDARD advocates the abolition of all taxes upon industry and the products of industry, and the taking, by taxation upon land values irrespective of improvements, of the annual rental value of all those various forms of natural opportunities embraced under the general term, Land.

We hold that to tax labor or its products is to discourage industry.

We hold that to tax land values to their full amount will render it impossible for any man to exact from others a price for the privilege of using those bounties of nature in which all living men have an equal right of use; that it will compel every individual controlling natural opportunities to either utilize them by the employment of labor, or abandon them to others; that it will thus provide opportunities of work for all men, and secure to each the full reward of his labor; and that as a result involuntary poverty will be abolished, and the greed, intemperance and vice that spring from poverty and the dread of poverty will be swept away.

THE OCCUPATION TAX IN KANSAS.

The legal prohibition of the sale of intoxicating liquors in Kansas has brought about a condition of affairs that offers a beautiful object lesson to the students of taxation. To what extent the existing law stops the consumption of drink I am not informed, but it necessarily puts an end to the taxation of liquor selling as a source of public revenue. If the officers of the law discover that a man is selling liquor it becomes their duty to break up the business; not to tax it.

One of the first results is the serious financial embarrassment of numerous municipal governments. So long as popular opinion regarded liquor selling as a business that ought to be restricted and crippled by taxation, the money thus obtained for public use was regarded as so much gain to the public, and the natural disposition was to rejoice if it was sufficient in amount to nearly meet the expense of local government. That source of revenue has now been cut off, and the local councils see that they must find a substitute. Governed by evil customs and perverted habits of thought, they at once attempted to make good the deficit by imposing a needless burden on industry and enterprise. Having lost the saloons as objects of taxation, they calmly turned to the doctors, lawyers, merchants, manufacturers, and even the cabmen, and proposed to tax them because they followed their vocations. That is to say, they proposed to treat these useful citizens just as they treated the whisky sellers before they put the latter, as such, beyond the reach of taxes.

Naturally enough, the doctors, cabmen, lawyers and merchants objected to this. They declared that they were really useful members of society and that to lay special taxes on them because of their manner of gaining an honest livelihood was not in accord with that equality of taxation which the laws of Kansas are supposed to demand. The courts upheld this view, but at the same time decided that municipalities, nevertheless, had a right to license people to pursue their various vocations, and the city councils promptly proceeded to enact license laws and to partly fill the aching void in the municipal treasury by license fees. Strangely enough, this strictly legal method of bleeding them did not reconcile the cabmen, shop keepers and professional men to the process, and they continued to protest, and as citizens they began to demand that councilmen who would not fine them for attempting to earn an honest living should be elected. This has been an issue, more or less "burning," in the municipal spring elections in Kansas of late and it is likely to become more "burning" as time goes on.

The agitation and protest really began some time ago when the apparent acquies-

cence of the people in the system emboldened the councils to increase the license fees. One year ago the council of Hutchinson calmly doubled the price charged by that city for the privilege of earning a living within its limits. Then people began to kick. Some would not pay, and some could not pay. The tax was hard to collect and every one evaded it who could do so. Those who at first paid without protest became dissatisfied when they discovered that others, apparently as able to pay as themselves, had escaped the burden. Then the members of council began to divide on the question. Some of them denounced the occupation tax as essentially unjust and voted against it, but the majority, seeing no other source of revenue, voted to continue it, but set about trying to equalize it, and of course failed to satisfy anyone.

By the time this attempt was made the spring election was approaching. Meetings began to be held to discuss municipal affairs, and the occupation tax became the principal topic of discussion. Most people seemed to think it all right to fine men for doing business in Hutchinson, but they insisted that the fines were not properly graduated. They demanded that bankers and merchants should be taxed more, and draymen and cab drivers less. Just here there entered a new idea into the discussion. It was suggested that perhaps Hutchinson might get along without fining people for earning a living within its limits, since there was a source of revenue that had been neglected. In short, the single tax man appeared on the scene. It is happily becoming impossible to start a discussion like this in any part of the United States without the appearance of the single tax man on the scene.

In this instance Dr. J. G. Malcolm and Mr. J. M. Zinn appeared at the meeting in Mr. Zinn's own ward. After several speeches Mr. Zinn was called on and he talked straight single tax doctrine to men who never before had heard of it, and who received it with hearty applause. Dr. Malcolm was then called on and he showed the meeting that there were two distinct classes in Hutchinson when such questions as municipal taxation were to be considered—the landlords and the other people and that the money raised by taxation was expended in public improvements, which necessarily increased rents and gave an immediate pecuniary advantage to the landlords. He therefore insisted that the latter were the right people to pay the tax. A lawyer at the meeting declared that the business men on the main street got most of the benefits from city improvements, and he thought that they should pay the greater part of the city taxes. Dr. Malcolm replied, citing the case of a merchant who had just leased two floors of a new building at \$2,100 a year, though the building is three stories high and cost but \$7,000. He said the merchant was taxed enough already, and that the landlord, who, even if he got ten per cent on the money invested in the building, was receiving \$1,400 a year ground rent, could very well afford to pay his tenants' "occupation tax." The speech was received with cheers and applause, and a similar speech delivered by Dr. Malcolm a few evenings afterwards at the meeting in his own ward met with equal favor.

Precisely how clearly the people of Hutchinson were brought to "see the cat" cannot be said, but this at least is true, they elected an "anti-occupation tax" city council by a large majority, and the new council must defy its constituents, bankrupt the city, or go "back to the land" for municipal revenue. There is no place else to go.

Of course no such opportunity to ad-

vance single tax ideas should be missed anywhere, but this is an opportunity for something more than propaganda. It is an opening for practical and effective work that our friends in all parts of Kansas should use. I have now the names of "workers" for the single tax in twenty-seven towns and cities in Kansas, and I shall see to it that this number of THE STANDARD reaches every one of them. I hope that they will read it and find in the action taken by our friends in Hutchinson a guide and incentive to their own future action. The prohibitory law is going to force this occupation tax issue all over Kansas, and it presents to every single tax man in the state a splendid opportunity not only for advocating our principles under favoring circumstances, but for joining in a practical effort for their immediate partial application.

Nor should single tax men stand alone in utilizing this opportunity to induce people to really think about politics and taxation in Kansas. Certainly no "veteran" or "veteran's son" can manage to appeal to war issues and past passions in discussing this question. The stupid clamor that has made the monopoly ridden people of that state deaf and blind to their own true interests may be hushed for a time when a purely local question like this arises, and this, in turn, will pave the way for some rational consideration of the necessary effects on the people of Kansas of a tariff that not only taxes all occupations, but chiefly its great occupation—farming, and also taxes roundly every producer and every consumer. If single tax men in Kansas are wise they will not lack effective allies in organizing a powerful campaign against the "occupation tax" and every other unjust and irrational tax that needlessly burdens their people.

WM. T. CROASDALE.

TAXATION OF RAILROADS.

A common objection to the single tax system is founded upon the assumption that it would relieve great corporations, and especially railroad companies, from their proper share of taxation. It is a singular circumstance, if this is true, that the agents of these great corporations have not found it out, and cast the weight of their influence in favor of a method of taxation which could so easily be carried into effect, with their quiet assistance. These gentlemen are credited with reasonable shrewdness, and they are constantly on the watch for amendments of the tax laws in their favor. Why have none of them supported the single tax?

The answer is easy. The single tax, properly administered, would be the most efficient means of taxing railroad franchises up to their full value, which has ever been devised. And although it would also open the way to greater liberty for railroad officers in the administration of their roads, with contentment on the part of the people, than railroad managers will ever have under any other system, they are shrewd enough to see the tax but not farsighted enough to see the benefits which they would share with the public.

What is economic rent? The value, in the market, of the privilege of occupying a tract of land and using it for any purpose which the occupant may think fit. Whatever restricts the use which the occupant is permitted to make of the land diminishes its value. Whatever enlarges his liberty of use increases its value.

What is the franchise of a railroad? The privilege of occupying a long continuous tract of land, with the right to lay an unbroken line of rails over it and to run trains on them. What makes this franchise valuable? The law which uses the power of the state to compel the

owners of land to sell, at reasonable prices, this continuous strip of land, which it would be impossible for any one to buy, on any terms, without this aid from the state, and the law which forbids the owners of any land, not belonging to a railroad company, to run steam engines on their land, in the same manner as railroad companies are allowed and encouraged to do. In other words, the franchise of a railroad company consists in having the privilege of acquiring and using land, for purposes of great value, which are prohibited to private individuals.

What then is the value of a railroad franchise? It is nothing more nor less than the value of a peculiar privilege over a tract of land; in other words, it is the economic rent, arising from a larger liberty in the use of land than is permitted to any one else, combined with greater advantages in the location of the land itself, with reference to the purposes for which it is wanted, than are permitted to others.

There is no element of personal property in a railroad franchise. Any one may buy or build locomotives, cars, rails or any other chattels used for railroad purposes. Any one may amuse himself with these things upon his own land. But if he attempts to buy a long strip of land, stretching from one city to another, he will find that the price of the last connecting link will exceed that of all the rest of his land; and the state will not help him, as it helps a corporation. If he surmounts this difficulty, he will soon find his rapid trains stopped as an unauthorized nuisance. The state will not allow him to make the fullest possible use of his land. If nothing else can stop him, each village will lay a highway across his track; and he will have no power to cross it. His passengers would have to dismount, and his freight must be transferred, at every cross road. Meanwhile, a railroad company would lay its tracks by his side, and laugh at him, while it easily surmounted all his difficulties, at half or less of his cost. What makes the difference, except that the corporation has a larger privilege on land? And what is the value of that privilege, except the economic rental value of that land? It is not personal property, in any sense whatever.

The franchise of a railroad, then, being a mere privilege over land, and the value of such a franchise being a pure land value, it follows that all taxation of personal property directly tends to diminish the tax upon railroad franchises; while the concentration of taxes upon land values would make such franchises one of the principal subjects of taxation. If the single tax should really be carried to the point of absorbing all land values, the entire value of railroad franchises would be absorbed with them.

Where railroads are given a complete monopoly, competition being excluded and rates unlimited, it is obvious that their franchises would be of greater value than where general laws allow rival roads to be constructed. But these exclusive franchises would only be special privileges over a wider tract of land than in the case of railroads competing with neighboring lines. The increased value of such special privileges would be simply increased land value. If all the country were absolutely owned by some one man, with power to confer or withhold these privileges, he would call the price of such privileges "rent." When the state gives such rights for nothing, rent does not cease to exist; but it is all given to the corporation, which collects economic rent, in the shape of high tolls and large profits. It is just the same case as that of easy landlords, who lease land for less than its value, to tenants who sublet at full value. Rent is

paid in full to some one, though not to the nominal landlord.

Now, just as the true remedy for the private appropriation of rent is not to try to suppress or abolish rent, which is impossible, but to collect the larger share of it by taxation for the general good, which is perfectly possible, so the true remedy for excessive railroad charges is not to forcibly reduce such charges, but to increase taxation upon the franchise which is increased in value by such charges. This can be done by concentrating taxes upon the value of the privilege of using the land occupied by the corporation.

Suppose that the granger laws, regulating rates, should be fully enforced; what will be the result? Shippers on those railroads will get transportation at lower rates, relatively, than their competitors in business. They will not sell any cheaper on this account; so that the mass of the people will not reap the benefit of these laws. Or, if they do sell cheaper, the men who buy from them will not; and so these last will reap all the benefit.

But suppose that the privilege of running these roads should be put up at auction every year, and sold to the companies agreeing to pay the highest price to the state, would not all the people share in the profits arising from high charges? Such a sale could be made every year, if necessary, without discouraging the growth of railroads, provided, of course, that the successful bidder should be required to pay to the ousted corporation the full, fair value of all personal property and improvements used in connection with the road. This is actually done every tenth year, with regard to ferry privileges, in the city of New York. It could be done just as easily with railroads.

But an annual sale would not be necessary. Under the single tax, railroads would be assessed by a state official, upon an estimate of their land values, formed by a careful examination of their affairs and of the selling prices of their securities. High charges would involve high assessments. When the assessment became too high, the company would refuse to submit; and then the whole property could be sold at auction to the bidder who would pay the tax in default and submit to the highest rate of assessment for taxation, while paying to the defaulting company the fair value of its personalty and improvements. Such a sale might be desirable, at intervals of five years, as a means of testing the real value of the franchise. In nine cases out of ten, the company in possession would be the highest bidder.

Under this system, the people would quietly recover most of the value of which they were robbed by the Broadway railroad conspirators in New York. The value of the privilege of running cars on Broadway would be assessed at its full value, say \$200,000 per annum; and taxes would be assessed on that basis. Under the single tax, the Broadway railroad would pay not less than \$130,000 per annum. There is nothing in the contract affecting this railroad which could interfere with the right of the state to do this.

THOMAS G. SHEARMAN.

AN ECONOMIC WILL-O'-THE WISP.

Since the world began men have strained at gnats and swallowed camels, a tendency of the human race that may perhaps account for the stumbling blocks which some critics of the single tax, who admit its inherent justice and its stimulating effect on industry through its effect in abolishing industrial slavery, yet find in what they conceive to be the possibility that such a tax would not provide a sufficient fund in some communities to meet commercial needs. This objection, proved to be erroneous alike by Mr. Shearman's facts and Mr. Gordon's mathematics, is a fanciful one, because there are so many ways in which the matter can be adjusted in practice; notably, by limiting the expenditure to the income, just as is done by those of our southern states which have a small budg-

et, simply because they are unwilling to collect as heavy a school tax as the citizens are perfectly able to pay.

Yet the bugbear seems so formidable to so many minds that its removal is worth considering, and presenting in as many forms as possible—my excuse for taking up the question so soon after Mr. Shearman's able discussion of it. He plainly shows that the objection is a fallacy in all cases where there is yet free land within reach; because these essential taxes being now raised from the results of the industry exerted upon the land occupied by the community cannot possibly exceed the land values proper, which there is very good reason to believe they by no means exhaust. Were present taxation, under such circumstances, to trench on anything beyond the rental value of the land, there could be no inducement to occupy it in preference to the attainable free land; and as the qualities which now give some rental value in the presence of free land, would continue to exist under the single tax, the rental value would also continue to exist and afford a fund as sufficient for taxation as it is to-day, with a probable considerable surplus. Even in a community where all the land is of nearly equal and but small value, if there is anywhere outside the limits of that community unoccupied land within reach, there is an accompanying land value that now constitutes the reason why men prefer to live in the community rather than out of it, and this value would not disappear or be diminished with the adoption of the single tax.

But we are approaching—if we have not already reached—a condition where there is no obtainable free land; where all land is occupied although much of it is unused. Until such a point is reached, economic rent (or land value) is determined by what is called the margin of cultivation; it is the difference in productive capacity—of whatever kind—between that land which has so little capacity that it is not used at all and all other land in partial competition that can be made more useful to mankind. When all the land is taken up, the limit of rent becomes the line of subsistence. Landlords can and do take from labor all of its product beyond the amount necessary for the subsistence and reproduction of laborers in whatever is the established standard of living; capital being treated (as it is) merely as a form of labor. The effect of the single tax, by destroying speculation in land, will undoubtedly be toward raising this standard of living and thus apparently reducing the margin of rental values for purposes of taxation to less than it is under the present system. The means by which this change will be effected, however, will be by making it unprofitable to hold land out of use, and thus by practically increasing the quantity of available land, diminish its value on account of increased supply, just as the value is enhanced and the standard of living forced lower by the increased demand that comes from growth of population. Whenever such a process takes place, the aggregate land values cannot possibly be reduced, although the relative values of individual tracts may be greatly changed. In this first step, too, another feature is to be observed. It is generally quite valuable land that is held out of use on speculation, and this land, being now assessed at low figures, contributes very slightly to the present burden of taxation, about the maintenance of which there is so much anxiety. In many instances, barring large cities where every foot so held would be eagerly used if thrown open, the placing on the market of such land would at first result in throwing out of use other and less valuable land, creating a "margin of cultivation" from which to reckon rent where none had hitherto existed. It is conceivable, perhaps, that rental value on this new basis would be less than the rental value which consists in the difference between the cost of subsistence and the total productive capacity of the land; but an effect of this sort would be of the most temporary kind, as it would be but a few months before the influx of population into so exceptionally

favorable a community would take up enough of the idle land to again lower the "margin of cultivation" to a more normal point.

The only real danger that need be feared by what we may call the quantitative-critics of the single tax, is in the case of the often cited sparsely settled districts whose land is of so nearly equal quality throughout that there are no rental values to be based on local differences, and of such uniformly low grade that it is used only because its occupants are shut out from better idle land, in the meantime submitting with heroic fortitude to heavy taxation, in spite of all these unfavorable conditions. The single tax throwing into use more profitable land elsewhere, men will not consent to exist on the old terms in our supposititious community because they can live better elsewhere; their standard of living is raised, and their land being relatively less productive than before, as compared with outside land, there is a smaller communal income. At once, however, there are smaller communal needs, for the natural course of human beings in such an event, is to migrate from the district where the single tax has not opened up any fresh opportunities to that one where these have been increased. We have therefore to face the dread possibility that some districts may be depopulated because their inhabitants get a chance to better their condition; and that the taxable basis may disappear coincidentally with the need for taxation.

Unfortunately, this is not a likely hypothesis, and what is more apt to occur will be that—owing to the conservatism which checks sudden changes of locality or occupation—the standard of living will not rise in these sparsely settled districts as it will in those where new and richer lands are taken out of speculation and put to use. Men in the former will go on for a time about as they had gone on before, with the same amount of opportunities, needs for taxation, habits of living and consequent margin between the two from which to draw taxes; while their more fortunate brethren in places where practically new land has been brought into use, are taking great strides forward in bettering their own condition and stimulating industry on all sides to such a degree that eventually even the more backward communities will begin to feel the new breath of life, and produce enough more to raise their individual standard of living without diminishing the margin for application to their communal needs.

Coming back to our starting point in order to recapitulate and restate the definitions, economic rent equals the amount which men are willing to pay for the use of land, and this can be drawn upon for purposes of taxation to the uttermost cent without affecting the utility for which payment is made. When there is any land within reach that is not only unused but also unappropriated, men will pay for the use of any other neither more nor less than the measure of its productive capacity as compared with the unused land, and this in entire disregard of whether they pay it directly to the state or to a landlord who may absorb the whole or a part of the payment. If all the land within reach is appropriated, then the least productive of it will have a rental value equal to what it may be made to produce over and above the amount necessary to sustain the customary standard of living, and more productive land will have a relatively higher rental value. Since present taxation is all necessarily drawn from the product of labor, it cannot now exceed the surplus of such product above what the habits of the people prescribe as the necessities of life, and may easily fall far below the amount which they consent to pay for the use of land. The only way, therefore, in which the fund for taxation can be reduced, is that where taxes now absorb everything except the bare necessities of life, the standard of living should be raised. This can only be done by throwing open more productive land than is now being used, which men will then be free to occupy,

and will therefore no longer consent to live upon as small a product as before. But this effect cannot be felt without actually drawing men from the less productive to the more productive sections, and by partially or entirely depopulating the latter, lessening the need for public revenue.

Leaving out of the consideration entirely the increase of production which would surely result from opening up new opportunities to labor, and would thus increase the fund available for taxation without diminishing the individual reward of labor, there is, then, no conceivable case in which any community could find its sources of revenue less under the single tax than now, except as its need of revenue became smaller.

E. J. SHRIVER.

THE PREMIER OF NEW ZEALAND.

He Makes a Speech at Auckland Favoring the Property Tax, but the Audience Declares for the Single Tax on Land.

Sir Harry Atkinson, the premier of New Zealand, as already reported in New Zealand letters to THE STANDARD, has been delivering some speeches in favor of a property tax, that is a tax on personal property and improvements. As intimated in those letters, his success as a propagandist has been somewhat doubtful, considering his exalted position. A full report of his address in Auckland has reached us. It was a very well attended meeting. The premier devoted most of his time to showing what he conceived to be the difference between a property tax and an income tax. What is an income tax? he asked. Instead of waiting until the man had earned money and set aside what he did not want, the income tax practically said to the man, "I am going to take a share of your earnings at once; I am going to have an absolute proportion of it whether you can afford it or not." On the other hand, the property tax only took a part of what a man could spare. He asked them if there was any fairness in the income tax. He ventured to say no. In once case the assessor took what was put by in excess, while in the other the man's earnings were taxed annually. Yet in this part of the country there was great opposition to the property tax. (A voice: "The property tax does not earn the money that it takes.") But the man had earned it and had got it in his pocket. (A voice: "No, we haven't; that's the worst of it.") If he had not got it in his pocket then the tax collector could not take any of it. But he was supposing cases where a man had succeeded in keeping a full £100 all the year. (Mr. Page: "They're not in Auckland.") Laughter. He did not know about their affairs, but he would venture to give, just as a sporting bid, £50 per head for all those in the room before him, if they would all consent to make their property over to him. (A voice: "You can have all mine at the valuation.") He could not do that, as he only took in the lot at one bid. (Laughter.) Now that was the income tax.

The premier then went on to say that while he opposed an income tax, he also opposed a land tax at present. But, he added, he believed himself that the time would come, and perhaps it was not so far off as some people thought, when the whole of the land would be held by the state; he looked forward to that time himself. When this was accomplished he had very little doubt that revenue could be raised by a land tax, a sort of state rent, but what form it would take none of them could possibly tell. He followed this up with a long discourse on the demerits of the income tax, and beauties of the property tax, or tax on accumulated wealth and savings.

When the address was finished, and a few questions had been answered, a Mr. Bell arose and moved: That while thanking the honorable the premier for his address this evening, this meeting condemns the property tax as being oppressive, inexpedient and impolitic, owing to its discouraging the investment of capital, and preventing the bringing of energetic emigrants into the country.

Mr. Vaile seconded the resolution, and made a short speech.

Mr. Farnall thought the resolution did not go far enough. It simply condemned the property tax, and the premier might go away when it was carried by a large majority, and say, "Oh, yes, that is all very well, but they have not shown me a substitute." He therefore proposed as an amendment: "That this meeting thanks the honorable the premier for his address, but records its most emphatic protest against a continuance of the property tax, believing it to be inimical to the real interests and progress of the country, and urges its immediate repeal; it also urges that a tax on land values, excluding improvements, should be imposed in lieu thereof." The premier himself had admitted that all wealth was derived from the land, and therefore the laws that governed the tenure of the land should govern the distribution of wealth. The premier raised £380,000 through the property tax by a penny in the pound levy. Eight years ago Mr. Rolleston had a valuation of the land in the colony made, and it amounted to £101,000,000, and at the rate of one penny to the pound the land tax alone would amount to £23,000 and some odd shillings.

After a few more speeches the chairman put Mr. Farnall's substitute to the meeting and it was carried almost unanimously, only about ten hands being held up against it.

The premier took the vote in good part and thanked the audience for their attention.

THE CAMPAIGN IN GREAT BRITAIN.

Henry George in Scotland.
New York Times, April 28.

LONDON, April 27.—Henry George arrived in Glasgow to-day. He was presented with an illuminated address and enthusiastically received.

Cable dispatch to the New York World.

GLASGOW, April 28.—Henry George preached his land tax doctrine here to-day in the City hall to one of the largest audiences ever assembled there and composed mostly of churchgoers. Crowds had to be turned away from the doors. Rev. Mr. Cruikshanks, a prominent Presbyterian clergyman, conducted the religious part of the services, and choirs from two Presbyterian churches furnished the music.

Further Engagements.

Arriving at Glasgow on Saturday, April 27, Henry George's engagements for speaking from that date were as follows:

Scotland—Glasgow, April 28; Greenock, April 29; Campbelltown, April 30; Paisley, May 1; Dumfries, May 2; Dundee, May 6; Aberdeen, May 7; Wick, May 8.

England—Birmingham, May 12; Wolverhampton, May 13; Coventry, May 14; Dudley, May 15; Walsall, May 16; Wednesbury, May 17; Reading, May 20; Oxford, May 21; London, May 22.

English Newspaper Opinions.

Bolton News.

The visit of Mr. Henry George marks a distinct advance in our study of the land question as a great, if not the greatest, underlying factor of our industrial and social fabric. When Mr. George last visited Bolton, some years ago, he was looked upon as a revolutionary; his ideas were deemed Quixotic and Utopian; and many listened to him with a timid indulgence, born of that pure species of conservatism which is inherent to a greater or lesser degree in all Englishmen. But last evening there was a marked difference in the temper of the audience. The principle of land nationalization is everywhere gaining ground, and judging from last night's meeting we should say is fast becoming a question of the future. Mr. George's powers of exposition are remarkable. He has more than any other man we have ever met with, made the land question his own. He is an enthusiast, but not a mere visionary. The German poet Goethe once said, "give me a great thought that I may live on it." It is not too much to say that Mr. George lives and moves and has his being in the land question. His style is lucid, direct and forcible. Many, no doubt, of those who heard him last night were not fully persuaded of the soundness of his views, but all, we venture to say, were profoundly impressed with their justice. The great service Mr. George is rendering to this country is that he is teaching us to look at great national questions from a standpoint other than selfish interest. This, we take it, will be the immediate fruit of his labors both of voice and pen. For ourselves we are not sufficiently enamored of Mr. George's scheme to believe that its adoption would produce all the good results he claims for it. But we are nevertheless confident that the present state of the land question is at the bottom of many of the social difficulties with which we have to deal.

Mr. George's economic argument for a single tax may be stated in very few words. He affirms that all taxes laid upon the products of human industry tend to discourage the multiplication of useful articles. On the other hand, the taxing of land values, he says, does not diminish the productiveness of land in any way. Upon these two propositions hangs his whole argument for land nationalization. It is to be understood that the term "land value" is what students are familiar with under the title "economic rent," which means the comparative value of land which arises from its relative rank in the scale of fertility or situation. With this important qualification, it is easy to see that a tax on the differential values of land would be at the expense of no one but the landowner, who claims to own what neither he nor anyone else has produced. For our own part, we are not yet quite convinced that it is either fair or right that the whole of the country's revenue should be derived from the land. We are, however, willing to go so far as to say that taxation should be mainly levied from it. With regard to Mr. Tootill's arguments the other evening, that the landlord should be deprived of the right to pocket the "unearned increment" of land, we are in perfect agreement.

Newcastle Chronicle.

Assuming that it is possible to nationalize the land, we are far from satisfied that Mr. George's glowing anticipations would be realized. But whatever may be our views, or those of others on the subject, nothing but good can come from its discussion, and no one can contribute more towards the popular enlightenment on this question than the earnest and eloquent author of "Progress and Poverty."

Whitehaven Free Press.

Mr. George is the greatest celebrity that has visited Workington for many a long day. In the United States he has a large following. He is a writer of note, having devoted years of study to the land question. Those who go to hear him to-night will, so far as

the question of land is concerned, come away more enlightened men. He is a fluent speaker, and will undoubtedly furnish his hearers with matter over which they can reflect for years.

The Despairing Cry of a Drowning Nobocracy.

Dublin, Ireland, Union.

No doubt, the spirit of the nineteenth century is democratic, and the land owners have suffered from the class prejudices of those who could not understand their peculiar and trying position. Commercialism has made inroads on the privileges of the gentry, and it has become a favorite cry with half-educated lecturers like Henry George that landlordism should be abolished, as being a "tax on industry" and so forth. Never was an emptier piece of sophistry uttered. England owes her greatness to the creation of a territorial aristocracy. The noblest records of devotion to king and country are to be found in the annals of the English gentry. True it is that great and good men have sprung from every class; but nobility of descent shows itself in manners and conduct, let the modern radical rave as he will.

Now it may be worth while to point out that the true patriots of the past appreciated the worth of a landlord class, as an integral portion of the social fabric. Is it necessary to dwell on the opinions which Edmund Burke held on this subject? He considered gentle birth a proud distinction, and scornfully rejected the idea of equality. Does not advanced science—even the law of evolution—show that the imaginary equality of the French revolutionists can never be attained? What was it that preserved chivalry? The instincts and the education of the gentry. Even the bravest types of reformers and iconoclasts sprang from the aristocracy. Algernon Sydney was no plebeian upstart. Even Owen Roe in Ireland, and Sir William Wallace in Scotland were, according to their lights, gentlemen. It is certain that if the men of 1783—those who took part in the volunteer movement—were alive to-day they would be the most formidable opponents of the bastard form of home rule for which Parnell and his noisy band of demagogues are howling. It is because he sees that it would mean the disintegration of Irish society to hand over to the government of this island to the Parnellites that so enlightened and truly patriotic a man as Mr. Lecky has formally declared himself a firm supporter of the Union.

WAGES OF ANTHRACITE COAL MINERS.

COYTESVILLE, N. J.—I submit herewith a somewhat more detailed reply to your correspondent in regard to wages paid in the anthracite coal fields of Pennsylvania. The facts and figures I give are indisputable, and I assure any of our friends that they may use them without fear of successful contradiction. Of course I am only speaking of one of the three sections into which the anthracite coal fields are divided; but, what is true of any particular section is true of all three, as will be readily seen when I state that they are adjacent to each other, and that any material advance in wages in one section, which was not shared in by the others, would simply result in an influx to that section of all the poorer paid miners in the others. It is customary for many, who have never seen the tidy but poorly furnished houses of the miners, nor noted their honest but futile efforts to elevate themselves from the plane of poverty into which our unnatural laws forced them, to ascribe all their woes to the ignorance and extravagance of the wife and the indolence and intemperance of the husband. To such I would say that a week's sojourn in any mining village in Pennsylvania will convince them that I am right when I say that nowhere in America to-day can a more industrious, economical and intelligent body of men and women be found battling against poverty than in the anthracite coal fields of Pennsylvania.

The wage system in vogue in the coal fields is peculiar to that industry. It is called the "basis" system, for the reason that wages are based on the price of coal and fluctuate with market quotations. If anthracite coal sold at \$4 to-day miners wages would be one figure; if it advanced or declined even ten cents per ton by to-morrow, wages would be higher or lower, as the case might be.

This was, formerly, a most equitable system; it effectually prevented injustice either to the employer or employee. If the price of coal advanced suddenly it insured to the miner a commensurate advance in wages; if it declined, the mine operator was protected from unwarranted loss, because he immediately reduced wages; but so many abuses have crept, or rather, been forced in by the coal barons, that now, instead of being fair and just, it is simply damnable. One illustration will be sufficient, but first, let me briefly explain how wages are determined.

In preparing coal for market, it is first crushed between huge revolving, steel toothed cylinders, then run through screens, by which means it is assorted into several sizes, from "broken," the pieces of which are as large as an ordinary coffee cup, to "buckwheat," which is little more than dust; besides these there is "lump" coal, which is larger than "broken."

These different sizes bring different prices in the market, and in determining what wages shall be, the various prices are added together, this sum is divided by the number of grades of coal, and the result obtained is said to be the average price of coal, although it really is nothing like it, for there is more of the higher priced grades sold than of the lower.

When the "basis" system was first established, six grades of coal sold in the market,

namely, "lump," "steamboat," "broken," "egg," "stove" and "chestnut." These were all high priced. Since then, however, two more lower grades have been added, and "steamboat," one of the higher grades, dropped.

I think this rather unsatisfactory explanation necessary in order to enable your readers to appreciate the ways that are dark and tricks that have not been in vain by which the coal barons have succeeded in appropriating to themselves all the untold wealth the coal fields have yielded.

According to the "basis," miners in the middle anthracite coal district receive 42½ cents for cutting and loading a ton of coal, when the market price is \$5. Out of this 42½ cents they must pay help and purchase powder, oil, fuse, and everything else necessary in mining, besides submit to "dockage" for alleged light loading, or for any other cause it may suit the whim of the "docking boss" to imagine; and all this in spite of the fact that the men mine thirteen extra cubic feet to the ton to allow for these very deficiencies. Coal has not been quoted at \$5 since 1875. This may seem strange to the consumer who has been forced to pay as high as \$7 per ton only recently. Let me tell you how the coal barons arrange it.

Years ago there were but six grades of coal, all high priced; to-day there are seven grades; two of them very low priced. Now let us figure a little, taking for the sake of illustration, the following prices. Let us suppose the miners working under the "basis" with the old number of grades, and it would run something like this:

Lump coal.	\$6.00
Steamboat.	5.00
Broken.	5.00
Egg.	5.50
Stove.	5.00
Chestnut.	3.50

6) 30.00 (\$5.00 average price.

Now let us preserve the price for all the old grades that are left, and add the prices of the new grades, and we will have this:

Lump coal.	\$6.00
Broken.	5.00
Egg.	5.50
Stove.	5.00
Chestnut.	3.50
Pea (new grade). .	2.00
Buckwheat (")	1.25

7) 28.25 (4.03 4-7 average price per ton.

See? While the barons are selling all the old grades at high prices, and actually selling the steamboat with the lump, the miners are getting less than before, simply because they have been forced to accept two new grades of coal in their general average, and at the same time are docked for sending out the dirt from which these two grades are manufactured.

This is but one of the ways in which miners are being robbed until now it is a fortunate one who can earn more than a dollar a day.

I have received a letter in reply to one sent by me making inquiries as to prices paid at present. The writer is a thoroughly reliable man and the figures given by him can be accepted as correct. He says: "I can give you an idea of what wages are, by quoting M—'s earnings. For the first two weeks of the present month he received \$8.50, or \$4.25 per week. He tells me he has figured out what his earnings for the past six months have amounted to divided per capita among the members of his family, and finds that they have averaged fifteen cents per day for each person." This man is one of the best practical miners of the middle coal fields; he never tastes a drop of intoxicating liquor, never wilfully loses a day's work, and has had as fair a chance as nine-tenths of the miners.

To appreciate what these figures mean it may be well to add, that the report of the poor house managers of the middle coal fields poor district gives the following figures:

Cost of maintenance per day, for each pauper:	
In 1886.	23 cents.
In 1887.	28 cents.
In 1888.	25 cents.

And people wonder why there are so many stalwart paupers! The letter continues: "The mines are working, on an average, ten days per month, except the collieries of Cox & Co., which are working steadily. Wages have dropped three per cent below the basis since the strike in 1887" (you will notice that the "paupers" received twenty-eight cents per day that year). "A. Pardee & Co., reduced wages two per cent more last month. This makes five per cent below basis. Wages are not so uniform as they were, but the average will not exceed three per cent more than M—'s figures." And then this: "The republicans are kicking themselves because of the bad times, they having expected so much from protection."

In conclusion let me say to our Brooklyn friend that if he will watch the papers closely he will see reported the fact that a few men meet monthly in New York City and set the figure at which coal shall be sold. If he will take these figures, strike an average as I have in this article, then take 42½ cents and \$5 per ton as a basis he can always readily acquaint himself with current wages in the coal fields, being careful always to use a sliding scale of 10 per cent, like this:

If coal sells at \$5, miners receive for cutting one ton 42½ cents. If coal sells for \$4 they receive 42½ cents less 10 per cent, or a trifle over 38 cents per ton. If coal sells for \$6 they receive 42½ plus 10 per cent, or a

trifle over 46 cents per ton. And then remember that a good miner and his help can cut about ten tons per day; that one keg of powder, costing \$2.75 will cut from 25 to 30 tons of coal; that the dockage averages 6 per cent of all coal sent out, and that the miners are robbed by being charged extortionate prices for all mine supplies. If there is anything else our friend or any other reader of THE STANDARD wishes to know I shall be only too glad to give him whatever information I can. W. B. ESTELL.

Separating the Value of Land From Value of Improvements.

MARITIME ASSOCIATION,
NEW ORLEANS, LA., April 23.

In an argument with the editor of a weekly newspaper here, he insisted that it was impossible to separate the value of land in a city from the value of the house. I knocked him over by calling his attention to the fact that the assessors of fire insurance companies did in practice every day so discriminate. I think the argument conclusive. No man would be simple enough to pay premiums on land that cannot burn, nor would any insurance company be simple enough to put a premium upon incendiarism by insuring the value of house and lot combined. What has our friend the enemy to say to this? Those of them, I mean, who persist in their assertions that "the tree cannot be separated from its shadow."

Every sane man of course knows that there would be no difficulty in separating the value of the land from that of the house, but I merely mention this case to convince objectors that it not only can be done, but is done now. Very respectfully,
JOHN S. WATERS.

Death of an Active Worker.

Information has just been received of the death of one of the most active single tax men in the western part of this state, C. M. Kinsky of Buffalo. Mr. Kinsky was president of the Henry George land and labor club of Buffalo, formed in 1887. He was a stonecutter by trade and president of his trade organization. His death will be regretted by all his Buffalo friends and by single tax men everywhere.

STRAWS WHICH SHOW THE WIND.

If the single tax were in vogue, there would have been no such spectacle as that now witnessed in the Oklahoma territory for the simple reason that there would be homes elsewhere for the home seeker, while the land shark who entered Oklahoma would have to bear as great a portion of the burdens of government as his industrious neighbor.—[Houston, Texas, Echo.

It has been our hobby for years to get men to leave overcrowded cities and seek western farm lands and make a home for themselves on the land awaiting cultivation. But the lands awaiting cultivation are practically inaccessible.—[Rochester Times.

Henry George will probably use the Oklahoma rush for all its worth as an argument in support of his theory that land should be taxed high enough to render its possession of no special advantage to anyone. Of the fact that there would be no bloodshed and strife over the lands in Oklahoma if George's ideas of taxation should prevail, there can be no question.—[San Francisco Examiner.

This Minister Had Better Send in His Resignation.

Dispatch to Pittsburgh Post.

Rufus Magee, the United States minister to Sweden, says there has been a decrease both in quality and quantity of agricultural products in Sweden during 1888, while prices are higher than in the ten years preceding that of 1888. The enhanced price, Mr. Magee says, is due to the tariff laws enacted. Minister Magee says that he has made considerable inquiry with regard to the effect of these laws upon the prices of food supplies and labor. The result, he says, shows that food supplies have been increased in price from twenty to fifty per cent.

"There has been," adds the report, "no corresponding benefit; wages have not increased or employment been more general. The increased cost of living, with no proportionate increase in price of labor, has enforced the greatest economy with the people, a people whose habits of daily life so far as expenditure goes were as low as subsistence could be reduced apparently. Now the more puzzling problem is how the poorer class meet this additional charge. It can only be by consuming less, and this means an increase of the poor."

Yes, It Should Suggest Several Things.

N. Y. World.

The chopping down of the telegraph poles besides being a good thing in itself, incidentally recalls to the people the fact that they own the streets. The sense of popular ownership of this kind of property had become of late years very vague, and the impression had unwittingly grown that the streets belonged to the railroad, telegraph, gas, steam heating and other companies and private parties. This return to first principles ought to be beneficial in various ways. It should suggest several things.

Rise of Rent the "Migratory Spirit" That Causes This Yearning.

New York Press.

Moving day in New York is recognized as a great institution, as something unique. Its exact counterpart exists in no other American city. The migratory spirit seems stronger here than elsewhere, and it finds expression in the spring by an insatiable yearning for a change of some kind—a yearning that seems to possess about half the inhabitants.

TROUBLED FRANCE.

Pauperism Throwing Her Gaunt Face In at the Door of the Exposition—What the Doctors Would Do.

ROUEN, France, April 19.—Some very interesting questions have just come to the surface in French life. The most important probably is the result of the study of pauperism and misery by the members of the "humanitarian republican group of united workmen of Paris." What these humanitarian workmen have discovered is contained in two reports to the chamber of deputies, which bear many signatures. The first report or petition is dedicated to the "humanitarian success of the century of '89." It does not waste words or conceal its demands. It calls for the abolition of misery by the extinction of pauperism with but a brief delay. The exact number of hours is not given, but the deputies are plainly told to hustle. If any doubt the possibility of making a speedy end of poverty they are commended to study the laws of "mutual foresight and fraternity." Those who have tried to abolish poverty a little by themselves will appreciate the unconscious irony of the word mutual. These "laws of mutual foresight" are supplied by the petition. They are not given until the deputies have been properly educated in political economy. Diagnosis always before medicine. These humanitarian doctors report that the causes of the social miseries are five in number. The fact that they see but five is an encouragement in these days when the best "philosophers" are never content without a dozen or so. These five causes are boldly announced to be:

1. Bad conduct.
2. Sickness.
3. Stoppage of work.
4. Family burdens (caused by assisting those incapable of work).
5. Old age.

There can be no doubt that these causes seem all sufficient to a great many. What can be clearer? A man behaves badly and then he gets sick. Just when he has paid the doctor the factory shuts down. Then his family gets sick, probably he is forced to support several of his little children who hitherto had been earning their living. On the top of this he suddenly gets old. What is left? Nothing but pauperism. The connection is so plain that it is scarcely to be wondered at that numerous signatures guarantee the soundness of the reports.

Of course the remedies are easily stated. It's the diagnosis that bothers. Now that the social world has stuck out its tongue these Parisian doctors find no trouble in writing out the prescription. Here it is: 1. There are to be coercive laws against bad conduct (no more staying out late at night); 2. Hospitals are to be created and medical visits at each house must be provided; 3. Work is to be furnished or subsidies against stoppage granted; 4. There shall be establishments to receive the children of poor working men; 5. Pensioners of work are to be organized and free "homes of retreat" are to be provided.

The patient has been examined, the disease properly diagnosed, let us suppose, but what are the doctors going to do now? They are going to send the sick person to the drug store with the prescription. True he has a contagious fever and will probably give it to a hundred others, but no matter. The patient must be saved, he mustn't be left to die so. The doctors have prescribed and as they are busy elsewhere they cannot stop to get the medicine.

Instead of sending to good old Mother Earth for the medicine, these Parisian physicians recommend a light monthly assessment of all citizens, as the French word prettily puts it, a "laying aside." It is not to be less than a franc a month, and will vary with the revenue of each. This will realize annually not less than 1,200,000,000 francs, which the petition naively says is enough to make good all accidental disasters and to constitute a "budget of social assistance" large enough to relieve all unmerited miseries.

It is a sad commentary on the great revolution that the leading Paris papers treat this scheme of turning France into a poor house with serious consideration. All lavish praise on the "humanitarian group" for its "profound study of the social question." One of the most influential can see nothing impracticable in the scheme except the difficulty of collecting the monthly assessments! Another editor, however, lets a little irony creep into his eulogy when he remarks that in handling this difficult question it is, perhaps, necessary to ask for the most to get the least.

And all this in the land of Quesnay and Turgot and Mirabeau!

Nevertheless, this report came at a good time. In the enthusiasm of the centenary a great many Frenchmen might forget that the revolution had not quite made France a paradise, but with the picture of the existing poverty which the report spreads through the chamber, more moving than any picture in the Louvre, the thought must be forced home to many minds that private property in land, the only right left untouched by all these movements, must account for the fruitlessness of the greatest revolutions. But note the contrast. While such balderdash as a "monthly laying aside" is receiving the attention of Frenchmen, just across the channel Henry George is preaching the new gospel to admiring thousands. What has become of

the boasted French acumen that is said to have blazed the way for the great reforms?

The second report is dedicated to the "financial success of the century," and explains how the public debt is to be extinguished. This is to be done by the dead. The old maxim that "dead men pay no bills" is reversed by these Parisian sociologists. The dead are to pay all the bills. The holders of government bonds are to be taxed one-tenth of the bond value on their decrease. One of the most critical journals is compelled to admit that the "living would not have to complain, seeing that it would be the dead alone who would pay all the costs."

Now, if the state could only add to this a happy manner of killing off its population it can be easily seen how rich the survivors would be. By this extinguishment of the debt the "budget would benefit ipso facto by one hundred and fifty millions, to which would be added the ninety millions of the budget of public assistance, which would no longer have any reason for existing, because of the establishment of the budget of social assistance."

"An analogous manner of extinguishment would be applied to the divers monopolies." And then, last of all, a progressive tax, payable at death, on the proprietors of houses or of lands, will be levied at the rate of from one per cent for a capital of 20,000 francs to twenty-five per cent for a million and more. The object of this tax would be to solve the question of unhealthy lodgings and lighten the taxes on consumption.

This in its salient outlines is the latest fruit of Parisian thought on the question of poverty.

At the same time France is being flooded with brochures entitled the "Monstrous Houses" (Les Maisons Monstres). It is dedicated to the women of France, who are called upon to resist the seductions of the large retail houses of Paris, which are said to "accumulate in vast stores all that can charm and seduce the ladies, offering them baubles better to attract them and exploit them at their ease."

Since the war of 1870, the brochure says, "we have seen disappear successively, tailors, the retailers of umbrellas, of gloves, of gent's furnishings, hose, cutlery, perfumery, specialties in linen, shoes, bedding and stationery, and even the watchmakers, the jewelers, the basketmakers, the brushmakers, and saddle and harnessmakers have been reached." As a result there is any number of places to rent in Paris, and the Avenue de l'Opera, the former retail pride of Paris, is "inhabited no more." Chapters are devoted to the influence of these mammoth business houses on society, on the provinces, on the women, on house-keeping, on the workingmen and on the state.

The common people say: "That reads plausibly." They blame the large houses when the little dealers have really closed up voluntarily to escape taxation. For here is one of the plainest evidences of the result of high taxation. A high tariff prevents competition, then a heavy tax is laid on capital and the "little fellows" are crushed out.

And how is this all to be remedied? Not by throwing down the barriers to trade, not by giving industrial liberty. The revolution of 1789 didn't mean that; it meant only political liberty. By none of these means. The women of France are to do it all, and in the manner indicated in the closing appeal to the gentle sex: "It will depend only on you, mesdames, to repair the evil which you have unconsciously caused. You can do this simply in interesting yourselves more in the business houses of your locality. These latter are blamed for not having a good assortment? How can you expect it to be otherwise when you go there to buy only when you have forgotten something at the great magazines? Return there often, mesdames, and the assortment will soon be complete."

This impassioned appeal "to buy things that you don't want to help along the little merchants" has not yet had any very startling effect on the sensibilities of the French ladies.

If a pamphlet on the evils of private ownership of land could only be as industriously circulated, the quick intelligence of the French would apply the single tax before many years. And then where would be the monstrous houses?

There is another great evil that needs the single tax workers in France. The question of ballot box corruption is for the first time wounding the national pride of France. She has through all the perturbations of her politics proudly pointed to the purity of her ballot. But this is menaced by what are called American methods of corruption. Jules Ferry several days ago delivered an address at Paris in which he had the courage to tell the French people that the purity of the ballot was no more, and that American bribery and "blocks of five" would soon be an established feature of French elections. If there were a few active single tax men at Paris they could nip this thing in the bud by pushing the Australian system of voting to the front.

In the midst of all this, in the splendid enthusiasm of the nation's centenary, while all the glories of the exposition are about to be unveiled, behold, a starving woman strangles five children at the town of Limoges. And what do the papers say? They all attack her for doing such a thing at such a time. At the very opening of the exposition when everybody ought to be happy!

The great French revolution did much for

the human race, but there never had been before it such a pitiful tale of human woe as is compressed in the agonized words of this mother as she confessed her deed over the five dead bodies: "Ah, monsieur," she said, in the midst of nervous spasms, "they are beautiful, are they not? Look at them. I have killed them; I have strangled them. But why have they saved me? Why have they prevented me from dying? As if a mother could live after having killed her five children. Ever since November my husband has sought work in vain. We had only some loaves given by the bureau of charity. That was not enough; the dogs were better fed than my children. For two months they had eaten their bread soaked in water. Often I and my husband went without food for two days, not to deprive them, but that did not suffice. Eight days ago my husband stole some pipe and tried to sell it. He was arrested and sent to prison. Left alone with my children not knowing where to get any bread, I thought I was lost!"

Lost in the midst of a Christian population! This centenary celebration of the rights of man will not be complete unless the remains of these five little ones are exhibited in the most prominent part of the exposition.

TRAVELER.

SINGLE TAX NOTES.

The Boston typographical union has invited the Massachusetts tariff reform league and the Home Market club each to select a champion and debate the following question before the union and the public: "High tariff or no tariff; under which will wages tend upward?"

Reading, Pa.—Business is dull here since the failure of the Reading Iron Works. That was a terrible blow to the city, as it threw two or three thousand out of employment, many of whom have left for other towns. There appears to be no prospect that the works will start up again, and unemployed men are standing at the corners of our principal thoroughfares waiting for the capitalist to come along and employ them. Wages are being reduced in other industries, and many who have invested their savings in buying homes on the installment plan will have to lose them, as they cannot meet their monthly payments unless business revives. The general impression is that we are going to have very hard times. Mr. Prizer and myself have been utilizing the opportunity by circulating single tax literature, and we have determined to form an organization. One trouble is that there are too many Nicodemuses. If single tax men would come out we should have had a club long before this.

CHAS. CORKHILL.

Boone, Iowa.—Times are getting harder daily now and I think that the petition will boom as business grows worse. A laborer out of work, or a farmer with a declining market, is more apt to look into things than when everything seems to be prosperous.

A. SKLIBA.

St. Paul, Minn.—There has probably been less thought and discussion about economic questions in St. Paul than in any other city of like size in the United States, but even here there are quite a number who have seen the cat and their ranks are constantly being recruited. We are in the midst of a great street car strike against an attempted reduction of wages. There has been a needless interference by the police, though no violence had been threatened, and our streets have witnessed processions of blue coats that seemed more in accord with Russian policy than that of the land of the free. This state of affairs has naturally caused much discussion and given our single tax advocates an opportunity that they have not been slow to utilize.

CHARLES KOHLMAN.

Indianapolis, Ind.—Only yesterday one of our influential pastors preached on "God's land laws," and dwelt at length on the land hunger of the masses, as shown by the Oklahoma boom. He mentioned George's name in his sermon. Rev. Myron Reed of Denver preached in Plymouth church to a congregation that filled every inch of space and the doors were closed and locked upon many more who wanted to crowd in. He made use of an expression that ran about thus: "When one takes a piece of land, redeems and improves it, it is his, but all unused land is no man's land." I recently had a conversation with a wealthy young man who is a large owner of real estate in this city, and he said that he had studied George's works and had become thoroughly convinced of the soundness of the doctrine and was in full sympathy with our movement. Those of us in the movement here are all workingmen with families, and a few of us have to pay all the expenses of the league; notwithstanding this fact, we are making headway against the conservatism of the masses.

L. P. CUSTER.

Jinn Creek, Mo.—I have just returned from a visit to Jefferson City and am well pleased with the trip. I did some work for the single tax cause by obtaining signatures and distributing literature. I spent considerable time with H. Martin Williams, who is doing a great work for the cause in every possible way. Many members of the legislature, I find, have been studying the subject and are thoroughly convinced of the injustice of taxing the products of labor while letting the land monopolists go nearly or quite free. Ballot reform is favored by many members and will perhaps be adopted

before the close of the present session. Prof. Ed Bemis of Vanderbilt University addressed the members of the legislature recently on the subject of taxation. He advocated the abolition of all taxes on moneys, bonds, notes, mortgages, etc., and to a large extent on personal property and would make up the deficiency by increasing the tax on corporations. He favored the public ownership of water and gas works, but thought it not worth while to agitate the land question, as it was not a subject of immediate importance. At the close of the meeting he invited questions and I asked, if we should stop taxing the products of labor and raise all public revenues by the taxation of ground rents would it not tend to stimulate production and destroy land monopoly? He replied that he thought it would, and added that perhaps such a system would be put into operation, though not for a hundred years.

THOS. S. HART.

Rochester, N. Y.—Our organization is gaining a few new members each week, and I think that it is here to stay if the members remain as enthusiastic as they are at present. The time of adjournment seems always to arrive too soon for the majority. Mr. Phillips of Philadelphia addressed our club on Sunday, April 21. A mass meeting of striking street car drivers was held here April 15 with an audience of 2,500. Three of the speakers were single tax men, or rather, land tax men, as they still believe in protection. While they did not come out squarely for the single tax, they no doubt set a good many people to thinking. The strike is not settled up to date, but the drivers are firm and expect to win in the end. The majority of the citizens are boycotting the street cars and patronizing the busses, carryalls, etc., which are run by striking drivers. Though the present franchise of the street car railway companies is worth thousands of dollars yearly, the city has not collected \$1,000 altogether from the company during the past twenty years.

CHARLES AVRILL.

Rouen, France.—I have a small but active propaganda at work writing letters to deputies of the working class in the French chamber, recommending the adoption of the single tax, and especially the reading of "Progress and Poverty." By this means I do something for the truth and practice writing French at same time. If we can ever wake up this quick minded nation, you can look out for business.

SINGLE TAX.

Buffalo, N. Y., May 1.—All residents of this city who believe in the tax on land values are requested to send their names to C. E. Whittemore, 41 West Seneca street, as soon as possible, with a view to forming an organization.

SINGLE TAX MEETINGS.

The Greenpoint single tax club will hold a special meeting at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Neavs, 39 Broome street, on Wednesday evening, May 8. All interested in tax reform are invited to attend or communicate with Mr. Breston, secretary of the club.

Colmesneil, Texas, April 24.—David Russell addressed the county meeting of the Farmers' alliance early this month on the single tax question. The address was received with attention and provoked considerable discussion. Our idea is making considerable progress among the lawyers. Some of those in high places are known to be contaminated with the new ideas. Politics prevent them from making public avowal of it.

N. Y. Z.

Indianapolis, April 28.—Our league is still progressing and the interest is growing, and every meeting is marked by the presence of strangers. We do not make much noise, but we are doing effective work, nevertheless. The Indiana Farmer, a paper that has a more or less extended circulation among the farmers of this state, had an editorial in its last issue warning the farmers to keep their eyes on the "Single tax league," as they called the movement, admitting that it is gathering to its ranks many adherents from every calling of life. It attributed this following to the selfishness of human nature, and declared the movement a scheme to burden the farmers with the bulk of taxation, citing an example of what the holder of an eighty acre farm would have to pay under a single tax. The whole article was, to say the least, lamentably weak, but it probably serves the purpose, considering the fact that the proprietor refused space in the columns of his paper for a reply to his statements. I called upon him and had an animated discussion with him and one of his employees before an audience of a half dozen clerks, some of whom were ladies, who, from the way they eyed me, must have looked upon me as something in the nature of a bull in a china shop. But I shut the two up, and drove the editor into his sanctum, and then left, after thanking him politely for the favor he had accorded us by antagonizing the doctrine, and hoped he would do so again. Some of us will probably come back at this doughty city farmer in the near future in the columns of one of our daily papers.

We meet every Sunday afternoon in Mansur hall, corner of Alabama and Washington streets, and hope the friends hereabouts will come out and help to swell the ranks of those who are in this fight to stay, no matter who may fall by the wayside.

L. P. CUSTER.

THE PETITION.

SINGLE TAX ENROLLMENT COMMITTEE,
New York, April 29.

As the centennial celebration forces THE STANDARD to go to press one day earlier than usual this week, the report of petitions received covers but six days instead of seven.

The enrollment now stands as follows:
Reported last week 50,029
Received during week ending April 29, 1,116

Total 51,145
Contributions during the same period have been as follows:

W. I. Boreman, Parkersburg, Va. . . \$1 00
A. M. Segin, Memphis, Tenn. . . . 3 00
G. H. Winslow, New York 2 00

Previously acknowledged in THE STANDARD 3,630 83

Total \$3,645 83
WM. T. CROANDALE, Chairman.

The following extracts were taken from letters received by the committee:

W. E. Brokaw, Bristol, Dak.—I tramped about twelve miles yesterday and got fifty-one names and did not get any dinner. Single tax men are rare. There are a good many Democrats in Dakota—not far from one-half I think—and they are all open to single tax argument. Some of them are free traders, but many think a tariff for revenue necessary. I have no doubt that if straight free trade literature could be put into the hands of the farmers and democrats of Dakota the state would go for free trade very soon. The whole territory is plastered over with mortgages and the people are poor. It is hard to sell books, even at 25 cents, or to get subscribers for a paper, but it is easy to get people to read literature that they do not have to pay for. I think the protection idea is still uppermost here, but hard times makes a good educator and farmers are beginning to realize that they do not get the benefits. Good free trade literature is all that is necessary to kill the superstition.

B. A. Birmingham, Kansas City, Mo.—It is comparatively an easy matter to obtain signatures and if all single tax men would really try we could pass the 100,000 mark in a few weeks. The great trouble seems to be that a large number are afraid to try to get signatures except amongst known single tax men and a few intimate friends. In my experience I have found this to be a mistake. By far the greater number of persons whom I requested to sign were total strangers and I have met with very few refusals. It was a little hard at first, but anyone who will not endure a little personal discomfort ought not to enlist in any reform, as they are not the kind that in past ages have successfully contended with and overthrown deep-rooted injustice.

J. E. Foreman, Chicago.—I feel much encouraged when I see how our cause is progressing. The Daily News, one of the most widely circulated papers in this city, contains every few days an editorial touching on the single tax. I am lead to believe that it is, or soon will be, with us.

Geo. M. Craig, Los Angeles, Cal.—Some of the protectionists here have had a practical illustration of the working of the tariff which they do not relish much and will not soon forget. When it was thought that gold had been discovered in Lower California many people here bought their outfits and started for the mines, but they were met at the line by the Mexican custom house officers and compelled to wait a week before they could get their goods through. When they did get them through, they found that the duty on a great many articles was more than they had paid for them in Los Angeles and San Diego. They failed to see the beauties of the system and came back home with some new ideas concerning the tariff. We free traders tell them that those industrious, wide-awake, intelligent, energetic Mexicans must have a tariff against the pauper labor of California.

Wm. P. Nichols, Vineland, N. J.—I have not had time to work for the petition lately, but I have taken pains to talk single tax to our district assembly K. of L. and I have awakened quite an interest.

F. D. Lyford, Lewiston, Me.—The circulation of the petition has given me the chance to talk single tax a good deal and a number of converts have thus been made. A number of people have been put on the road, some of whom are sure to come out all right in time. The circle is widening slowly but none the less surely in this portion of the country. I am of the opinion that the number who are more or less tintured with "Georgeism" is greater than any of us realize.

Ed. Barker, Pawtucket, R. I.—The enclosed signatures were obtained by one of my original signers who has since become interested in the work. On all hands there are multiplying evidences of the wisdom of this enrollment scheme. It calls the attention of an increasing number of people to our principles and furnishes opportunity for usefulness to our own friends, some of whom need such an opportunity for introducing the question. The most significant thing about the enclosed signatures is the fact that nearly all of the signers last fall were republican protectionists and the majority of them work in

a protected industry here, which has enjoyed, through protection, patents and buying out competitors, a monopoly that enabled it to keep up prices and dispense with drummers. Now, however, their goods are being supplanted by a cheaper substitute and the help received notice of an intention to run the works but three days a week, but at the earnest solicitation of the poor help the proprietors have graciously consented to run four days per week. Such are the fruits of protection, and hence these signatures.

D. T. Murphy, South Norwalk, Conn.—At first I only asked my friends to sign, but I find I can get strangers just as easy. Men who one year ago, if you mentioned Henry George's name, went into a fit are now wanting to know all about it.

J. N. Place, Jeffersonville, Ind.—These signatures represent as many single tax lectures. I would not know how to work without the petition.

W. C. Burchard, Akron, Ohio.—We are gaining recruits every day.

J. J. Magrath, Corpus Christi, Texas.—I take pleasure in sending the enclosed fifty-five additional signatures. This makes about one hundred sent from this paradise of the land monopolist. I will send more as soon as I can get time to canvass for them. There is no place where the evils of the present land system can be more plainly seen than here in Nueces county. We have many believers in the single tax, but those among them who would be most likely to wield powerful influence have not the moral courage to do so. The editor of our local paper is a single tax man, but after I had written two articles on the subject, the last of which was noticed in THE STANDARD, such influence was brought to bear on him that he declined to allow further use of his columns for the purpose. We organized a single tax club in Market hall two months ago. A prominent attorney was elected president. That was our only meeting, as we could not get the president to call another. He would give no reason until last week, when he admitted that he had given the matter up, as he feared it would injure his business. As for your humble servant, he has been served with notice to leave the county, but, as the darkey said, "I ain't gwine to do it" unless I feel like it or am sent feet first. A month has passed since I received the warning and I begin to feel more cheerful. This and six other counties are owned by a score of cattle men, so you see that we poor devils have lots to contend with, but we have no notion of giving up. We will carry the work into Africa and we are slowly but steadily gaining.

Harry Bowerman, New York.—I have been at work out of town twice lately, and in each instance managed to get a few people to sign the petition. At Rhinecliff I found the single tax movement better understood than I expected, considering that the residence of the vice-president is close by. "Georgeism," as they call it, is spoken of frequently and people seem to understand its principles better than they do those of the old labor party.

Thomas J. Hudson, Indianapolis, Ind., writing on Easter Sunday, says: "The single tax movement here has received an Easter egg in the conversion of one of our leading jewelers to the 'vagaries of Henry George.' He will be present at our meeting this afternoon for the first time."

A. L. Burgess, Newark, N. J.—There is a Women's Christian temperance union almost opposite my store and several of the members trade with me. When I first showed them the petition they read it but refused to sign. I have since persuaded several of them to read "Progress and Poverty," and their signatures are amongst those I now send in. This simply shows that if the prohibitionists understood the principles of the single tax they would readily sign the petition.

A Cornell Professor Discusses the Single Tax Question.

ITHACA, N. Y., April 26.—By special request Dr. E. Benjamin Andrews, professor of political economy and finance in Cornell university, delivered an address on "The Theories of Henry George" before the Unity club last Wednesday evening. He had a large and appreciative audience. About twenty cigarmakers from the factory of A. H. Platts & Co., who have been studying the single tax while at the work bench, attended in a body. Dr. Andrews is a pleasing and effective speaker. He said he thought Henry George was one of the noblest and foremost men of the age, and he felt that his remarks would be in vain if he could not induce those present who had not already done so to read "Progress and Poverty."

Dr. Andrews is heartily in favor of taxing land values very much more than they are taxed at present, and believes that this would throw open up to use a great deal of land now held idle. It would bring much more capital into competition, and employers would say to the many thousands of workmen now idle, "We have need of you." The lecturer spoke earnestly of the shameful discrimination of which our tax laws against the honest man and in favor of the unscrupulous one. He held the land value tax to be a far better method of taxation, and explained its advantages, together with the disadvantages of taxing industry.

However, Dr. Andrews is not in favor of a single tax on anything. Experience has shown him that the revenue from such a tax

would, in emergencies, not be reliable, and that they would shrink. He thinks, too, that we need some other taxes beside one on land values, in order that the burden of taxation should fall equally upon all. Moreover, we will need to use the taxing power against great monopolies other than that of land, which even the throwing open of natural opportunities will not eliminate. Dr. Andrews formerly had the greatest confidence that the principle of *laissez-faire*, if carried out, would prevent great oppressive industrial combinations, but has since come to see that in simply letting alone things as they are lies the germ which must grow into harmful trusts and combines. How to deal with these is the great question.

Concluding, the lecturer deplored that condition of affairs in which workmen despair of being able to obtain more than mere subsistence. Small wonder if men overworked and with no light ahead get drunk and put their families in want! But no device of economics is alone sufficient to make the people good. We must not lose sight of the other things needful.

At the close of his address Dr. Andrews answered a number of questions put from the audience.

The Unity club will continue the discussion of the single tax in a series of similar meetings. J. G. PARSONS.

WHAT THE NEWSPAPERS SAY.

The doctrines of Henry George are gaining ground whatever may be said to the contrary. The systems of double taxation practiced in Ohio and other states are its strongest boomerangs.—[Hamilton, Ohio, Democrat.

Tax vacant lots and make them scarce.—[Parkersburg, W. Va., Index.

The blood of the men who are killed in the Oklahoma scramble is to be laid at the door of the so-called American republic, instead of reserving the lands for the use of the people, has bartered them away and still continues to barter them away to greedy private monopolists.—[Manistee, Mich., Broadaxe.

Henry George, like many other theorists, finds more favor abroad than at home. The English people have given him a hearty greeting, and he has been invited to appear and speak before the valuation committee of the London council. Mr. George is necessarily well posted on the points upon which he is likely to be questioned, and understands well the condition of the people and the bearing of taxation. But unfortunately he is not capable of just and judicial consideration of facts but is a partisan in the most extreme sense. All facts are compelled by him to testify in one way, even if some have to be distorted to serve his purpose.—[Omaha Herald.

SINGLE TAX MEN.

The following list contains the names and addresses of men active in the single tax cause in their respective localities, with whom those wishing to join in the movement may communicate:

Akron, O.—Jas R. Anzler, 109 Allen street.
Albany, N. Y.—Robert Baker, 178 Madison avenue; J. C. Koshler, 22 Third avenue; or James J. Mahoney, secretary Single Tax Cleveland and Thurman club, 25 Myrtle avenue.
Alhambra, Mon. Ter.—Mrs. Josephine Spahr.
Altoona, Pa.—Joseph Sharp, Jr., secretary Single Tax club, 411 Tenth street; Albert C. Ronzee, 921 First avenue.
Ansonia, N. Y.—Harvey Cook.
Anacostia, D. C.—Carroll W. Smith, office Anacostia tea company, Harrison and Monroe streets.
Anton Chico, N. M.—Lewis T. Gramant.
Ashtrubula, Ohio.—A. D. Strong.
Atlanta, Ga.—John C. Reed, lawyer, 25 1-2 Marietta street.
Auburn, Mo.—H. G. Casey, secretary Single Tax club.
Auburn, N. Y.—Daniel Peacock, president; H. W. Benedict, secretary Single Tax club, College hall.
Augusta, Ga.—L. A. Schmidt, 525 Lincoln street.
Avon, N. Y.—Homer Sahlin.
Baldwin Spa, N. Y.—Richard Feeny, 63 Milton avenue.
Baltimore, Md.—John W. Jones, 125 N. Bond street; John Salmon, 415 N. Eataw street; Dr. Wm. N. Hill, 143 E. Baltimore street.
Baltimore-Hudson, N. Y.—Matthew C. Kirsch.
Bayside, Long Island, N. Y.—Antonio M. Molich.
Beverly, Ill.—William Matthews, secretary Tariff reform club.
Bradford, Pa.—J. C. De Forest, secretary Land and labor club, 26 Newell place.
Bristol, Dak.—W. E. Brokaw.
Binghamton, N. Y.—E. W. Dundon, 23 Malden lane.
Boston, Mass.—Edwin M. White, 26 Main street; Charles T. J. Roche, 29 Converse avenue, Malden; Hamilton Garland, chairman Single Tax league, Jamaica Plain.
Brooklyn, N. Y.—George E. West, M. D., 49 Clinton avenue, president Single Tax club.
Burlington, Iowa.—James Love, bookseller, or Richard Spruce.
Cambridgeport, Mass.—Wm. A. Ford, 166 Norfolk street, secretary Single Tax organization.
Cambridge, N. Y.—H. W. Johnson, P. O. box 265.
Canon City, Col.—Frank P. Blake, M. D.
Canton, O.—S. J. Harwood, M. D., president single tax club.
Cape May City.—Wm. Porter, box 57.
Chamberlain, Dak.—James Brown.
Chicago, Ill.—Irving W. Smith, M. D., office opposite Union house.
Chicago, Ill.—Frank Peterson, 45 La Salle street; T. W. Weller, secretary Single Tax club, 436 Milwaukee avenue.
Cincinnati, O.—Dr. David De Beck, 139 West Ninth street; Jones's news and stationery store, 272 Vine street; headquarters Single Tax club, 295 Vine street.
Clinton, Ala.—O. M. Mastin or Alex. G. Duke.
Cleveland, O.—C. W. Whitmarsh, 4 Euclid avenue; Frank L. Carter, 132 Chestnut street.
Clinton, Ind.—I. O. Bishop, editor Argus.
Colum, N. Y.—J. S. Craven.
Colton, Cal.—Charles F. Smith, proprietor Commercial street.
Columbus, O.—Edward Hyocman, 38 1-2 South High street.
Cornwall, Cal.—Jeff A. Bailey.
Cramer Hill, Camden county, N. J.—Chas. P. Johnston.
Danbury, Conn.—Sam. A. Mann, 34 South street.
Dayton, O.—W. W. Kilo, 33 E. Fifth street; J. G. Galloway, 261 Samuel street.
Denver, Col.—F. H. Monroe.
Des Moines, Iowa.—L. J. Kasson, president Single Tax club; John W. King, secretary.
Detroit, Mich.—J. R. Finchart, 45 Waterloo street; J. F. Dumeau, 79 1-2 Third street, secretary Tax reform association; R. G. Howe, 63 1-2 14th av.
Diamond Springs, Eldorado county, Cal.—J. V. Linston.
Dighton, Mass.—A. Cross.
Dunkirk, N. Y.—Francis Lake.
East Cambridge, Mass.—J. F. Harrington, 81 John's laundry building.
East Northport, Long Island, N. Y.—J. E. Rodvard.
East Ridge, N. H.—Edward Jewett.
Elizabeth, N. J.—Benjamin Orner.
Elmira, N. Y.—William Bowerman, 712 East Market street.
Englewood, Ill.—W. B. Steers.
Evansville, Ind.—Charles G. Bennett, 427 Upper Third street.

Fitchburg, Mass.—R. D. Terry.
Farmington, Iowa.—F. W. Rockwell.
Gardner, Ill.—T. S. Cumming.
Glen Cove, Long Island, N. Y.—Herbert Loromer.
Gloucester, Mont.—A. H. Sawyer.
Glens Falls, N. Y.—John H. Quinlan.
Groverville, N. Y.—Wm. C. Wood, M. D.
Grand View-on-the-Hudson, N. Y.—Henry L. Hinton.
Harrison, Tex.—J. McCollum.
Hartington, Neb.—John H. Feiber.
Haverhill, Mass.—Arthur E. Brock.
Helena, Mont.—Judge J. M. Clements, secretary Montana single tax association.
Hornosville, N. Y.—George H. Van Winkle.
Hot Springs, Ark.—W. Albert Chapman.
Hosick Falls, N. Y.—F. S. Hammond.
Houston, Tex.—H. F. Ring, corporation attorney.
Hutchinson, Kas.—J. G. Malcolm, M. D.
Ilion, N. Y.—George Smith, P. O. box 562.
Indianapolis, Ind.—L. P. Custer, president Single Tax league, W. U. Tel. Co.; Chas. H. Krause, bookkeeper, Von-negut's hardware store, E. Washington street.
Ithaca, N. Y.—C. C. Platt, druggist, 75 East State street.
Jaffier, N. J.—S. B. Walsh.
Jersey City, N. J.—Joseph Dana Mill, secretary Hudson county single tax league, 86 Lge avenue.
Kansas City, Mo.—Chas. E. Reid, 2223 Woodland avenue.
Kenosha, Wis.—W. D. Quigley.
Kearlsburg, Ill.—M. McDonald.
Kingston, N. Y.—Theodore M. Romeyn.
Lansingburgh, N. Y.—James McManis, 21 Eighteenth st.
Lonsdale, R. I.—Dr. L. F. Garvin.
Lewiston, Me.—P. D. Lyford, 3 Cottage street.
Lexington, Ky.—James Brown.
London, England.—William Saunders, 177 Palace Chambers, Westminster.
Los Angeles, Cal.—W. H. Douge, 30 North Alameda street; W. A. Cole, 149 South Hill; or A. Vinette, P. O. Station F.
Lowell, Mass.—Henry Robertson, 5 Metcalf block, Kidder street.
Lyle, Minn.—F. Wenham.
Lynchburg, Va.—Thos. Williamson, cor Fifth and Church streets.
Lynn, Mass.—Theodore P. Perkins, 14 South Common street.
Madison, Dak.—E. H. Evenson.
Mahabon, Cal.—Pa.—J. N. Becker, president Free trade club; Robert Richardson, secretary.
Manistee, Mich.—Albert Walkley or W. R. Hall.
Mansfield, O.—W. J. Higgins, manager Western union telegraph office.
Marlboro, Mass.—Geo. A. E. Reynolds.
Marlborough, N. Y.—C. H. Buldon.
Bart, Tex.—L. Caldwell, chairman Ninth congressional district organizer.
Marysville, Mont.—S. F. Halston, Jr., president Montana single tax association.
Massillon, O.—Victor Barnett, 78 East South street.
Maunatus, Texas.—Ocean—Robert A. Rolan, 8 Pump street, Fort Lath.
Memphis, Tenn.—R. G. Brown, secretary Tariff reform club, 59 Madison street.
Middletown, Conn.—John G. Hopkins, P. O. box 580.
Middletown, N. Y.—Chas. H. Fuller, P. O. box 115.
Milwaukee, Wis.—Peter McGill, 147 Fourth street.
Minneapolis, Minn.—C. J. Buell, president Single Tax league, 402 W. Franklin avenue; E. L. Ryder, secretary.
Mobile, Ala.—E. Q. Norton, 23 South Royal street.
Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.—A. O. Fletcher, M. D.
Mt. Vernon, N. Y.—J. B. Lathrop.
Murrayville, Ill.—William Canim, president Democratic club.
Nashville, Tenn.—P. H. Carroll, 235 N. High street, secretary American land league.
Neponset, Mass.—Q. A. Lothrop, member Henry George club, 43 Walnut street.
Newark, N. J.—Rev. Hugh O. Pentecost, 56 Oriental street.
New Brighton, Pa.—John Seitz, 1 North Broadway.
Newburg, N. Y.—D. J. McKay, secretary Single Tax club, 238 Broadway.
Newburyport, Mass.—Wm. R. Whitmore, secretary Merchants assembly, Herald office.
New Haven, Conn.—Willard O. Warren, room 11, 102 Orange street; Alfred Smith, 93 Wadley avenue.
New Orleans, La.—John S. Watters, Maritime association.
Newport, Ky.—Joseph I. Schraer, secretary Single Tax league, 217 Southgate street; Will C. James, 89 Taylor street.
New Westminster, Brit. Col.—Alex. Hamilton, member Tax reform association.
Norfolk, Va.—Edward K. Robertson, secretary Alpha club, P. O. drawer 5.
North Adams, Mass.—Willard M. Browne, 13 Marshall street; B. S. Myers, P. O. box 57.
North Springfield, Mo.—K. P. Alexander, 1826 North Booneville street.
Norwalk, Conn.—James H. Babcock, lock box 52.
Oberlin, O.—Edw. H. Haskell.
Olean, N. Y.—George Hall, pres. Single Tax association.
Timothy Horan, sec. 85 Railroad street.
Olmsted, Wash. Ter.—Alexander Farquhar, Adam street.
Omaha, Neb.—John E. Embler, 422 Virginia avenue; Percy C. Brown, pres. Single Tax club, 1216 S. 7th street; C. F. Becker, sec., a w cor 57th and Blondo streets.
Ordway, Dak.—R. H. Garland, member Tax reform association.
Oswego, N. Y.—Alex. Skillen, 160 West First street.
Passaic, N. J.—J. J. Barnard, P. O. box 181.
Patterson, N. Y.—C. W. Nellis, chairman Passaic county Single Tax campaign committee, 59 North Main street.
Parkersburg, W. Va.—W. I. Boreman, member of Single Tax league.
Pawtucket, R. I.—Edward Barker, 23 Gooding street.
Peoria, Ill.—W. A. Waver.
Phenixia, Pa.—Wm. J. Atkinson, 926 Chestnut street or A. H. Stephenson, 214 Chestnut street, secretary Henry George club.
Piermont, N. Y.—Charles R. Hood, P. O. box 13.
Pittsburg, Pa.—Mark F. Roberts, 1727 Carey alley.
Portland, Ore.—S. B. Riggen, 48 Stark street; H. Thompson.
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—William C. Albro.
Providence, R. I.—Robert Grove, 32 Sutton street; Dr. Wm. Barker, pres. Rhode Island single tax association.
Pulaski, N. Y.—C. V. Harbottle.
Ravenswood, Ill.—W. H. Van Ornum.
Reading, Pa.—Chas. S. Prezer, 1013 Penn street; Charles Corkhill, 15 N. 6th street.
Reynolds's Bridge, Conn.—John Carner, box 20.
Richmond, Ind.—M. Atcher, 917 South A street.
Ridgely, N. Y.—D. C. Sullivan.
River Falls, Wis.—George H. Bates.
Rochester, N. Y.—Charles April, 7 Morrill street.
Roselle, N. J.—Road Gordon.
Rothund, Va.—T. H. Brown, 11 Cherry street.
San Francisco, Cal.—Judge James G. McGuire, Superior court.
San Luis Obispo, Cal.—Mrs. Frances M. Milne.
Seattle, Wash. Ter.—F. P. Morrow.
Seneca Falls, N. Y.—Wm. H. Adkinson, P. O. box 56.
Sharon, Conn.—A. J. Root with clerk, librarian Single Tax club.
Shenandoah, Pa.—Morris Marsh, president Single Tax club, Thor's hotel, secretary.
Southboro, Mass.—S. H. Howes.
South Dakota.—C. W. L. M. Perkins.
Sparrow Bush, Orange county, N. Y.—C. L. Dedrick, president Progressive association; John Sheehan, sec. relaty.
Spirit Lake, Iowa.—J. W. Schrimpf, secretary Tariff reform club.
Springfield, Ill.—James H. McGraw, secretary Sangamon single tax club, 121 Black avenue.
Springfield, Mo.—H. A. W. Juneman, 666 Nichols street.
St. Louis, Mo.—Hamlin Russell, president Single Tax league, 276 Racoon street; Beng. E. Bloom, secretary, room 3, 319 Olive street.
Stockton, Cal.—D. A. Leonard.
Stoughton, Mass.—Dr. W. Symington Brown.
Stryator, Ill.—George G. Guenther.
Syracuse, N. Y.—Charles S. Hopkins, 9 Seymour street; H. R. Perry, 149 South Clinton street; or F. A. Paul, 4 Walnut street; or James K. McGuire, secretary Single Tax club, 59 Greene street.
Toledo, O.—Wm. Adelsperger, secretary Single Tax club, No. 1, 112 Summit street.
Tacoma, Wash. Ter.—F. C. Clarke, 1308 K st.
Trenton, N. J.—H. H. Matthews, 9 Howell street.
Troy, N. Y.—B. H. Marley.
Tuckahoe, N. Y.—Albert O. Young.
Unionville, Conn.—John McLaughlin.
Utica, N. Y.—The mas Sweeney, 136 Elizabeth street, or Daniel M. Buckley, grocer, southwest corner First and Catharine.
Vincennes, Ind.—W. L. Sinton, E. and N. R. Co.
Vincennes, Ind.—Hon. Samuel W. Williams, rooms 2 and 3 Opera block.
Waco, Tex.—Frank Grady, lawyer, 163 south 4th street.
Washington, R. I.—David Harrower.
Washington, D. C.—Dr. William Goddes, 1719 Q street, N. W. secretary single tax league.
Weatherford, Tex.—William M. Paul.
West New Brighton, Staten Island, N. Y.—A. B. Stoddard.
Wheeling, W. Va.—John L. Frank, 2307 E. 1st street.
Whitcomb, Long Island, N. Y.—George Harrwell.
Whitman, Mass.—J. B. John, cigar store; Thos. Douglas, president Single Tax league.
Wilmington, Del.—Geo. W. Kreer, 717 West Ninth street.
Woodstock, Ill.—A. W. Cumins.
Worcester, Mass.—E. K. Page, Lake View.
Yonkers, N. Y.—Joseph Buterbaum.
Youngsville, Ind.—Lilly Radcliffe, Radcliffe house.
Zanesville, Ohio.—W. H. Loughhead, 27 Van Buren street.

TURGOT.¹

[Second Article.]

On August 24, 1774, Louis XVI appointed Turgot controller general, which was the title then given to the minister of finance. He had been in office but a few weeks when the great Quesnay died, having lived long enough to see a devoted friend of economic reform in charge of the finances of France. The new minister owed his position, not to the voice of public opinion, but rather to the influence of a few powerful friends who were convinced of his integrity and capacity.

His programme was retrenchment, reduction of taxation, the inviolability of the public credit, and an extended system of popular education. The king promised faithful support.

Turgot's first act was to secure a decree of council abolishing all the companies and agencies established by his predecessor to control the trade in corn, and before the end of September commerce in grain was free throughout France.

The joy was profound among all the friends of the minister. One feature of the decree enlisted attention at the start and consolidated in its favor the approbation of all elevated minds, and that was the care which Turgot had taken to express in a lengthy preamble the reasons for the changes made by the decree in existing legislation. Discussion of the measures of statescraft before the public was then a novelty. Turgot is the originator of the practice since his time, generally followed in France, of premising all new laws by a statement of the grounds upon which the proposed legislation is based.

The harvests of 1774 were very bad. The price of grain rose steadily during the following winter. All those persons whose private interests had been bound up with the old system ascribed the increase in price to the destruction of the ancient restrictions, and united to decry the minister for his heartless disregard of the people's distress. The people themselves, who had for generations been taught to regard these onerous and fraudulent restrictions as a real protection against misery and want, quickly adopted this view. Necker published a book, at the moment when the excitement was highest, which had an enormous sale. In this book he lent the whole strength of his genius and character to the defense of the system of restriction and governmental supervision. To this day his work is an arsenal of argument for the disciples of the protectionist philosophy.

By the time the spring of 1775 had come around, the populace was ripe for revolt. Bands of rioters formed in the open country and entered the cities and towns, plundering, burning houses, demanding and destroying grain. On May 2 they appeared under the windows of the palace at Versailles overrunning the grounds and calling for bread. The king tried to speak to the multitude, but they would not hear him. M. de Beauveau on his own responsibility promised the people that the king would order bread to be sold for two sous a loaf. On his return from Paris that evening Turgot promptly revoked the order.

The next day the mob entered Paris and took possession of streets. Parts of the city were in a state of siege. The lieutenant of police sympathized with the rioters and did nothing to suppress the disorder. Indeed the police fraternized with the mob and forced many bakers to open their shops so that the rioters might carry off bread without paying for it. The parliament of Paris posted an ordinance forbidding all riotous assemblages but adding that the king would be petitioned to diminish the price of bread. Turgot interfered here again, had the lieutenant of police removed and took effectual measures for repressing the disturbances. He forbade the distribution of the parliament's decree and covered its placards with posters forbidding in the name of the king all riotous assemblies under pain of death. All disorders were finally quelled. But Turgot had not relied upon force alone. He had promptly endeavored to relieve the situation by suspending for the time being all the tolls and charges both local and general which pressed upon the means of subsistence and organized works of charity and public improvement. The insurrection was evidently the result of a conspiracy. The rioters had money on their persons and were always strangers in the parishes which they devastated. Their movements seemed to be directed

(1) Turgot par Leon Say, 8vo, Hachette et Cie, Paris, 1887.

according to a concerted plan of which the object was to produce a veritable famine in and around Paris, so that the people might be driven to great excesses. Turgot thought the Prince de Conti was the chief instigator of the trouble. The triumph of the controller general was, however, complete. The king sustained him with firmness.

On January 5, 1776, Turgot laid before the royal council the six great edicts which are the chief glory of his statesmanship. Four of them were of minor importance and the greatest interest centered around the two others; the one abolishing the *corvée* and the one suppressing the *jurandes* and *maitrises*.

The *corvée* was the name given to the obligation upon the peasants to make and repair the highways at their own charge. This was a terrible burden upon the poorest class of citizens and indeed a most onerous charge upon all who were subject to it. While intendant at Limoges, Turgot had relieved the strain somewhat in his district by allowing any who desired to do so to commute their services in money. The purpose of this edict, however, was not merely to suppress the *corvée*, or, to substitute for this charge a money tax imposed only upon those who were subject to the obligation in its original form. The object was more far-reaching and Turgot declared in the first line of his preamble that what he was endeavoring to accomplish was a complete revolution in the method of assessing taxes.

His aim was in fact to abolish privileges and to subject the nobles and the clergy to taxation on the same footing with other citizens. "Equality before the tax." His plan was to abolish the *corvée* and to substitute a tax on land; not merely on land held by commoners who enjoyed no privilege of exemption but were liable to the duty in its old form, but on land held by the nobles and the clergy which had hitherto been exempt from this taxation. The land owning class, said he, gets the principal benefit from these highways and should pay for their construction and repair. A change so comprehensive naturally excited the most active opposition in influential circles. During the discussion in council, Mironenil, keeper of the seals, observed that "the land owners are not the only ones who reap the advantage of well-maintained highways; wagoners and even the peasants who go on foot profit equally with the owners of real estate."

To this Turgot replied, "In regard to the peasants who go on foot, monsieur, the keeper of the seals, will permit me to believe that the pleasure of walking upon a well graveled road will hardly compensate them for the trouble they have had in constructing it without wages."

"I cannot refrain from saying," added Mironenil, "that in France the privileges of the nobility ought to be respected, and that it is, I believe, to the interest of the king to maintain them."

Turgot replied: "Monsieur, the keeper of the seals, seems to adopt here the principle that by the constitution of the state, the nobility ought to be exempt from all taxation. He seems even to believe that this is a universal prejudice which it is dangerous to shock. If this prejudice is universal, I must have been strangely deceived in all that I have observed, during the whole course of my life, respecting the opinions of well informed men. For I cannot recall any society where that idea is not regarded as a superannuated and obsolete pretension."

The *jurandes* were the trades unions into which the various manufacturing and commercial classes were organized. The *maitrises* was the name given the status or degree of a master workman with its accompanying exclusive privilege of pursuing the trade or calling in which the decree had been obtained.

The suppression of these corporations and privileges and the establishment of the liberty of labor constitute Turgot's greatest reform, the one in which his personal action is the most conspicuous. The impetus given to liberal ideas by the revolution secured to this portion of his programme a complete and abiding triumph. Civil equality and the abrogation of privileges may be and often have been the consequence of a passion very different from the love of liberty.

The protective system and the organization of labor are not incompatible with what are called modern governments; that is to say, the governments which have succeeded the ancient regime. Hence it is to Turgot, much more than to the revolution, that France owes the liberty of la-

bor; and it is to the liberty of labor introduced by Turgot, that France in the nineteenth century, after the definitive triumph of the ideas of the great minister, owes the astounding development of industrial force, in which it has been the good fortune of our generation to have a part. The preamble of the edict for the abolition of the *jurandes* was a masterpiece; and M. Say gives an excellent epitome of it. The right to labor, it declared, is a natural right. It has indeed often been impaired by ancient institutions, but neither time, nor opinion nor the acts of authority which seem to have consecrated can in truth legitimate the wrong. In nearly all the cities of the kingdom the practice of the different arts and trades was concentrated in the hands of a small number of master workmen, united in communities, who alone and to the exclusion of all other citizens, could manufacture or sell the particular articles of commerce as to which they had exclusive privilege.

Those persons who desired to follow the arts and trades could only do so by attaining to the degree and condition of master workman, to which rank no one would be received, until after a long, painful and useless novitiate, and at the cost of innumerable exactions which deprived him who submitted to them of a part of the capital necessary to establish him in business or equip a shop.

Those who could not afford these expenses were reduced to a precarious existence under the control of the master workmen and conditioned to languish in indigence or to carry into foreign lands an industry which they might have been able to make useful to this country.

Citizens of all classes were deprived of the right to choose the workmen they desired to employ, and of the advantages which would have arisen through competition in the cheapness and excellence of workmanship. It was often impossible to get the simplest work done without addressing one's self to the workmen of several different communities. The one had to bear with the delays, the infidelities and the exactions which favored the pretensions of the different communities, and the caprices of their artisans and interested regime. These abuses were introduced by degrees; they were ordinarily the work of particular interests and designed to secure to their originators some advantage over the public. It was only after a long interval of time that the government, which sometimes was taken by surprise, and sometimes was seduced by their appearance of utility, gave to them a sort of sanction. The source of the evil is in the franchise accorded to workmen of the same trade of assembling together and uniting themselves into corporations.

The trade corporations were born with the communes. When the cities commenced to free themselves from feudal servitude, and to form themselves into communes, the facility of classifying the citizens, according to their professions, led to the adoption of the usage, up to that time unknown. The different professions became so many particular communities, composing the general community. The members had frequent opportunities for coming together in assemblies where they might deliberate upon the common interest of their particular society. This special interest they pursued with unwavering activity to the prejudice of society in general. The communities once formed enacted statutes and under different pretexts of the public welfare, had them ratified by the police.

The preamble enumerates the tyrannical and anti-social provisions of the statutes of these communities. The principal object of these communities was to restrain as much as possible the number of masters, and to render the acquisition of the master's degree so difficult as to be nearly unattainable by any except the children of the masters themselves.

The spirit of monopoly which dictated the enactment of these statutes has been pushed to the last extremity, some of them exclude from apprenticeship, and consequently from the master's degree, young men who marry before becoming master workmen. Women are excluded from the trades to which they are most adapted, as, for instance, from embroidery in which they are not permitted to engage on their own account.

This whole system of favoritism and oppression Turgot abolished at one stroke.

The Parisian public gave its voice against the reform. The rich sympathized with the nobles into which class the way was always open to them through the

purchase of a patent of nobility; and the poorer citizens who paid neither land tax nor *corvée* felt little interest in a battle by which they were not immediately affected.

The court, of course, was antagonistic, and clergy who, not without reason, suspected Turgot of being a philosopher roused themselves for a vigorous repulse of his sacrilegious attack on their privileges. Turgot was fain to yield that portion of his programme and postpone the conflict with the church till a more auspicious hour. The parlement of Paris was violently opposed to the new edicts. It was composed of lawyers who were wedded by habit and education to the existing system, and still further attached to the interests of the nobles by the fact that the office of a member of parlement was in itself a patent of nobility.

About this time one of Turgot's clerks, M. Boncerf, wrote a very temperate book styled the "Inconveniences of Feudal Rights," in which he advocated a law which should permit vassals to redeem their lands from these burdens.

The parlement regarded the discussion of this system as an outrage, and condemned the book as an offense against the laws and customs of France, the sacred and inalienable prerogatives of the crown and the right of private property; as tending to disturb the whole constitution of the monarch, as stirring up the vassals against their lords and against the king himself, by representing all feudal and manorial rights to be so many usurpations, vexations and violences equally odious and ridiculous. They ordered the book to be burnt by the common hangman and would have prosecuted the author had not Turgot interfered to protect him.

The French mode of legislation in matters of importance affecting the general jurisprudence of the country was by edict. The draft of the new law or edict was approved by the king in council and then transmitted to the parlement to be by them approved and registered. If parlement declined to register the proposed statute they signified their reasons to the sovereign. If he were so disposed he would modify the measure to suit their views. If that were not practicable he might abandon it. If, however, the king was disinclined to yield he convoked the parlement to a *lit de justice*. This was a solemn assembly of the king, the council and parlement; where, after hearing all that the members of parlement had to say against the measure, the king if he remained unmoved, by his sovereign prerogative ordered the law to be enrolled.

The six edicts were first approved in council and then submitted to parlement. The parlement declined to record upon its rolls those which affected the *corvée* and the *jurandes* and *maitrises* and it therefore before became necessary to proceed to a *lit de justice*. The assembly was convened at Versailles on the twelfth day of March, 1776. The king sat upon his throne surrounded by his council of state. The edicts were read separately by Mironenil, the keeper of the seals. Then the members of parlement who desired to speak arose and stated their objections. After the discussion had closed the king ordered the edicts to be enrolled by parlement and they became law.

The speeches of the members are instructive reading for those persons who imagine that our modern trades unionism and the so-called "American system" of commercial restrictions and class privilege, is the product of our advanced civilization, starting from the plenary inspiration of Henry Carey, Horace Greeley and Master Workman Powderly. One hundred years ago the same iniquities were defended by the same arguments.

The orations read like protectionist harangues in the senate of the United States.

Speaking of the law for the suppression of the *jurandes* the First President d'Aligne said, "This edict breaks at one blow, all the bonds of established order in the callings of tradesmen and artisans. It leaves without control and without restraint a turbulent and licentious youth which, even now, is with difficulty kept in bounds by the public police, by the internal discipline of the communities, by the domestic authority of the masters over the journeymen and which is capable of proceeding to every sort of excess."

Sequier the king's advocate, thought the communities ought to be considered as so many little republics, occupied exclusively with the general interest of all their members; and if it is true that the general interest is made up of the union

of the particular interest of each individual, it appeared to him equally true that in working for his own personal advantage each one labored necessarily even without wishing it, for the true advantage of the whole community. To loosen the springs which move the multitude of different guilds; to destroy the *jurandes*; to abolish all legal control over the communities and, in a word, to drive their membership asunder, was to destroy every resource on which commerce depended for its own preservation.

Then he pictured the isolated workman, free to indulge all the vagaries of a disordered imagination, hungry for gain and preparing by clandestine tricks to make dupes of his fellow countrymen and of foreigners as well. "It is these restrictions—the restrictions of the protective system—these shackles, these prohibitions which make the glory, the safety, the immunity of the commerce of France."

Squier acknowledged that there were defects in the manner in which these guilds were constituted. "But there are no institutions into which some abuses have not crept, and there is an immense difference between destroying abuses and destroying the organizations in which these abuses may exist." The number of the communities appeared to him too great. "Is it necessary," said he, "for example, that the bouquet makers should form a guild subjected to regulations? Is there any necessity for statutes regulating the sale of flowers and the making of bouquets?" There were some unions which he thought advantageous, like those of the tailors, dealers in old clothes, tavern keepers, dealers in cooked meats, bakers and pastry cooks. He conceded that women ought to be admitted to the master's degree in order to become hair dressers, embroiderers and dressmakers. "But we must preserve the system which has been consecrated by Henry IV, Louis XIV, Sully and Colbert. There never was a prince more beloved than Henry IV. And Colbert, who changed the face of France, and reanimated commerce, ordered that all persons who engaged in any traffic or commerce in the city of Paris should be and remain forever organized into guilds after the manner of *maitrises* and *jurandes*."

The edict against the guilds and trades unions deprived the members of the same trade of even the right of association. But in this respect Turgot simply remanded them to the common law of the time which did not recognize such a right. His object was to destroy their monopoly, and he made no attempt to anticipate the question which disturbs us to-day how to preserve to workmen and trades people generally the right of association and organization and yet secure outsiders against the inevitable tendency of such corporations to monopoly and exclusion.

The king however was evidently fatigued by the struggle over the six edicts and the baleful influence of the queen increased from day to day. Marie Antoinette was intensely bitter against Turgot because of his opposition to her extravagant expenditures and also because of his hostility towards some of her favorites. She spared no opportunity to alienate from him the king's confidence. And she succeeded. The other ministers and particularly the prime minister, M. de Maurepas, made haste to win her favor as soon as it became apparent how complete an ascendancy she had attained over the king's mind. Turgot alone held out and attempted to argue the matter with his majesty. That sealed his doom. Malesherbes had retired from the cabinet and Maurepas wished to appoint a tool of his own as Malesherbes' successor in the office of minister of the king's household.

Turgot strove to secure the appointment of a friend of reform. He wrote to the king four long and exhaustive letters in which he discussed the necessities of the situation and the character and purposes of his colleagues with the utmost frankness and even ventured to analyze for the benefit of the royal reader the disposition of these letters will appear from the following excerpt:

"Never forget, sire, that it was weakness which brought the head of Charles I to the block; it was weakness which made Charles IX cruel, which formed the league under Henry III, which made Louis XIII and the present king of Portugal crowned slaves, and which caused all the misfortunes of the last reign."

"Men believe you weak, sire, and there have been occasions when I feared that

your character had this defect—yet I have seen you in other and more delicate circumstances display a true courage. You have said, sire, that you lack experience and that you need a guide—this guide should have intelligence and force."

This was entirely too strong meat for Louis XVI. His only answer was an order that Turgot resign his office.

This order was given May 12, 1776. Turgot had been in office just twenty months.

It is a superficial criticism to ascribe Turgot's failure to want of fact. He could not possibly have maintained himself in power by any amount of address. In 1787 Calonne, one of his later successors in office, attempted to recur to the policy Turgot had marked out. The effort was wrecked upon the same rock of resistance. Yet Calonne was a most adroit politician, who had "the virtues which save and the vices which please." Turgot, on the other hand, was cold, distant and unbending in his manner and habits of thought. His nature did not permit him to take advantage of the weakness of men to accomplish his ends. He rose or fell with the principle he espoused. He was admirably adapted to convince the sincere and intelligent. He was incompetent to persuade and lead those who from want of moral earnestness or from weakness of understanding were prepossessed against his views.

Yet M. Say is clearly right when he insists that Turgot's fall was not due to his faults of character but to principles which he espoused. It would have been idle for him to attempt to gain the support of the powerful interests which he was attacking. His assault was upon the established order, and there was as yet no class with influence in affairs of state competent to lend him aid. His only hope was in the wisdom, courage and honesty of the monarch. When he accepted office, Turgot had said to Louis XVI, "It is not to the king, but to the honest man that I devote myself." And Louis had answered him, "You shall not be deceived."

The result showed how idle was this hope. Turgot's faults of character, however, served to emphasize the principles for which he contended, so that when the inevitable hour of his fall had come, his example might more surely indicate to his successor the way of reform. The revolution came, and with it came his vindication.

After his dismissal from office Turgot remained in Paris, where he devoted himself to the study of literature and science.

He died March 12, 1781, after having had the mortification of seeing his great edicts revoked one by one. Had he lived ten years longer he would have seen them replaced upon the statute books of France from which they have never since been erased. The blow struck by Turgot was fatal to the trade corporations. The re-establishment made after his disgrace was incomplete inasmuch as the ancient guilds were not restored, and the law simply authorized or prescribed the manner of forming new associations. The spirit of the corporations was broken, however, and never revived, whether under Necker, the revolution, the empire or the restoration. There have of course been many efforts on the part of divers special interests to regain the privileges which the revolution destroyed. But all such attempts, says M. Say, have been successively wrecked upon the general indifference, upon the suspicions excited by the pretensions of the spirit of monopoly, which never satisfies one interest without at the same time menacing all the others, and upon the fear of a popular and revolutionary tyranny.

Modern France owes her escape from the reaction against the enfranchisement of labor to the memorable struggle which Turgot sustained in 1776.

DWIGHT M. LOWREY.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Wants Information Concerning the Standard Oil Company.

New York.—The Standard Oil Trust and its allied corporations are fast buying large tracts of oil lands and natural gas lands in Pennsylvania, Ohio and other states. Details of these purchases are not to be ascertained in New York. Can readers of THE STANDARD favor me with particulars as far as known in their home localities? The first and greatest of the trusts gives impressive testimony when to consolidate its monopoly, it finds it necessary to add ownership of land to monopoly of transportation and refining. But a few years and this stupendous organization may control the heating and lighting of the United States. G. I. STANDARD Office,

THE STRANGE MARKINGS ON MARS.

Garrett P. Serviss in Popular Science Monthly.

No very considerable advance was made in areography, as the geography of Mars has been called, until Signor Schiaparelli published the results of his surprising observations made during the very favorable opposition of Mars in 1877.

But the detection of the dark lines called canals was only the beginning of Schiaparelli's singular discoveries. The next development in this remarkable series of observations was the doubling of the canals. Those that he saw in 1877 were simple lines, or narrow bands, and, strange as their appearance was, the liveliest imagination could hardly have prefigured their aspect at subsequent oppositions. In 1879 Schiaparelli noticed that the canal which he calls Nilus was double, or consisted of two streaks running side by side, and perfectly parallel. This observation was made shortly after the time of the vernal equinox on Mars.

"These two regular, equal and parallel lines," he says, "I confess profoundly surprised me, all the more because a few days before, the 23d and 24th of December, I had carefully examined that same region without discovering anything of the kind. I awaited with curiosity the return of the planet in 1881 in order to see if an analogous phenomenon would present itself in the same place, and I saw the same thing reappear on the 11th of January, 1882, one month after the vernal equinox of the planet, which had occurred on the 8th of December, 1881. The duplication was still plainer at the end of February. At this same date, the 11th of January, another duplication had already been produced, that of the middle section of the canal of the Cylops at the edge of Elysium. Greater still was my astonishment when, on the 19th of January, I saw the canal Jamuna, which was then in the center of the disk, composed very plainly of two parallel straight lines traversing the space which separates the Nilacus Lacus from the Auroræ Sinus. At first I thought it was an illusion caused by fatigue of the eye and by some new kind of strabismus; but there was no resisting the evidence. From the 19th of January I simply went from surprise to surprise; the Orontes, the Euphrates, the Phison, the Ganges, and most of the other canals showed themselves very clearly, and indubitably divided in two."

Schiaparelli declared that sometimes he was able to perceive precursory symptoms of the change. A light, hardly visible shade would make its appearance, extended alongside one of the canals. In a few days only a series of whitish spots would appear there. A day or two later the perfect double of the canal would be seen with absolute distinctness lying beside the original, exactly parallel with it, and of equal length, breadth, and depth of color.

"One can," says Schiaparelli, "compare this process of formation to the appearance that would be presented by a multitude of soldiers dispersed without order, who, little by little, should arrange themselves in ranks or in columns; so that we are here dealing with formations unknown on the earth, determined by the geographical configuration of the ground, and capable of reproducing themselves periodically in the same places and under the same aspects."

These canals (we must continue to call them by that name for want of a better) vary in length from a few hundred miles to two or three thousand, while their width is seventy-five or eighty miles. When they become double, the distance between the twin canals is from two hundred and fifty to five hundred miles.

The Italian astronomer's later observations have again and again confirmed the results of his earlier ones. During the oppositions of 1883-84, 1886 and 1888, under somewhat varying conditions, and with different degrees of visibility, yet always unmistakably, he has seen not only the canals, but the strange phenomenon of their doubling or gemination. The character of the appearances has been always the same, but in details they have differed.

While it is more or less idle to speculate on the nature of these singular objects appearing on a globe that never approaches the earth nearer than about forty millions of miles, and that ordinarily is very much farther away, yet it is impossible to avoid indulging in a natural curiosity to know what they are. It is known that all the features of Mars's globe are more or less changeable, though upon the whole they preserve the same general aspect and Schiaparelli declares that in the case of the canals the changes are not only extensive but periodical. It has generally been believed that the variations of appearance in the larger features of the disk were owing principally to atmospheric causes. Large regions of the planet have, at times, been seen apparently hidden under a veil, the gradual withdrawal of which has again revealed their well known contours, and in such cases the conclusion has seemed irresistible that what had been observed was the formation and subsequent dissipation of vast cloud areas concealing or obscuring the outlines of continents and seas beneath them. So the indistinctness near the edges of the disk and the altered appearance of the planetary features there have been partially ascribed to the atmospheric influences as well as to the effects of perspective. Whether the observed changes in the appearance of the canals can be ascribed to similar causes is a question which can not yet be solved. Schiaparelli appears to think that they are principally due to something which occurs on the surface of the planet itself, and which something, in its turn, depends upon the changes of the seasons.

There remain yet other remarkable circumstances to be mentioned in order to complete the picture of the surface of Mars, and some of these may have an important bearing upon the question of the nature of the canals. Schiaparelli's map shows the disk of the planet divided into areas of land and water, which are about equal in their total extent. Then crossing the land areas in every direction are the canals, which at

ways begin and end either at the edge of a sea, or at a point of junction with other canals. Without varying their direction they cross one another, and in some cases several canals radiate from a single center, which then generally appears expanded into a "lake." In addition there are certain regions which Schiaparelli describes as variable in appearance, or intermediate between the seas and the lands, presenting sometimes the character of maritime surfaces and at other times that of continental areas. Among these are the places marked on the map Deucalionis Regio, Hellas and the island called Cimberia. The region named Libya, which ordinarily appears as a continental expanse, seems to belong to this class of variable areas, and within the year it has obtained great celebrity because it was said to have been submerged by an inundation from the adjoining sea. This region is more than 200,000 square miles in area, and lies just under the equator. In May last M. Perrotin of the Nice observatory made the somewhat startling announcement that the continent of Libya had disappeared. "Clearly visible two years ago," said M. Perrotin, in his report to the Paris Academy of Sciences, "to-day it no longer exists. The neighboring sea, if sea it is, has completely invaded it. In place of the light reddish tint of the continents of Mars the black, or rather dark blue, color of the seas has appeared there."

All of the regions which possess this semi-maritime character frequently present a lighter color when viewed obliquely, or near the edge of the planet's disk, than when seen near the meridian. This fact seems strongly to suggest the presence of atmospheric phenomena, which may change or modify the appearance of any district covered by them according to the visual angle under which it is observed. Nevertheless, the cloud theory fails to account satisfactorily for all the appearances that have been so carefully described by Perrotin and Schiaparelli. Yet if it were possible for us to imagine that masses of clouds of some sort could retain, for considerable periods, a fixed or nearly fixed general form and position in the planet's atmosphere, disappearing and reappearing in the same localities according to the seasons, and occasionally extending their outlines or slightly shifting their positions, then we might be able to account for such phenomena as those presented by Libya, without recourse to such violent, extensive and rapid geological changes as would seem to be necessary to produce alternate inundations and emergences of large areas of land.

As to the nature of the canals, it is still more difficult to suggest any satisfactory explanation. Several hypotheses have been presented, none of which appears entirely to meet the case. There has not been lacking the suggestion that these curious streaks represent the lines of actual artificial water courses on Mars. The straight and undeviating course which they pursue might be regarded as lending some degree of probability to such a view, but the enormous scale on which they exist seems to compel the rejection of the hypothesis. It is true that, if we consider only the influence of the force of gravity on Mars, giants could dwell upon that planet whose mechanical achievements might vastly surpass the greatest performances of our engineers; for a body weighing a ton on the earth would weigh only seven hundred and sixty pounds on Mars, and on the other hand a man on Mars possessing relatively the same activity as one of us might be fifteen feet tall and strong in proportion. But even granting the existence of such a race of Goliaths on our neighbor world, it is not conceivable that they could have constructed a system of tremendous canals over half the surface of their planet, or that they would have done it if they could. The canals of Mars are enormously disproportioned in magnitude to the most gigantic inhabitants that a due regard for the law of gravitation would suffer us to imagine there.

Mr. Proctor, always fertile in ingenious theories, undertook to include this strange transformation in an explanation of the canals which he suggested; namely, that they are great rivers, over and along which, in certain seasons, vast fog banks are formed, or which, perhaps, being frozen in winter, remain covered with snow and ice in spring until the snow is melted along their banks, so that by a phenomenon of diffraction the image of the rivers appears to us as a light line between two dark ones.

M. Fizeau has put forth a theory according to which the canals of Mars are simply glacial productions, enormous crevasses and clefts in the ice covering the planet, like those seen on a smaller scale in our glaciers. But this theory, of course, would imply that Mars is now undergoing the effects of a glacial epoch, involving even the equatorial regions of the planet, while, as a matter of fact, the surface of Mars appears not to suffer from any extreme degree of cold. Attention has also been called to a fancied resemblance between the rectilinear canal system of Mars and the systems of rays seen on the moon, especially that which has its center at the crater Tycho, and which, under certain illuminations, is one of the most conspicuous features of the lunar surface.

In fact, it may be said, in a double sense, that there is no end of speculations on this curious subject. But nothing has yet been proposed that covers all the appearances presented, and even a combination of atmospheric and geological activities seems insufficient to explain everything. It is possible that some deception of the eye may enter to a minor degree into the observations that have been so carefully described by Schiaparelli and others, but I can not believe that that excellent observer has been mistaken as to the main facts.

Mars is a world having an atmosphere as the earth has, and possessing a diversified surface, upon which great operations of nature are taking place under our eyes; and, while it may be idle for us to speculate as to whether those operations involve the weal or woe of a race of intelligent beings dwelling in the midst of them, yet the mind of man will never be satisfied to let such questions as these alone. If he can plant his foot upon one globe only, at least his thoughts can and will range among a million.

THE STANDARD.

HENRY GEORGE, Editor and Proprietor.

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When this issue of THE STANDARD is read the first centennial of the formation of the federal government will have been celebrated. To us who realize how far we yet are from true democracy there is something like mockery in this glorification. Nevertheless, we should not allow our impatience to blind us to the importance of the federal epoch.

American growth has been gradual, but it has been sure. Every step we have made has been a step in the right direction, and has been secured as a starting point for the other steps. In France, democracy demanded everything at once. Demanded, too, without either knowledge or experience. And so demanding, though the opportunity was most propitious, France failed in much that we have gained, and all things considered is yet far behind us in the march of democracy. A broad principle was asserted in our declaration of independence. It is not established in our policy, but it is in regular and certain process of establishment. And the first great stride in the direction of establishing it, next to the war for independence, was the formation of the federal union, the completion of which is celebrated this week.

The lesson of the hour is free trade.

One hundred years ago the first grand experiment of free trade was undertaken. Its success has been proved by a century of comparative prosperity. In every important particular in which we have prospered our prosperity is readily traceable to our system of free trade between the states of the union. It requires no extraordinary imagination to see that if this principle were eliminated from the federal constitution, commercial intercourse between the different states would be at the mercy of local interests and our political union would be shattered. Every state would wage commercial war against every other, and commercial wars would breed a succession of armed conflicts.

When the constitution was adopted, instead of a national union of states, we had only a loose confederacy. Every state was at liberty to legislate against trade with sister states; the evil effects of which were a most potent influence in securing the adoption of the constitution. That instrument has made us a confederation of free trade states. The new doctrines of Turgot and his associates were hardly given to the world by the pen of Adam Smith when we incorporated them into our system; it was not until half a century later that England followed our example.

It may be another century before the declaration of independence will bear ripened fruit. A considerable part of that time may elapse before we celebrate the full recognition by our government of the just rights of property, which really involve a recognition of the just rights of man, for all infringements of the rights of man have their rise in unjust and unnatural conceptions of property rights; but if we scan the history of our country we shall not fail to see a well defined line of development in the direction of true democracy. And along that line we shall note as a prominent point the

adoption of the constitution of the United States.

The time will come when the Oklahoma incident will be regarded as one of the most scandalous in our history. Here is a strip of land so small that it might be added to some of our states without making the state map appear larger than it is now; and yet for days and weeks, and even years, several thousand people have been trying to get possession of pieces of this strip on which to live and work. After long waiting and much lobbying congress allows it to be opened for settlement, and in due time the president issues his proclamation fixing a day on which settlements may be made. Anxiously the day is waited for, and then with one great rush the people invade this territory and make their claims. The great majority of these people are seeking land to use in honest industry, but others go there merely to grab pieces to hold until they can force a price out of such of their fellow citizens as may be willing to work, but are not enterprising enough to assume the role of land pirate. In numerous instances the law has been violated. But these rascalities are too petty to become historically scandalous. The real scandal is the fact that people should be so anxious to get this land. The first impression the story of Oklahoma would give to any one not acquainted with the condition of the United States would be that every foot of land except this strip was occupied and in use. If we should read of men leaving a life boat in the open sea to swim to a floating raft, we should assume that the boat was dangerously full and that these men were making a noble self sacrifice for the sake of their companions in the boat. But, if we were told that they swam to the raft, not because the boat was crowded, but because the owners of the boat charged them so much rent they could not afford to stay, our feelings would be outraged at the inhumanity of the boat owners. And if the boat owners had no more right to the boat than the men they forced out of it our indignation would not be allayed. There is an analogy. On all the better part of this continent, which we call the United States, there are but little more than sixty million people. In one alone of our states all the population of the civilized world could be placed without so much crowding as we find in sparsely settled villages. There is no necessity for any man to go fifty miles from where he was born to find all the land he needs, and certainly none to go beyond the confines of well settled communities. And yet we find men, able, willing and anxious to work, who go thousands of miles with their families, subjecting themselves to privation and incurring unknown perils, to grab inferior land on which to work. This is the scandal that makes Oklahoma a disgrace to our country and civilization. The land these people want lies fallow all around, but they dare not touch it. To buy it they must mortgage their labor for years. To rent it they must submit to rack rents as burdensome as those that aroused Ireland. To use it by working for others they must compete with a million unemployed.

We allow individuals and corporations to keep out of use as much land as they choose to. Not only do we allow it, we encourage it by imposing light taxes on unused land, no matter how valuable, while taxing improved land high and getting as much revenue as possible by taxing improvements, business and consumption. And when we open Oklahoma, it is not to make an oasis in this desert of landlordism, but to make it part of the desert. The same old system is to go on there. Every man may take a regulation quantity of land if he can, and own it if he has the nerve to guard it with his life until the state of anarchy that now prevails there shall disappear. But having confined himself to the regulation quantity in settling he may begin to buy and sell, and after awhile some will have much choice land and others none at all, and taxes will be levied, not according to

the value in land privileges that a man enjoys, but according to what he produces and what he consumes.

The Australian ballot, which was defeated in Pennsylvania by Quay republicans and in New Jersey by Abbett democrats, has now passed both houses in New York, and is in the hands of the governor. The Hill democrats in the senate contented themselves with voting solidly against the measure. They made no tactical efforts to delay its passage. This indicates that it has been thought best by Hill to drop opposition—for the opposition of the democrats in voting was in the form of supporting another bill—or that he has concluded to waste no more time, but to take the responsibility of vetoing the bill. The latter is probably the course decided on, the governor supposing that he escapes personal responsibility through the caucus opposition of his party. Should the governor veto this bill again he will be apt to cut rather a sorry figure in the national democratic convention toward which his hopes turn. The reputation of having defeated Cleveland in 1888 will be load enough for him; but if in addition to that he figures as the governor who twice vetoed a bill for the purification of elections which was accepted by his party elsewhere, and which will then be in successful operation in several states, there ought to be no difficulty in relegating him to the management of ward politics in Elmira.

In the debate in the senate Mr. Saxton was accused of insisting on an objectionable bill for the purpose of forcing a veto. What Mr. Saxton's object may have been in refusing to accede to some of the governor's objections we do not pretend to know, though his conduct as a legislator gives every assurance of the purity of his motives; but whatever they may have been, he was right unquestionably in refusing to emasculate his bill. Such changes as he has made have improved the bill; but to have complied with the governor's demands, while it might have secured a secret ballot, would have continued power in the hands of political machines and nullified the most important part of the proposed reform. Mr. Saxton reasoned, no doubt, and justly, that if the governor chose to sign the bill as passed we should have a real reform; and if he chose to veto it the state of New York could better afford to wait two or three years than to be humiliated with such an April fool reform as the governor's friends proposed.

Governor Hill is entitled to credit when he does a good thing from disinterested motives and in obedience to a just policy. His veto of the bill in relation to the ball grounds here in New York, was a good veto and based on true principles of democratic government. It was distinctly a local matter in regard to which the legislature had no business to interfere although it had the power, and for this reason the governor vetoed it.

There is a probability that one city in the union may have a public street car service. Legislative authority has been obtained authorizing, subject to the popular approval at a special election, the city of St. Paul to issue \$1,500,000 in bonds to buy up the lines. The city also claims already the right to make a compulsory purchase. Judging from the columns of the Minneapolis Star the feeling both in Minneapolis and St. Paul is strongly in favor of the purchase and operation of the lines in both places by the cities; and the fact that the private corporations have not made money makes the present the best possible time to get possession. The question of vested rights in a franchise is not likely to be the "awful ghost" when the franchise does not pay that it is when this franchise enables a few shrewd operators to levy taxes on the community for their own benefit.

A Vast Difference.

H. P. Garrity in Boston Labor Leader.

Henry George, true to himself and the proletarians, says, "the people, the people," whereas the socialist ejaculation is "the government, the government," a mighty difference considering the make up of governments to-day.

SOCIETY NOTES.

Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt's bath room is ideally beautiful. The room has a high marble wainscoting perfectly plain to the top, where there is a band of incised ornament traced in gold. The walls above are paneled in small beveled mirrors separated by bands of gilt molding. Over these are painted apple blossoms, drooping sprays laden with bloom. The ceiling is modeled in Henry II ornament, for the bath connects with a Henry III bedroom, and is colored in cream and gold. The color harmony of this cream, pink and gold, caught here and there and echoed by the mirrors, is one of the triumphs of latter day decoration. Beneath all this beauty is the tub cut out of a solid block of marble with a carved molding of scallop shells. The faucets are swans' heads and breasts of solid silver, and at the head of this magnificence is a niche in which is a copy of that fair figure of a bath with her tunic lifted and about to step in the bath, by one of the Coysevox Brothers, sculptors in the days of Louis XVI, and the original of which is in the Louvre. A marble slab resting on fabled creatures is the only piece of furniture in the room.

Andrew Roga, a Hungarian, shot himself a few days ago in the hallway of the tenement, 133 Pitt street, where he lived. He fired three bullets into his head and died with the smoking pistol in his clutch. The suicide was thirty-three years old and married. He had been sick a long time and unable to work. Extreme poverty and desperation at the hopeless outlook drove him to the madness of self-murder.

Forty-two guests will sit down to the presidential breakfast in the Equitable building. The center table is forty-two feet long and fourteen feet wide. In the center will stand a huge century plant. Suspended from the leaves of this will be the choicest orchids, interspersed with small electric lights, the globes of which will be covered with pale pink silk. All around the table will extend a wide band of American beauty roses and orchids. In front of each guest will be a small electric light. The entire center of the table will be a deep bank of American beauty roses. In each end of the breakfast room is a smaller table, on which are to be reproduced on a smaller scale the decorations of the center table. In the reception room there are fifteen tables, each of which will be burdened with the choicest flowers, and vases filled with orchids, lilies, and roses will be placed in every corner.

A fourteen year old boy named Eddie Mulhearn was enticed from his home last summer by Daniel Smith, a sort of Fagin. This Smith kept four or five boys in a Bowery lodging house, and trained them up to beg and steal. He had Eddie's right arm burned with nitric acid. The boy was then turned into the streets to beg, being told to say that his arm was burned while he was working in a chemical factory, and that his parents were dead. Smith and his associates would watch the boy, and if he was not successful in his begging tour, he was severely beaten. The pain from the wound was so bad that the boy attracted much sympathy, and had no difficulty in making \$4 or \$5 a day. Last Tuesday his father found him on the Bowery, and traced him to the lodging house, and next day had both Smith and Eddie arrested. The boy was taken to the Gouverneur hospital for treatment. Dr. Merriman said his case was a very bad one, and had it not been detected and attended to, the injuries to the boy's arm would have proved fatal within two weeks.

The country is steadily amassing wealth. In 1884 the capital of the national banks in Chicago was \$13,000,000. To-day it is \$22,000,000; while deposits increased from \$62,000,000 to \$89,000,000, and the deposits in the associated clearing house banks of this city from \$376,000,000 to \$431,000,000 during the same period.—[Wall street article in Press.

A man about thirty years old killed himself by drinking poison, last Saturday, at Gruner's hotel on West street. He registered as William Schurtz from Tremont. In his pocket were found a pawn ticket for a coat and a recommendation from I. H. Rothschild, stating that William Beckman was a skilled machinist.

Ira Tripp, a millionaire coal operator of Scranton, Pa., was told a few years ago by his physician that he must either quit smoking or die. As he didn't want to die he quit smoking. He loved the odor of tobacco, however, and still enjoyed it by frequenting the company of smokers. But as they did not always smoke good tobacco, he finally adopted the plan of hiring a man to smoke constantly in his presence, Mr. Tripp furnishing the cigars, which, of course, are of the finest quality.

John Bright on Landlordism.

From a speech delivered in 1845.

The land owners have had unlimited sway in parliament and in the provinces. Abroad, the history of our country is the history of war and rapine; at home, of debt, taxes, and rapine, too. In all the great contests in which we have been engaged we have found that this ruling class have taken all the honors, while the people have taken all the scars. No sooner was the country freed from the horrible contest which was so long carried on with the powers of Europe, than this law, by their partial legislation, was enacted—far more hostile to British interests than any combination of foreign powers has ever proved. We find them legislating corruptly; they pray daily that in their legislation they may discard all private ends and partial affections, and after prayers they sit down to make a law for the purpose of extorting from all the consumers of food a higher price than it is worth, that the price may find its way into the pockets of the proprietors of land, these being the very men by whom this infamous law is sustained.

MEN AND THINGS.

A correspondent of the Manufacturers' Gazette, writing from Bridgeport, Conn., tells a delightful story of what a firm of corset manufacturers, the Warner Brothers, have been doing for the comfort and improvement of their employes. They have erected a building called the Seaside Institute, for the sole benefit and pleasure of the thousand and more girls who work for them. It seems, judging by the correspondent's description, to be a veritable Palace of Delight in miniature. The building is of stone and brick, and cost \$80,000. It has a large library and reading room, with an ample supply of standard and current literature. There are sewing rooms furnished with machines. There are beautifully furnished parlors and reception rooms, class rooms, bath rooms, a large central hall for meetings, and a fully equipped restaurant. Competent teachers are engaged to conduct free classes in music, in embroidery, in short hand, in other branches of knowledge. Lectures, concerts and dramatic performances are given in the central hall. The restaurant will accommodate three hundred persons at the same time, and the best of food is served at cost. The institution is provided with an endowment fund that makes it pecuniarily independent. And all this is for the free and exclusive service of the girls working in the corset factory. There is no fee to be paid, no ordeal of the ballot to be passed, no test of education or culture to be undergone. The mere fact of working in the corset factory confers a right to the privileges of the institute. All this I gather from the correspondent's description. I have never seen the Seaside Institute myself, but have no doubt the facts regarding it are substantially as stated.

It is impossible not to be pleased at such a picture. He would be indeed a cynic who should speak scornfully or sarcastically of it. It may be true, and I am sure I hope it is—it ought to be true, at all events—that the Warner Brothers derive a pecuniary benefit from the establishment of the Seaside Institute. Their employes are no doubt more cheerful, more contented, more energetic in their work than they otherwise would be. Their labor is more efficient—they probably produce more wealth. They must value their situations far more highly. A girl will think some time before she abandons an occupation of which the incidental advantages are so great. Such a thing as a sympathetic strike, I should imagine, would be next to impossible in the Warner Brothers' factory. Even a direct strike would be very improbable. For it is fair to assume that the establishment of this institute is typical of the firm's whole method of business management. And in an industry so conducted, the tendency of labor will be to ally itself with the capital that employs it, to recognize a community, instead of a diversity, of interests, to strive to economize in every possible way, in full security that in the final division of the product, it will receive, in some shape or another, a fair share of the increase it has rendered possible. But the mere fact that in all this employers as well as employes find a direct benefit, is something to rejoice over, and not by any means to sneer at. It ought to be profitable to do right, to display kindly human sympathy, to knit close the bonds of human brotherhood. If the Warner Brothers find that it pays them to maintain the Seaside Institute, it is matter for rejoicing, and not for ill-natured sneering. It would be a good thing if other employers of labor could be induced to imitate the example. The world would be better, happier, more comfortable, if benefactions like this Seaside Institute abounded wherever labor and capital work together at production.

Yes, but suppose they did abound. Suppose by some gigantic revival of philanthropy, all employers of labor could be brought to take the same lively interest that the Warner Brothers take in the welfare of their employes and that all over the country seaside institutes should spring up like mushrooms, making life wholesomer and happier for the toilers in factories, in workshops, and in tenement house rooms. What would the effect be? Consider the question honestly and carefully. Would it not be to make it profitable for some employers to get along without the reception rooms, and the free classes and the low priced restaurants? Would not the tide at once turn the other

way? Would not the great army of the unemployed be eager to proclaim that they didn't want any seaside institutes, and were perfectly willing to labor as efficiently without them as with them?

Liberality such as that of the Warner Brothers is remunerative only so long as it is exceptional. Let it once become universal and it would ruin those who practiced it. Think this out, and see if it isn't true. It is by such paradoxes that our present system stands condemned; and it is because of such paradoxes that superficial thinkers think they see in competition the chief factor of the evils that afflict us. They see clearly enough that if there were no competition among producers there would be no hindrance to such beneficence as the Warner Brothers are practicing. What they do not see is that without competition among producers there would be no such establishments as that of the Warner Brothers to practice any beneficence at all. Yet they might see it, if they would think a little harder.

It is not competition, but the lack of it, that makes the trouble. It is not because too many men are producing things, but because men are forbidden to produce, that beneficence defeats itself and is profitable only when exceptional. Think what would happen if Connecticut should pass a law compelling the Warner Brothers to close their factory three days in the week, on the ground that competition was injuring the corset trade, and keeping down the wages of the industry. Think, too, what would happen if Connecticut should encourage all the corset makers in the country to come and erect factories within her borders—should say to them, You shall pay no taxes on your industry, shall be fettered by no restrictions. For whatever land you use you shall pay the yearly value into the public treasury, and beyond this, nothing whatsoever. Consider which of these two enactments would be most beneficial to both wage earners and employers—which would most encourage the foundation of more seaside institutes? And, that question settled, ask yourself why what is best for Connecticut would not be best for the whole United States, and what is best for a single nation best for the world?

The new license law went into operation in Boston, May 1. Hereafter the number of saloons will be strictly limited, and about 1,500 establishments have been compelled to close their doors. The result is that nearly 4,000 men, who have heretofore made a living by tending bar, have been thrown out of employment, and are now competing with other wage earners for the privilege of work.

Mayor Grant's quick and effective abatement of the telegraph pole nuisance has amply vindicated the law. It has also afforded a very pretty illustration of the folly of entrusting to individuals the performance of a public function. By cutting down the offending poles the mayor has deprived the electric light companies of the power to fulfil their contracts for lighting the streets; and the consequence is that at a time when the city is overcrowded with visitors, many of the most important thoroughfares are left in a state of semi-darkness. The moral is, not that the companies should have been allowed to continue their defiance of the law, but that the public service should be controlled by the public authorities. Suppose that it had been the water mains instead of the electric light wires that had been illegally maintained? Mayor Grant would have found the situation embarrassing, to say the least of it.

The Washington Post tells a story of President Harrison's jocosity. A gentleman from Illinois, rehearsing his claims to an office, included among them the fact that he had been named after the president's grandfather. "That may be a very good claim," said the president, jocosely, "but I have a still better one that comes from the south. I received a letter a few days ago from a person who said that my grandfather knew his grandfather, and had promised to help him. He thought, therefore, that I ought to consider the agreement as devolving upon me, and accordingly asked for an office."

The Post finds it very funny that a man should be asked to make good his grandfather's promises; and the president, apparently, can think of no more obvious illustration of absurdity. But suppose instead of a mere verbal promise to help the other man, grandpapa Harrison had

given him a written engagement that grandson Harrison should do something for him, the other man's, grandson—would that have increased the present president's obligation? It will not do to be too hasty with the answer. The jocosity that such a question at first excites melts into grim earnestness as you give the matter serious consideration. You find there may not be anything so very funny about it after all. Of course, if the first president Harrison had promised that his descendant should send the grandchildren of the other man to school, or provide them with bread and butter, or do something else of that kind for them, that would be absurd, unquestionably. But if he had promised that his grandson should give a certain share of the products of his labor, year in and year out, to the other man's grandson, without fee or reward of any kind; and if he had been foolish enough to do this in a certain formal way, with certain seals and official signatures attached—why, then the case would have been altogether altered, and the Benjamin Harrison of to-day would have been legally—and of course morally, for all things legal are moral in this country—bound to fulfill the promise that William Henry Harrison had made on his behalf while he was yet disporting himself in jacket and roundabout. You see, things are nonsensical or not, according to circumstances. It is absurd to expect a man to do something in 1889, merely because his grandfather made a promise for him in 1841. But a national debt is a national blessing all the same, and it is quite in accord with the general fitness of things that English workers should surrender a share of their earnings to certain non-workers, year after year, merely because Englishmen killed Americans a century and more ago and promised that posterity should pay for the powder and ball.

The authorities of the Vanderbilt roads have announced their intention to discontinue Sunday traffic as much as possible. They cannot give it up altogether, because much of their freight consists of perishable goods to be transported long distances, and a delay of twenty-four hours would be disastrous. But the announced policy of the roads is to be that every Sunday train shall be discontinued that can possibly be dispensed with. Mr. Depew, in an interview narrated in the Sun, informs the public that the reasons for this action are "almost purely religious, although we do expect that it will improve the morals of the men and give them more time at home."

A step in the right direction, isn't it? Whether on religious or on simply moral grounds, or on both combined, it is unquestionably a good thing that men—especially men who have to work so hard—should have one day out of seven in which to rest and be with their families. The Sabbath is an influence of refinement and civilization, and it is a great thing that the Vanderbilts have concluded to give "their men" the benefit of it.

Yes. But listen to what else Mr. Chauncey M. Depew had to say upon the subject. Sun interviewer asked him:

"But the men will have to lose one-seventh of their income, will they not? Are not freight crews paid by the run?"

"Yes, they are so paid, and, of course, they will lose just so much money, but the men have repeatedly said they did not want to work on Sundays. Now we will take them at their word. Perhaps they may not like it. I have known such cases. They clamor for a theory, but they realize a condition."

Well, that's a little hard on the men, to be sure. A loss of one-seventh of the week's wages is a pretty serious matter to a man whose whole week's earnings would be insufficient to support a Vanderbilt for more than an hour or two. It might not be so hard on Mr. Depew to give up a seventh of his income, because he has got something to spare; but it will be pretty tight squeezing for the fellows who just manage to make buckle and tongue meet as it is. However, the thing must be endured. It is plain that Mr. Depew is in the right of it. If the men do less work, of course they must expect to earn less money. If it takes a thousand men seven days to do a certain quantity of work, why it will need 1,166 men and a fraction of a man—say a big boy—to do the same work in six days. The rule of three tells the story. The men may suffer a little, but they mustn't growl.

Ah! but Mr. Depew had something more to say to the reporter on this very subject. Just listen to this:

Mr. Depew said that the change would make the business of the roads red hot on Mondays

and Tuesdays, and that it would necessitate greater yard facilities all along the road, as well as perhaps a larger number of cars. The roads would try, he said, to get along without employing any additional crews.

Eh? They will try to get along without employing any additional crews, will they? Oh!

The Danmark's passengers have turned up safe after all. A friendly vessel took them off their sinking steamer, left a portion of them at the Azores, and brought the rest safely to Philadelphia. No lives were lost. And the rescued ones are invited to thank God for their wonderful deliverance and regard the loss of their baggage and other worldly possessions as rather a blessing than otherwise. The bill-of-lading, marine-insurance theory is that the Almighty deliberately sank the Danmark, but was merciful enough not to drown her crew and passengers, but only to give them a salutary fright. To those infidels who point out that the crew and passengers would probably have been drowned if the Missouri had not happened along in the very nick of time, the believers in this theory point out that the advent of the Missouri to the scene of disaster was itself a part of the divine plan, the whole programme of disaster and rescue having been carefully arranged with reference to dates of sailing of the various transatlantic packets, and the winds and waves that favored or retarded them. The Danmark was to break her shaft at such a time, the Missouri to appear at such a time, the final catastrophe and rescue to take place at such a date and hour. To my materialistic mind, the theory, as a religious belief, is worthy of the west coast of Africa.

Suppose the Missouri hadn't happened along in the very nick of time—and whatever we may pretend about special providences, we all know, as an actual matter of fact, that she *might not* have happened along—ships have foundered before now, without the appearance of any heaven guided rescuing sail at the critical moment. Suppose the Missouri hadn't happened along, eh? Try to fancy, if you can, the wild panic of those seven hundred and more passengers, when they found their ship sinking beneath them. How many of them would be likely to be saved? Why, even to transfer them to a friendly ship, lying by, consumed hours of time, the boats making successive trips. What would have happened if all who crowded into the boats had been obliged to stay there? How many would have been left behind? How many boats could have been launched in safety, if those on board had known that only half their number could be saved? Shut your eyes and give imagination a chance to work. See the cruel ravening sea, dashing the frail boats about and crushing them like egg shells against the sinking steamer's sides. See the throng upon the deck, the shrieking women, the panic stricken men from whose hearts fear has been driven out by fear. Just close your eyes and look at it all, and see the horrors of a foundering passenger ship in imagination, as God forbid you should ever see them in reality! Do you like the picture? It might all have happened. It has happened before now, and it may happen again any day, while the greed of shipowners is fenced and protected by the cruel law.

A ship can be absolutely protected against such perils as overcame the Danmark. She can be efficiently protected against loss by collision, by fire, by any of the accidents that ordinarily befall. Vessels can be built that shall be every whit as safe as houses on the shore. They would be built were it not for the religio-legal superstition that relieves ship owners from responsibility for their own criminal neglect.

TARIFF NOTES.

The democrats who favor moderate protection are logically in the same position as the democrats and whigs who forty years ago favored gradual emancipation of the negroes. They are all now on the free list as to slavery, and there they will also be in the near future as to tariffs.—(Pensacola, Fla., Commercial.)

Whenever a man sets out to prove that he can make things cheaper by enacting laws that, first, producing dearthness, will then raise wages, i. e., increase cost of production, and then bring about cheapness, he is essaying the impossible.—(Rockville, Ind., Tribune.)

It costs \$12.50 to make a ton of these \$26.50 rails at Carnegie's works; the labor cost \$4.75 to \$5 against \$1 to \$1.50 in England, yet protectionists swear that in order to pay this small difference Carnegie must have a tax of \$17 a ton levied on foreign steel rails.—(Rockville, Ind., Tribune.)

THE CHRISTIANITY OF CHRIST.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps in Forum for May.

The special ignorance of the generally educated presents a tempting subject for study; it might form the intellectual food of a wearied scholar, with zest to himself and the public. There is a certain action of the mind, so swift and so easy that it might almost be called the toboggan tendency, to slide plump down into each recurrent delusion that makes a coasting ground for society; to pick itself up, find its bruises, climb up, and do it all over again with undiminished simplicity and ardor. A pertinent specimen of this misdirection of energy could have been found for the last few years in the phenomena presented by what is known as the "mind cure." A doctrine founded upon idealism, pure and simple, might be expected to turn the heads of the uneducated; the amazing thing has been, that people of a certain amount of general culture and specific ignorance, have accepted as a novelty what any good course of metaphysics would have taught them was familiar to the class room and the text book of years before the Christian scientist was born, or the mind curer was out of his baby jumper. Nowhere is this curious inaccuracy of civilized intelligence more evident than in questions dealing with religious interests. When one of the leading authors of America, a few years ago, wrote of the "warders" of an orthodox Congregational church, one need not care the less for his novels, but one might remember that he would have found it difficult to make an equivalent blunder upon any purely secular topic. So far as I know, only one reader, a clergyman, ever observed the slip. A brother novelist, of the same school, antedated the typewriter the other day, in a story, and half the critics in the country barked.

The latest illustration of intellectual tobogganing lies easily in the history of the Russian dreamer, whose peculiarities have become the æsthetic-religious play ground of the literary world. Tolstoi must allow himself the privilege of many a veiled smile at the species of attention with which he has been honored. He is himself of far too sincere and strenuous a nature to comprehend the intellectual games for which he has furnished the open field. Shortly said, what is it that we have in the story of this interesting person and in his remarkable influence upon a certain phase of thought? There is given to us a highly-educated man with a consecrated conscience; the world has known such before. He has expressed views of truth protestant to a velvet-and-sealskin religion; in this particular he does not stand alone. He has developed the genius of consistency; in this respect he is remarkable, but not original. He has tried to live the life of a Christian theorist; in this regard he is to be revered; he is not unique.

The attempt to imitate the life of Christ is a very old experiment. It began in the delicate nature of that preferred disciple whom we are told in literature older than "My Religion" that the founder of our religion "loved." A classic which critical culture has been accustomed to regard as not inferior to "Anna Karenina," sometime since familiarized the world with principles which it might have missed, had it waited until such date as presented Count Leo Tolstoi's rising genius to the approval of American critics.

"Earnestness," we have been told, "is the path of life." Tolstoi is an earnest, intellectual man. He has written good books. He has lived a good life. He makes it his daily business to live a better. He has both the head and heart to appreciate the supreme value of the personality of Jesus Christ, and he has the independence to pursue his own interpretation of that transcendent life in his own way. For this he is to be admired and respected—to be studied, if you like. He is the latest prominent specimen of a clean departure from the trite in faith.

But any educated Christian knows that the history of his belief presents examples of courage as devout, of self-sacrifice as fine, of consecration as stimulating, of life as Christ-like. We are not sure that it would be impossible to find instances of interpretative vigor in the application of Christianity to affairs as worthy the attention of the realistic school of fiction. Even in fitting from one sentence to another, the mind carries flashlight pictures of dedicated lives dear to Christian memory. We see the soul of Luther daring the world—"Here I stand. I cannot otherwise. God help me. Amen;" Frederick Robertson, popular preacher of a fashionable church in which the undergraduates of Oxford stood packed to hear him, walking the streets by night, a sick, a dying man, to save the fallen women of Brighton; Dorothea Trudel, healing the sick of Switzerland with no materia medica but that of a consecrated life and awful prayer; Elizabeth Frye, "visiting" her master "in prison," and Christianizing the penal system of the world. We recall those select spirits who, at any cost, stood pledged to protect the fugitive slave of our own country, presenting himself with the historic password, "I was a stranger, and ye took me in." We speak below our breath with reverence the name of Father Damien, that Christian priest who elected to take up his abode upon the leper island of the Sandwich group, and there, a leper, die. We see with blinding eyes obscure homes that we

have known, in which are the saintly sick, the voluntary poor, the neighborhood nurse; men and women who do not know worldly ambition when they look at it; who have consumed life in an unrecorded passion of self sacrifice that shames our parlors, that shames our libraries, that shames our pillows, that shames our literature, and that shames our pulpits, "for Christ's sake, Amen."

Now this Russian enthusiast, who flits from a shoemaker's bench to the manuscripts of his novels, may be far above most of us in his theory and practice of personal holiness; this does not affect the circumstance that this standard has been equaled or excelled by better Christians than we are, and that the kind of religious deference which he has excited upon the part of literary criticism is in fact the result of imperfectly trained vision. It is really nothing more than deficient education which has put this heavy emphasis upon the Slavie idealist. We are not often reminded, but we cannot remember too often, that our critics, as a class, are not religious men, and that facts familiar to many minds of otherwise less general culture than the litterateur is supposed to possess, may easily be found out of his orbit. At the death of M. Leon Gozlan, no member of his family could tell whether he had professed the Jewish or the Christian religion, although he had written twenty volumes and fifteen comedies, and had edited ten newspapers. The specific ignorance of the irreligious intellect is natural; it is almost inevitable. Our culture follows the line of our sympathies. A mistake now and then is to be expected. What is called the faith of the higher life, has not failed to find disciples in intellectual circles which have welcomed as "some new thing" the enthusiasm older than Madame Guyon, as old as the first Oriental dreamer who concentrated his being upon the mystic OM, or projected his willing soul toward Nirvana. There is something very suggestive in the tendency of a certain class of educated minds to find religious inspiration anywhere except in the forms accepted by the mass of Christian believers. In our day spiritualism has found amazing victims—not of the unlearned (theosophy incredible adherents), not of the ignorant. It has proved more interesting that Koot Hoomi should appear in mid-ocean with a letter from India, than that Paul should be caught into the third heaven. Many a mind has gone reverently mad over Mozoondar, which found no spiritual impetus in the Gospel of John. To become a Buddhist has been really select. A man in New York capped the climax by sacrificing an ox to Jupiter in his back parlor.

Now, it seems to us that the Tolstoi mania is, in part, another form of the same tendency. Canon Farrar has so well pointed out, in an earlier number of the Forum, the antiquity of the Tolstolian experiment, that nothing remains to be said by way of historical footnote upon that point. Our Russian noble is a noble Russian, but he is not the originator of the faith. He may be even a little of a "crank" in certain particulars, though that is an accusation so common to the history of an audacious soul that one dare not make it flippantly. But this goes for nothing when realism turns its microscope upon him. The amount of it all seems to be that Tolstoi has simply, for the time, made religion fashionable. He has given belief prestige. One would suppose that he had discovered the founder of the Christian religion. He has bestowed *relat* upon the message of God to the world. He has revised an ancient and neglected publication. He has put the New Testament upon editorial tables. He has made the Savior of mankind so "realistic" that art can afford to recognize him. He has, in short, introduced Jesus Christ to exclusive literary circles.

Some months since snow fell in Charleston, South Carolina. A few faint flakes trembled down like falling stars. They were said to be the first for twenty years. Alert young eyes looked at them for the first time in their lives. Men ran out into the streets and caught the melting wonder on their coat sleeves, on their hands; they called to each other and exhibited the marvel excitedly. Aged shopkeepers came out of their doors and snatched at specimens. There may have been fifty flakes. The beautiful spar was the wonder of the moment and melted with it. A literary view of Christ is a passing play. It is phenomenal like the snow flake of the south. It drops into graceful hands outstretched for the last fine fancy; it is overturned in them, and studied, and prettily discussed—and melts in them to make room for the next highly crystallized wonder.

When we come to the heart of the matter, it is not "Launcelot nor another" that is in question. It occurs to us in the course of time that Tolstoi is not the Redeemer of the world and Mr. Howells his prophet. Show us the Greek scholar who takes his Plato in translation, and we show you the Christian who takes his Christ at second hand. After all, it is the superb directness of Tolstoi which has given such passing importance to his views. Somebody in the world usually recognizes an honest man. It is always interesting to be straightforward. The Russian has gone sharp to the mark. He read his Christ in the original. In our day this practice is out of date. When we have done as much, we may be equipped so far as to become counselors at law of the Christian faith. Until we have, any fanatic who has, may be our superior in the practical graces

of Christianity. It is possible that the Lord would not now require a wealthy follower to make shoes, and seclude that amount of trade from the shoemaker; but the disciple who does it "in his name," is by simple virtue of the beautiful logic of self-denial an attorney for the truth who goes far to win the case. A man may swallow the Nicene creed, and digest the Thirty-nine articles, but not be fit to black the last boot made by the amateur shoemaker who has swept the "chord of self in music out of sight," in his ardent struggle to discover what Jesus Christ really meant by the world and what it is the world's duty to do about it. Making every allowance for the proportion of delusion or alienated good sense in Tolstoi, he is probably closer than most of us to the principles of Christianity. His sincerity, his simplicity and unselfishness, penetrated by his commanding intelligence, have done spiritual service with which his renewal of an ancient interpretative experiment was in useful harmony. His is a consecrated intelligence. The world never fails to respond to that.

Meanwhile, there is no doubt about it, we are pitifully muddled about the whole Christian idea. The religion of Jesus has devastated itself with practical blunders enough to have destroyed a less robust faith or one of lower origin. We may paraphrase the celebrated cry of Madame Roland: "Oh, Christianity! Christianity! How many crimes are committed in thy name!" The central figure of human history, the Galilean, has founded a faith upon which he distinctly urges that the survival of the soul depends. Yet, after two thousand years of Christian culture, our practical results are not unlike the Russian peasant's view of the Trinity—"The Savior, Mother of God, and St. Nicholas." Considered as the disciples of a religion representing the awful claim of Christinity, we are surprisingly disintegrated by those vagaries and weaknesses which defeat unity and organization. We are corroded by worldliness of heart. We are imprisoned in narrowness of intellect. We are disgraced by a defective humanity.

The essential principles of Jesus Christ seem to be reduced to three. The first of these is the imperious demand for a personal consecration to right, so select, so severe, so lofty, and so sustained that it is to be comprehended only through achievement. Far beyond our brightest fact we see it shining in a dazzling mist, as one sees the outline of the celestial city in that old engraving setting forth the course of Bunyan's pilgrim—the one supreme ideal of the earth. Who was Christ? A carpenter become a rabbi—what we should call a "self made" itinerant preacher. What has he done? Guided the conscience and created the hope of the world. How did he do it? By personal holiness nothing less than awful. To study this highly sensitized nature even as an intellectual exercise, for an hour, is to breathe the rarified air. We descend from it, panting, as one does from a great poem or a mountain. What would be the effect of a thorough moral assimilation of this delicate atmosphere? What refinement of the sensibility! What nutrition of the soul! What sacred fire to the brain! What spiritual courtliness to the conduct!

What do Christian believers undertake? Simply the imitation of the most intense life the world has known. An acute absorption in the process would seem to be logically necessary. Most of us go about it as we go to a matinee where the program is too familiar. What does the Founder of our religion demand? Absolutely, the surrender of personal preference to his theory of life. Yet the last thing which we seem likely to do is to agree upon his theory. Whatever else it is not, it is at least beyond dispute a theory of breathless self-sacrifice. One of the greatest pagans of our day has said: "What I look to is the time when the impulse to help our fellows shall be as immediate and as irresistible as that which I feel to grasp something if I am falling." In such a conception of life, call it by what name we will, "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." The Christian doctrine is in many cases most vividly expressed by an outsider, perhaps because he takes a fresher view of it. A sensible religious writer has put it this way:

The Christian law is the law of love. Whoever puts the rules of art above the law of love is a pagan. He who habitually seeks to gratify his own tastes rather than to do good to all men as he has opportunity, is not a Christian but a pagan.

Now, whatever else he was or was not, and whatever he meant or did not mean, Jesus was essentially an unworldly man. The question is not, Are we all to become evangelists and pool our property, and allow ourselves to be thrashed by bullies? Shall Beacon street adopt the table manners of Capernaum? Shall the *talitha* of Palestine be made the fashion in the New England climate? The question is, What would the Founder of our faith do in our situation? Have we got at the sense of it? Have we applied Christianity? Have we made a science of the divine art whose principles he impersonated? Have we the genius of self sacrifice? Have we the passion of unworldliness?

There is a fruit market in Boston which has existed for thirty years upon the whims of the rich. Hamburg grapes at ten dollars a pound are regularly in stock. In the winter, strawberries and asparagus sell easily at three dollars a box or bunch. When the first Florida berries come, thirteen in a cup, at four dollars a cup, parties are supplied. One hundred and twenty-five dollars' worth of

fruit to a single order causes the dealer no surprise.

A Chinese vase of sang de bœuf finds a purchaser comfortably at five thousand dollars. The famous peach blow vase was sold for fourteen thousand. A mantel piece costing five thousand dollars is no startling feature in our homes. The catalogue price of Ivan-Romanoff, the Siberian wolf hound, in the last New York dog show, was ten thousand dollars. A horse sold the other day for fifty thousand, and a distinguished philanthropist pronounced him "cheap at that." There is a stone slab valued at forty thousand dollars, laid in front of a well known private dwelling in New York. It is no uncommon thing to give fifty thousand dollars for a racing yacht; the average cost of repairs and improvements on such a boat, while in dock between regattas, would maintain an economical family for a year. One thousand dollars a week for the support of a cruising boat is a familiar figure. Twenty thousand dollars for a woman's dress is not an unknown price. The jewelry of our ladies has reached such value that they dare not wear their gems; such pricelessness is sewn into invisible seams that female fashion on a summer tour is a temptation to a train wrecker. It is a well known fact that many families have abandoned the use of their silver, which finds a lodging in a safe deposit vault, while the dinner table is decorated, and the burglar defied, with plated ware. It is perfectly understood that paste rests upon fair bosoms, while the diamonds glitter at the banker's. Some years since it was found that the expenditure for the maintenance of the royal stables exceeded the entire sum set apart for public education in Great Britain.

The bishop of Manchester once read to his congregation the following passage, saying that he received it from a young lady who wished to know what time there was in her life for Christian work:

"We breakfast about ten. Breakfast occupies the best part of an hour, during which we read our letters and pick up the latest news in the papers. After that we have to go and answer our letters, and my mother expects me to write her notes of invitation or to reply to such. Then I have to go into the conservatory and feed the canaries and parrots, and cut off the dead leaves and faded flowers from the plants. Then it is time to dress for lunch, and at two o'clock we lunch. At three my mother likes me to go with her when she makes her calls, and we then come home to a five o'clock tea, when some friends drop in. After that we get ready to take our drive in the park, and then we go home to dinner; and after dinner we go to the theater or the opera; and then when we get home I am so dreadfully tired that I don't know what to do."

"It's not the rents I look to," said the undertaker landlord of a wretched tenement block in London, to Octavia Hill; "it's the deaths I get out of the houses." Some years ago fashionable New York did penance by a spurt of charity in the then famous case of James Howard, an industrious, sober, honest American, who threw a stone into a plumber's window, and stole a few brass faucets to buy bread for children who were starving, and for a wife dying of consumption. For a few days the unsavory street where he lived glittered with liveried carriages, whose occupants amused themselves by playing My Lady Bountiful to that astounded family, and rolled away to the next new scene in the private theatricals of gay life.

In a New England town the other day, a newsboy, hardly higher than the platform, was run over by a horse car and fatally hurt. What did this self supporting baby of six years, when writhing in the last agonies of a terrible death? He called piteously for his mother. To shriek upon her breast? That she might clasp him while the surgeon worked? To give her his day's earnings. "I've saved 'em, mother," he cried. "I've saved 'em all. Here they are." When his little clenched, dirty hand fell rigid, it was found to contain four cents.

The city of Detroit may yet remember the case of "Gertie," which touched the press of the country at the time. A passer through Clinton street one day observed a little Irish boy hiding in a doorway and crying. A sympathetic inquiry brought to light one of the most exquisite stories ever recorded of the sick poor. In a wretched cellar a little girl of ten lay very ill. The window-panes were broken (it was March, by the way) and variously stuffed. For one pane the supply of tenement upholstery had given out. The wind and the boys looked in easily. Just within range of curious eyes the cot of the sick child was stretched. The gamins of Clinton street discovered her plight. One little fellow dropped an orange through the broken glass; a plaintive voice thanked the unseen giver gratefully. This touching mercy became the fashion in that poor neighborhood. Every day saw the cubs of the street cuddling like cossets outside that window. Wispes of evergreen, swept out of florist's doors, broken flowers thrown away, offerings of fruit, with the decayed part cut out—every delicacy for the sick that the resources of Clinton street admitted of, went through the broken pane. One little fellow begged a bunch of frozen Malaga grapes from a dealer, to whom he offered his ragged cap in payment. One day the boys said, "our Gertie is dead," and the Christian street-boys became the mourners behind the hearse of the starved and frozen child.

Now, can any of us dare to say that a state of civilization in which such things are not

only possible, but in which such extremes of human ease and misery are tolerated as the necessary conditions of society, represents the Christianity of Christ? Says Isaac Taylor:

"To insure its large purpose of good will to man, the law of Christ spreads out its claims very far beyond the circle of mere pity or natural kindness, and in absolute and peremptory terms demands for the use of the poor, the ignorant, the wretched—and demands from every one who names the name of Christ—the whole residue of talents, wealth, time, that may remain after primary claims have been satisfied."

I do not forget that we are thought to be the most charitable people on the face of the earth. I do not forget the vast machinery of our public relief and the reputable organization of our church benevolence, nor the dew of our private mercies; but, taking us at our highest, and our attempts to live the unworldly life at their strongest, and the entire pitiful result at its best, I wonder that the Lord of the Christian religion does not whip us out of our bric-a-brac lives, and the whole temple of humanity that we have degraded, with the fine lash of his holy scorn.

Next to the personal consecration of Christ, we come upon the fundamental principle of his superb liberality. It would be incredible, if it were not so familiar a fact as to give a trite thought, that the followers of this generous-hearted leader should have squarely turned their backs upon his precept and performance in this regard. Bigotry may be called the ecclesiastical vice, as worldliness is the personal one of the Christian cultus. Shelley and Leigh Hunt, talking together once, in their light, literary way, made this memorable concession to Christianity: "What might not this religion do, if it relied on charity, not on creed?" The worst of it is that the progress of time, which, after all, does something for most of us in most respects, does not seem to have advanced us radically in this. The Inquisition changes its basis, that is all. A child inquired with terror, on first hearing of the Andover controversy, "are they heretics, mamma? Will they be burned?" For the rack and the molten virgin, we have the ordination service and the examination before the board of commissioners for foreign missions. The torture by insomnia has only taken on a finer phase. A good man who is not sure that the Bible insists upon belief in everlasting damnation as a condition of reliable character, is pronounced unfit to teach to cannibals the elements of Christian courtesy. There is no doubt that young men of the first dedication and most original disposition of thought, are warned out of our pulpits to-day by the theological torture chamber through which a virile conscience must pass before the authority of the church is laid upon the longing to preach the gospel of love to men. Robert Ingersoll is the direct descendant of the Westminster confession. "Brethren," cried Cromwell to the framers of that moral rack, "I beseech you in the bowels of the Lord, believe it possible that you may be mistaken!"

In a southern town known to the writer, seven churches of different sects exist. Not one is able to support a pastor. Itinerants of different denominations visit this interesting and typical place by turns. One Sunday you have Hobson's choice of your Methodist; the next you must play Lutheran; and so on. The whole village turns out, and prays accordingly. The days of worship are known as Baptist Sunday, or orthodox Sunday, or Universalist Sunday, or whatever it may be. "But when," asked a visitor to this extraordinary people, "when is the Lord's Day?"

A stranger happening in at Dean Stanley's service came away once saying: "I went to learn the way to heaven; I was told the way to Palestine." The case is similar with us in this wise. Many and dreary are the times that we go to the religion of our day to learn the way to heaven, and we are taught the way to a creed. We go panting with spiritual thirst and aching with spiritual hunger; we are fed with theological stones. We go longing for peace; we find a sword. We go in search of a divine master; we get the evangelical council. We seek the holy and the humble instruction that trains a soul for the sacred diploma of the religious teacher; we find a law suit. We seek the cross of Christ; we find the supreme court.

It is a well known fact that ardent workers in the temperance movement find the grog shops and the churches their chief obstacles. You soon learn to count the liquor dealer and the communicant almost equally out of rank with you in your solitary battle. You must bring your drunkard to the vestry, or he may as well go drink. You must save your "reformed man" in the denomination, or you may collect your library and piano for the club room—as very likely you will—from the impenitent world. I was once present at a touching scene where the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered in the presence of a crowd of fallen men struggling for a new life. These poor fellows could not have borne so much as the odor of the sacred wine; it would have set their bodies and souls on fire. Pure water filled the nickel plated tankard of the communion service. The bread and the water of life were blessed before the wistful gaze of these reverent castaways. The clergyman officiating, an old man who had dedicated his age to the temperance work, and a dozen poor, plain, obscure, unfrocked church members in the communicants' seats, were the only representatives of the church of Christ present at a scene which was a matter of in-

tense public interest in the city, and of severe ecclesiastical blame to the temperance people.

It is amazing that we should even have to remind ourselves that with all this dead line of religious respectability the Founder of our faith had no more to do than he had with the moral example of Herod. Christ was the come-outer of his day. He was the Protestant; he was the liberal; he was the victim of spiritual dependence. He was the faith that rises

"Just to scorn the consequence,
And just to do the thing."

His teaching was one thrilling protest against ecclesiasticism. His life was one pathetic plea for religious freedom. Love thy God and thy neighbor, and follow me; his command and our duty are in those few and simple words. He cut down doctrinism and dogmatism as a mower cuts down thistles. In his insistence on practical holiness there was no room for chatter about creeds. He gave himself to God and to miserable men. This fervent young rabbi had no time to formulate a "Shorter Catechism."

Fancy, for the nonce, our Lord appointed chairman of the examining committee of a heresy hunting church to-day. One imagines the eloquent silence with which he would sit out the accepted tests of fitness for membership in his visible church. What does the candidate believe concerning the total depravity of all mankind? Is he aware that he committed the sin of Adam? What are his views upon the eternal damnation of the finally impenitent? Has he faith in the sanctity of immersion? Does he accept the sacrament of infant sprinkling? Test his knowledge of the Trinity. Try his theory of the nature and office of the Holy Ghost. Is he sound upon the doctrine of election? Does he totter upon justification by faith?

Now conceive it to be the turn of the mute presiding officer to put questions to the candidate. One may imagine that the test questions for religious character would now take a surprising turn. Have you a pure heart? Do you love the Lord your God with the whole of it? Explain to us your relation with your neighbors. Are you beloved in your home? Can you control your temper? Do you talk scandal? Are you familiar with the condition of the poor? What are your methods of relieving it? Can you happily give disagreeable service to the sick? How you bear physical suffering when it falls to your own lot? How many drunkards have you tried to reform? What outcasts have you sought to save? What mourners have you comforted? On what social theory do you invite guests to your house? What proportion of your income do you give to the needs of others? What do you understand by prayer to God? What is your idea of a Christ-like life?

The third vital characteristic of the Christianity of Christ plainly consists in his unswerving democracy. It is not possible to put too great an emphasis upon this fixed and terribly neglected truth. We say in glib familiar phrase that the basis of Christianity is the brotherhood of humanity—what has been usefully called the "enthusiasm of humanity." Not one in twenty of us realizes that this means an ideal of daily life as far above our own as the center of the solar system is above the level of the sea. Which of us gives the recognition of imitation to the astonishing example of Jesus in this regard? Christ was the educated and sanctified socialist. He was the consistent democrat. He was the consecrated agitator. Social rank simply did not exist for him. Caste he scorned. A fisherman was his most intimate friend. He accepted the hospitality of an ostracized man. He conversed fearlessly and naturally with abandoned women. He did not refuse to penitents outcasts the preciousness of his personal friendship. He was never known to shrink from foul diseases. Vulgar natures he treated with the patience of high refinement. The "common people" loved him. He denounced the fashionable shams of his times with the nonchalance of an emperor and the intelligence of an artisan. He scathed the petty pretensions of the leaders of society with that indifference to criticism characteristic of high birth, and that sympathy with what we call the "lower classes" incident to a personal experience of poverty. His social theories held the relentlessness of love. There is no polite way of evading them. There is no well bred opportunity of ignoring them. The Christianity of Christ must meet them point blank. They are its essential test. They are its first and final demand. Malthus has reminded us that the histories of mankind which we possess are, in general, only histories of the higher classes. Authentic Christianity must be a history of the masses. Socially considered a Christian must be, in a sense, interestingly varied from the old theological one, "born again." He has new kin, he makes new neighbors, he incurs new social obligations, he readjusts his position in human society, or he might as well go call himself a Druid.

The fashionable church has received its full share of derision, from critics who may not be worthy of a back seat in it; but that does not affect the fact that it deserves all it gets. The recent popular attack upon the pew rental system may not be made altogether from a devout point of view; none the less it will do good. Sexton Williams has let fly a fiery winged truth; and the girl reporter who found herself welcomed by only five New

York churches, although employed in the service of the newspaper rather than of the Lord, has put her shabbily gloved finger upon the spot where the tuberculosis of our religious system sets in. It is the undecorated fact, that if Jesus Christ were to enter almost any of our influential churches to-day he would be shown into the back gallery; and he could not obtain admission to our parlors without a letter of introduction from some person in our "set." "You will find," says a nice observer, "that so far as people are reached by religious worship outside of their especial religious belief, it is the social recognition which has won them."

In a luxurious home, whose invitations are not declined, whose hospitality is familiar to many distinguished men and women of our land, there may be found, any day, mingled with the most gifted guests, plain, poor, obscure people, quite unknown in "society." I once saw at a breakfast at this house, the foremost poet in the country seated next a massage rubber, a poor girl training herself for the practice of medicine, and in need of two things—a good breakfast and a glimpse into the cultivated world. She had both, in the Lord's name, in that Christian home. Yet the spirit of that ideal hospitality is so rare that we tell of it as we do of heroic deeds. The Christianity of Christ would make it so common that we should notice it only as we do the sunrise.

There does not exist outside of the New Testament such a conception of the Christian spirit as the great Frenchman (not distinguished for ecclesiastical views of God, but exiled for his practical love of man) gave us in the greatest work of fiction since Shakespeare. Who forgets the bishop in "Les Misérables," immortal because he acted like Christ? His palace converted into a hospital, his income expended for the suffering, out of the luxuries of his highly civilized past, the "spiritual man of the world" (as Margaret Fuller would put it) had saved an elegant toilet case, six silver plates, and silver candlesticks. "Knock there," said the citizen to the ex-galley slave whom no other roof would shelter.

The bishop touched his hand gently and said:

"You need not tell me who you are. This is not my house; it is the house of Christ. It does not ask any comer whether he has a name, but whether he has an affliction."

In all uninspired literature what is finer than the scene between the Bishop and Valjean, when the gendarmes bring the arrested guests and silver back to this threshold of superhuman hospitality:

"Ah, there you are! said Monseigneur, I am glad to see you. But I gave you the candlesticks also, which are silver like the rest and would bring you two hundred francs. Why did you not take them along with your plate?"

Left alone with the astounded thief, the Christian idealist grew stern and solemn:

"Never forget that you have promised me to use this silver to become an honest man. . . . Jean Valjean, my brother, you belong no longer to evil but to good. It is your soul that I am buying for you. I withdraw it from dark thoughts and from the spirit of perdition, and I give it to God."

The child of such a spiritual god father, who wonders that Jean Valjean, the galley slave, becomes Mayor Madeleine, the saint of a district, and the protector of every despised and rejected creature in it? It is thus that the Christianity of Christ ought to be spiritually inherited. The idea cultivated by the liturgical church, that the laying on of apostolic hands creates an ancestry of priestly power, is a pleasant fancy, pale beside what might be the tremendous facts of moral heredity in the Christian life. The possibilities of culture in this direction are unfathomed. Said Daniel Webster, in his private confession of faith:

"I believe that the experiments and subtleties of human wisdom are more likely to obscure than to enlighten the revealed will of God, and that he is the most accomplished scholar who has been educated at the feet of Jesus, and in the College of Fishermen."

When all is said, it comes to this: Type, not argument, governs men; and the Christ-type will control the world just as soon as and no sooner than it is consistent, simple, ardent and sincere. Christianity cannot expect to become a science on inattention which would destroy the perfection of a phonograph, nor to conquer society by a series of "bolt-ing" experiments which would defeat any political party known to civilized nations. Common sense holds the balance of power in religion as much as it does in affairs. There is what we may call a common spirituality, to which human respect always defers. The Christianity of Christ necessitates a personal consecration fanned to a white heat that burns to ashes all the ordinary standards of conduct; involves a religious toleration "all love, and of love all worthy;" requires an estimate of social values absolutely revolutionary to our accepted models.

The time can come, and if it can, it must, when the New Testament shall be intelligently adapted to the twentieth century. The time must come, and if it must, it can, when spiritual caste shall be the only basis of social rank. If Christ's life means anything, this is inevitable. The imagination falters before the progress of a consecrated sociology. The complexity of our age would make it an interesting science to a cynic, and fascinating to an enthusiast. "The night is far spent, Oh, householders," said Gautama, "it is time for you to do what you deem most fit."

It has been well said that all problems re-

solve themselves into the problem of personal righteousness. The key to our perplexities lies no further than a devout and dedicated heart. The life of the Nazarene will bewilder society with astigmatic optical interpretations not an hour beyond the time when we bring to bear upon it the lens of a public purity and fervor that shuts out private difference or default; as foreign war called from the bickering Hellenes "Greek curses to Persia" and "Greek tears to Athens."

Outside of touching individual exceptions, which prove the rule with a kind of divine silence and shame like that in which our Master wrote with his finger on the ground in the presence of the erring woman, the Christianity of Christ is an unachieved ideal; but it is as practicable as that of truth or honor. And, after all, it is one of our "literary class" who has put the whole argument for us in these reverberating words:

"If Jesus Christ is a man,
And only a man, I say
That of all mankind I cleave to him,
And to him will cleave alway."

"If Jesus Christ is a God,
And the only God, I swear
I will follow Him through heaven and hell,
The earth, the sea, and the air."

The Church That Might Be.

At the dedication of the new Unitarian church at East Weymouth, Mass., Rev. Alfred Cross of Dighton was one of the speakers. His address was short, as were all of the speeches, but he took advantage of the occasion to make a strong plea for action on the part of all Unitarians in regard to the social questions that are crying out for solution. He said, among other things:

Since I was here preaching for that short season in the Masonic hall of this place, and gathering together the few men who were determined that an Unitarian church building should stand on East Weymouth soil, since that time I have been converted—not to Roman Catholicism, nor to any shade of Protestant orthodoxy, nor to my conversion a mere renewal or extension in my mind of Unitarian theological doctrines, but it is that I have begun to believe in the possibility of social regeneration; and to feel in my heart that it is the duty of Unitarian churches and Unitarian ministers to get at the bottom facts and the bottom truths of the social questions, and to strike for the complete abolition of industrial slavery in America. It is incumbent upon us to let the time spent in such buildings as this be occasionally devoted to the examination of this greatest question of the day. I am persuaded this is not an untimely word at the dedication of a new church in the name of liberal Christianity; and I do not wish you to be in any doubt as to what I mean.

Here is the serious question for the day—vea for the hour. Do the Unitarian ministers, backed up by the Unitarian societies, feel they have a mission in God's name to go up to those causes in this land which are identical in character with the causes of poverty in other lands, examine them freely, bring them out to the light, test them by the spirit of humanity and speak plainly?

There is a remedy for the curses which afflict the people—a natural remedy—and it is not charity, it is justice; it is the prevention of gross privileges by wise legislation; it is the making of the inalienable rights of the people something more than a mere name.

And it seems to me that if our Unitarianism can go where men's minds are eager for the truth and where the evils of poverty are most apparent (and this church is dedicated as we have said in our service, that the poor might have the gospel preached to them) and preach justice there, then it will not long remain a small denomination. There may be a deluge of suffering, a purging of the "threshing floor," but Unitarianism going out to try men's souls with the truth pertaining to the welfare of society, will grow strong and increase simply because it holds in its heart and in its mouth the loving word of God. If it will cease for a while to talk about Channing and Theodore Parker—the dead and gone heroes of a past day—and be a Channing and be a Theodore Parker in social matters for the present day; if it will cease to long for the vestment and ceremonies and set forms of doctrine as in a ritualistic church and be a church erasing the new born babe of truth, though it be in the rude manger of an outer shed, then it shall rise glorious and go on "from strength to strength, from victory to victory."

A New Home for the Manhattan Single Tax Club.

The Manhattan single tax club packed up their belongings on the night of the 24th and next day put them in storage, where they will remain until May 4, when the club will take possession of their new quarters at 36 Clinton place.

Walter H. Paige of the Forum will deliver the lecture this coming Sunday evening, his subject being "Protection and Personal Character."

All the members are requested to attend this lecture, which will be the opening one in the new headquarters.

Just before leaving their late home the club began working under their new constitution. A managing board was appointed by President Faulhaber to serve until the election, which will take place early in June.

THE LAST TRANSFORMATION SCENE OF THE SEASON.

C. L. Pirks in All the Year Round.

The professor rose majestically from his chair.

"Don't talk to me about the guidance of your senses," he said severely; "you should guide them, not they you. If I had my way I would halve the senses of nine-tenths of mankind, and then people would have more than they could manage. Five senses to feed one brain! In nine cases out of ten the brain is swamped, not fed by them. It is like giving a man a team to drive before he has learnt to manage a pair!"

I had jumped out of the frying-pan into the fire. In the earlier part of the evening I had convoyed a party, consisting of uncle, aunt and country cousins, to the pantomime—the last performance of the season. Then I had crept away to enjoy a quiet cigarette over my evening paper before the conclusion of the performance compelled me to take my place as host at the head of the supper table, and, lo, this terrible professor had swooped down upon me and, without any provocation on my part, had stepped into his professional chair, and cigarette and evening paper together had to make their obeisance to him.

This bevy of country relatives had been, if the phrase be allowed, hanging over my head for the past three years; ever since, in fact, tidings had reached my native village, in Wiltshire, that I was achieving fame and fortune for myself in London as an electrician.

From that time my relatives had appeared determined not to lose sight of me; and, from time to time, had revived my waning recollection of them by a series of characteristic presents.

I should add that a delicately conveyed intimation, that not one of them had ever visited the metropolis or "seen the sights," had more than once accompanied their presents.

I kept my relatives at bay for nearly three years; then I succumbed. "Better take the draught at a gulp and be done with it," I said to myself. So I hired a suite of rooms at "The Grand," and invited them one and all to be my guests in town for a week.

That was a hard working week. I used to go to bed at nights more worn out than ever I had been in the early days of my office work. Not so my relatives. They showed themselves as impervious to fatigue as the wheels of the cabs which carried them through the London streets—I used to put them into cabs whenever it was possible, I found they attracted too much attention when allowed to go at large. I took a week's entire holiday on purpose to keep my eye on them; abandoned my rooms over my office, and took possession of apartments adjoining theirs at the hotel. To tell the truth, I was rather afraid to trust them out of my sight, lest they might get into mischief; so, from morning till night, I danced attendance on their heels. On the first day after their arrival we did the National gallery, Guildhall, St. Paul's, Westminster abbey, the houses of parliament, winding up with high tea and the theatre. From henceforth, high tea and the play afterwards grew to be an institution. Work as hard as we might all day at the sights, my relatives were always fresh and ready at night for the theater-going.

An odd party we must have looked, as we skimmed crossings or hailed cabs in the intervals between underground railway traveling. Uncle Septimus in drab gaiters, with broadbrimmed hat pushed back from his forehead, as a rule headed our party. He was horribly near-sighted, and, being over fourteen stone in weight, I was in a constant tremor lest he might walk over somebody. Dick, aged seventeen, moon-faced and open-mouthed, straggled about anywhere—I told him to give himself up to the police if he were "lost." Ruth was so small and so quiet, I scarcely gave her a thought; she never seemed to get into anybody's way—that was her chief charm to my mind. I think Aunt Ju was, perhaps, the most embarrassing of the party. She had a trick of stopping in front of the chemists' shops to look at the drugs they had on view, and, if the survey were satisfactory, she would go inside, where, sometimes, she would be more embarrassing still. But Aunt Pen was unquestionably the most attractive.

"I made up my mind that your relatives shouldn't disgrace you among your smart

London friends, Edmund," she said, as she stood in the middle of the big Waterloo station, "so I ransacked my wardrobe, and you see the result, my dear."

Yes, I saw the result, not a doubt, and so did other people. Twelve colors, I'm confident, came together in her toilet; and as for the cut of her garments—well, I could not have realized even Wiltshire milliners perpetrating such atrocities in the shape of bonnet and cloak, if I had not seen them.

Personally, I had no objection to her standing still in by-streets to look in at shop windows, but I confess to having the very strongest objection to her habit of persistently backing off the curb into the very middle of a crowded roadway to get a view of a church clock in order to set her watch. She was tall, and stout, and it generally took me and a policeman to bring her back. She would always mildly remonstrate with us both when safely landed on the payment.

"Now, how am I to keep my watch exact to a minute, unless I regulate it daily?" she would say, standing still to say it. "If I were in Wiltshire, I should have the clock over the squire's stables. But there's not one in all that big hotel to be depended on, and you know I keep you all true to a minute."

Yes, not a doubt she did. Whether her watch wound her up, or she wound up her watch, I never felt quite sure; but, certainly, it was thanks to her unflagging energy that the "lions of London" saw so much of me that week, and my personal friends so little.

There were two friends, however, who refused to have their claims set on one side by those of my relatives. Those two were a widow and her daughter, with whom of late I had grown to be on very intimate terms. Now, although the mother was styled plain Mrs. Jolliffe, the daughter was known as Mademoiselle Claire Leclair; this, for the all sufficient reason that she was studying for the stage, and was shortly to make her debut at a leading theater.

Mademoiselle Claire was a beautiful girl. She had big blue eyes, a mountain of golden hair, and the pinkest and most delicate of complexions. She delighted in wonderful costumes of sea green tint, and greatly affected black velvet Rubens hats, with ostrich feathers a yard long. As might be imagined, she had many admirers, and in view of the brilliant professional career which no doubt lay before her, my masculine friends were in the habit of telling me that I was a lucky fellow to have made, beforehand, such progress in the young lady's favor.

Claire and I were on very easy, confidential terms; she would talk quite frankly to me of herself, and her hopes and her prospects. She was not going on the stage for a living merely—"Oh no, but because she wished to enter her protest against the too prevalent idea that the theatrical profession was not one that a lady by birth and education could adopt." It may be remarked, in passing, that her mother's pronunciation of the English tongue occasionally left something to be desired, a fact for which Claire readily enough accounted by the circumstance that Mrs. Jolliffe's parentage was semi-foreign, her mother having been Cingalese, and her father Irish. Be that as it may, Claire was my divinity in those days, and my offerings at her shrine made an item in my yearly income.

This, however, did not trouble me; my balance at my bankers' was good, and I considered myself amply repaid for any amount of lavish expenditure by the friendly little notes of thanks which, sometimes three or four times a week, the postman brought me, and by the pleasant little evenings which Claire and I—always with Mrs. Jolliffe as a decorous third—were wont to pass at a theater or other public place of amusement.

Claire had a clever, sharp tongue, and a knack of hitting off people's peculiarities which was very diverting. I dare say, if her eyes had not been so soft and brilliant and her mouth drawn into such pretty curves when she made her witty speeches, I might have detected a spice of ill nature in them. As for instance, when she heard of the arrival of my country relatives, and begged that I would secure front seats in the dress circle at the theater on every possible occasion, so that she might get a good look at them from the stalls. And also, when after introduction to them at her own request, she whispered in my ear, with her large eyes fixed full on little Ruth: "She looks like one of those gutta serena toys one buys for babies, which are

warranted to squeak, and which never do squeak."

As it was, however, all her speeches passed muster with me, and all her requests were law to me. And when, on the last day of my relatives' stay in town, she sent me one of her tiny notes, saying that she was dull and wanted diverting, and hoped I would allow her and her mother to join the farewell supper, which she knew I was giving that night, I sent back immediately a delighted invitation, although I knew perfectly well what manner of diversion she expected the family party would afford.

As I sank into a comfortable chair beside the bright fire, which the coldest and most frost biting of springs rendered a necessity, I found my thoughts running not on my warm hearted, if somewhat eccentric, relatives, but simply on Claire, and Claire only. My evening paper lay unopened by my side, although I knew it contained the latest account of a colossal electric car just started in Philadelphia. I took out a pencil and note book and commenced making a close calculation of my yearly income—at what rate it was increasing, and whether its sum total warranted me in taking to myself so expensive a luxury in shape of a wife as Mademoiselle Claire.

"Electricity is the power of the day," I said to myself. "Those shares in the new company are bound to—"

But at this moment a waiter entered the room, and informed me that a gentleman wished to see me. On the card which he presented was inscribed:

PROFESSOR OTTO VON BERGMANN,

Saint Neot's College,

Boston.

I knew what lay before me now. This professor was a man well known in both hemispheres as a metaphysician, moral philosopher, psychologist, and I don't know what beside. He was German by birth, English by education, American by adoption, and held a chair at the Boston college, which had conferred on me an honorary degree for the impetus which I had given to the study of electricity in certain quarters.

I looked at the waiter and groaned. The appearance of that waiter is distinctly impressed on my memory from certain circumstances which followed. He was a small man, about four feet ten inches or so in height; at any rate, as he fronted me, his head was very little above mine as I sat. That head was crowned with the crispest and curliest of red hair, parted down the middle into two distinct wings. His features were nondescript, and I have forgotten them, but his height and his hair are stereotyped on my brain.

He saw my consternation.

"He's a quiet looking gentleman, sir," he began, in a friendly tone.

And then he had to stand on one side and let the "quiet-looking gentleman" pass, for the professor had followed his card upstairs to my room.

He was a tall, bony man, with a stoop—his head preceded his legs into the room by about a quarter of a yard; that head was not bald as so learned a professor's ought to be, but was covered with straight, greyish hair; his nose was aquiline, his chin clean shaven; his eyes I could not see, for they were hidden behind blue glasses. His voice was mellifluous, yes, I'll admit that, when he addressed me; my heart sank not at the manner, but at the matter of his speech.

He expressed his delight at shaking hands with a man with whom he had so many interests in common.

Those four last words struck a note of alarm. I bowed—slightly, not cordially—to express my appreciation at the implied compliment. I solemnly assert I did nothing else. Yet, before five minutes were over our heads, we were in the "very thick of it;" that is to say, he was delivering an animated oration on such light matters as perception, vision, incorporeity, with occasional side glances at other equally frivolous topics, while I sat a mute and subjugated listener.

I tried what stolid taciturnity would do; he broke off blandly to inform me that my attention was most complimentary, and made him "warm to his subject." Next I rang the bell, and ordered wine to be brought. He declined all refreshment; he then divided his subject into two parts, and went on more serenely than ever. I tried what a compliment would do; told him I heartily indorsed his views on subjective consciousness, and considered that he had expressed them in truly masterly fashion. Upon this he bowed most affably, said he had never enjoyed a conversation so much before, divided the

second half of his subject into three parts, and proceeded to take them in their order.

Then I resigned myself to my fate, knowing that my experience of the moment had been that of many men before me.

I looked at the clock which faced me on a bracket against the wall; an hour and a half must elapse before I could hope to hear the country boots of my relatives, or Mademoiselle Claire's light step mounting the stairs. I leaned back in my chair. "He'll fill that hour and a half easily enough," I said to myself; and fill it he did. Toward the end of the second half hour I grew horribly sleepy. I found myself beginning to sit very upright in my chair, blinking hard at the professor.

If it had not been for that wretched drowsiness, I don't think I should have been idiotic enough to attempt anything in the shape of the mildest of demurs to his views. As it was, what I did say escaped me unawares, and I had to take the consequences.

Floating dimly into my sleepy brain came the fag end of one of his sentences. He was quoting his authorities—a long list of names of learned men who, he said, were the "lights of the century," and he bid me thank heaven for their guidance; for, without them, thought and science would have to come to a dead-lock.

I looked up at him with half closed eyes, and said I dared say they were wonderful men, but I preferred to thank heaven for the guidance of my senses.

Then it was that he had risen majestically from his chair, and had poured the vials of his wrath upon my head.

"The guidance of your senses," he had repeated, severely. "If I had my way, I would halve the senses of nine-tenths of mankind, and then people would have more than they could manage. Five senses to feed one brain! It is like giving a man a team to drive before he has learnt to manage a pair."

And then he took off his spectacles and looked at me.

I hadn't seen his eyes before, and to this day I am ignorant of what color they are; but, nevertheless, as they glittered at me unsheltered by glasses, I was conscious of a queer sensation down my backbone—a rigid sort of feeling, as if ossification were setting in.

I fought against the feeling. As a matter of fact, I was beginning to get exasperated. After playing the part of patient listener for so long, it was a little too bad to be "sat upon" in this way, as if I were an ignorant, self-opinionated schoolboy.

I looked up at him and said superciliously, as if that settled the question:

"Ah, now you are bringing an indictment against Nature."

"She has indicted herself," he replied, severely still, "by her attempt to repair the mischief she has wrought through bestowing too many channels of supply to one center. Do you know that there isn't a human eye in creation that hasn't a blind spot in it?"

I began to see the mischief I had wrought, and endeavored to repair it. Although I knew nothing whatever of the physiology of the eye, I agreed with him that there wasn't a human eye in creation that hadn't a blind spot in it.

The professor went on:

"Nature, by putting those blind spots in the eye, as good as says: 'See, I have given those foolish creatures more senses than they can manage; I will take as much as I can away, and I will begin with the sense that works hardest—sight.'"

He paused, as if expecting me to contradict him.

"Never again," I said to myself.

So he went on once more:

"But, alas, for her attempt at reparation! Structural difficulties stood in her way. If the blind spots had fallen where they ought in the axis of the eye, a blank space—for which, no doubt, many of us would have had cause to thank heaven—would always have existed in the center of the field of vision. As it is, the blind spots in either eye do not correspond when the eyes are directed to one object; and hence the blank which one eye would present is filled up by the other. You do not follow me. I will illustrate my meaning."

I assured him hurriedly that I followed him perfectly; that necessity for illustration did not exist; that I could recapitulate word for word every sentence of the "conversation." I did not like to say oration, for fear of giving renewed offense.

All in vain. The professor took up the sheet of paper on which I had been making the estimate of my yearly income, then drew from his pocket a stylograph. With

this he proceeded to make two small round dots about four inches apart.

"The guidance of the senses, indeed!" I could hear him muttering as he did so. "It is a truism to say: If the eye saw less we should see more."

He came close to me with the paper in his hand, and once more I was conscious of a queer sensation along my spine, which seemed now to reach to the back of my eyeballs.

"You are very sleepy, I can see," he said, fixing his hard, glittering eye full on mine; "but, if you'll be good enough to do exactly as I tell you, you'll find out precisely where the blind spots in your eyes are situated. Hold this paper close to your eyes—so; close one eye, fix the other firmly on one black spot—so. Now I will move the paper slowly backward and forward. Now, tell me—the black spot on which your eye was fixed has vanished, is it not so?"

I looked up at him.

"Vanished? No; it seems to have multiplied itself by ten, that's all."

He smiled—sardonically, I thought.

"We'll repeat the experiment with the other eye," he said, calmly.

And I submitted, for my will seemed gone.

When the paper had once more been moved slowly backward and forward before my other eye, he repeated the question:

"Has the black spot vanished?"

And, looking up at him as before, I replied:

"Vanished? No; it has multiplied itself by twenty."

This was speaking well within the mark, for now, as I let my eyes rove round the room, black spots seemed swarming in all directions. Only for one moment, however; the next, they seemed to have consolidated into two only, one of which fronted either eye.

I rubbed my eyes vigorously.

"Ah, you're sleepy," said the professor, still at my elbow. "I'll say good night. I've enjoyed my conversation with you immensely. At some other time I shall be delighted to renew it. Good night."

I jumped from my chair with alacrity to say my good by to him; but the black spots rose with me, and, though I could see the long legs and coat tails of the professor vanishing through the doorway, head he had none.

Well, he was gone at any rate—a little hurriedly, perhaps—but still he was gone, and that was something to thank heaven for. But he had left his black spots behind him; or, at least, one of them, for now the two seemed to have consolidated into one, and there it was, dancing as fantastically as ever before my eyeballs. Again I proceeded to apply vigorous friction to them.

All in vain, however. Then I closed my eyes for a few minutes, and opened them suddenly, to see what that would do. It did just exactly nothing, for, as I opened them, there was that hateful black spot exactly fronting them as before, or, perhaps, blank space would be the more correct term to use now, for, somehow, the blackness and roundness seemed to have gone out of the spot, and, instead, it appeared to be a distinct blank space in the center of my field of vision.

I looked up at the clock on the opposite wall. Yes, there was its black marble case clearly enough defined; there, also, the inner gilt rim which framed the dial. But where was its face? A round blank marked out to my vision where I believed it to be.

I felt dazed. Was I awake? Was I in my right senses? I asked myself. What black arts had that wretch been practicing on me? Had he hypnotized me, and was I even now under the dominion of his will? And then with a start of terror I recollected that in the course of his lengthy oration he had more than once mentioned Dr. Charcot by name, and certain of his experiments in Paris, at which he—the professor—had been present.

At that moment ominous sounds of movement in the lower part of the house informed me that my relatives had returned, and would shortly be upon me.

"If I tell them the truth they'll say it's champagne, and if I don't tell them the truth they'll say it's champagne, for I feel like an idiot, and I've no doubt I shall act like one," I said to myself miserably.

The sounds of footsteps came nearer. With them came also the sound of Mademoiselle Claire's rippling laugh, and Uncle Septimus's guffaw in response, so I concluded that Mademoiselle Claire and her mother must have arrived at the hotel

door at the same moment as my returning relatives.

I tried to comfort myself with the thought that my eyesight might return as suddenly as it had left me. Then I pulled myself together, and, like a lunatic in the first stage of his disease, I resolved to do my best to hide my malady. I walked—very erect, I'm sure, but also very unsteadily—into the adjoining room, where supper had been laid, thinking it better to receive my guests with as little ceremony as possible.

I may mention that the doorway I made for appeared to my vision destitute of lintel, and that, as I entered the supper-room, the gasolier over the supper-table seemed to poise in mid-air.

My guests had evidently returned in a lively frame of mind, and appeared to be all talking at once as they entered the room. I shook hands with every hand that came near mine, and I dare say with some twice over, for already I felt in a whirl as to who was who of that merry party, not one of whom, to my vision, owned to an entire head.

"Seat yourselves at once. Pray don't stand on ceremony. I'm sure you must all be starving," I said heartily, feeling how utterly incapable I was of according precedence to any one of that bewildering company.

"So far, so good," I said to myself, as I sank into my chair at the head of the table. "I can only hope that they have sorted themselves all right."

I turned my head to my right hand. The chair there seemed filled with an expanse of crimson silk fastened with enormous green buttons. Adown these flowed yellow with satin strings, which I had no doubt were cap strings, although my vision failed me before the cap was reached.

"Aunt Pen; that's all right," I thought. And presently, the winding up of a watch, and the remark that she "wished to goodness the clocks in London could be made to keep right time," told me that Aunt Pen it was.

Where was Uncle Septimus? The chair at my left hand seemed filled with gray silk in very straight folds, from out which extended two small, round arms, with dimpled wrists and slender fingers. In addition, I could catch a glimpse of a round white throat and pretty, dimpled chin; but there my vision ceased.

At the foot of the table, however, a wide expanse of shirt front and waistcoat, culminating in an enormous white tie and double chin, caught my eye, and seemed to announce the presence of Uncle Septimus.

His hearty voice, making itself heard above every other, assured me of the fact.

"I told you, Edmund, when we came in—but you didn't seem to hear me—that we had come upon a friend of yours at the foot of the stairs, and had persuaded him to join us at supper. I told him you'd be delighted to see him."

So I should, no doubt, or anybody else, for the matter of that; but which was he, where was he seated?

"If I ask, they'll say it's champagne; and if I don't ask, and make an idiot of myself, they'll say it's champagne," I thought.

I looked carefully along both sides of the table. On Uncle Septimus's right hand a chair full of black velvet smothered in jet beads seemed to proclaim Mrs. Jolliffe's presence; on his left hand a drab satin, primly trimmed with drab lace, seemed to demand Aunt Ju's prim, drab complexioned face as a fit corollary. Next to Mrs. Jolliffe, a black waistcoat and colored tie announced a masculine presence, an announcement repeated in precisely similar fashion on Aunt Ju's left hand.

At random, I bowed to the latter black waistcoat and colored tie, and informed its owner that I was delighted to see him, and was ashamed of myself for not having recognized him as he came in.

Upon which Cousin Dick's voice replied:

"Thank you, Edmund, I'm sure you are; but don't apologize. You shook hands with me three times when I came in."

I felt every head at table turned toward me.

"For severe headache, like yours, Edmund," said Aunt Ju, in an acidulated tone, "I recommend a strong dose of nux the last thing at night, and another the first thing the next morning. It is better than any amount of seltzer or soda."

And following this came a long, low laugh from where a sea green "creation," in satin and tulle, and dazzling white

shoulders, proclaimed that Claire was seated.

The laugh, lacking its usual accompaniment of brilliant eyes and flash of pretty teeth, somehow did not sound so musical as its wont.

Dick sat on one side of her; on the other was the little figure in gray, who sat on my left hand.

A very soft voice presently came from out those gray draperies, and evidently with the wish to divert attention from my blunder, said:

"Cousin Edmund, I wish you could have seen the transformation scene to-night, it was lovely."

I recognized the speaker immediately, but I had no idea, till that moment, that Ruth had such a pretty voice, no, nor such pretty arms and hands either! "She little thinks what a transformation scene I am looking at at the present moment," I thought, as I ran my eye along the ranks of my faceless guests.

I say faceless, not headless, because at certain angles I could get bewildering glimpses of the upper parts of their heads; at least where the coiffure was high, as was Claire's mountain of golden hair, and Aunt Ju's assertive speckly-aigrette, I think she called it. Where, on the contrary, the visage gained in breadth what the coiffure lacked in height, as with Uncle Septimus and Aunt Pen, I could get a glimpse of full sized ears, or frilled lace lappets respectively. But no effort on my part could succeed in obtaining a view of more than this, dodge my head, or eyes, as I might.

All words are powerless to describe the odd series of sensations that swept over me as I sat there surrounded by guests, represented to my mind only by tulle or satin, shirt front or waistcoat, as the case might be.

In view of the appetites of my relatives, I had ordered supper to be served "à la Russe." A man at a table behind me carved the dishes, so I was spared all embarrassments on that score. I dared not attempt to eat, however, being fearful lest my hands might not find their way to my mouth. So I leaned back in my chair watching food disappearing in all directions, but seeing never one of the mouths to which the hands conveyed it in such regular succession that one could almost have beaten time to them.

After all, and looking back to that memorable evening, I think one of the most bewildering of the many bewildering sensations I experienced was caused by the small waiter, whose head only just surmounted those of the men and women on whom he waited. Those two wings of red hair and a third of an inch of forehead was all that I could see flitting in and out between the shoulders of my guests, for his body was hidden from me by the said shoulders, and his face, like the others, was a blank to me. I could not realize that that mysterious object was part of a man. I grew almost to believe that it was some bird of ill omen flitting in and out restlessly, till it saw opportunity to pounce upon something. When he suddenly hovered over my shoulders saying, "Champagne, sir?" I gave a terrific start, and a "No!" that went off like a cracker.

Aunt Ju's speckly aigrette pointed straight at me. "For the nerves, Edmund," she said, from the other end of the table, "Gelseminum is better than quinine—does not leave behind the dreadful buzzing in the ear that quinine does." And then Claire's laugh was heard again.

The side of the table at which Claire was seated was far noisier than the other side, which accommodated the matrons—Aunt Pen and Mrs. Jolliffe—and the "friend" brought in by Uncle Septimus, whose face was still a mystery to me. The matrons, I think, must have been very hungry, for they scarcely spoke a word, and as for my "friend," I vow that, except to say "Pass the salt, please," he never opened his lips.

On the other side of the table, however, all seemed fun and light talk. Claire appeared to be "diverted" to her heart's content, and Ruth and Dick suffered accordingly. She asked Ruth for the name of her dressmaker in Wiltshire, took out a pencil and wrote it down—she was wanting dinner-dresses, she said, and her milliner in Bond street was not satisfactory. Then she turned to Dick, told him his collars were not high enough by a quarter of an inch, that flowered silk ties were "the thing" to wear at theaters now; bet him a dozen pairs of gloves that he could not spell her name correctly, and when he left out the accent over the e in Leclair, told him he had lost, wrote down her name and address, the size and color

of the gloves she wanted, and desired him to be sure and get them before he started for Wiltshire on the following day.

Now this was not exceptional conduct on Claire's part. Scores of times I had heard talk such as this flow from her lips; but it had never jarred upon me before as it did now. Never before, too, had her voice sounded so harsh and rasping, her laugh so unmusical. I found it difficult to realize the large, liquid eyes that laughed with the lips, the pretty, curved corners of the mouth that uttered such ill-bred phrases.

Uncle Septimus's voice suddenly roused me.

"Edmund," he said, "it is our last night in town. I want to thank you heartily for the pleasant holiday you've given us. I've seen a lot, yes; but, I don't think, quite what I expected to see. I'm near-sighted—very—and when I stood with you, Edmund, outside St. Paul's cathedral, I never saw the cupola and cross. No, my eye never got so far—"

"Poor old gentleman, some one should have lent him a telescope," murmured Claire.

My uncle did not hear her.

"No, I haven't seen the cupola and cross; but I saw something else—something, Edmund; which I think you Londoners, possibly, are so used to that it doesn't strike you as it does us country folk. I mean the pinched, haggard faces of men and women—"

"And the children," put in Ruth, softly.

"Right, Ruth; and the children who throng the crowded thoroughfares round St. Paul's. And I said to myself: 'Poor souls, poor souls, over worked, under paid, thriving neither in body or soul. I would to heaven I could take some of you back with me to the green fields, and make you see sights grander even than a grand cathedral—'"

He broke off for a moment. In that moment I found it difficult to realize that the broad, jovial features which I was accustomed to call Uncle Septimus's really belonged to the man to whom I was listening now. In their stead I could picture my dear father's pale face and thoughtful eyes. Even in my uncle's voice, now, I seemed to hear the echo of my father's when he said to me, the last time he and I ever met, "Edmund, you'll get to the front, not a doubt; but don't forget those who lag behind!"

Uncle Septimus went on:

"So also at the pantomime, to-night, I

"Penny Wise and Pound Foolish."

How many people purchasing an article take the cheapest, then shatter and scold because it does not last. If it is a clothes wringer, it breaks the back of the poor woman who has to use it. The Empire Wringer, made at Auburn, N. Y., by a new arrangement, does not have the crank attached to either roll, and the purchase gear saves more than half the labor and it outwears two ordinary wringers.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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don't think I saw one quarter of what other people there saw. No, as it happened, just outside the theater, a man came up to me and said, in a whisper, 'For heaven's sake, give me a copper, sir, I'm starving, and I'm trying to keep my wife honest.' One did not need to look twice at the man, to see that he was speaking the truth. I've seen starved, hunted dogs with much such a look as he had in his eyes. I questioned him as to his occupation in life, and he told me that he had been a 'super' at one of the theaters, that he had been paid off a week ago, and, though he had tried hard, could get work nowhere. I gave him all the silver I had in my purse, and—well, I shall see him again. But when I got inside the theater, somehow I didn't seem to see the smart dresses and the spangles; no, I seemed only to see the pitiful faces of the men and women—"

"And the children," again interrupted Ruth.

"Right, Ruth, and the children who wear the smart dresses and spangles, and kept wondering what they would all be doing when the pantomime came to an end and their occupation was gone. And when the transformation scene took place, and every one was saying how lovely it was, I didn't even see it, because—because—"

Here my uncle's voice gave way, he paused a moment, then finished all in a hurry. "Well, because—I'm very short sighted, you know."

"Ah," said a voice which seemed strangely familiar to me, "you saw more than other people because you saw less; that was it."

It was the voice of my stranger guest. I knew him now; he was that wretched professor who had been practising his black arts on me, and he had been sitting here at table, as my guest, enjoying my misery.

"Where is he? Let me get at him!" I cried, wildly.

I jumped to my feet; all my guests rose also, in dire confusion. I made one desperate plunge among the empty chairs, only, however, to find myself clasping Uncle Septimus's portly shoulders in a tight embrace.

I know that Ruth tells the story in a totally different fashion. Her statement is that, on their return from the pantomime, they found me fast asleep in my chair, and Professor von Bergmann's card on a table beside me; that Uncle Septimus caught his foot in the hearthrug, upset the fire irons, and forthwith began a series of apologies for his short sightedness. Upon this, she says, I jumped to my feet and seized him by the shoulder, crying, "Where is he? Let me get at him!"

I always let Ruth tell her story to the end, and then I ask her, if hers be the true version of the events of that memorable evening, how does she account for the fact that, from that day forward, Claire and I have never set eyes on each other; while she and I have comfortably settled down as husband and wife?

But, for this question, Ruth never appears to have any answer ready.

For a Conference in South Dakota.

BRISTOL, S. D., April 20.—All who sympathize with the single tax movement in South Dakota are requested to meet at Huron, S. D., Wednesday, May 22, 1889, to get acquainted and organize for effective work. Let no one think his presence is not needed. "In the multitude of counsellors there is safety," and your assistance is desired. Don't forget the date.

W. E. BROKAW,
Box 146, Bristol S. D.

A Landless People.

"B" in San Francisco Argonaut.

The American citizen who does not read aright the lesson of the events now occurring in Oklahoma must be a very dense person indeed. If the newspapers are to be believed, ten times as many people as the new territory can accommodate are clamoring for the withdrawal of the obstructions which prevent their entering land, and those who are familiar with former rushes into Indian reservations expect a good deal of bloodshed before the respective rights of rival settlers are adjusted. This means but one thing. It signifies that the American people have awakened to the danger that they are going to be landless, as Europeans are; and that with landlessness will come, here as there, poverty, low wages, a landlord class, and a tenant class, and a loss of American manhood and self-reliance. Hence every man who is foot-loose is scrambling for a small slice of land which is offered to occupation in Oklahoma, and it looks as though a year would not elapse before every acre of arable land therein would be taken up. When it is, what then? As Henry George says, land can not be created. There is so much of it, and no more. When all is taken up, newcomers will have to buy from actual occupants, or go without. The American people will lose the advantage they have had over other peoples—an advantage which, in thirty years, has made them the richest and most powerful nation on the globe. Is there no remedy?

QUERIES AND ANSWERS.

Several Questions.

GERMANTOWN, Kan.—(1) Do not improvements on land raise its value to some extent; and under the single tax would not the improver of land pay a tax on his improvements because of the rise of the value of his land by reason of his improvements?

(2) Would not such resolutions as the following introduced into Knight of Labor conventions be the entering wedge of the single tax: "Resolved, That speculators' land should be taxed as high as improved land adjoining."

(3) Would co-operation, as proposed by a good many labor organizations give permanent relief?

(4) Has not the contraction of our currency by our banks a great deal to do with hard times in the United States, and would it not be better for our government to issue our money without the intervention of banks? We suffer most severely out here in Kansas by having to pay from two to five per cent per month for money.

G. S. E.

(1) It is not the labor and improvements of the individual that make his land valuable. It is, first, the natural productiveness; second, the growth of population and the advantages of society and government. And natural productiveness is not so important a factor as the growth of population in making land valuable; for without a considerable population the land of any country would have no rental value. Land value, strictly speaking, is the value which a piece of land would have if all the improvements were swept away by a cyclone or a fire; it is, therefore, a paradox to say that the improvements on a piece of land make the land valuable. They do not; the extra value that comes with improvements is the value of the improvements, not of the land.

(2) Yes; such a resolution could be easily defended, and would lead to broader declarations.

(3) The causes which produce business depression would still exist. The men who "co-operated" in grabbing town lots, forests, mines, railroads and monopolies, would fleece the co-operative box makers and co-operative tailors just as successfully as they fleece the individual workers at present. What does co-operation aim at? It is that each shall receive all he produces, and that no one shall take the earnings of another. It is obvious then that, if we are to have true operation, the land and all natural opportunities, which are not the product of individuals, shall belong in common to all men, and that each shall own, individually, what he produces upon and from the land. This must be recognized and effected first; after that co-operation, natural co-operation, will follow, but without it co-operation is of no account whatever.

(4) The contraction of our currency by our banks, by which I suppose you mean the contraction of the volume of national bank note currency, is an evil that is very much exaggerated. In the first place, out of the \$1,700,000,000 of currency, only \$150,000,000, or less than nine per cent is national bank note currency; and furthermore the banks have not the right, as they once had, to call in their money at a few days' notice and with it take out their bonds from the vaults at Washington. The law requires, I believe it is six months' notice of such withdrawal, so that a sudden contraction from this cause is impossible. Again, a large amount of currency does not mean that the rate of interest will be low. If money were made a thousand times as plenty as now the result would be simply that a dollar would purchase far less than now, and the farmer who wanted money to buy a threshing machine would have to borrow far more in order to pay for it than he does now. What he would pay for the money would be determined by other circumstances altogether. Moreover the abundance of money would not prevent its piling up in the hands of the few as long as the present laws which govern the distribution of wealth held good. Nevertheless, as you intimate, the issuance of national bank notes under the present law is a wrong. The government should issue all money.

W. B. S.

Notes.

J. H. M., Philadelphia, Pa.—It seems to me that the Henry George club has developed some pretty acute political economists. The subject of the debate you describe must have been carefully thought out by those who participated in it, and I do not care to act as referee. I will say, however, that I agree with S. when he says it is a law of supply and demand that "if left free to operate, supply always tends to meet and satisfy the demand." Also with J. F. H. when he says that "the value of a thing depends upon the

proportion between the supply of it and the demand for it," which is as it seems to me what produces the tendency described by S. L. F. P.

N. S. S., St. Leonard.—Unearned increment includes the present as well as the future value of bare land, inasmuch as no one man gives or gave value to land. The value was never "earned" by any holder or owner. You are mistaken in supposing that a farmer charges his rent to the consumer by adding it to the price of his product. His product has to sell at whatever price the equally good product of the cheapest land sells in the same market. It is the value of the product that fixes the rent, not the rent that fixes the price of the product.

NEW IDEAS, METHODS AND INVENTIONS.

A New Food Preservative.

An American process of food preservation, invented by a man named Daniels, of Chicago, is now being introduced into England. The virtue lies in a compound composed of sugar, sulphur, sassafras, nitrate of potassium, and cinnamon. This powder, which is perfectly harmless to the taste, is placed at the top of an airtight chamber, in which the food to be treated is hung. On being ignited the compound evolves a heavy gas, which falls to the bottom of the chamber and destroys the oxygen, whereupon the light goes out. The meat is allowed to remain in the chamber for several hours, more or less, according to its nature, and on being taken out it can be exposed to the atmosphere for weeks, or even months, without any sign of decay. It may become dry after several weeks, but it does not putrefy. It is said that food treated in this way has been submitted to scientific experts and authorities on food, and they are agreed as to the result, although they cannot explain the chemical process by which it is effected. Mr. Hodge, M. P., had a brace of pheasants treated at the end of December. He kept them in his larder under lock and key for three months, when he partook of one, and found it excellent. Even eggs and milk, as well as every variety of vegetables, can be preserved in this way, and fish, after having a bath in water impregnated with the gas, remains fresh for a week or two. In addition to the scope for the preservation of food at home, it will perhaps revolutionize colonial dead meat trade, as the costly ice chamber system will be superseded. The cost of preserving by the process will not be more than one shilling per head of cattle.

Using Air for Fuel.

Age of Steel.

Another marvelous discovery is reported at Philadelphia. Whether it is a fact or a fiction we do not pretend to say. It may be genuine, and again some excellent people may be mistaken. At any rate it is being talked about, and we give such information regarding the matter as comes to our hands from various sources. The device is called the Falc furnace. It is described as follows: "It burns the air instead of coal. It is done in an ordinary stove or furnace. The device, in itself, consists of a grate twelve inches in diameter, nine inches deep, surrounded at the upper end by prongs four and a half inches long, and an inch apart at the outer edge. It looks more like an immense hat of cast iron than anything else. This cast iron hat is set on its head in the furnace or stove, and is filled with coal of any kind. The coal is piled up till it spreads over the top of the hat, including the brim made of cast iron prongs as stated; on top of this coal is put a little kindling just to start the fire. It has a pipe, but this pipe is not to let the smoke out, for there is no smoke to go out. The pipe is to let in the air that is burned. It is such a wonderful device that the mere statement of what it can do will be received with incredulity and even with denunciation. The heat is intense. Your correspondent saw the stove made red hot in one minute, and saw cast iron melted in three minutes more, and spiegelisen melted in six minutes which requires a heat of 4,200 degrees to melt it. He saw glass and ores of various kind melted in from two to three minutes, and run out in streams down through the coal into the ash pit below. There is no draft nor any artificial means for creating one. It has no chimney—simply a pipe to let in the outer air. A peck of coal will last from twenty-four to forty-eight hours, and, by a little addition, the fire can be kept up continuously. There is no drum. It does

not make any gas. Every metal that goes in melts in about the same time. Cold air comes out of the lower door when the upper part is red hot. It burns clinkers and ashes just as well as pure coal. Your correspondent saw a barrel of clinkers and ashes brought in and burnt to a white heat in two minutes." Mr. Lorin Blodgett, of Philadelphia, an esteemed correspondent, has been examining this wonderful discovery, and says: "It is clearly the air that is burned, the oxygen of common atmosphere constituting the fuel. There can be no exhaustion of the supply of air with its contained oxygen, and as no artificial blast or other mechanical agency is required to feed the air, it constitutes a self-created flame. It is only requisite to check the supply of air so as to avoid cumulative effects, otherwise there would clearly be a steadily increasing draft to feed the flame and a degree of heat beyond any capacity to apply it. The combustion in this case gives an intense heat, with but little visible flame."

We have no comments to make on this astonishing statement. We would suggest, however, that the Franklin Institute could not do a better thing than to make an investigation of this matter and make a statement as to its fraudulency or the magnificence of the discovery.

The Land Is Gone.

Chicago Herald.

Men arrived at maturity of manhood know that, when they were boys, land could be had for \$1.25 an acre in Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota and Iowa. This was the best land. In all these states homesteads could be settled freely. In Kansas and Nebraska pioneers could settle, if they desired sequestration from the rest of humanity. Detroit was a far western city. Duluth, Minneapolis, Kansas City, Omaha, Des Moines, Denver, did not exist in the popular mind. "The west, the west, the boundless west" appealed to the imagination; and thereafter exceeded its limits. There was more land than the tribes of men would want. The father said to his son: "I have settled in Ohio. You shall have Indiana. My grandson shall have Illinois. His son shall cross the great river. His great-grandsons shall go forth into the unknown country beyond the Big Muddy. It is 1855. It shall be far off beyond the year of our Lord 2000 before the division of land shall be accomplished."

The men of that day had empires in their brains, but not the empire of greed and mammon which has triumphed in our land system. The son of the Ohio man looking to-day upon the United States cannot espy one acre of arable land on which he may peaceably settle. Whole states, of enormous size, have disappeared from the public domain, as a feast before harvesters.

Incomprehensible misfortune, that land sufficient for the proprietary of a billion souls should be so early apportioned that any part of sixty millions, and that some of the original possessors, should be without a roof of their own!

Two motives may press the pioneers of to-day. One may be the love of adventure, in-born in man. The other may be this early, this tragic disinheritance. The reader must judge for himself how far the multitude—for multitude it is—respond to either or both of these ideas. Spreading across the western portion of the continent are the holdings of vast corporations. The land that should have been our children's has been bestowed by reckless and profligate congresses on conspirators, to many of whom taxes were also "loaned" for the purpose of building railroads. These corporations, seeking an immediate market for their pelf, have patrolled Europe, offering to the peasants of the earth the estate of freedom. Freedom's true heirs to-day gird on their revolvers and put forth into Oklahoma, ten for each possible homestead—nine to be driven out by the sternest of heart.

The country is gone. It belongs to railroad companies whose stockholders live 4,000 miles away. It belongs to lords and dukes. It belongs to people who babble strange tongues, steeped in ways of peasantry, open to charity, indulgent of aristocracy and taxation. It belongs to barb-wire companies. Pull down the rusty Congressional Record of 1862-1880. Read the land office reports. Stupendous crime of popular government! What will be its penalty?

Working Up.

New York Press.

"See that young man with the team?"

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SOME FOREIGN ITEMS.

In the recent election in New South Wales the protectionists were strongest in the country districts, just as they are in the United States. The metropolis, Sydney, stood true to free trade, returning 35 free traders and 16 protectionists.

In the new colony of British New Guinea, civilization has already reached the high point where the erection of a christian gallows has been found necessary. Of course it is the natives that are being hung. Four of them concerned in the killing of a Captain Ance were executed. Thus "British enterprise beyond the seas" is progressing.

On the principle, no doubt, that any tax is better than a land tax, an attempt is being made in England to tax bill boards, fences, etc., used for advertising; the idea being, apparently, that a fence standing unused is a good thing but a fence put to some good use is a bad thing.

The Duke of Westminster is, according to a recent return of millionaires, worth over \$75,000,000. His annual income is set down in the return at \$4,000,000. Bateman, in his Great Landowners of Great Britain, states that his grace is her majesty's richest subject.

The idea that the landlords should compensate the people for past use of the public inheritance is making great headway in England, and has taken a practical turn in one instance. The Midland railway has for some time occupied a corner of St. Pancras church yard in London and recently proposed to give up what it had in exchange for another piece. The matter was referred to a select committee of the London county council, which committee reported that in their opinion the Midland railway should give up the land it already holds, and in addition should pay to the county council \$60,000 as back rent.

The personal estate of John Bright is said to have been valued at \$3,500,000. He lived quite plainly spending about three or four thousand dollars a year.

A recent English consular report from China describes the origin and working of a notorious secret communistic society called the Ko-lao Hui, which for many years past has given much trouble, and which quite recently has caused much commotion in Nankin and its neighborhood. This Ko-lao Hui originated during the Taiping rebellion among the soldiers, for the purpose of affording aid to the wounded and the families of the men killed on service. The soldiers served all over China, and their mutual aid society spread by their assistance over the whole country. The aims of the society developed with its growth, and a sentiment of equality of worldly possessions and position became prevalent among its members. Able and unscrupulous men turned these feelings to their own uses, and now the society seeks to spread its socialist views by the rough and ready process of plunder and rapine. Strong efforts are being made to suppress the society.

Preaching at South Kensington recently on behalf of his East London church fund, the bishop of Bradford testified that owing to the recent murders the social condition of Whitechapel had improved, chiefly through the increased exertions of the clergy and laity for the good of the people in that district. It was most gratifying, he said, to the poor people of the east end, as well as encouraging to the workers, to know they had the sympathy of her most gracious majesty the queen. When the women of the east end humbly addressed her majesty at the time when terror was upon their hearts because of the Whitechapel atrocities, the reply was of necessity a formal one, through the home secretary. The terms used were official, and they failed to give expression to the keen and personal interest which her majesty felt, and always had felt, in the condition of those of her subjects who lived in the dreadfully poor and crowded districts in the east end and in the south of London. The queen would have it known how truly she felt for the sufferings of the poor, and how deeply she was interested in all efforts which were made to improve their condition. All of which talk will be believed by some people and doubted by others.

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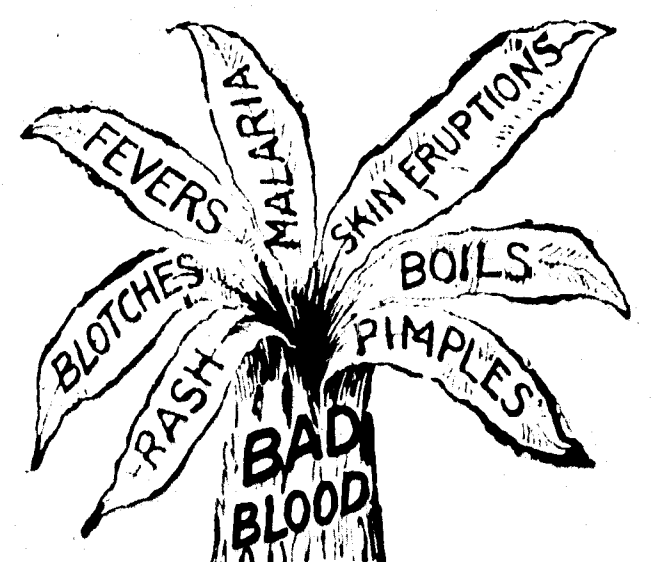
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