

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.

One of the recent notable conversions to the single tax is that of J. B. Sargent, the New Haven manufacturer, who for a year or more past has done such good work as a tariff reformer. As must be the case with other intelligent men whose questioning of protection has led them to think on the subject of taxation, he has found that there is no stopping place short of the single tax. Mr. Sargent seems to have reached this conclusion on the voyage to Australia, or shortly after arriving there, as his first announcement of it is given in an interview published in the Sydney Evening News of August 22. In this interview Mr. Sargent says:

"I am in favor of the abolition of all taxation on commodities, and the raising of revenue necessary to support the government from land values, irrespective of improvements. I know of no tax so just and which would be so evenly distributed or so easily raised. Land lies out of doors and cannot be hid; its value is more readily ascertained than that of any other class of property, and in my opinion it is the only source whence taxation should proceed." "Are you a land owner?" queried the reporter. "Yes," replied Mr. Sargent, "I own a considerable amount of real estate, and when I got rid of protection I used to think that taxation should be laid on real estate, but after considering the question I have come to the conclusion that a tax on improvements is just as unjust as a tax on commodities, and has the same effect of restricting production, whereas a tax on land values, irrespective of improvements, stimulates production and increases the opportunities for labor."

In a letter to Willard D. Warren, president of the New Haven tax reform club, published in Justice, Mr. Sargent says:

Very much interest is being taken in all the Australian colonies (or countries) in the single land tax question, and in the allied question of the people, by or through the government, taking at least a portion of the increasing value of land in cities—the increased value being caused, not by the work of the owner, but by the influx of business and people into the same neighborhood. This taking to be done in the form of an annual tax on the market value to be assessed on the land only, irrespective of improvements, if any, that may be on it in the shape of buildings or otherwise. A case in which the same principle is involved, is now before the parliament of this colony. Sydney and immediate suburbs contain four hundred thousand people, and land is very dear in the central business portions. Two principal streets are George and Pitt near to and parallel with each other. Land is to be taken for post office uses. A very much larger amount than is required for post office purposes will be taken and what is not used is to be sold at an advanced price and the profit will go to the government. I inclose clippings from the Evening News, a paper of very large circulation and very much devoted to free trade and the single land tax.

Thus it is that the agitation of the tariff question must lead men to finally see the absurdity of imposing taxes on any form of produce or of wealth. Governor Ames and the republican manufacturers of New England who have at last woke up to the manner in which the

industries of that section of the country are being crippled by tariff taxes have started on the same road that Mr. Sargent has followed, and it is but a matter of keeping on for them to reach his conclusion. Their "getting there" will be hastened by his announcement.

As the steady drift of public opinion against protection becomes more and more obvious the protectionist organs become more active in revamping the old scarecrows. The Cobden club bugaboo is pretty near threadbare, but is trotted out again by the Minneapolis Tribune in what purports to be an interview with a "prominent disciple of Cobden" which is reprinted by the American Economist—the high-sounding name given to a paper maintained in Philadelphia by some of the protected rings. This "prominent disciple of Cobden" who is "one of the many active American members of the Cobden club," is, according to the Tribune's correspondent, devoting his time, and proposes to do so until the next presidential election, to traveling around the country, disseminating publications on free trade and soliciting additions to the club. There are lots of agents like this one, the readers of the Tribune are told, all of course abundantly supplied with British gold, who are traveling around the country sowing free trade seed and inveigling Americans into joining the Cobden Club. This is the way they do it:

It isn't their method of procedure to herald their business when entering a new field. First, they locate at the best hotels, where men of leisure congregate. By ingratiating themselves as men generally can who are traveling for pleasure and broader information, they by degrees ascertain where they can make an impression. Of course none but the influential and wealthy classes are courted, for poor men can do the cause of free trade little good only as they are induced to do so by their votes, which are really what is wanted.

And in this fashion the "interview" goes on:

"I suppose your organization distributed large numbers of tracts, and expended no small amount of money during the last campaign?"

"Yes; but nothing like what we are planning to do in the next. The fact is, we are in our infancy in this country—have scarcely effected an organization, and have never had anything like the encouragement we now have. Why, do you know, that until 1863 the home club had never been able to add the name of a single American to its list? Prior to 1876 there were twenty members in the United States. When it became apparent that Mr. Blaine, the chief of protectionists, was growing in popularity, and likely to become a formidable candidate for president of the United States, our folks commenced earnest work and used large sums of money to defeat his aspirations by circulating, not only free trade documents, but hunting up and publishing his record, or so much of it as could be made obnoxious to the people. We did everything in our power to prejudice and poison the public against him, without having it known what agency was doing it. Even the Mulligan letters business was largely instigated and aided by our club. In 1872 we worked especially in the direction of increasing our membership among prominent men who, from any cause, were antagonistic to him, believing him the most dangerous man we had to contend with in this country."

"How many members have you in this country to-day? In 1887, according to published lists, you had 150."

"I can't tell you that, but will say that during the last two years of Cleveland's administration our growth was phenomenal, and I really believe if he had been elected more than one thousand prominent Americans would be on our roll of membership."

A western free trader sends me a copy of the American Economist containing this stuff and asks if an authoritative denial cannot be made. There can be and has been, but the protectionist papers keep on publishing such stories all the

same. And if it amuses them, it does no particular harm. For the people who believe such stories are not protectionists because they believe the Cobden club is spending its British gold to undermine protection in the United States, but they believe this because they are protectionists. Dig down to the fallacies that make them think that American industry can only exist by virtue of custom houses, and disabuse their minds of the notion that labor can be benefitted by taxing it, and they will be only glad to hear that the Cobden club is spending money to propagate free trade principles in the United States.

As a matter of fact the Cobden club is doing nothing of the kind, and has neither the means nor the spirit. It is merely a loose sort of an organization, of which Messrs. Potter and Gowing are the working members, which holds a dinner in London once a year, and occasionally publishes a tract or a book by raising subscriptions. Its American members, of whom I have been one for some eight or nine years, are like all its foreign members, merely honorary members. They contribute nothing, but are merely put on its lists as a compliment for some real or fancied service to the cause of free trade, or what the Cobden club calls free trade, for it has not got past a tariff for revenue only. And I am very much inclined to think that if they were disposed to spend any money at all in the United States much more could be raised among the English members of the Cobden club to keep up American protection than to help abolish it. For the men largely interested in British manufactures and shipping fully realize that it is only the manner in which American industry is hampered by our tariff that gives them their pre-eminence in foreign markets and on the seas.

The real, active, thorough going English free trade organization is the Financial reform association, whose offices are at 18 Hackins Hey, Liverpool, and of which E. K. Muspratt is president. This organization publishes the Financial Reform Almanac every year, and the Financial Reformer every month, besides occasional leaflets. And it has a few agents who travel through England and Scotland, delivering lectures and enrolling members. It has no honorary members, and while it may have some other American members I only know of two—Silas M. Burroughs and myself. Its dues are only five shillings a year, and as much more as you please, and I wish some of our American single tax men would join it, for it is doing good work in Great Britain for real free trade. This is an association that would spend money in disseminating free trade principles in the United States if it had not a closer need for all it can raise—for its first object is to complete the work that Cobden begun, and to bring Great Britain to free trade. And this, as the Financial reform association now clearly accepts, means the single tax.

A cable dispatch to the Associated press states that the works of Burroughs, Wellcome & Co. at Wandsworth, London, were destroyed by fire on the 12th, the loss being £20,000. The flames spread with such rapidity that one fireman lost his life and a number of the girls at work narrowly escaped being burned to death. These are not the new works at Dart-

ford, the opening of which I described in THE STANDARD some weeks ago, and in reference to which Mrs. Milne wrote the little poem, which has since appeared in our columns, but the old works whose capacity the business of Burroughs, Wellcome & Co. had outgrown.

The strike of the London dock laborers, which began on the 13th of August, each side expecting it to last only a few days, was only brought to a final compromise on the 13th of September by the offices of Cardinal Manning, and it was not until Monday, the 16th, that the men went to work again. Of all recent strikes this has been the most remarkable and significant, and has attracted the widest attention. Originating in three of the large docks, which have recently been consolidated under the management of one company, it soon spread to all the docks, and quickly involved wharfmens, lightermen and coal handlers, and precipitated strikes among the tailors, the printing press laborers and some other trades.

The dock laborers, or at least the largest class of London dock laborers, called casuals, who were employed by the hour, as their services were required, are about the poorest class of laborers to be found even in London, the dock gates being the resort of great bodies of the unemployed men who are constantly seeking for work at any price. The scramble and fight which daily occurred at them for the chance of employment for a few hours at four pence an hour has been frequently described by the Pall Mall Gazette and other papers. The London socialists, especially the active men of the democratic federation, have for some time past taken advantage of the crowds that daily gather at the dock gates to preach their principles, some earnest men like Herbert Burroughs making it a point to be there every morning before going to their occupations for the day. To them belongs the credit of initiating and managing this strike, though the successful organization of similar laborers in Glasgow and Belfast which preceded and doubtless inspired it, were the work of some of our Scottish single tax men, principally Edward McHugh and Richard McGehee, and it was money sent by D'Arcy Reeve which brought that movement to success.

The London strike would of course have failed in a few days at most, as the managers of the dock companies confidently expected, had it not been for the remarkable sympathy it excited. This sympathy seemed, in some degree at least, to affect almost every class, and brought not merely large subscriptions which enabled the dock laborers to hold out, but a strong pressure upon the dock directors to yield. The leaders of the strike counted, however, far too confidently on this sympathy when they issued the manifesto calling for a general cessation of work on the part of all trades and all laborers—the grand stroke which the socialists believe will ultimately bring the social revolution. It fell absolutely powerless—so flat, indeed, that it was withdrawn in a few hours.

But despite the fact that the wharfmens, coal handlers and some others at one time involved in the strike went to work a good while before the strike of the dock laborers was settled, this strike abundantly demonstrated the destructiveness

of such industrial conflicts, and the manner in which they paralyze other industries than those in which they originate. For some time the sea-borne commerce of the greatest city in the world was at a standstill. Ships were unable to discharge and perishable cargoes rotted, mail steamers were delayed and excursion steamers had to give up their engagements, vessels intended for London were sent to other ports, and colliers unable to discharge had to carry back coal to the Tyne, while even the railways blocked for storage room had to refuse London rates. The money loss, which for the most part falls on those who had nothing whatever to do with the contest, is estimated at from two to three million pounds.

The strike was throughout remarkable for its good order and absence of violence, and John Burns, the principal leader, with perhaps the momentary mistake of the manifesto, seems to have acted throughout with judgment equal to his energy and to have won good opinions on all sides, except perhaps from the extreme socialists, for he seems to have prevented the carrying of the red flag in the procession, and both he and Champion have withdrawn from the social democratic federation. To Cardinal Manning belongs the high honor of having effected the final compromise.

This, however, is a compromise in which the men gain substantially all that was contended for, the dock companies getting only a delay of six weeks before beginning to pay the sixpence an hour, which was the last point on which issue was joined.

But although the strike has been thus won, and some of those engaged in it will get better wages and more permanent employment, there will be no gain to the class of men who have been crowding around the dock gates every morning. Fewer of them are in fact likely in future to find employment, and there is no relief whatever to the great body of unemployed men from whom they have been recruited. The labor problem is where it was before, except that its imminence and the danger to society that it involves has been brought before the public in a most striking way.

In another column will be found a letter from C. A. Nau, one of our Cleveland single tax men, relating how Campbell, the democratic candidate for governor, was nominated, and giving reasons for not supporting him.

L. A. Russell, a prominent Cleveland democrat, and a thorough single tax free trader, who was a member of the convention, is out in a communication to the Cleveland papers declaring that he will not vote for any protectionist and will not vote for Campbell. Mr. Russell says:

Logic says if you want Campbell's defeat vote for Foraker.

Democracy says kill your false leader by withholding from him your support—but vote your ticket straight with its head cut off and to support your principles as shown in your platform and illustrated by all your honest candidates.

Let Foraker win by a diminished republican vote if possible.

Let democracy win by a great majority if possible for her platform and true candidates.

Let Campbell fail miserably by having the votes only of that little handful of voters who are trying by his nomination to betray democracy again into the hands of plutocrats, with only such others as are too ignorant of the things being done in their party to know that Campbell is the tool of the accursed gang who try to lead democracy to destroy it for pay.

If Campbell is that sort of a democrat "Logic" is certainly the best adviser. A democrat who will not vote for a protectionist on a democratic ticket ought to hold himself perfectly free to vote for one on a republican ticket, for that is the best means of keeping protectionists off the democratic ticket.

The following from W. J. Atkinson, of Philadelphia, embodies a correct principle:

If the friends of tariff reduction want to do anything definite to relieve the country from unjust and unnecessary taxation, let them bring in a bill repealing the duties on salt. Such a bill, if confined to that one article, would be supported by many votes, both in the senate and house, which would be against any general tariff reduction bill. The farmers, whose votes returned the republicans to power, could then plainly see who were their friends, and every vote cast on the plain and simple issue would be watched and remembered. Woe, then, to the man who, in the face of the accumulating surpluses, would vote to keep a tax on a necessary of life.

The tax on salt repealed, a similar bill to repeal the tariff tax on lumber would be equally successful. With the naked proposition before them to tax or not to tax all house builders for the benefit of wealthy land owners, who would dare to vote in favor of the millions against the millions?

With the tax on lumber and that on salt repealed, many votes heretofore protectionist would be cast in favor of further reform. The forces we oppose are not a solid column. They consist of detached squads, and may be cut off in platoons. A common danger unites them, but attack them in detail and their disorganized condition will be manifest even to themselves. The interests of the owners of iron mines demand a tax on iron ore, but such a tax cripples every user of iron. Two years ago the woolen manufacturers understood how greatly the tax on wool injured them. A bill, having as its sole object the repeal of duties on raw wool would undoubtedly have the support of many who opposed the Mills bill.

A bill reducing or repealing the duties on envelopes, as a blow at the odious envelope trust, would have the support of all business men. A bill repealing all duties on sugar would effectually settle the sugar trust and stop their collecting a tax from every breakfast table in the land. The strength of the tariff is purely selfish; it lies entirely in log rolling. We have but to divide its advocates to conquer them. The bundle of sticks cannot be broken, but take them separately and they are easily snapped.

A good idea was advanced by Mr. George White of Brooklyn in a speech printed in THE STANDARD a few weeks ago, that of proposing an amendment to the tariff which would permit goods obtained by Americans in swap for American productions to come in free of duty. If a proposition of that sort could be brought to a vote in the house, it would probably do more to make farmers see the real nature of protection than anything else.

And a third good idea was embodied in the bill introduced by Senator George of Mississippi during the last session, to render it the duty of the president to issue his proclamation suspending the collection of duties upon all articles for advancing the price of which combinations had been formed.

Mr. Atkinson looks to actual repeal of duties, and thus breaking the protectionist "combine," the other propositions to exposing the true character of "protection to American industry."

The death of S. S. Cox takes from New York a good representative, and from the house one of its ablest members. It is doubly to be regretted that Mr. Cox should go at the time when the free trade principle for which he so long stood is coming to the front.

HENRY GEORGE.

THE OHIO ELECTION.

Why Campbell Won't Get the Votes of Some Single Tax Democrats.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, Sept. 12, 1889.—I attended the convention with the Cuyahoga county delegation and had some opportunities for observing, both at Dayton and since, the state of affairs. I believe it is a fact that the body of the democratic party were ready for a decided step forward. This was evident from many things said and done. On the night before the convention the candidates made speeches from the balcony of the Phillips house and it was very gratifying to hear how the more radical utterances were quickly taken up and cheered to the echo. Mr. Neal spoke first and confined himself almost entirely to the tariff. He made an excellent speech, which was loudly applauded by the crowd assembled below. Following him, Mr. Campbell spoke for about twenty minutes on

"Forakerism," "third termism," home rule, etc., making a good deal over the mistakes of Foraker and of his control of municipal boards in Cincinnati and other places, until a gentleman near me facetiously remarked, that it looked as if Campbell had gone out of the race for governor entirely and was running for mayor of Hamilton. He only incidentally referred to the tariff, and to put it mildly, his speech fell flat. After him Mr. Kline of this city just captivated his audience. Devoting himself entirely to the tariff he struck straight out from the shoulder, slapping the protection fetiche right and left. Mr. Kline, by the way, is a good enough free trader for all present, practical purposes. The Neal men wore badges "Tariff reform and no explanations." On the floor of the convention, as well, any mention of Grover Cleveland in connection with the movement for tariff reform, or any radical utterance, was the signal for an outburst of enthusiastic applause. Tariff reform was in the air (and with a good many this meant reforming it out of existence), and one could just feel that democracy was again beginning to mean something. I certainly believe that if the honest expression of the mass of the democratic party in Ohio could have been had Mr. Campbell would not be the nominee for governor. As it was, with the power of the machine behind him, he was fast losing ground and was nominated by but one vote and a quarter, and this majority was dishonestly got right on the floor of the convention. Campbell's chief henchman was Allen O. Myers, and the whole corrupt gang of tally sheet forgers, jail birds, etc., was out in full force. Campbell men, every one of them. This crowd, known in Ohio as the "coal oil gang," had been at work for months before the convention, and the pins were all set up for Campbell. This cropped out in the convention in Cleveland (although check-mated here), and was evident from the delegations sent from Hamilton, Montgomery, Butler and Franklin counties, all places the machine could effectively get in its work—large centers of population. The places all sent in solid Campbell delegations. Outside of these the vote for Campbell was scattering. The rural vote was almost solid for Neal. Allen O. Myers was on the committee on resolutions, and if the truth were known, the thing that prevented the adoption of his cut and dried platform was the belligerent attitude of free traders in Cleveland and other places. They did not dare to give us both a weak platform and a weak candidate.

I believe there exists a conspiracy, among certain toll gate keepers, both in the democratic ranks and out of them, to switch off the democratic party from the tariff issue, at all events to prevent them from committing themselves any further at present.

I think the active single tax men in Ohio will not vote for Campbell, but take advantage of the campaign to push the fight against protection all they can. C. H. NAU.

Approving the Utterances of the Democratic State Platform.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Sept. 15.—The Pittsburg single tax league passed the following resolutions unanimously at its meeting to-day:

Resolved, That the single tax men, irrespective of party affiliations, look upon these declarations [anti-protection and ballot reform declarations in democratic state platform] as a step forward in the path of the emancipation of labor, and in securing to the working classes the freedom of the ballot "independent of the assaults of intimidation and corruption," as Mr. Harter well puts it.

Resolved, That since it appears at the present time that the democratic party is moving more closely to the line of individual freedom and the emancipation of labor than any other, we will in the coming election support the state candidates of this party as embodying the principle set forth in their platform, and will use our best efforts to secure their election.

Resolved, That we would cordially co-operate with the democratic societies of the state, and of our own city, toward the attainment of this, and for that purpose we ask them to put themselves in communication with us.

Other resolutions were adopted in favor of joining with the Henry George club of Philadelphia in forming a state organization, but with the understanding that it should simply have the powers of an advisory body, and that each club reserved the right to unite without let or hindrance with any men or any party whom it believed might further its ideas.

The Australian Ballot System Approved by the People of Minneapolis.

MINNEAPOLIS, Sept. 11.—The first test in this country of the Australian system of voting was held Tuesday, Sept. 12, and resulted in the election of the republican candidate for alderman in the Eighth (democratic) ward. Both parties say the experiment was a great success. The state law provides for the system in counties over a certain population.

Here's an Conundrum for Protectionists to Answer.

Boston Globe.
If it is good policy to keep our own markets to ourselves and shut out foreign commerce, how can it be good policy at the same time to subsidize steamship lines in order to encourage and foster trade with foreign countries?

TOM L. JOHNSON.

He is at Present the Best Abused Man in Cleveland—Items Regarding the Buffalo Single Tax Club.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Sept. 13.—I was in Cleveland a few days ago. When I arrived every newsboy was shouting "Extra edition! Extra paper! What Tom Johnson is doing to-day!" In the hotels, at public resorts and on the street cars nothing but Tom Johnson. As the readers of THE STANDARD are doubtless aware, Mr. Johnson has revolutionized the street car business in several western cities. As I gather it from the Cleveland papers, the municipal authorities without any warrant, backed up by jealous rivals of Mr. Johnson, have interfered with him, going so far as to cut his wires (electric street car motors), and so on. However, public feeling is entirely with Mr. Johnson, and he is undoubtedly the most popular man in northern Ohio to-day.

I got a glimpse of him this afternoon in his office. Surrounded by lawyers, officials, reporters and all kinds of people, he was the very picture of good nature and happiness amid intense excitement. A smooth, pleasant face, noble hair, curly hair and twinkling blue eyes—the famous single tax advocate and railway magnate reminded me of a beautiful picture of a cherubim angel I received one Easter morning at school not a great many years ago.

At Buffalo I stopped off to address the Buffalo tax reform club on the tariff. I have never met with a more active, intelligent lot of gentlemen than the officers of this single tax society. The president, Mr. Samuel C. Rogers, is a protected manufacturer of machines, an enterprising citizen, and one of the most thoroughly informed men it has been my fortune to meet. Doctor Crowe, the treasurer of the club, is a well known physician, and though he has a large practice to take care of, he manages to find sufficient time to dig out some interesting facts from the city assessor's reports. He is a graceful speaker and a good debater. Mr. H. B. Buddenberg, the secretary of the club, is a young man who through his ability as an organizer has accomplished much for our cause in his city. Four years ago he met with a terrible railroad accident and lost his right arm. He has, however, since become a very expert penman with his left hand.

The club is now preparing for publication certain figures regarding Buffalo taxes which I think will cause a wonderful change of popular feeling in that city in favor of the single tax doctrine. J. K. MCGUIRE.

What a Cleveland Paper Has to Say About Mr. Johnson.

Cleveland Union.

Mr. Tom L. Johnson is a gentleman who is abundantly able to take care of himself. The genial Tom is about the best abused man in Cleveland at present. His name is in everybody's mouth. Mr. Johnson's well known private opinions on taxation have subjected him to some very harsh criticism as being inconsistent with his public conduct. As a citizen Mr. Johnson believes the public should own the streets and collect big tolls from street car companies. As member of a street car corporation he wants all he can get and takes all he can grab. For this he is condemned. The condemnation is unjust. As long as the streets are given up to private corporations Mr. Johnson would be simply a fool, in a business point of view, were he to weakly allow other companies to get the advantage of him. The fight is really a struggle between rival companies. It would avail nothing for the equitable system of taxation, of which Tom Johnson is an eloquent and consistent champion, were he to give up his lines because he knows the people should control the streets and reap the tolls. The only result would be to throw them into the hands of other grabbers. There is nothing inconsistent in Mr. Johnson's actions with his advocacy of the single tax system. Those who are inclined to condemn him should bear this fact in mind, that the individual sacrifice of holdings recognized as legal under present laws would accomplish nothing in furtherance of the reform principle. The single tax men oppose the system as wrong, not the men who appropriate under it. And it should also be remembered that since the advent of Tom Johnson in street car circles in this city his enterprise has acted as a constant goad to the old foggy concerns, and has thus forced better street car service, all things considered, than many larger cities enjoy. A sagacious, long-headed, practical business man is Tom Johnson. He acknowledges the wrong of our system of taxation and would cheerfully yield to the people what belongs to them had he the power. If he grabs only what some other man would grab were he to yield, why should he be personally condemned?

The Sturgis Club of Investigation.

STURGIS, Mich.—There has been a club organized in this town to take into consideration the propriety of forming a club to operate with other clubs now forming in different states of the Union, whose aim is to influence congress to appoint a committee to investigate the feasibility of Mr. George's suggestion of a single tax on land to defray the expenses of government. The membership of the club is made up of men in all walks of life and of every shade of opinion. The single tax will be the subject at all the meetings, and it is to be hoped that the single tax men in and near Sturgis will not hide the truth they feel under a bushel basket. A. T.

THE CART-TAIL CAMPAIGN.

Three Rousing Meetings Conducted by the Manhattan Single Tax Club Last Saturday—Resolutions in Memory of S. S. Cox.

The Manhattan single tax club had their truck out for the second time last Saturday evening, and achieved what one of the committee termed "a howling success."

At a few minutes past eight o'clock the truck drove to First street, just west of Avenue A, and soon a large crowd, made up of both men and women of a variety of nationalities, assembled. Chairman Wolf opened the meeting by explaining who sent out the truck and what the single tax meant. Then he introduced A. J. Steers, who in about fifteen minutes explained how unjust the methods were which compelled the poor men to pay the bulk of taxes while landlords and monopolists escaped the burden. Morris Van Veen followed Mr. Steers and treated another phase of the social problem. Then a quantity of single tax literature was distributed, with a request that the recipients take them home to read. After this the truck was started for the next station, leaving behind it a street full of people.

The truck drew up at Fourth street, east of Avenue A, and a large crowd soon gathered. Chairman Wolf again made brief speeches, after which J. R. Brown, a Canadian, was introduced. An allusion to the humbug of protection brought out a protest from an old man in the audience, who got very much excited. He was invited to get on the truck and address the assemblage, but declined. A lot of the club men got around him, and soon that portion of the meeting enjoyed an animated debate. William McCabe followed Mr. Brown as a speaker from the truck. He addressed his remarks altogether to the young men and women present, of which there were a large number, and gave them what he thought was the reason why there were not more marriages. The reasons he gave were, the low wages the young man received for his work, the high rent he would have to pay for the rooms he and his young wife would need, and the heavy cost of food and clothes. This difference between the cost of producing the latter and the price paid for them by the consumer was, he said, nearly all swallowed up by the rent, and it was that large item that kept most young people single when they ought to, or wanted to be married. The young people in the assemblage listened with marked attention to these new and strange ideas.

When the truck started away from this meeting the street was packed, and all through the crowd were men and women, too, discussing points which they had just heard. Members of the club made a distribution of literature which was eagerly taken.

The third meeting of the evening was held on the east side of Seventh street, near Avenue A, opposite Tompkins square, where a large crowd was waiting. Chairman Wolf presented, in succession, John T. McKechnie, P. J. Kelly, A. M. Barlow and Benjamin Doblin, who all, in telling words, pointed out the benefits to be gained by the people through the adoption of the single tax. It was then eleven o'clock; so the committee decided to go home. They were delighted with the evening's work, but when they reached the club house they were still more delighted to learn that checks and money to the amount of twelve dollars had been received for the prosecution of the cart-tail campaign. There has been, so far, about twenty dollars sent in for this purpose. But more speakers are wanted, and the committee ask that all single tax men who feel the spirit moving them sufficiently to induce them to tell the truth to the people, come forward immediately; and those who cannot talk can help pay for the trucks and literature. Communications should be addressed to the Cart-tail committee, Manhattan single tax club, 36 Clinton place. The truck starts out again next Saturday evening.

At the last business meeting the club adopted the following resolutions, on the death of Congressman S. S. Cox:

The Manhattan single tax club learns with deep sorrow of the death of Hon. Samuel Sullivan Cox, congressman from the Ninth New York district.

In view of his long and faithful public service, his demise at this crisis in our national affairs can be looked at in no other way but as a great public calamity.

His devotion to the interests of the people, and his outspoken utterances on the subject of free interchange of commodities between nations, marked him as a leader whom the single tax men of this country will remember with honor and pride.

Resolved, That in the death of the Hon. Samuel Sullivan Cox we deplore the loss of a man who by his intellectual training and convictions would have taken a foremost place in the ranks of those, who, in the coming struggle for the emancipation of labor, would advance those principles for the promotion of which this organization was formed.

Resolved, That we tender to his bereaved widow and relatives our heartfelt sympathy in their irreparable loss.

Resolved, That the banner of the Manhattan single tax club be draped for thirty days and that the president and vice-president attend the obsequies of Mr. Cox as representatives of this organization.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent Mrs. Cox, signed and attested by the proper officers.

The club respectfully informs its friends throughout the country that its rooms, from

now on, will be opened every afternoon at half-past two o'clock, and single tax visitors and their friends, and for that matter near by and city friends, are invited to make the rooms their own.

The committee to watch the city assessments will not be able to get the rolls until January.

A SAD LOSS IN JOHNSTOWN.

John Coffin, President of the Henry George Club, Dead—Though Yet a Young Man He had won a High Place in the Engineering World and was the Author of a Number of Important Inventions.

JOHNSTOWN, Pa., Sept. 13.—Editor STANDARD.—Dear Sir:—When I last wrote to you it was because I had before me the sad task of announcing to single tax men the death by the flood of Abram S. Eldridge. Associated with Mr. Eldridge for the last eight or nine years in single tax work was John Coffin. First meeting through their belief in "Georgism" they became fast friends and co-workers through life. Tuesday, Sept. 3, John Coffin joined his old friend in the unknown world. He was the president of the Henry George club of this place and a steady and successful worker for it. Though I have always been slow to call any man a genius I do not hesitate in using that word in regard to him. What his life would have been if he had lived no man knows; but we do know that he had already, a young man, more to show for his life work than it is the lot of many men to achieve. Everything John Coffin did he did well, going well to the root of whatever he undertook. That was the secret of his success. Some eight or nine years ago he was, in his characteristic thorough manner, studying the whole subject of political economy with the intention of solving "The Problem," when he chanced upon "Progress and Poverty" and found his problem solved.

Many are they who will deeply feel his death as a man of brains, but to those who knew him well this loss is as nothing compared to the loss of a man of heart who by his sincerity, probity and unselfish friendship well merits the sorrow which his death has caused.

Sincerely yours,
RICHARD EYRE.

John Coffin was born at Chatham, N. Y., September 18, 1856. He attended the local schools and afterwards went to Cornell university, where he took the engineering course. Professor John Sweet, one of the instructors, recognized his natural ability, and after graduation placed him in charge of his machine shop at Syracuse. In 1881 Coffin accepted a position in the drafting department of the Cambria Iron Works at Johnstown, where Chief Engineer Morgan afforded him every opportunity for pursuing a line of original investigation, for which he manifested a particular liking and skill. "One of the results of his labor in this direction," says the Johnstown Tribune, "is the railroad axle toughened by the process which bears his name. This process he disposed of to the Cambria company, and it opened up to that corporation a large field, thousands of the axles having been put on the market since his discovery. His last achievement in mechanical development, largely shared in by his chief, Mr. Morgan, and by the late Alexander Hamilton, jr., was the construction of the galvanizing plant of the Gautier steel department. This plant had just been completed and was in successful operation when the disaster of May 31 occurred.

"In addition to these important achievements in mechanics, Mr. Coffin perfected what is known as the averageometer, a machine for determining the horse power of steam engines from indicator cards. This machine has been manufactured for several years by a firm in the east. Several other minor appliances and devices were evolved by Mr. Coffin, all of them important to the mechanical world.

"So well known had he become in his special field that the proprietors of the American Machinist, through their editor, who paid him a personal visit here, tendered him the assistant editorship of their journal, to which he had long been a contributor. This offer he declined on account of his health, preferring to be actively engaged in his chosen lines of work, in which he continued until stricken down by his fatal illness.

"Beside Mr. Coffin's accomplishments as a scientist and mechanic, he was a most agreeable gentleman, and intellectually equipped for all social emergencies. In the domestic circle, no less than in the world, he was kindly and considerate. His home at Moxham was his paradise, and about his wife and little one were centered his tenderest affections.

"His wife, to whom he was united on September 27, 1885, was Elizabeth Fussell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Milton Fussell, of Radnor, Pa. Their child, a son, is but a few weeks old."

The Simple Truth.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 9.—"A truth when once discovered is very simple. It is easy to understand. We may not know why it is so, but it is easy to perceive that it is so."—High Pentecost in Twentieth Century.

The simple truths, those most easily demonstrated and understood, are those pertaining to mathematics and material subjects. There

is an exactness and tangibility pertaining to them which does not pertain to biology, or psychology, or sociology, or other 'ologies that deal with invisible entities, or in which the intrusion of the human will, or the occurrence of contingencies impossible to be predicted, may interfere with the accuracy of our calculations or deductions.

Yet even in reference to material objects the reverse of Mr. Pentecost's statement is generally the fact. A falsehood, by being plausibly stated and put in epigrammatic shape, may be made to appear very clear and simple to the average mind in comparison with the truth, which frequently necessitates much antecedent explanation, the clearing away of accumulated errors, and the uprooting of cherished prejudices. The "simple" truth of the spherical form of the earth, taught by Eratosthenes two hundred years before Christ, and which at no time wholly perished from the minds of thinkers, was not so "easy to understand" as to be perceived and accepted by the majority of philosophers even for more than fifteen hundred years. The history of the progress of the race is full of parallel instances.

In fact, truth is rarely "simple" and "easy to understand." As a rule it is the plausible falsehood—as when we say, "The sun rises"—that assumes the garb of an axiom, and charms the shallow intellect with its seductive simplicity.

J. L. MCCREARY.

Proceedings of the Joint Committee.

The joint committee on reception and conference met on September 14, pursuant to adjournment, at the Brooklyn club, 56 Livingston street, Dr. M. R. Levenson in the chair, and seventeen delegates present.

The West side delegates reported a resolution of their club in favor of forming a permanent committee, and also in favor of hiring a hall for large general meetings in the cause of the single tax.

The eastern district delegation reported that their club favored a permanent central organization, and suggested that the basis of representation should be three delegates from each club, with one additional delegate for every fifty members.

The delegations from all of the clubs reported in favor of a permanent central committee.

It was unanimously resolved, "That, pursuant to the instructions received from the several clubs represented in the joint committee on reception and conference, the delegates thereto invite all clubs within reach of New York for that purpose to join the committee to perfect a permanent organization at the next meeting."

The secretary was instructed to have a circular printed embodying this resolution, and to send it to the clubs.

It was also unanimously resolved, "That among the duties to be performed by the permanent committee will be making arrangements for periodical meetings and lectures."

The chairman, Mr. Abarbanell, of the New Jersey club, and Mr. Curley, of the Brooklyn club, were designated a committee to propose a plan for permanent organization and to report at the next meeting.

The committee adjourned to meet at the Brooklyn club, 56 Livingston street, at eight o'clock on Saturday evening, September 21.

Commencing Organized Work in Saginaw.

SAGINAW CITY, Mich., Sept. 10.—A few single tax men from both Saginaws met by appointment last Saturday night at the store of James Duffy, corner of State and Seventh streets, Saginaw City, to organize a single tax club.

The following officers were elected: President, E. D. Wegener; secretary and treasurer, James Duffy; committee, James Duffy, H. Flott and William Mitchell. The organization will be completed next Friday night, the 15th.

The Confederation of labor had a grand turnout here on Labor Day, there being in the ranks about 3,500 persons. I never saw the streets so crowded. It was a joyous holiday. And yet, one standing and carefully observing the faces as the crowd surged by could have plainly seen something back of that holiday glee—the gaunt features of the men, the hollow cheeks and cavernous eyes of the women; the questioning eyes that seemed ever to say: "What of the to-morrow?" "What of the coming winter?" Born and brought up in the south, I had seen a great many slaves' quarters. I had often seen their entire population (except the very old and very young) turn out to the cotton fields; but how very different were their round, careless, happy faces to the poor, wild, woe-begone faces of those white industrial slaves tramping past.

The longshoremen, after the parade, had a celebration all by themselves in the Germania garden, at which three protectionist speakers, Col. A. F. Bliss, M. C., Hon. R. G. Hoss and T. B. Bussy, spoke. The Confederation of trades unions held their picnic in the Arbeiter garden and hall. The principal speaker who addressed them was Mr. E. D. Wegener, president of our young single tax club, who spoke very ably on the lines of free trade and the single tax.

We have great hopes of the future.

WM. MITCHELL.

AFFAIRS IN MONTANA.

The Situation in Politics—The Protection Sentiment Rampant in Both the Old Parties—Free Traders and Single Tax Men Organizing to Put Candidates in the Field.

BOULDER, Mon., Sept. 6.—Montana is now in the throes of her first state campaign, and on the 1st day of October we will vote on our proposed constitution and on our first state officers, the latter to take position only in case of the adoption of the constitution. It is probable the constitution will be adopted, not on account of any intrinsic merit in the document, but in order that we may be released from a territorial condition. If the choice were simply between this and some older constitution, the new one would probably be rejected unless the old one were mortally bad. But the question is one of political life or death, and the natural choice may be expected.

The single tax men have little to brag of in the proposed constitution. The old ideas of property prevailed with the majority of the convention, and Montana will go into the union with less chance for improvement in this respect than some of her sister territories. There were some encouraging votes, however, during the sessions of the convention, and I cannot but believe that zero Henry George and two or three other of the prominent single tax campaigners to come to Montana and make a vigorous campaign of two or three months, Montana would adopt the single tax principle. There is a peculiarly rich field here to be worked, and the work would bring forth rich fruit.

As to the political campaign, the single tax men are all at sea. Having no well defined organization they are not working in the same line in any two counties, and their efforts and votes are not likely to count for much in the election. I received a letter a day or two ago from some of the workers in the eastern part of the territory and they were proposing to vote the straight republican ticket, although they were or had been democrats. It may not be out of place here to say that the republicans of the territory are, of course, laying great stress on the protection ideas of the party, and the democrats have adopted a platform which practically indorses protection. The chairman of the state committee is himself a protectionist, being none other than Marcus Daly, the manager of the famous and great copper mine and smelter known as the Anaconda. He himself may be termed a millionaire and is the representative of millionaires, who are the beneficiaries of the protective system. In the convention, when he was selected as the chairman, four other millionaires who want copper, and lead, and wool, and lumber, and other things "protected," were appointed a committee to wait upon him and request him to accept the position. It is for this reason that the single tax men of eastern Montana propose to vote the straight republican ticket. My suggestion to them was to place in nomination for the legislature candidates on a square free trade platform. Under our new election laws only ten names are required to nominate for a legislative position, and then the name and principle would be printed on the official ticket. I held that this would result in the defeat of the democratic ticket and also show to some extent the strength of the free trade element in the territory, and in all probability compel the democracy to return to first principles. A vote for the republicans would not aid in bringing forward our ideas nor be a warning to the democrats. I do not know whether our friends will act on the suggestion.

I made a similar suggestion to some of our friends in Lewis and Clark county, which contains the capital—Helena. To-night I have a letter saying they will nominate one legislative candidate as a united labor man though I cannot see what is to be gained even by electing a man on that name. To my mind it will be only a warning to both parties to give the labor element a larger representation on their tickets—something of which the labor element of Montana has never had any reason to complain. As the labor men simply go into republican or democratic caucuses, nothing except the office is gained by the election.

In this county, I will endeavor to get a full legislative ticket into the field, who will be on the ticket as the representatives of free trade. Their names will go on as the nomination of a few, but I believe that a good vote can be polled. I shall try to make a good campaign with literature, but it is hardly likely that any other campaigning will be done. If we can throw the legislature into the hands of the republicans and show the democrats that they need free trade votes, I shall be satisfied.

Another reason why the democrats deserve defeat at this time is that their speakers are generally denouncing the Australian system of voting, and it seems probable they will repeal the plan if they get control of the state and the legislature. Their candidates for congress and for attorney general have both denounced the system, and in a speech at Helena last night Judge McConnell, late chief justice and now candidate for the state senate from Lewis and Clark county, was very bitter against it, he seeming to regard it as much worse than the registration law, which has heretofore borne the heaviest part of the democratic abuse. WILL KENNEDY.

PEACE.

Address by Henry George at the Annual Meeting of the Dutchess Branch of the Universal Peace Union.

The following report of the address by Henry George, at the meeting of the Dutchess branch of the Universal peace union, at Wiley's grove, near Poughkeepsie, on Sunday, August 25, is forwarded by the secretary of the branch. The president of the branch, Mr. Edward Crumny, presided at the meeting, and speeches were also made by Prof. L. F. Gardner, Mr. W. C. Aibro and Mr. Fred. Arnold:

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: I am glad to be here this Sabbath afternoon and to take part in this assemblage of one of the two American branches of the International Peace Society. This part of the state of New York, this county of Dutchess, received in the beginning, I believe, a large infusion of the people called "Friends!"—those, who in an age when true religion seemed buried beneath formalism and, in the temples erected to Christ, the truths of Christianity were forgotten, taught that men should look to the inward light, should listen to the inward promptings, and in daily life and conversation should model their conduct upon the principle of the "Prince of Peace." Their peculiar garb is now seldom seen; their peculiar speech is seldom heard, unless it be in the privacy of their domestic circles; but this gathering here to-day is one of the evidences that their spirit yet lives. And there is need of it to-day—of that bearing of testimony against war and the spirit of war; of that bearing of testimony for peace and the Prince of Peace.

Twenty centuries have almost gone since over the stable in Bethlehem of Judea, the angels sang their song of "Peace on earth, to men of good will." Yet never before has the earth seen such monstrous armies; never before has human ingenuity and human industry been devoted to the preparation of such terrific engines of destruction. A few years ago I came across the Atlantic with an American inventor. We were talking of the possibilities of aerial navigation, of the time when men might at last gratify that desire that has probably been latent in every human breast since the first man witnessed the graceful flight of the bird. He said to me that in his opinion it was merely a question of commercial demand, and added: "Do you know what to-day is the most certain road to profit for the inventor? If he invents anything that is to augment the comfort of men, there is toil, trouble, worry and, in nine cases out of ten, failure before him. The thing on which he can certainly succeed, the thing for which he can immediately get money, is to invent something that will destroy life and property a little quicker, and the governments of the world will make haste to pay him any price for it."

A few weeks ago I walked one morning down the Avenue Du Grand Armee in Paris. A French regiment of the line was marching up the avenue, with life and drum corps at their head. As that regiment moved along I was about the only one who turned my head to look at it. The people of the city seemed to pay no attention whatever to it, so used are they to the sight of soldiers, so used to this thing of taking men in the prime of life, from their families, from their occupations, and turning them into mere killing machines.

Against these great armaments, against this idea that war is a necessary thing, this meeting is a protest. And such protest is needed. Even in the churches men preach peace in words, but glorify war in their hearts! In Windsor castle is a room prepared at the expense of millions of dollars of our money by the present queen of England, as one of the numerous testimonials to her love for her deceased husband. In that magnificent room, lined with polished marble, lies an effigy of Prince Albert on a marble couch of state. He is clad from neck to heel in the armor of a warrior, and the couch is supported by carvings of the Passion of Christ—the agony, the bloody sweat, the crucifixion, the descent, and the burial. This is typical of much of our Christianity. The very Prince of Peace—he whose mission it was to preach good will among men; to teach that the sword might be beaten into the plowshare, and the spear into the pruning hook—his name and his effigy is used to support the

state of kings, to glorify the spirit that sends men by the millions to the grave before their time, that leaves women desolate and widowed at home. It ought to be ours to protest against this spirit. It ought to be ours, not merely as individuals, but as a nation.

What is the glory of this flag? What are the benefits that the Union it symbolizes confers upon us? Is not its chief benefit the peace that exists between so many sovereign states; that from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the lakes to the gulf, there is no dividing line guarded by sentinels and dotted with custom houses to interfere with free exchange? Sixty-five millions of people on the temperate zone of a great continent. Sixty-five millions of people with higher intelligence and education than exists among any other people on earth to-day, with no warlike neighbors of superior strength or feeling of enmity, with none of the old world hatreds, with none of the fierce passions which array the nations of Europe against each other. This ought to be the nation of nations to lead the world in peace. Yet look at our paltry attempts to imitate the navies of Europe. Look at us keeping a standing army for which we have no use whatever, in the time of peace. There is no need of a standing army or a standing navy. Too strong to fear injustice from any nation on earth we ought to be too great to do it.

The remark of Professor Gardner, who said this morning that the "external is but the outward sign and manifestation of the internal," that war exists on the earth to-day, and the energies of nations are spent in devising means of destruction because the inward spirit is warlike, is true. It is true even in this republic. Have we as yet learned the lesson that the interests of mankind are interwoven so that each is dependent on the other? Have we yet learned the great lesson that we can attain our own comfort and our own profit by promoting the comfort and profit of others? Why look at this American republic. From one border to the other, Americans can freely trade with Americans; but when you arrive at the national line, there you will find a custom house officer to prevent Americans from trading with Canadians, or Europeans, or Mexicans. Consider the pettiness of this great nation of sixty-five millions of people, degrading itself with the idea that it needs a "baby act" to prevent American industries from being ruined by the pauper labor of Europe. And we are going from bad to worse. We are beginning to look askance at men who come here wanting to work when, a few years ago, as you older people will remember, we welcomed them. But to-day we are beginning to think and act as though there were too many people in the country.

I drove yesterday afternoon with a friend of mine along the road between Dobbs Ferry and Tarrytown, and he told me that on this road were the summer houses of sixty millionaires. Their aggregate wealth is estimated at from \$500,000,000 to \$1,000,000,000. What is the complement of such monstrous wealth as that? It is the tramp and the pauper. Wealth is produced by labor; and when a few men can gather to themselves such accumulations of the products of labor, other men by thousands and millions must go without the things that their labor produces. Where there is such monstrous wealth on the one hand there must be deep poverty on the other. Out of such monstrous inequality as we see being developed here, must come war. When Christ was born the civilized world was hushed in the Roman peace. Not a true peace, but a peace maintained by the mailed hands of the legions. But underneath that peace was the spirit of oppression, and oppression always means war.

Great estates were growing then in Italy as they are growing to-day in the republic of the west. Slavery existed, and was increasing and ground down by taxation, and eaten out by mortgages, the tillers of the soil were passing into tenants and into mere day laborers, and Rome, seemingly secure from outside danger, was rotting at the heart. Then came corruption, violence, civil war, the decline of civilization, till the barbarians bursting through the circle that seemed once so strong, found but a shell. If within our republic this aggregation of wealth goes on, this monstrous power on the one hand, this monstrous poverty on the other, the time must come, as it came to the civilization of old, when the flames

of temple and museum and college will light men to destruction.

He who would insure peace, ay, he who would bring peace in its full true meaning—must look deeper than to arbitration between nations; he must endeavor to build the very foundations of the state upon the firm rock of justice. War comes from injustice; peace comes from justice; from the securing to each man of his right; from the giving to each of that which is his due. Now, look at the world to-day. Look over even this new republic of the west. What do we find? Thousands and thousands and thousands of men and women laboring hard and long for a mere pittance, for merely enough to live on, the great body of the people finding it a strain and a struggle to merely live. With all our advantages, with all our advances, the growing intensity in the struggle for existence is everywhere showing itself in the increase of suicides, in the increase of lunatic asylums and of their inmates, in the arraying against each other of industrial classes. The industrial wars called strikes and lockouts are only somewhat less disastrous than the wars of hostile armies, and the growing ill feeling manifested in our industrial life is passing into legislation and into our party politics.

If we would really have peace and the prosperity that is born of true peace, let us study these industrial problems, let us discover the cause of the bitter competition that is everywhere felt. If there are too many people in the country, what is the reason of it? Is it the niggardliness of the Creator? Has he made the mistake of bringing more people into the world than he has made provision for? No one can look around the world to-day and say that this is so. Whoever looks must say, it is not so. There is more than enough for all. If all do not have enough, it is not because enough has not been provided by the Creator, but because so much of what has been provided, is, in our greed and bad management, wasted. Look over the Illinois coal fields to-day. American citizens who would like to be at work are starving. They are only kept alive by the contributions of charity, that have been pouring in. These coal miners have had a difficulty with their employers. The employers have shut down their mines and refused to employ them; the consequence is they are starving. There is a wrong somewhere. Where is it? Nothing is more certain than that no man has any right to insist that another shall employ him, unless it be that every man has the right to employ himself. Each man has that right. Here is the wrong. There is a natural right that men do not enjoy to-day, and that is a right to employ those opportunities that the Creator made for their employment. There is no law and there ought to be no law that would compel those coal operators to employ men they do not want to employ or to pay them more wages than they choose to pay them. The injustice is not there; the injustice is in the laws which prevents those men from employing their own labor; that compel them to go to the employer and get his wages and to accept his employment or else stand idle. In Illinois and Pennsylvania there is no scarcity of coal. Why, the mines that are worked are as nothing to the coal land that remains to work. Go into Pennsylvania where the coal has been long worked. There you will find around the mines great stretches of land under which are millions and millions of tons of coal. There it lies; no one is using it. If the coal miners do not want to work for their employers, or the employers do not want to employ the coal miners, all right. But why should the man who wants to employ his own labor in digging out of the earth coal which was placed in the earth before man came upon the earth, why should he be prevented? Why should any one come in and step between him and the natural opportunity that no one is using, and say, "No, you shall not dig out this coal; this coal is mine?" Here is the wrong; here is the bottom wrong; that is the root and cause of all these industrial troubles; the wrong that all over our civilized world to-day is the cause of the monstrous inequality in the distribution of wealth.

What are we? Science answers that we are land animals, living on land and from the land, and only capable of life as we can obtain access to land. Religion answers that we are the equal children of a common Father, who prepared this world through long ages for our temporary sojourn, for a passing phase in our existence. Prepared it not for any one man or any generation of men, but for the countless generations that, in his providence, follow each other upon it. Take the answer of science or the answer of religion, and is it not obvious that we are all here with equal rights to the use of the earth? Is it not obvious that we are all here, not with the right to claim equal conditions, not with the right to say to another man because you have more than I, you must give up a part of it to me; but with the right to the equal use of natural opportunities? The equal right to exert our labor, as nature—or, as I prefer to say, the Creator—has intended we should exert it? With the equal right to enjoy the products of our labor? And yet to-day in our civilized countries, in this new country of ours, as well as in older ones, the majority of the people are but tenants at the will of other human creatures.

If you would know the cause that has produced the gaunt misery of Ireland, the cause that in England has built up one enormously rich class and crowded great masses of the people into the poorhouses, or laborer's cottages; if you would know the reason why with our growth, the same monstrous inequalities are developing, you have but to look to the fact that while all men are land animals, while it is only on the land and from the land that they can live, or produce, yet in these civilized countries the great mass come into existence without any legal right whatever to as much of the soil of the earth as they can plant the soles of their feet upon.

Look at those coal fields of Pennsylvania and Illinois! Consider what that coal is! Science tells us that it is stored up sunshine, the light of the sun, that streamed down upon this little globe for ages and ages before man appeared, gathered up by the tropical vegetation that then prevailed, changed by the processes of nature into coal.

Religion tells us that it is stored up light, heat and power, prepared by that Intelligence that she looks to as the First Cause of all things, placed there by the workings of his physical laws there in the ground, that it might be ready when the creature came that should know how to unlock it, to furnish man with light, heat and power as he wished. Whom was the coal put here for? There can be but one answer; for man! Not some particular man—not Mr. Coxe, nor Mr. Pardee, nor the Philadelphia and Reading coal company, nor the Lehigh coal and navigation company, but for the use of men. Yet we make it by our laws the private and exclusive property of some particular man or men so they can warn off other men. So that they can say to the laborer, "you cannot exert your labor upon these opportunities for labor unless you pay toll to us."

Look over all our industries; look over the civilized world to-day and in this wrong you will see the great cause that must, if suffered to go on, beat plowshares into swords, and pruning hooks into spears, as it has over and over again.

Where shall we find the remedy? We must if we would seek any remedy go to first principles, to the natural laws. It is clear that if we are all here with the equal permission of the Creator, we are all here with equal rights to the use of natural elements—to heat, to light, to the sea, to the land.

Now, if the right of any man must always be measured by equal rights of other men, how shall we carry out that principle? For there is another principle that we must clearly keep in mind. It is this: That security in the possession of land is necessary to the exertion of labor and the best use of labor. No one would spend the labor and capital necessary to open a mine if, when he had opened it, any one could come up and say, "I have just as good a right to it as you; therefore, I propose to work this mine." No one would cultivate a farm if, when he had improved it, any one could come up to him and say, "This is as much mine as yours." No one would build a house, erect a factory, or make any permanent improvement, unless guaranteed that he should have possession of the land on which it stood. Nor yet is it necessary that to acknowledge the equal rights of men in land we divide up the land equally. Only a fool would think of such a thing as that. What is necessary is this: That we should allow men possession on equal terms. That if coal land, for instance, is to be held by individuals, or by companies, they shall pay to the

community a fair return for the exclusive privilege in that way granted to them. On that principle we can so use natural opportunities that all will be placed upon an equal level. How? Let me show you how.

Let us commence at another point, we will come out at the same place. There is a right of property, and it is from the violation of that right of property that since the beginning of the world wars have sprung. Go to the bottom of all the wars of history; you will see that they spring from the effort on the part of some people to compel others to work for them without paying them for it. Now, that is a violation of a sacred right, of that right of property that is before all human laws; the right of property that existed before the first king reigned or the first legislature met. It is a right which rests upon the right of the individual to himself, to use his own powers and profit by his own exertions. That which any man produces belongs to him by natural right, and him alone. That which a man brings forth, that is his, and is his against all the world—his to use, his to give, his to sell, his to bequeath, his to do what he pleases with, so long, of course, as he does not in that use violate the right of anyone else. It is his by the highest title man can have—the title of production. We talk of making things. But when we speak thus we speak inexactly. All man can do is to bring forth, to produce from nature, not to create. We produce grain by putting in seed and leaving it to germinate; we produce houses by bringing together material and putting it in the shape and form of houses.

So we produce all wealth, and the labor which thus produces or brings forth gives a clear and exclusive title to the thing produced so long as it retains the form labor has impressed upon it. When it ceases to do that it passes from man's possession, and by what we call decay or rust, returns to its original shape, the reservoirs from which it was taken. It is in this way that all wealth is produced.

Under our present system, if you have added wealth to the community you are taxed or fined so much, and the more and better animals you get, the larger and finer houses and barns you build, the more wealth of any kind you produce or accumulate, the more you are taxed for it. Is not that a violation of the right of property? Take the American farmer to-day, and in taking the American farmer, mark you, you are taking the class that lies at the basis of the whole social structure. It was not manufacturers who came here first to settle the country; it was not doctors, lawyers, clergymen, or newspaper men—it was farmers. And so it must always be that those who apply their labor directly to the extraction of wealth from the soil, they are the stratum upon which all others rest. And thus it is that the condition of the agriculturist, the man who applies labor directly to nature, measures and fixes the condition of all other classes. People sometimes talk about the labor problem as if it were a problem relating merely to manufacturers, or to the laborers of cities. It is a problem which has its roots in the condition of the farming class. Show me a country where a man can go to work in the first and primary occupation, agriculture, and do well, and I will show you a country in which there are no tramps, in which there are no labor conflicts, in which there is no labor problem. Nothing can be done to settle the labor question without going down to the farming community. Take the American farmer to-day. What is he? A man who produces wealth from the soil. You know the old adage, "The farmer feedeth all." The more wealth the farmer produces the richer the country is, the more opportunity there is for all other classes to find employment. Now what under our system happens to the American farmer? Why, every effort of his to produce wealth is met by a fine.

I went through this country two years ago; I met travelling on the cars, two railroad men. One of them was telling about an acquaintance of theirs—another railroad workman. He got himself a little piece of ground and put up a house; when he got his house built, along came the assessor and taxed him, not only taxed him on the house, but taxed him a good deal heavier on the ground than the man of whom he bought it was taxed on similar lots he still held vacant. Not taking the hint this industrious man in his spare time went to work and made a fine

veranda, or stoop. Along came the assessor again and added again to his taxes, fined him for putting up the stoop. What is that but a discouragement to industry—a legal violation of the right of property? A farmer in an adjoining county told me how he had painted his house and barn that year; and along came the assessor and added \$500 to his assessment—really punished him for having painted his house and barn. Was not this a violation of the rights of property? Was it not against good public policy? What harm did the farmer do anybody in painting his house and barn? Instead of doing harm, the painting of the house and barn has been a source of pleasure to all who went along and looked at it. Is it not more agreeable to the eye to pass a neatly painted house and barn than to pass rude, unpainted shanties? So, as you know, it is throughout; the more wealth he produces, the more the farmer is taxed for it. Not merely that, but almost everything that he has to buy he pays heavy taxes on, not directly, to the government tax gatherer—it would be a great deal better, a great deal cheaper if he did. But he pays them to the storekeeper in added prices. Look at this item of sugar; something we must all use. We Americans have a sweet tooth in our heads and want a good deal of sugar. And we need it moreover for the curing or preserving of many things the farmer raises. Sugar in Great Britain has been about one-half the price it is here. What is the reason? Simply taxation; simply that the government calls upon us to pay two prices for sugar in order, ostensibly, to benefit sugar planters down in Louisiana, or Mr. Spreckles in the Sandwich islands. What is that but legalized robbery! On every lump of sugar you put in a cup of tea you are robbed. And so it is with everything else the farmer buys; his lumber, his nails, his plows, his tools, his clothes—on everything, in short, he has to buy, he pays enormous additional prices, because of what is called "protection to American industry." Where does the farmers' share of that protection come in? What is there that he grows that is increased in price by "protection"? Why is this enormous weight of taxation pressing on the class that are engaged in producing wealth permitted to exist? Is it right? Is it wise? Is it expedient? On the contrary, it is impoverishing the nation; on the contrary, it is degrading labor; on the contrary, it is making thousands and thousands of tramps and paupers and a "baker's dozen" of great millionaires. On the contrary, it is fostering a spirit of greed, and that is the spirit of war.

But it will be said the government wants taxation. Yes, the government wants revenue, but there is a good deal easier and better way of getting it than by taxing industry. If we must have taxes at all, they ought to be direct taxes; they ought to be taxes that would not be increased by every hand they pass through; for, mark you, when an importer pays duty on sugar, on cloth, on iron, what he adds to the price when he sells is not merely the duty; it is profit upon what he has paid for duty as well as on what he has paid for the things. And so by every hand through which they pass, these taxes are increased and multiplied.

If we must resort to taxation it ought to be taxation that falls on all in proportion to their means, but not in proportion to their needs; our system of taxation taxes men for getting married; for having children; it taxes men for endeavoring to keep families in comfort. You estimate the proportion of his income that the American farmer pays in taxation and then if you can, estimate the proportion that one of our great millionaires pay.

Look at even those taxes that are levied ostensibly, as the great masses of the people think, for the purpose of getting at the rich man—taxes on capital. Do you know the farming districts pay more of these taxes proportionally than do the great cities? The reason of it is very plain. Here is a farmer. He makes perhaps by hard industry a few thousand dollars. All of his neighbors know of it. He buys himself a fine watch and a fine carriage. Everybody knows of it. He buys better cattle, and puts better furniture in his house. The neighbors know of it. The tax assessor can see his plows and implements, and his house, and what he has in it, and can fix his wealth. The farmer hasn't got a great deal of it—not enough to lie about. Not enough to bribe

a little for, and so the weight of such taxation falls on him.

Now look at a great millionaire, living in a big city, where no one knows his neighbor. How are you going to find how much he is worth? How can you tell whether he is worth a few thousand or many millions? And this man has enough to take means to get easily rid of the taxgatherer. You know Vanderbilt paid taxes on a million just because he thought he might as well pay something to keep people quiet. That is about the principle on which every rich man pays. If we must raise government revenue by taxation, we ought to devise some system of direct taxation, some system to get at the means the man has.

But there is no reason for any system of taxation that takes from men what properly belongs to them. If you will look into the laws of this universe, you will find them harmonious; the deeper you go, the closer you look, the more will multiply upon your mind the evidences of a wise Creator—the evidence of intelligent adaptation of means to ends. And in our civilized society we have not passed beyond the foresight of the intelligence to which the universe testifies. The locomotive is in one sense as natural a thing as the bird or the animal. The Creator made those laws by which the intelligence of man brings forth adaptations that enable him to travel swifter than any animal. So our cities, our vast commerce, all that we call civilization must have been foreseen. And in the beginning, it seems to me clear that it was foreseen that communities would need public revenue; that as mankind advanced in civilization, that is, in the art of living peaceably, common needs would increase and multiply. Now, there is a way, a natural way, to provide revenues for the needed purposes of government, without taxing any one for producing wealth, without taking from the production of the labor of any one, without furnishing such incentives to fraud, perjury and corruption. Look at great cities as they arise. Do you not always see as they arise an enormous increase in the value of land? Whom ought that value to belong to? Come down with me to New York. Those buildings you see there, they are the products of individual exertion; they represent labor; they properly belong to the men who erected them, or the men who got them by purchase or gift from those who did erect them. But the land on which these buildings rest, where does its value come from? Take the value to-day of New York city—of the bare land on which the buildings in New York rest. It will run way up in the hundreds or thousands of millions. To what is that great value due? Is it due to the exertion of the particular men who own the lots, or to the great population of the city, to the fact that New York is the center of exchanges for the whole state, and to some extent the whole country? So, in Pennsylvania you will find coal lands worth thousands and thousands of dollars an acre. What made them valuable? The man who owns them? Owning creates no value. They are valuable because of the increased population that needs coal. These land values are values that grow with the growth of the whole people and therefore ought to be taken for the use of the whole people.

The way to secure equality and to do justice is to abolish all the taxes we now levy on men for building houses, raising stock, erecting machinery, importing goods or increasing wealth in any way, and to put our taxes on the value of land. Mark you, not on the value of the improvements of land, but on the value of land itself—the value that is added by the growth of population, not the value that is added by labor. If we take land values to defray expenses of the whole community the burden may be lifted from labor.

Thus every man may improve, may build, may grow as much as he wishes, without fear of being fined for it. He may exchange freely with his fellows—the people of the world, without any custom house officer coming between to demand one-half or three-quarters of all he has got in exchange as penalty for having traded. Do that, and you take away the temptation that leads men to monopolize natural opportunities and, in a world in which they have but a few years to stay, play the part of the dog in the manger. It is because of this monopolization that the country seems too small to-day, not because we have too many people. Even in the present stage of the

arts, the area of the United States could support 1,000,000,000 people instead of the 65,000,000 we now have.

The system that we propose, and is called the "single tax," is really not a tax at all. It is not exaction; it is simply a taking for the community that value which belongs to the community. I cannot, in a speech of this length, go over the whole subject and meet the objections that will arise in minds who entertain it for the first time, but this you can see, that this plan would take taxes off of the farm and put them on the speculator. Examine the statistics and you will see that the proposition, if carried into effect, would lessen greatly what the farming districts have to pay. But it does not need statistics. You can see that in all the direct and indirect taxes that fall on things produced by labor, you pay here just as much tax as is paid in New York. But put taxes on the value of land, and where would they be heaviest, on districts like this about us here, or in the great cities? Why, a great part of the farming land in this country has no value at all beyond its improvements, save the speculative value. Not so with the land values in great cities and mineral districts. To take taxes off of the products of labor and put them on the products of land, would lift the taxes from the farming communities and make the great cities pay the larger share. Why should they not? What would the land in New York city be worth if Manhattan island was to remain anchored and the rest of the continent float away?

What we propose is simply to do to all equal and exact justice; to give to commerce, to exchange, to all the forces of production free and unfettered play, and to recognize the equal right of all to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. It is in the extension of these principles that at last the world will find peace.

Delighted With the Way the New Ballot Law Worked.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Sept. 12.—On the 10th we tested the merits of the Australian ballot in the Eighth ward of our city. The voters were called upon to elect an alderman to fill the place made vacant by the death of A. D. Thompson. Oh, what a revelation! Not a heeler or striker was to be seen. I visited the several precincts during the day, and if ever I felt proud of my country it was that day. Each man quietly went up to the booth and after being pronounced entitled to vote was handed a ballot containing the names of all the candidates, and on the back of which the clerk had written his initials. The voter then went into one of the eight compartments, and there, secure from the scrutiny or importunity of anyone, placed an X after the name of the man he wished to vote for. Next he folded his ballot so that the initials of the polling clerk were visible, handed it to the polling judge, and saw it placed in the box.

As I watched this process I could not but compare it with the old time way of the freeman's oath in my native state and the acts of tyranny and violence, when hundreds and thousands voted through fear or favor for candidates not their choice.

Those who worked so earnestly for this electoral reform feel that all and more than they dared to hope for has been realized. The great power of the political boss and corruptionist has been sapped.

M. P. FINNIGAN.

Single Tax at an Eight-Hour Meeting.

PORTLAND, Ore., Sept. 11.—Since Thomas G. Shearman's great speech on the menace of plutocracy, no more important occurrence with reference to the single tax movement has transpired than the appearance of a prominent advocate of this doctrine and the governor of the state on the same platform. The occasion was a mass meeting of the federated trades, ostensibly to give countenance to the eight-hour movement, as it proved to listen to very different utterances. For Governor Penoyer, after making his addresses to the poor, honest workingman, spoke at length on the currency question, attributing many of the prevailing social ills to our monetary system and advocating the governmental issuance of all currency. And then, when the governor sat down, Mr. S. B. Biggen, a well known insurance and real estate broker, was introduced, and for three-quarters of an hour he talked as pure and unadulterated single tax doctrine as he could master, to which his audience gave evidence of their keen appreciation by giving close attention and frequent bursts of applause. The fruits of this speech and of the earnest, though for the most part quiet, work which has for some time been conducted, was seen the next day, when the executive committee of the federal trades resolved to organize a workingmen's club, with a view, among other things, of discussing the single tax and ballot reform questions. Thus the heaven works.

A CITIZEN.

NOTES HERE AND THERE.

The recent storm might be termed a protective tariff storm. Its effect in this vicinity was just as if a lot of custom house officers had been strung around about municipal boundaries and levied duties so high as to keep out the pauper products of the protected pauper farmers of Jersey, Long Island and the southern states. For the trains were stopped and the boats were delayed, and as a result the grocers and butchers who had good stocks of eatables raised their prices. Of course the great mass of grocers and butchers who were too poor to keep large stocks lost more by not being able to buy supplies than they made; and likewise the mass of people who are not grocers or butchers got less to eat for their money. But it helped the big fellows. And that is what a protective tariff does.

The New York city socialists have split in two pieces—the followers of the national executive committee being one piece and the "anti-administrators" the other. The air has for some time been full of charges against the national committee of political corruption, intrigue and the use of its offices for the express purpose of dividing the party in the United States. The newspaper organs of the party, which are under the control of the national committee, have never mentioned the charges, and the members of the party would never have known about them had these organs not omitted S. Schevitch's name and speech from their reports of a late eight hour mass meeting. These papers having done this Schevitch revenged the slight put upon him by printing the charges against the committee in the Volks Zeitung, "for the good of the party."

Dr. Albert Shaw of Minneapolis recently delivered an interesting address on the management of street railways and franchises by the municipalities in Europe, as learned by him during his recent stay across the water. "I have always," he said, "considered public franchises and privileges in the nature of municipal assets, and held that those public functions which may from their nature be made money making should be used to supply those public necessities which, though just as essential, cannot be relied upon to be self-sustaining. I refer particularly to the sanitary services and educational and similar services which we are now wont to expect from society and which are highly municipalized."

"Street cars were an American invention. George Francis Train introduced them in England in several cities, securing franchises from parliament, but nothing came of it. Among the cities in which Train struck for a franchise was Glasgow, but the city authorities there did not like the idea of having American speculators occupying their streets with railway tracks, so they applied to parliament and secured a franchise for themselves, not that they wanted to run the lines or even to build them, but because they wanted to head off Train. About seven years afterward, that is about 1872, two rival companies again undertook to secure the franchise in Glasgow, but they were again cut off by the municipal authorities, who this time meant business. They secured a new and elaborate charter from parliament, and then getting the two rival companies—most of whose stockholders were American speculators—to combine, they built and leased the lines to the newly consolidated company. The contract made by the operating company included these four conditions: The payment to the city of the interest on the cost of the lines, the payment of an annual sinking fund sum which at the expiration of the lease would replace the price of the tracks, the payment of a percentage in trust as a renewal fund to insure the maintenance of the track in good order and a mileage rental of \$750 per mile of road in use. These conditions were accepted by the new company and they in turn sold out their lease for a bonus of \$750,000. The second company—the one that operated the lines—for the first four or five years paid expenses and has since been paying a dividend of about ten per cent. The franchise of the Glasgow street railway will expire in 1894 and it is certain that the municipality will be able to build several school houses and libraries and other improvements yearly out of what we in America have so wantonly and carelessly given away to private companies."

If New York city owned the road beds of this city what a tremendous revenue it would get which now goes into the pockets of private parties!

Last week the family of one of our single tax men received a visit from some friends. When other topics had been talked out, including the single tax, the conversation turned on the very bad weather that was prevailing. There is an old willow standing in the yard behind the house in which the S. T. man and his family abides, and his wife said to the visiting friends that she feared that the wind would blow the willow down and perhaps do injury to the house. "I am in constant dread of that tree," she said. "I don't know that I have been so much afraid since several years ago when the astronomers told us that Jupiter, or Venus, had run into the earth's orbit, and was headed toward us, and that if a miracle did not happen, would strike the earth and destroy it. I read the papers

very closely, and finally was worked up to the point where I bought an astronomical chart and marked each day the progress of the fiery star that was to bring us to our doom. The crucial moment was to be between four and five o'clock in the morning; and at two o'clock I arose from my bed and took my place at a window, where I could watch the star. There it was, strong, shining brighter than any orb in the heavens, and having an angry look. It seemed to say, 'I am the executioner; prepare!' I cannot describe what my feelings were—fear, terror, fascination, all were combined. And so I sat and fearfully watched, feeling—although the star was hundreds of thousands of miles away—that my hold of life was narrowing down to minutes and perhaps seconds. I turned and looked into our sleeping room, and my husband there, was sleeping soundly. He did not know of the catastrophe that was about to befall all the people of the earth. Pudgy was a wee baby then, and she could not know. I cried to myself as I thought how soon that fiery monster in the heavens would in a second destroy us; and I prayed in my heart that the predictions of our learned heaven researchers might prove unfounded. Then I turned again and watched the star. There he was looking—though day was beginning to break—brighter and angrier than ever. Suddenly it seemed to me that the star changed its course; yes, I am sure it did! Instead of appearing to come directly toward me it swung slightly to the right. Did my eyes deceive me, or had I been a witness of the miracle which the astronomers had said could only save us from destruction? I eagerly watched for a long time. There could be no doubt that the miracle had happened. Still I sat and watched, and only ceased my vigil when the day had dawned, and that fiery star was the only visible sign of the departed glory of the heavens, and even it was fading away, twinkling faintly as the brightness of the sun was hiding it from view. Before I retired to my bed I sank on my knees and thanked God that the calamity which which we had been threatened had been averted."

For a moment or two after the single tax man's wife had finished her story not a word was said. At the first recovery from surprise, however, little Pudgy, who, with her elbows on her father's lap and her little chin held in her chubby hands, had been an intent listener to her mother's story, peered into her father's face and with flushed face and glistening eyes, as if she had discovered the solution of the great problem, said:

"I say, papa, if 'at star had 'er hit the earth, as mamma thought it would, 'at would 'er settled the land question, wouldn't it?"

THE STANDARD commented three weeks ago on a peculiar charge to passengers made by the New York and New Haven railroad. They charged fifty cents for a round trip ticket to the Westchester race track, while to Van Nest station, a point a half mile beyond, the round trip charge was only twenty cents. After an examination of the matter Senator Grady filed a complaint against the company with the state railroad commissioners. Under a strict construction of the law the railroad company is liable to a heavy fine and, perhaps, to the loss of its charter.

Miss Adelaide Emerson of Richard Mansfield's company, who has just returned after a year's stay in London, gives some facts about prices in free trade England that would surprise the editors of protection papers if that were possible. She says: "Imagine a heavy ladies' cloth for one and six (thirty-six cents) per yard, double fold; grenadines, flannels, plaids and innumerable fancy woolsens and cottons at what would be considered starvation prices on this side the Atlantic. Gloves, too, are worth investing every spare dollar in. At one place on Regent street I have bought gloves, twenty button length, best Suede, at \$2. Just the same number of buttons and as much kid, only of an inferior quality sell as low as seventy-five cents."

The sixteenth convention of the National woman's Christian temperance union meets in Chicago, November 8. This society, of which Frances E. Willard is president, is said to represent over 200,000 women devoted to works of philanthropy along lines that built up the temperance reform movement. It has a publishing house in Chicago which sends out sixty millions of pages annually, and prints The Union Signal, which is said to have 60,000 subscribers, and among the most able papers edited and published by women.

There are nearly 15,000 mayors in France. August 20 was the ninety-ninth anniversary of the "grande federation," and to properly celebrate it the president of the French republic sent out an invitation to all the mayors to attend a banquet in Paris. It was held in the Palace of industry, Champ-Elysees, and 15,045 of the mayors sat down at table at once. In order to give an idea of what an immense affair it was a French paper says that 400 wagons, 900 horses, 80,000 plates, 75,000 glasses, 30,000 forks and 30,000 knives were used. The mayors ate and drank 30,000 quarts of consommé, 30,000 quarts of cafe, 8,000 pounds of fish, 7,000 pounds of beef tenderloin, 1,800 bunches of radishes, 7,000 pounds of pate de fois gras (goose liver pate truffied), 15,000 cream cakes, 30,000 bottles of wine,

4,000 decanters of ice water, 5,000 seltzer water siphons and vichy, and 10,000 fine peaches. One thousand bouquets of flowers were distributed. The service was made by 1,200 waiters, 200 head waiters, 1 head master of ceremonies, 10 deputy masters of ceremonies, 150 cooks, 100 assistant cooks, 30 cellar men, 250 pantrymen. No record is given as to how the guests felt on the day following the banquet, but it is presumed that they were too full for utterance.

There are various ways of making people pay their just dues. The Frankfurter Zeitung tells of a case in point. A schoolmaster in Barcelona had been teaching a school for five years without having received any compensation from the parents of his scholars. One day he painted two placards stating the fact, and, making a sandwich of himself, he paraded the public squares, where the people could see him and read the inscriptions. This came to the ears of the governor of the province, who, after some consideration, issued a decree forbidding any more bull fights until the teacher should be paid his dues. This was virtually taking from the people their chief delight. The effect was that the teacher got his money; and again the festive bull sports with the graceful matador, to the delight of the Barcelonians.

There are at present 47,000 rent disputes in Ireland awaiting settlement, and, according to information reaching the government, a large proportion are capable of settlement without the necessity of hearing the case in court.

The present archbishop of York, W. Eber, who used to be an ardent fisherman, once betook himself for a few days to a little Yorkshire village which boasted a good trout stream, and put up at a clean but modest hotel. His grace on his arrival informed the landlord who he was, and on leaving wrote a check for his bill and handed it to his host. The landlord closely scanned the signature and asked, "What name is this?" "W. Eber," answered his grace. "Ah," said the landlord as he pocketed the check, "I thought you were telling me a lie when you said you were the archbishop of York."

Theory and Practice.

The New York Press quotes with glee an extract from the minority report of the British royal commission on the causes of trade depression in the United Kingdom. "The minority," says the Press, "felt under no necessity of defending the free trade status against the logic of the situation. The minority put their conclusions in this way:

The producer in the protected country, placed in secure possession of a great and steady home trade, enters with confidence and spirit upon an enlarged scale of operations, and in doing so brings into play every invention and improvement that can contribute to the perfection and economy of his work. He thus becomes far stronger than before for competition in neutral markets, and can well afford to dispose of his surplus production and to clear his stock at the end of each season in the English—the only duty free—market, while the tariff of his country shields him from reprisals.

All of which is especially commended, etc. It so happens that Kuhlows, a German trade review, very much on the style of Bradstreet's, has just made a short statement of how this very policy thus commended by a couple of short-sighted Tory Englishmen, has worked and is working in protected Germany. Kuhlows says:

This manner of defending protection is not new. In the tariff struggles in 1878 and 1879 these ostensible advantages played a prominent part. But, as Adam Smith points out in his most famous work, it is by no means rare that in highly protected industries manufacturers combine in order to keep up prices in the inland market, and to lighten the latter they throw into the international market a portion of their productions at very low prices. This experience is not new, for it was observed a hundred years ago under protective systems just the same as it is seen today, though in the former case, of course, its disastrous effects were not so severely felt as now. It is idle to deny that when goods are exported at prices which really only cover the cost of labor and transport, the substance itself is given as a present to the foreign purchaser. If the whole of the German coal and iron export trade were to be carried on under such conditions, the German coal and iron works would to that extent yield nothing for the capital they represented, while by the consumption of materials that capital would in an equal measure be diminished. This waste of the treasures of the earth is not, however, the only side of the question. Another, and perhaps even more important one, is the injury caused to other branches of industry which conduct their export trade on sound principles. The German hardware manufacturers complain that while the rolling mills owners sell their productions at low prices to foreign consumers, they will only sell to their own countrymen at high prices, and that the competition of the latter in foreign markets is therefore rendered enormously more difficult. It may be possible by aid of a high duty to enable some favored industries for a time to maintain good prices at home and to do a large export trade at abnormally low prices abroad, but the result is attained by heavily handicapping industrial activity in other and much larger trades, both in the home market and in the markets of the world. Such a system can bring economical good to no land in the long run.

All of which is especially commended, etc.

EVERYBODY LOOKED AT HIM.

What Happened When a Humble Individual in a Rear Pew Rose and Said He Did Not Believe in the Efficacy of Prohibition.

BRISTOL, S. D., Sept. 9.—Yesterday "the Texas cyclone"—Rev. John Hector, of York, Pa.—struck this town. He is a pleasing and entertaining speaker. Shrewd, quick-witted, and full of the enthusiasm of his race, he made a very good statement of the prohibitionists' cause. His mother was a slave who escaped to Canada. He was wounded in the war, and was among the eighteen passengers of a train that was wrecked at Johnstown.

At the close of the speech they called for a vote on prohibition. All who believed in it were called on first to stand up. Then for those who opposed. As usual on such occasions, those who had not the backbone to dissent from the crowd, stood up at the affirmative call—among them the keeper of a "blind pig." To the last invitation I was the only one to rise. I said I would like to explain my position. They were ready for me with "blood in their eyes." I said I considered prohibition and license both wrong in principle, but as between the two I was inclined to prohibition, and would probably vote for it. But I said that there was a better way of destroying the liquor business. I believed that many of those present would live to see the day when the land question would be acknowledged superior to the prohibition issue, and that the remedy I proposed was the single tax.

Most of the audience—and the church was packed—knew I was a "single tax agitator." (Before the evening service I had had a set-to with the presiding elder, who had come to hold quarterly conference, in which he had said that he thought that nothing but land should be taxed. At first I had struck him on the moral side, presenting the evil of private property in land. But that did not affect him. It was when I presented the tax side that he assented to the whole idea.)

Didn't I catch it, though! The presiding elder compared me to the hog that was on both sides of the fence at once and no one could tell where he was. Mr. Hector pitched into me heavily. Mr. Fox of Kansas, the prohibition singer, buried me under a shower of statistics. Mr. Hector kept urging them on with "Give it to him! Some one else hit him!"

Well, when they had their say, my brother (pastor in charge here), who sat on the platform, stepped forward and said he would like to say a few words. "I am a prohibitionist," he said, "and shall vote for it. But I wish to say that I agree with my brother in these other reforms. He is not a prohibitionist, but he has never drank a drop of liquor in his life. You think you have annihilated him and buried him with statistics, but I wish to say that the reform he is working for, the uplifting of the oppressed, the down trodden and poor is a good work. I hope to see prohibition win, but when we have won, we will see that there are other and greater reforms, and that the oppression of the poor will not cease. Land monopoly is the worst monopoly in this country."

He said much more in the same strain. The effect was magical. The obscure young chap in the back of the church was more powerful with "a friend at court" than they had anticipated. Many in the audience who knew by brother's position, but had not heard how I stood on prohibition, were much elated when I was being "sat down on." Some whom I had downed in private discussion applauded loudly. But when my brother spoke, sudden quiet obtained, you could hear a pin drop. The earnestness and fire he put into his defense of me and the single tax made them stare.

The other gentlemen then began to say that we were probably right in what we said, but that the land monopoly was a small affair beside prohibition. Mr. Fox "had heard all about that in Kansas; it didn't amount to much." Mr. Hector thought that if he could be convinced that prohibition was not the biggest question he would quit talking it.

After the benediction I made my way to the platform to give the speakers some tracts I was loaded with. Mr. Hector asked me to explain the single tax. I gave him a hasty review of the main points, which bothered him and showed him that the land owners reaped all the benefits of civilization and reforms. Two or three times he said: "I believe the gentleman is right."

This morning I gave him THE STANDARD of July 27. This forenoon the P. E. tried to sit down on the safety valve of my brother's single tax engine—thought he ought not to preach it too much; that it was a mere political question, not a moral one. My brother asked him if robbery was moral or immoral. He said it was immoral. Then my brother asked him if he saw robbing going on, saw the rich robbing the poor, should he say nothing. "Through land monopoly they are amassing their millions, and I cannot hold my peace." The P. E. "caved in." Before leaving he asked for a STANDARD to take away and read.

I think the seed we sowed in this scramble will do good. "Texas Cyclone" will be an orator worth catching. He is talented and quick to catch a point. I think he will "see the cat" before long. W. E. BROKAW.

N. Y.—George Smith, P O box 502.
Indianaopolis, Ind.—L. P Custer, president Single tax league, Postal Tel Co., 118 Meridian st.; Chas H Krause, bookkeeper, Varney's hardware store, E Wash st.
Ithaca, N.Y.—C F Platt, druggist, 76 East State street.
Jaffar, N.W.—B W Walsh.
Jersey City, N.J.—Joseph Dana Miller, secretary Standard single tax club, 267 Grove street.
Johnstown, Pa—Richard Eyre.
Kansas City, Mo—Chas E Reid, 2124 Highland avenue.
Kenosha, Wis.—N D Quiver.
Keithsburg, Ill.—M McDonald.
Kingston, N.Y.—Theodore M Romeyn.
Langensburgh, N.Y.—James McManis, 21 Eighteenth st.
Lonsdale, R.I.—Dr L.F. Garvin.
Lowiston, Me.—P.D Lyford, 3 Cottage street.
Lexington, Ky.—Adrian Erwin.
Little Rock, Ark.—Sol T Clark.
London, England—William Saunders, 177 Palace Chambers, Westminster.
London, Ontario—Robert Cartright, East Oxford st.
Louisville, Ky.—D.B Gabel, 9 West Broadway.
W.Cole, 149 South Hill; or A Vincte, P.O Station F.
Lowell, Mass.—Henry Robertson, 5 Metcalfe block, Kildere street.
Lyle, Minn.—C F Wehnau.
Lynn, Mass.—Thomas S Perkins, 14 South Common street, C.H Libbey.
Madison, Dak.—The Lake S.T club, B.H Evenson.
Mahanoy City, Pa—J.N Becker, president Free trade club; Robert Richardson, secretary.
Malden Mass.—George W Allen, Chestnut street.
Lebanon, Mo.—A.R. Vankey or W.R Hall.
Manchester, O.—W J Higgins, manager Western Union telegraph office.
Marlboro, Mass.—Geo A.E Reynolds.
Mariborough, N.Y.—C.H Baldwin.
Martinez, Cal.—H.A Howell, chairman Ninth congressional district organizer.
Marysville, Mont.—S F Rutson, Jr., president Montana single tax association.
Massillon, O.—Victor Barnett, 78 East South street.
Mayfield, Ohio—F.G. Galley, 9 West Broadway.
Matlinus, Indian Ocean—Robert A Rohan, 8 Pump street, Port Louis.
Memphis, Tenn.—R.G Brown, secretary Tariff reform club, 59 Madison street; Bolton Smith, 23 Alabama street.
Middletown, Conn—John G Hopkins, P O box 580.
Midletown, N.Y.—Clas H Fuller, P O box 115.
Milwaukee, Wis.—Peter McGill, 147 Fourth street.
Minneapolis, Minn.—C J Huell, president Single tax league, 402 W Franklin avenue; E.L Ryder, secretaary.
Mobile, Ala.—E Q Norton, 23 South Royal street.
Mt Pleasant, Iowa—A O Pitcher, M.D.
Mt Vernon, N.Y.—J H Luttbeg.
Murrayville, Ill—William Gamme, president Democratic Club.
Nashville, Tenn—Mrs Win Man, 213 N High street.
Reponset, Miss—G A Lothrop, member Henry George club, 43 Walnut street.
Newark, N.Y.—Theodore F Werner, S.T club, Chester row, Hay stack street.
Northbrook, Va.—J.S Williamson.
Now Brighton, Pa—John Scott, 1 North Broadway.
Newburg, N.Y.—D.J McKay, secretary Single tax club, 238 Broadway.
Newburyport, Mass—Win R Whitmore, secretary Maritime League, Commercial office.
New Haven, Conn—Willard D Warren, room 11, 102 Orange street; Alfred Smith, 106 Day street.
New Orleans, La—John S Walters, Maritime association.
Newport, Ky.—Joseph I Schrazer, secretary Single tax league, 247 Southgate street; Will C James, 59 Taylor street.
New Westminster, Brit Col—Alex Hamilton, member Tax reform association.
New York—Manhattan single tax club, 36 Clinton street.
Norfolk, Va.—Edward K Koorterson, secretary Alpha club, P.O, drawer 5.
North Adams, Mass—Willard M Browne, 13 Marshall street; B.S Myers, P O box 337.
North Spink River, Mo.—K.P Alexander, 1936 North Main street.
Norwalk, Conn—James H Babcock, lock box 52.
Oberlin, O.—Edw B Haskell.
Olean, N.Y.—George Ball, pres Single tax association Timothy Horan, sec, 5 Railroad street.
Omaha, Neb.—John W Adler, Sec Farquhar, Adam street.
Onahs, Neb—John E Embled, 922 Virginia aveue; Percy Pepoon, pressingle tax club, 1512 S 5th street; C F Beckett, sec, near 27th and Blondo streets.
Orday, Dak.—R.H Garland, member Tax reform association.
Osceola, N.Y.—Alex Skelton, 160 Wet First street.
Owego, N.Y.—M J Murray, 15 Mann St.
Passaic, N.J.—J J Burnard, 183 Washington place.
Paterson, N.Y.—E.W Nellis, Chairman Passaic county single tax Cleveland Campaign committee, 39 North Main street.
Parkersburg, W.Va—W J Floerman, member of Single tax league.
Pawtucket, R.I.—Edward Barker, 23 Gooding street.
Pendleton, Ore.—C S Jackson.
Peoria, Ill.—J W Lewis.
Perryville, Arks —J Bell.
Philadelphia, Pa—Wm J Atkinson, 926 Chestnut street or A. H. Stephenson, 214 Chestnut street, secretary Henry George club.
Phermont, N.Y.—Charles R Hood, P O box 13.
Plainfield, N.Y.—Walter Roberts, 147 21st street.
Portland, Ore.—S.B Rigden; R.H Thompson, 48 Stark street.
Poughkeepsie, N.Y.—William C Albro.
Providence, R.I.—Robert Grivey, 32 Sutton street; Edward Barker, pres Rhode Island single tax association.
Pulsaski, N.Y.—C V Harbottle.
Ravenswood, Ill—V H Van Ornum.
Reading, Pa—Chas S Feizer, 1013 Penn street; Charles Corihall, Sec, 1514 Locust street.
Remond's Bridge, Conn.—John Carrero, box 20.
Richmond, Ind—M Ritchie, 913 South A street; J.E Huff, 136 South Third street.
Ridgeway, N.Y.—D.C Sullivan.
River Falls, Wis.—George W Hayes.
Rockester, N.Y.—Charles A Ford, 7 Morrill street.
Roselle, N.J.—Read Gordon.
Rutland, Vt.—T.H Brown, 11 Cherry street.
Sacramento City Mich—H D Wegener.
San Diego, Cal.—A Harvey, 139 10th street; George B San Francisco, Cal—Judge James G Maguire, Superior court; S.T reading room, 811 Market street.
San Luis Obispo, Cal—Alrs Frances al Mitua.
Seattle, Wash Ter—Alexander Wall.
Seneca Falls, N.Y.—Walter Adams, P O box 54.
Shenandoah, Ia—A Blackwick, librarian Single tax club.
Shenandoah, Pa—Morris Marsh, president Single tax club; Thos Potts, secretary.
Southboro, Mass—S.H Howes.
South Gaston, N.C.—W.M Perkins.
Warraw Bush, Orange county, N.Y.—C L Dedrick, president Progressive association; John Shueshan, secretary.
Spirit Lake, Iowa—J W Schrimpf, secretary Tariff reform club.
Springfield, Ill.—James H McGren, secretary Sangamon single tax club, 621 Bank avenue.
Springfield, Mo—H A Weneman, 665 Nichols street.
Springfield, Miss—John F Hart, 13 Night black.
St. Louis, Mo—H H Hoffman, 419 N 6th street, president Single tax league; J W Steele, 2213 Eugene street, secretary.
Stockton, Cal—D.A Learned.
Stoneham, Mass—Dr W Symington Brown.
Streator, Il—George G Guenther.
Syracuse, N.Y.—H R Perry, 149 South Clinton street.
Tampa, Fla—Walter Moore, or James K McGuire, secretary Single tax club, 59 Greene street.
Seabeck, Wash Ter—P Morrow.
Tacomia, Wash Ter—P O Clarke, 1308 K st.
Tampa, Fla—S.M Loomer, pres T & Sherman S.T League; G.L Wendell, vice-pres; John H McCord, clerk, sec.
Tecumseh, Mich—William Garrison
Toledo, O—J P Travers, secretary Single tax club, No 1, 112 Summit street.
Toronto, Ont—Wood, 58 Lower Venaleux st.
Troy, N.Y—H H Matthews, 9 Howell street.
Troy, N.Y—H B Barth.
Tuckaloo, N.Y—Albert O Young.
Unionville, Conn—John McAullife.
Utica, N.Y—Thomaz Sweneey, 136 Elizabeth street, or Geo M Buckley, grocer, south west corner First and Catharine.
Victoria, B.C—W Linton, E and N R Co.
Vincennes, Ind—Hon Samuel W Williams, rooms 2 and Opera house.
Wakefield, R.I—David Grady, lawyer, 163 south 4th street.
Washington, D.C—Dr William Geddes, 1719 G street, E.W. Secretary single tax league.
Weatfoorder, Tex—William M Buell.
Wheeling, W.Va—John L Frank, 237 Elm street.
Whitstone, Long Island, N.Y—George Harrwell.
Whittman, Mass—C.P Bullin, cigar store; Thos Douglas, president Single tax league.
Woodstock, Ga—Wendell Woodhouse, N.Y Van Schoore street.
Wordworth, Mass—E.K Page, Lake View.
Wyoming, Pa—Wm Hancock.
Zionberg, N.Y—Joseph Sutherland.
Zionswehren, O—Miss Backshoff, Randolph houses,
Main street, N.Y Van Schoore street.

THE STANDARD.

HENRY GEORGE, Editor and Proprietor.

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Chauncey M. Depew says there is no use trying to belittle the Paris exposition. It is really a wonderful display of the products of the handicraft and ingenuity of most of the nations. The American exhibit is, however, a failure. After examining it, even Mr. Depew felt humiliated, and it takes something pretty bad to do that. He is actually excited about it, and swears by Moses that "the American people have got to rise in their might and create a world's fair," and "make such an exhibit of manufactures, art and sciences as shall astonish the world."

To what end, Mr. Depew? You surely do not imagine that the marvelous collection of the products of all nations at Paris was brought together through mere patriotic emulation among people bound to make a good showing for their respective countries. In fact, you show that you understand the chief incentive to such displays when you declare that "if we are to hold our own in the markets of the globe after this exhibit in Paris, which has been visited by the commercial people of all the world, it is an absolute necessity for the United States to redeem itself (sic) from this monstrous perversion."

What perversion? Is there not a fair display of such gimcracks as their makers thought they could sell? Mr. Depew notes with manifest pleasure that he saw at the exposition a delegation of American workingmen; "fifty real live workmen," he explains; "no shams, no mouthers." What, then, is there to complain of? Is not this just the kind of representation we ought to have at an international exposition, according to the protective philosophy in which Mr. Depew is a professed believer? What have we to do with foreign goods? Why should we want to look at them, and why should we care to ask foreigners to look at ours? We protect our manufacturers in order to encourage home industry, and thereby so increase the wages of our workmen that any of them who choose can afford to run over to Paris to enjoy the pleasure of looking with scorn on the trumpery exhibit made by ignorant foreigners of the products of the pauper labor of Europe. If this is not the protectionist view of things, that view has changed since the holding of the republican convention whose nomination for the presidency Mr. Depew was apparently more than willing to accept. If the president of the Vanderbilt estate believes in the platform on which he was willing to run, the only thing that ought to have surprised him about the American display at Paris was the failure of the whole nineteen million of American workingmen to run over and gloat upon the poor showing made by the pauper laborers of the old world.

In all seriousness what have we to do with world's fairs or international exhibitions, so long as we adhere to the policy of refusing to freely exchange our products with the people of other nations?

Why should our manufacturers go to the trouble and expense of sending their wares to Paris when they must ship them home again, or else be fined heavily if they dare attempt to bring home the goods of other exhibitors for which they might have profitably exchanged their own? What sense is there in asking all mankind to bring their products to our shores and to come and see what we can produce so long as we declare that we do not desire to trade our goods for theirs? Mr. Depew is talking either patriotic nonsense or heresy to the cardinal doctrine of his own political party.

Nevertheless it is to be hoped that a world's fair will be held in this country. Why protectionists should desire it, it is hard to imagine, but free traders should welcome it and use it as an object lesson. Our people are thinking about such things now. Let them once see side by side the varied products of the industries of the whole world; let them see that if the things made here were swapped for the things brought that at least as many new things would have to be made here; let them understand that this, if kept up continuously, would be good for all concerned, and they will unconsciously brush aside all the sophistries and stupidities of the protective delusion and declare that any man who would throw obstacles in the way of so useful and desirable an exchange of commodities is either a fool or a public enemy. If such an exhibition as Mr. Depew pictures can once be held here, it will be a good thing for the country, but its tendency will not be toward enhancing the value of a protectionist nomination for the presidency of the United States.

The coal strike in Illinois has brought the fact to general attention that the miners are induced by the operators to buy home sites on the company's lands. The purchases are secured by mortgage, and payments are made by installments out of the slim earnings of the miners. This gives the company an extraordinary power over their men, who will submit to almost any extent of oppression rather than jeopardize their partly paid for homes. Of this power the St. Louis Republic specially complains. It sees the laborer "tied down to the soil" and in a condition in which it cannot be justly said of him "that he is a free agent when given the option of accepting or rejecting a ten per cent reduction," for, "according to the old Latin law maxim, the control of a person's means of subsistence is the control of the person." The dependence of the Illinois miners is so obvious that any one who knows the facts can understand it. But, though their dependence is not so apparent to casual observation, it is just as true of other workingmen, that they are denied freedom of contract. They, too, "are tied to the soil," not by a purchase money mortgage, but by the limitations of human existence—they must live upon the earth or die. But there is no part of the earth they can call their own, nor any accessible to the currents of exchange to which they can freely resort; and likewise of them it cannot be justly said that they are free agents when given the option of accepting or rejecting starvation wages. According to the same law maxim the Republic quotes the persons of workingmen are controlled by those who control their means of subsistence, which in their case is the earth from which and on which they must live if they live at all.

Protection journals are following the lead of the Press in warning protected trusts that if they persist, the tariff benefits they now enjoy must be repealed. A clearer confession of the monopoly generating power of the protective tariff could not well be made.

Sir Edward Sullivan has won the friendship of American protectionists by writing a pamphlet against free trade. According to their traditions they ought now to repudiate protection, for whatever an Englishman with a title defends, American protectionists have been taught

to abhor. But despite their teachings, they affectionately take Sir Edward to their bosoms.

Sir Edward says that free trade means cheapness to idlers. That is true, but he neglects to say, what is also true, that with perfect free trade—freedom in all forms of production—there would be no idlers except those who chose to consume in idleness what they had produced by their industry. If there are idlers now, who in their idleness consume what others produce, it is not because we have too much freedom, but too little. Instead of trying to make his idlers pay high prices for things, why does not Sir Edward try to abolish the idlers altogether. That in itself would be a good thing for the industrious; and if it removed an objection to free trade, still better.

In welcoming Sir Edward's pamphlet some of our protection papers say we should be great fools to allow our wage earners to come into competition on equal terms with the pauper wage earners of England whom Sir Edward describes. If these papers would describe the condition of thousands of our wage earners, the possible competition might not appear so bad. Instances could be found in northern Illinois at present. It is comforting to speak of our wage earners, as we might of hearty, happy, well fed slaves; but it is extremely doubtful if there is among the slaves so much heartiness, happiness or feed, after all.

If American workingmen are so well off, how do they happen to fall under the condemnation of John Burns, leader of the London strike, for not giving financial aid to the dock strikers? He said in a speech last week that "the workmen of America had forwarded sentiment and sympathy enough to encircle the globe if committed to paper, but not a single cent to relieve the wants of their fellow workmen." Why have not the workingmen of this country sent money to help the strikers in England? Is it because they are not organized? But they are. Is it because they lack sympathy? But they do not. Is it because they are miserly? No one can say that of them. What explanation remains, then, but that when out of their scanty wages they have met the demands of their necessitous fellow laborers at home and the expense of striking against reductions of wages, nothing remains for the needs of their fellow workingmen abroad?

Meeting of the German Land Reform Society.

Frankfurter Zeitung (translation).

COLOGNE.—The yearly meeting of the Bund for land reform took place here at 9 o'clock on the morning of September 15. In the evening a public mass meeting was held, which was followed by a lecture on "Our Aims," by Michael Flurscheim.

The German Land Reformers.

The following dispatch was received on Sunday:

COLOGNE, Sept. 15.—Henry George, New York—Assembled German land reformers drink the pioneer's health.

MICHAEL FLURSCHHEIM.

And Grant Was Considered Good Authority.

New York World.

President Grant stated the true economic view of this question in his annual message for 1874 in saying: "The introduction free of duty of such wools as we do not produce would stimulate the manufacture of goods requiring the use of those we do produce, and therefore would be a benefit to home production." And again in his message for 1875: "These duties (on raw materials) not only come from the consumers at home, but act as a protection to foreign manufacturers of the same completed articles in our own and distant markets."

How New England Has Prospered Under Protection.

St. Louis Post Dispatch.

What means this movement to "resettle New England" by offering "good lands as low as \$3 per acre," with township aid and other special inducements to the settlers? Has not protection given the New England farmers a "home market" for their produce yet? Even the New York Tribune is brooding over "the disappearance of the original American stock from the farming districts" in the shadow of the protected mills and factories, and confesses that foreign pauper labor is taking its place.

SOCIETY NOTES.

Mrs. Emmons Blaine's trousseau it is needless to say is very handsome. Lace is her special luxury, and this she has spent thousands upon, so that every piece is covered with cascades of the most exquisite webs from all parts of Europe where lace is made. She has a fancy for white underclothes, too, and nearly every garment is the snowiest mull or silk, the only color being from the narrow ribbons run through the laces, and in many instances the ribbons are white also. Her bridal garments are of white India silk, trimmed with the most beautiful Irish point, and this same point trims one of the few tinted sets in the trousseau, one of pale lemon color, which also includes a silk petticoat and satin corset. The bridal stockings are of white silk, embroidered with silver thread, and there other pairs of white stockings, embroidered with gold and different colors. This is a new fashion, introduced by Miss McCormick, who likes white stockings as well as white underclothes, and who sent directions with her order to Paris that instead of sending stockings of a color to match each costume they should be white, embroidered with silk the shade of the dress.

The police of the twenty-seventh precinct reported a case of extreme destitution and distress at police headquarters last week. Four sick children, the oldest barely 6 years, with an aged grandmother, were found huddled in a cellar at No. 1636 Avenue B, utterly destitute and crying with hunger. The children are Charles Smith, 6 years old; Florence, 4; Charlotte 2, and Thomas, 13 months old. The grandmother is Charlotte Nolan. Their father is on Blackwell's Island, serving out a year's sentence. The police can't find the mother. Three weeks ago the family moved into the tenement at No. 1636 Avenue B. On Saturday they were discovered for non-payment of rent. With the baby very ill from cholera infantum and the three others in the throes of whooping cough, the grandmother prepared to spend the night on the sidewalk; but neighbors took them in and fed them. Last night the old woman and children crept into the cellar of the tenement and slept there. The grandmother and three older children were sent to the reception hospital and the baby which was very ill, to Bellevue hospital.

The appointments of Mr. Vanderbilt's kitchen, where copper utensils have wrought iron handles, elaborately ornamented, many of them indeed copies of works of art preserved in museums like the Cluny, would be hard to duplicate. There are silver lined copper dishes, which belong to the jeweler's art rather than to the smith's. Embossed copper ornaments embellish the large double range, which is covered with a great semicircular hood, hung from wrought iron bars with graceful ornaments in artistic hammered work. A tiled floor of floor kitchen, with tables, shelves and sinks of marble likewise, walls of cream encaustic tiles, presided over by a cook at \$10,000 a year.

PITTSBURG, Sept. 4.—William Prince, an engraver by trade and an ex-convict from Joliet penitentiary, arrived in the city last night and went east. He said that he had been sentenced for twenty years to Joliet penitentiary, fourteen years of which he served, working as a marble cutter, and was discharged last May. He went from Joliet to Elgin and tried to get work, but a telling his story was refused a place wherever he applied. From Elgin he went to Chicago and got a chance to work, but was "routed" with his photograph in the "Rogues' Gallery" and told to get out of the city within twenty-four hours. From Chicago he came to Pittsburgh, and expected similar treatment if he remained in this city. He added: "I suppose I am now to be hounded back to prison. I am a good engraver, and thought I would get a place back in honest life, but it doesn't seem as if I could. I counterfeited once, and lost fourteen of the best years of my life in atoning for it, but that does not count in the eyes of the world. I shall go to New York and try to get employment, and if not—" He stepped on the train and went off.

Mr. Van Alen's dinner to the coaching parade party was the jolliest of all the many dinners and suppers that have been given this year at Wakehurst. The guests were seated at one colossal table, in the centre of which was an embankment of richly colored flowers, and the admirable menu, which embraced every combination that the most artistic gastronomy could furnish of fish, flesh, and fowl, occupied only an hour and a half in serving. This shortening of time spent at the dining table is an outcome of Newport's last two seasons, and has proved to be an excellent antidote to weariness, satiety, and excess.

The body of Adolph Newmann, a cigar butcher, was found lying beside a lumber pile at 339 Delancy street on Wednesday. He was employed by a Brooklyn cigar manufacturer named Gottlieb, making good wages. A couple of weeks ago young Newmann suddenly announced that he had thrown up his job and was going away. He had saved up \$70 and bought a ticket for Chicago. Just one week was enough for him in the west. He spent it in Chicago and Cincinnati, vainly looking for work, and returned last Monday to his aunt's house, his money all gone. The loss of it and his failure evidently galled him in secret, though he made a brave front and immediately went out to seek work again. He went to Brooklyn. It is surmised that he found his old job, upon which he had built his hopes, gone for good, and grew discouraged. At night he did not come home. In the morning his body was found as described three or four blocks from his aunt's house.

Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt's steam yacht Alva, which is easily the handsomest and most perfectly appointed pleasure boat in the world, cost \$300,000, and the expense of running her is said to be about \$150,000 a year.

RECENT EVENTS IN ENGLAND.

The London Strike—Davitt and the Balfour University Scheme—The Approaching Liberal Party Conference at Manchester—The Trade Union Congress at Dundee.

DUDLEY, BIRMINGHAM, England, Sept. 5.—The great labor revolt—for it is more than a mere strike—continues. The contagion is spreading, as I predicted it would. Liverpool, Glasgow, Southampton and other places are scenes of strife. In the west end of London, as well as the east end, the laboring men are in revolt. And where leaders cannot be found they are being created. I have been much struck with this. At one of Henry George's meetings someone in the audience said, "We want leaders." "Leaders!" cried Mr. George; "you make up your minds what you want and leaders will arise." The other day at Liverpool an enormous number of workmen assembled near the gates of the Harrington dock. They fooled about for a time, but no one stepped forward to lead. The affair was about to collapse when a man named Joseph Richards shouted out, "Who is going to speak?" No one answering, Joseph said he would speak himself, and he did. He said the grain carriers who had struck carried on an average not less than forty-five tons a day, and if that was not worth 6s. he should like to know what was. Richards said he was not a carrier, and had only got up to give the carriers a bit of help. Were they all afraid to speak? Then James Hooker, another workman, came forward crying, "Here's one that's not afraid." And so on and so on. In London, at the west end, a somewhat similar incident occurred. A number of engineers and laborers struck, and appealed to a mechanic named Taylor to lead them. Taylor threw down his tools in the shop and headed the laborers. Leaders are arising.

Meanwhile an uneasy feeling is spreading through the country among the comfortable classes. They do not know where all this is going to end. They may well be uneasy. We are in the birth pangs of a veritable revolution. The giant labor is shaking himself preparatory to throwing off the shackles by which he is bound. And those who have hitherto been "leading" labor are in a mighty tremor. They do not understand the business of leading a giant who is freeing his limbs. All the while there is an amazing amount of sympathy with the strikers of the docks. Funds are pouring in—not a penny too much has come to hand. Much more is necessary. But it would seem that right, left and center there is a solid determination that the pinch of hunger argument shall not avail in this struggle.

Davitt has again served the cause of Ireland in a conspicuous fashion. He saw at once the significance of this move of Balfour's. Mr. Balfour deliberately aimed at the Gladstone-Parnell alliance. He knew nothing could serve to shatter that alliance better than the policy he announced. Now, seeing that the liberals have burnt their boats on the question of home rule—that the education question is peculiarly a domestic question—and one which is by no means urgent as compared with home rule, it would have been at the very least decent on the part of the parliamentary party to have held their tongues. Mr. Parnell has not committed himself, but the alacrity with which some of his followers appeared to prepare themselves for the transformation of Mr. Balfour into an angel of light was astonishing and has undoubtedly had a very marked effect in England. People are asking how long it will take the people who talked of blacking Lord Spencer's boots to get into the way of describing the hitherto base, bloody and brutal Balfour as the benign, the beneficent, the beautiful, the blessed Balfour. The liberals have committed themselves to a very drastic scheme of home rule—how drastic no one knows—for the simple reason that so much would depend on the next general election. But it is certain that as the sentiment of the country ripened the measure of home rule would have grown large. Balfour and Chamberlain saw that clearly enough. They knew that the tide was running strongly in the direction of getting rid of the present government. They saw not less clearly that the return of the liberal party to power would mean such thorough social reforms as would practically extinguish toryism, and hence this desperate device—for mark, it is a desperate device. It will only be tolerated by the tory party itself on the ground that it will dish Gladstone. The Irish Protestants have already screamed out against it. When the English church was disestablished in Ireland they threatened to kick the queen's crown into the Boyne and all the English tories sympathized with them. What the Irish Protestants will kick now, goodness only knows. They say they are to be thrown over—and they are right. They are absolutely unconsidered in English politics. But the English tories will, spite of their hatred of the church of Rome, vote for the Catholic university scheme and so will the liberal unionists. Now, I have no hesitation in saying that the Irish party ought to have repudiated at once this device for dividing the home rule party, because it is a sinister device. The parliamentary party cut their friends the liberals to the quick upon the question of the royal grants, and now they have gone much fur-

ther. The best men in the liberal ranks are disturbed, and the effect would undoubtedly have been that the enthusiasm for home rule would have melted away. Indeed, it is not too much to say that it has melted away. Davitt's prompt repudiation of the trick will vastly alter the situation. He is much more in sympathetic touch with the English democracy and the English democracy with him than is the parliamentary party. The official liberals have made great use of Irish members and on the face of things it has appeared that the English democracy was in touch with the Irish parliamentary party.

But that has never been really so. The democracy has not forgotten that the Irish party went with the tories in 1885 in spite of Davitt's protest. Davitt is therefore known to be the true friend of democracy, and the chances are that his present protest will soothe the injured feelings of the liberals, and save the cause. Of course the parliamentarians who cannot tolerate criticism, and who hate Davitt with all their heart and soul, anyhow, will again resort to their old policy of vilification. There is something pathetic in the spectacle of this man daring all and bearing this parliamentaryism, which claims to be infallible. He will be charged, as usual, I suppose, with undermining Parnell—with stabbing Parnell in the back, and we shall have more of those rascally diatribes about his treachery, which were so common a few years back. The truth is Davitt honestly believes—because he knows the situation better than most men—that this policy of Balfour's is conceived in hate and not in love, and he bluntly says he will have none of it. It must not be supposed that Parnell and Davitt are at odds. The chances are a thousand to one that Parnell will on the quiet be much obliged to Davitt. These two men understand one another, and they are, as a matter of fact, closer together now than they have ever been in their lives.

It is an ill wind, however, that blows nobody any good. In view of the apparent willingness of the Parnellites to throw them over at any moment for the first bribe that offers, the English liberals have come to see that they will have to rally Great Britain on other questions than home rule. Accordingly negotiations are taking place at this moment between advanced men in the liberal party and the official liberals, with a view to the enunciation of a programme at the forthcoming annual meeting of the national liberal federation, to be held in Manchester in November. Two propositions have been made. First, that official election expenses should be paid out of the rates and that payment of members of parliament shall be resumed. This would enable many excellent men to stand for parliament who are now precluded. There is much apathy in the liberal party, owing to the fact that there are so few capable rich men prepared to accept a thoroughgoing liberal programme. Payment of members would change all that. The second proposition is that the principle of taxation of land values shall be adopted, so far as it is proposed by the Financial reform association. That association proposes a tax—the old tax of four shillings in the pound—on the present valuation. There will doubtless be others proposed, but these it will be seen, are very serious. With a genuine programme of social reform such as will certainly improve the condition of the poorer members of the community, it may be possible to carry the country in spite of the action of the Irish parliamentary party. Davitt's protest will certainly contribute to that end. It will be found that Mr. Parnell will chime in at the proper time.

The Trades union congress has commenced its sittings at Dundee. It began with formalities, trips and banquets, and the real business was reached when the report of the parliamentary committee was reached. A more inane document it would be difficult to name. It alludes with satisfaction to work which has been accomplished not only without its aid, but in spite of its indifference—to wit, the government report on the condition of the chainmakers. Again and again the condition of these poor people had been forced on the attention of the committee. But it was busy with peddling matters—such as getting trades union officials converted into government officials and members of parliament and the like. The man who is entitled to considerable credit in this matter is Mr. R. Juggins. He had the courage to get Mr. Cunningham Graham, M. P., to visit the district. I had done something and the tory member for Dudley seeing that other people were moving in the matter, himself moved and secured a visit from the board of trade labor correspondence, Mr. Burnett, who made a very startling report. The parliamentary committee of the Trades congress have the audacity to take credit to themselves for this work. The report for the rest is compounded of confessions of failure in this direction and in that, and of denunciations of critics. Following upon this report came an attack on Mr. Broadhurst, M. P., the secretary of the committee. The ground of complaint against this gentleman—in common with other of the so-called labor representatives—is that, generally speaking, the house of commons has demoralized them. The attack didn't amount to much, and ought never to have been made. It was routed completely. Broadhurst challenged a vote of confidence, and he received it—only eleven hands being held up against him.

HAROLD RYLETT.

"Drifting Apart."

James A. Herne, who has been already introduced to THE STANDARD readers as a thoroughgoing, out and out single tax convert, commenced his theatrical season last week at Troy and is this week in the Park theater, Brooklyn. The play in which he appears, and which he wrote, "Drifting Apart," should not be mistaken for the single tax play which has been several times spoken of in THE STANDARD. But it is a good wholesome play for all that, and has in it the elements which have made "The Old Homestead" such an enormous success in this city, namely, plenty of innocent, harmless fun, and an abundance of genial, lovable human nature. "Drifting Apart" has very much more point to it than the play now commencing its second year at the Academy of Music. It illustrates in a startling manner a common tale of to-day—the story of the man who, but once yielding to passion, loses his foothold, and is hurled down into the horrible gulf of agony and starvation.

The play throughout is admirably presented. Mrs. Herne, who, it may not be out of place to say, is a most enthusiastic exponent of the single tax, has long since won a safe place in popular estimation as an accomplished actress. Her characterization of "Mary Miller" is as charming as Mr. Herne's presentation of "Jack Hepburne" is natural, and about them is woven the chapter of incidents. The other characters are more than creditably rendered by the remainder of the cast, and altogether a picture is presented which stamps itself indelibly on the mind and which awakens no unpleasant and perhaps injurious memories—something which can be said only of the occasional play nowadays.

The Army of Want.

New York World.

PITTSBURG, Sept. 16.—A vast army of tramps, the lines of which extend from Wall's Station to Altoona, is now quartered along the Pennsylvania railroad. A portion of this vast body is marching toward Pittsburg, other members of the fraternity are going eastward, while many have established permanent camps and only move when foraging the surrounding country for "grub" or any other article which can be conveniently carried. A move is on foot to organize a vigilance committee in each of the counties lying between here and Altoona for the purpose of "regulating" the great nuisance. George Stevenson, an old-time brakeman on the Pennsylvania railroad, in speaking on the subject to a World reporter to-day, said:

"There is a law to punish these offenders, and it is about time it was enforced. I am not drawing on my imagination when I say that there are at this moment 2,000 tramps on the road between here and Gallitzin, and nine-tenths of that number are ready to commit almost any crime. We train men have grown to regard a tramp as our deadliest foe, and well may we, as they are ready at any time to injure us. They creep into freight cars and our cabooses and steal. I could furnish instances where at least fifty train men have been assaulted and beaten by these scoundrels within the past year.

"Those of our number whose families live in isolated houses hear frequently that their wives and children have been insulted and their spring houses and cellars robbed by these fellows. Since the Johnstown flood the number has increased fourfold, and they grow bolder as they grow stronger."

Moral Truth.

William Wordsworth.

Is no mechanic structure, built by rule;
And which, once built, retains a steadfast shape
And undisturbed proportions; but a thing
Subject, you deem, to vital accidents;
And, like the water lily, lives and thrives,
Whose root is fixed in stable earth, whose head
Floats on the tossing waves.

Two Opinions on Mr. Shearman's Recent Article.

Boston Globe.

That the rich, as a class, are growing richer is a matter of every day observation, and it has given rise to grave apprehensions among the people. Everywhere there is among the masses of the common people a conviction founded on their own individual observations that wealth is being heaped into great aggregations which are a menace to the well being of the masses. This has been denied by such writers as Edward Atkinson, who has published figures and diagrams which are alleged to prove that things are all right as they are. . . . But in spite of denials and diagrams the conviction persists. And to our mind Mr. Shearman has made a complete demonstration that it is correct.

New York Commercial-Advertiser.

By his exaggeration Mr. Shearman has spoiled a good point. The wealth of the country is being concentrated in the hands of the few. In the cities and towns of Michigan it has been found that two per cent of the families own sixty-one per cent of the real estate. The ownership of stocks and bonds is even worse distributed. It is probable that the top two per cent of our families own more than half the national wealth. This is in part due to the injustice of the national taxation which places its enormous burdens almost exclusively upon the small savings of the masses, while actually enriching the clamoring plutocrat.

TARIFF NOTES.

"Do the Americans want free trade?" creak the worn out and dejected New York Sun. Judging by the flatfooted declarations in favor of tariff reform made by every democratic convention held this year, the democratic portion of the people want a good deal freer trade than is possible under a 47 per cent tariff.—[New York World.]

One woe doth tread upon another's heels. The London strikes have brought on a temporary stoppage of the shipments of tin plate to this country, at the season when there is a heavy consumption. The speculators, who wait their opportunity as vultures follow the trail of a sick lion, are already planning to corner the market and make purchasers pay dearly for the tin plate now on hand. A tin plate famine at this time would be very unfortunate for the canning industry.—[Philadelphia Record.]

John Burns complains bitterly that the American workingmen have sent nothing but sympathy for the relief of the London dock strikers, whereas the workingmen of all other countries have sent cash. Mr. Burns' complaint sounds strangely enough in ears accustomed to the din of dinner pails filled by the blessings of protection and the superior condition of American workingmen to those of free trade countries. Can it be possible that this thing called protection, is, after all, a fraud?—[Chicago Herald.]

The iron industries of New England have shrunk forty per cent in ten years.—[New York Telegram.]

One of the most brilliant strokes of statesmanship we have yet seen is that of the Canadian legislator who argues that if Canada and the United States should make their customs duties equal, neither would suffer any burden from the tariffs. If A takes \$5 out of B's pocket, and B takes \$5 out of A's, neither pocket has suffered any loss. This logic is decidedly rich.—[Boston Globe.]

The fact that labor is better off in this country in spite of tariffs than it is in any other tariff country, and better off than in England even, proves only the superior resources and opportunities for labor in this country independent of tariffs. Labor always has been more in demand here than in any transatlantic country under high tariffs or low tariffs.—[St. Louis Post-Dispatch.]

"Tom" Johnson of Ohio, the owner of the Johnstown, Pa., steel rail works, does not believe in a tariff on imports. He is an avowed free trader who claims that any custom house restrictions upon importations is a crime against the people. "Take away the tariff barriers and I will pave Europe with steel rails made by Yankee skill and muscle," is the way he puts it.—[Harrisburg Patriot.]

Boston is to have a big ship show. It had one on constant exhibition at the docks 30 years ago, before the war tariffs scattered it.—[Boston Globe.]

Free wool would lift many a blanket mortgage.—[Philadelphia Record.]

Sugar sells in England at from 4 to 6 cents. In this country it sells at from 8½ to 12½ cents. The reason for this disparity is that the tariff is not a tax, and that the foreigner pays it, anyhow.—[Terre Haute Gazette.]

If free trade in sugar will break the sugar trust, as the republican organs are now so loudly proclaiming, why will not free trade break down all other trusts? Come, gentlemen, face the music and tell the truth.—[Clinton Argus.]

A writer on the surprising exodus of emigrants from the Canadian provinces truly stated the situation in saying that Canada is going rapidly ahead of the statesmen by annexing itself to the United States through immigration. How utterly ridiculous to impose restrictive duties upon a country that is by natural processes soon to become a part of ourselves.—[Boston Globe.]

With a glutted "home market" American beef producers were seeking a profitable market in Mexico when that country, applying the logic of "protection," put on a prohibitory duty. By virtue of the same "American system" (which has been in vogue since the robbers of the Rhine levied duties from the castles in the Middle Ages) all Europe, save England, restricts the importation of our food products. What a beautiful thing this American system is anyway, and what a pity we never had it copyrighted.—[Rockville, Ind., Tribune.]

Starvation Starving Them in the Face.

CENTRAL CITY, Iowa, Sept. 10.—I spent several weeks at Mitchell, Dakota, and vicinity. The people there are ready to receive the single tax.

South Dakota is poverty stricken this season from drought, and the farmers will have to obtain outside aid to enable them to get through the winter.

Rev. A. A. Brown, pastor of the Congregational society at Mitchell, is certainly awakening public thought. Although he sees the evil of large unoccupied and unused land holdings, he does not, however, yet perceive its remedy. He devotes considerable time to lecturing on economic questions. If some one would have THE STANDARD sent to him for six months or a year it would be seed well sown. He is a very active man and has the confidence of the laboring element of the city.

WM. OLMSTED.

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THE WAY THE TRUTH CAME.

John G. Hummel is one of the single tax "old guard" of St. Louis, having become a convert seven or eight years ago. He was at the Manhattan single tax club rooms one evening, and in the course of gossip told how he became a single tax man.

He is a cigar manufacturer, employs a number of men, and mingles among his employees a great deal. He began to notice at one time, some years ago, that the conversation generally turned on the labor problem; and in the discussion of its various phases Mr. Hummel found himself completely at sea, not being able to understand what was being said by the men. At the same time an old man, a friend of Mr. Hummel's father, began, when visiting the Hummel family, to bring up discussions in political economy, always arguing that the time for fighting over again battles of the late war had past; that they should cease warring with such of their fellow citizens as had been rebels, and that in future political actions they should be guided by present issues, and let the past be past.

"This," said Mr. Hummel, "was, in the eyes of my father and myself, rank heresy. We were republicans, and had been so since the war, not so much because of the principles the republican party maintained, but because we believed that the rebels—which in our minds meant the democrats—should be routed by our ballots as they had been by our bayonets. I remember that I was very indignant with the old fellow," continued Mr. Hummel, "and I told him that he would oblige me much if he never spoke to me again. My father was very angry, too; but the old man was an old friend, and my father couldn't find it in his heart to utter lots of things that came to his lips. But my mind was settled—the old man and I were to be strangers so far as I was concerned. Several times, when he addressed me, I snubbed him; but he always turned from me with a smile, meantime he kept on talking with my father, who, having got over his anger, permitted himself to listen, and after a time he got interested.

"One evening, as I entered our house I saw the two sitting together. As I passed them the old man called me and I turned.

"John," said he, "you're angry at me, ain't you?" I only looked at him; that was all. Then I turned and looked at my father. A slight smile was on his face. After a pause the old man said, "John, I hope you are not as angry with me as you were." I said nothing. "John, you like reading, don't you? Well, I have a book here I would like you to read—that is, if you are not so mad that you will not take anything from me."

"I couldn't understand what the old gentleman was driving at, and I looked toward my father for an explanation. And my father understood, for he answered, 'He has a book with him that he has been telling me about; and from what he has said, John, it might be worth your while to read it.'

"Now, bear in mind, that during the time I had been at odds with the old man, the discussions I spoke of in the beginning among the men working for me had been kept up, and I had been exceedingly interested in them.

"Well," I asked, "what is the name of the book?" and the old man said it was called 'Progress and Poverty'; it was a work on political economy. It treated of a problem that was then coming up, and if I were wise I would read and study the book closely, regardless of what my conclusions might be. At this time I was a member of a republican political and debating club, and it occurred to me that if I read the book it would make me better posted for debate than my fellow members. So I said I would take it.

"As I progressed in the reading of 'Progress and Poverty' I began to see the drift of the discussions going on among the men in my shop. The further I got the better I saw it. Then, after a while, I found that I could take a part in the shop talks; and then I reached a point where I could see errors that were being made by them; and the first thing I knew I was able to brush away many of the fallacies the men had become imbued with through the lessons of teachers who themselves did not fully understand what they were trying to teach.

"After I had finished reading 'Progress and Poverty' for the second time I went to the old gentleman's house and abjectly apologized for the mean way in which I had treated him, and he forgave me. I am glad I went to him when I did, for a few days after that he died suddenly. Had he died sooner I would have felt a guilty man, indeed.

"When, in my own opinion, I had thoroughly mastered the doctrine, I began to look for congenial companionship, for a place where I could exchange thoughts with sympathetic friends. In any assemblage of men—even in my own shop—I did not seem to be able to express myself on the problem in a way to make myself understood. Some of my friends would stare and others would look as if they thought they or I were in a fog. What I said was perfectly plain to me, but not to them.

"About this time the Post-Dispatch opened a column, in which correspondents could say what in their opinion was the most important question now before, or coming before the American people. 'Aha!' said I, 'if there is another single tax man in St. Louis I will hear from him through this column.' I sup-

pose I ought to have written to the paper myself, but, really, I didn't feel competent to.

"Well, one day the man wrote the letter I was looking for. It was brief and to the point, and was signed 'Yankee.' I immediately wrote to the editor of the Dispatch, asking for the name and address of 'Yankee,' upon receiving which I wrote a letter to my new friend, saying I would like to call on him at his convenience or that he could call on me. An evening or two after that a gentleman walked into my store and inquired for me. It was Hamlin Russell, now so well known throughout the southwest as an ardent advocate of the single tax. We shook hands and sat down and had an enjoyable evening's talk—anyhow most enjoyable to me. And as we were about to part he invited me to call at his house an evening or two later. I did so gladly, and was delighted to be introduced to four other friends of my way of thinking. Without formally organizing we used to meet at each other's houses not less than once a week, and I consider that time the most pleasurable of my life.

"We finally got beyond the point of talking and settled down to discussing what we could do to push the movement along. We concluded that our little coterie could do but little—that we needed a larger organization, within whose ranks we could sow the single tax seed. The Knights of Labor were growing fast, and we fixed upon that organization as our field for work. I joined it, being proposed by one of my men, and then I proposed my friends and they were elected.

"We then began active work. Every night we would divide up and visit assemblies, and at the proper time make our little speech. It wasn't long before we began to see the good effects of our work. And now the chances are that there are more single tax men in the order in St. Louis than in any other city in the United States.

"I had kept up my membership in the republican club I have spoken of and used to meet with them often and talk of the labor problem. The members endured me and one or two sided with me; but when the campaign of 1888 opened, and the line was drawn on the tariff, I had to declare myself. One evening, at a social gathering of the club, I told several of my friends that I had become convinced that protection was a sham and a fraud and that therefore I had concluded I could no longer support the party that held to that idea. It was my intention, I said, to vote for the democratic national ticket. What a howl went up! Men forgot that we were at a social gathering. They crowded about me and twenty tried to talk to me at once about the crime I was about to commit in voting for the rebel ticket. But I told them I was firm in this, and what they might say wouldn't change me. I offered to argue the matter with them; whereupon a number of them rushed out to find the 'boss' of the club, on whom they relied to crush me. He came in with the crowd, and walked toward me with a stern look on his face. 'What's this I hear, Johnny? Are you going to vote the rebel ticket this fall?' 'That's what I intend to do,' I answered. 'And you say that you are ready to argue on the right or wrong of the step you are about to take?' 'That's what I said.' He looked around at the crowd assembled; then he took out his watch, opened it and looked at it. 'Just suspend the festivities for fifteen minutes,' he said, 'and watch me bring Johnny back into line again.'

"Of course what the 'boss' commanded was done. The men gathered round and the women formed a circle on the outside, and then we had it. His strong card was the war of the rebellion and that all the late rebels were democrats, and that it would be a disgraceful thing even to vote so as to place them in power if we could prevent it. I answered 'chestnuts' to this. The war was over; the questions involved were settled; that while at one time such an argument would have been strong with me, it could have no effect now. A new question was up, I said, before which all others must give way. The ex-rebels and unionists must stop fighting over what was past, and buckle on their harness to meet the new question. That question was the labor question, and how to solve it must occupy our most earnest thought. I said my view of it had led me to break away from the party of my father and myself, and to join my late political enemies because they had pointed in the direction of truth. I was in favor of the democratic policy of tariff reform, because that would lead eventually to free trade, and that to freeing industry from the heavy toll now laid upon it, and that to placing all taxes where they belong, on the value of land.

"I don't know how long I talked, but when I finished I got a round of applause. The 'boss' said nothing for a moment or two; then he turned on his heel, saying, 'Boys, we'll have to give Johnny up. He's turned communist, and there's no hope for him.'

"It was only proper, after what I had done, for me to withdraw from the club and the room, which I did. But a number of the members followed me to the door and affectionately bade me good bye, some of them saying that they thought, after what I had told them, that I was nearer right than those I left behind me.

"The single tax movement in St. Louis is in the hands of able men, and they are doing grand work."

PASTE AND SCISSORS.

Miss Johanna Kemler, a belle of Paradise Valley, Neb., has set out for Paris. She rides any animal that wears hair and hoofs and cares no more for a saddle than does a wild Indian. She is as much at home on the side of a galloping steed as on his back. With her horse at full speed she can pass under his neck and come up on the other side, a feat, that few Comanches care to undertake.

A curious discovery connected with the recent disastrous conflagration is reported by a Spokane paper. The safe of Mason, Smith & Co. became cracked by the intense heat, and their books were charred and baked to a blackened crisp, though they remained intact. Not a figure could be distinguished. One of the bookkeepers, while turning over the leaves, noticed that where his finger, which was wet, touched the page the figures appeared legible through the moisture. He procured a paint brush, dipped it in water and dampened the whole page, and was gratified to see all the figures dimly outlined. Two bookkeepers then went to work, and by wetting the pages and carefully turning the leaves succeeded in a few days in transferring all the accounts to a new set of books. The books are as black as ink, and the leaves crumble to pieces when touched.

The old horse Comanche, the only survivor of the famous Custer massacre, is still handsomely cared for at the government's expense. By special order of the military authorities Comanche is provided with a comfortable stall fitted up especially for him out in Dakota. No one is permitted to ride him, and he is not allowed to do any work whatever. Riddled with bullets and scarred by saber wounds, his body speaks eloquently of the perilous duty he has performed in his twenty-two years of service under the government.

The coal fields of Hokkaido, in Japan, are estimated by an American engineer to be worth \$100,000,000.

According to the figures of the London board of trade there is little use for railroad travelers in England to take out accident policies. They claim that last year only one passenger i. 327,000 was injured and only one in 6,942,000 was killed.

The Japanese government has coined \$30,000 worth of nickel five cent pieces. The people like them, and the coinage will be continued.

Stage murders with guns and pistols are often ridiculous farces. The black hearted villain fires at the flies and the persecuted hero facing him drops "dead." To escape the ridiculous in this line of stage effect a new weapon has been invented by M. Philippe, secretary of the Bouffes Parisiennes, Paris. It contains a long spiral spring, which carries a needle at the end. The piece is loaded by compressing the spring, which is retained by simple mechanism, and inserting in the muzzle a cork, which contains a charge of fulminating mercury. On pulling the trigger the spring is released and the needle strikes the fulminate, which explodes, blowing the cork into dust. It is said these guns can be leveled directly at any person and discharged without risk.

A farmer at Anaheim, Cal., sent east last year for some Wonderfield beans to experiment with. He received as many as would fill a small teacup and planted them. He has just gathered a crop of 100 sacks.

The United States has a lawyer to every 909 of its population. "It is pleasant to think," says the Boston Transcript, "that these legal gentlemen are not likely to be bought up by an English syndicate."

The average damage to every trunk carried 500 miles by rail in the United States amounts to \$3. There has been no improvement in the matter of handling baggage from the time the first trunk was unhinged and split from top to bottom.

Billy Radcliffe Unmasked.

Columbus Capital.

Absolute and unqualified free trade, according to Henry George's paper, is what the democracy mean by a revision of the tariff if the interpretation of its adherents is accepted. Mr. "Billy" Radcliffe, of Tiffin, one of the alternate delegates to the Dayton convention, writes Mr. George enthusiastically as follows:

"Our county convention made me an alternate to the state convention. They could have made me a delegate, but I am too radical for some of them; but I am the boy that will kick up more stir than a carload of delegates. I will give them free trade on the street and show them that the people are ready and willing to listen to such talk, can see the beauties of it, if it is only put at them in the right way."

Mr. Radcliffe then goes on in a supplemental letter to tell how he "distributed tracts in forty-five towns and cities of Ohio."

It should be stated that Mr. Radcliffe is a street patent medicine vendor. Now the query is a most pertinent one—who pays and who supplies this street vendor with free trade tracts for distribution in Ohio? The Cobden club is a shrewd and a far-reaching organization. It employs efficient agents. Billy Radcliffe is a genial, talkative, musical cuss, and amuses the crowd in the usual manner of street patent medicine vendors. The crowd gathers to hear his songs and jokes, and Billy gets in his work for his English paymasters in this manner, as described by himself in this week's Standard:

"I inclose you one of the bills I put up to get

the people out. I also drive around town with blanket, plumes and bells on my horse and you bet I get them out."

Here's Mr. Radcliffe's bill which he posts up to get the people out:

"P. T. Barnum whitewashed! Funny fun on the corner. The favorite vocal clown, banjoist and song writer, Happy Billy Radcliffe, will give his free concert, open air circus and sleight of hand exhibition on the street-to-night.

Come and join the happy throng, Come and hear the minstrel's song, Don't you miss this happy treat, Doors will be open both ends of the street."

The Cobden club works in a mysterious way its mission to perform, but it doesn't cover its tracks or its cloven hoof so cleverly but that the people can see and detect its fraudulent and hypocritical disciples, who, with professions of wanting only a revision of the tariff are working in the byways as well as in the thoroughfares of this republic for absolute and unqualified free trade.

The Situation in Ireland.

Dublin Nation.

"I know it, I saw it," says T. W. Russell, His eyes in a blaze and his face in a heat; "Cassidy's daughter is wearing a bustle.

A fringe on her forehead and boots on her feet?

Arrears for three years by her father are owing,

The rascal declares that he can't and won't pay.

But 'tis easy to see how the money is going In sight of Miss Cassidy's gorgeous array."

"There's a plain proof," says T. W. Russell,

"How tenants can rob and campaigners can cheat;

Cassidy's daughter is wearing a bustle,

A fringe on her forehead and shoes on her feet!

"Cassidy's son, too, though delving in ditches,

Has no sort of liking for squalor and dirt;

He rather objects to have holes in his breeches,

And twice in a week he puts on a clean shirt.

No wonder his landlord is fretting and fuming

At seeing such luxuries bought with his rent,

Then hearing the impudent swindler presuming

To ask a reduction of thirty per cent!"

"Behold a plain proof," says T. W. Russell,

"How tenants can rob and campaigners can cheat;

Cassidy's daughter is wearing a bustle,

A fringe on her forehead and boots on her feet!"

"But 'tis not enough that such folks should be mashers;

One day I peeped in when their table was spread

And saw a supply of red herring and rashers,

And something like dripping to moisten their bread.

I gazed, quite amazed, at each gluttonous sinner

Thus swelling the list of their Parnellite crimes;

I rushed to the landlord's; I ate a good dinner,

And wrote off a letter that night to the Times."

"England now knows," says T. W. Russell,

"How tenants can rob and campaigners can cheat;

Since Cassidy's daughter is wearing a bustle,

A fringe on her forehead and boots on her feet!"

A Republican Paper Tells Why Our Merchant Marine has Disappeared from the Ocean.

Chicago Tribune.

A correspondent after making some inquiries about the City of Paris steamer, asks "why with all their boasted enterprise and capital the Americans do not plan and build vessels for themselves and sail them under their own flag, commanded by American captains?" The question can be easily answered. An American did plan the City of Paris and about four-fifths of the cost of her construction was paid for with American capital. But she does not fly an American flag and have an American captain because the navigation laws of this country stand in the way.

If the correspondent will use his influence with his member of congress to have him vote for the repeal of the navigation laws, venerable though they be, or to permit the importation free of duty of articles used in the building of steel and iron ships, which are manufactured abroad more cheaply than here, he may find that the evils of which he complains will be cured. But he may think the remedy worse than the disease.

That is What the Workingman is Just Now Trying to Find Out.

Boston Globe.

The superintendent of the Texas state prison has not only made his prisoners self-supporting, but has made them earn for the state a clear profit of \$950 a year on the labor of each convict. Now surely the labor of a free man is at least as valuable as the labor of a jailbird; but at the end of the year the profits of a workingman on his own labor, over and above his living, are generally not more than \$50. What becomes of the other \$900?

Notions, Eh?

Bradstreet's.

The nationalization of land and the imposition of a single tax on it were among the notions advocated by the Canadian trades and labor congress.

HOW LAND IS TAXED IN CHINA.

La Cite Chinoise, par G. Simon, Ancien Consul de France en Chine. Paris, Nouvelle revue, 1885.

Great and perplexing are our difficulties when trying to obtain correct information in regard to matters Chinese. We possess descriptions of travel and sojourn from Marco Polo, the first who went to far Cathay, down to our Professor Williams of Yale, but none of them can give us true satisfaction. A language requiring an almost lifelong study before we can practice it in writing and speech, a civilization complete, in its way, to almost stagnation, yet totally different from any familiar to us, and a race so strange that the points of affinity are rare—all these prove, as it were, insurmountable difficulties.

M. Simon's book, however, attracts us particularly, because it treats at length of the land tenure in China.

The author was French consul in China during a term of ten years. He mastered its spoken language, although not its literary one, traveled from taste and duty through many of her provinces, and now lays down in his book what he saw.

In a short preface he announces that he will abstain from all theorizing and that his conclusions will be such only as will suggest themselves. He likewise assures his reader that "*La Cite Chinoise* is a book of good faith," (*de bonne foi*), an assurance not wholly unnecessary, when the heavy drafts upon the reader's credulity are taken into consideration.

He represents China as a "rich country, richer than any other." Not, however, because it possesses its millionaires or landed proprietors, since millionaires are there unknown, nor are land owners burdened with vast property. It is rich on account of the general prosperity of its inhabitants. "They have not been taught that labor is a curse." A species of ground rent goes to the state and not to the landlords, involuntary poverty is abolished (so we are told), and thus every man is secured in making his living and consequently freed from anxiety. Work has become attractive and is loved and honored. And to a remarkable degree too, for "there no work is servile," and the professional man and even the artist are not considered higher than the blacksmith or the farmer, nor are they more liberally paid. Under these conditions the density of population but adds to this prosperity, because many more wants are both developed and satisfied. In China, it would seem that man's first duty is to raise a family. The inhabitants are represented as not only living comfortably, but as also able to possess public works of stupendous magnitude in the way of roads, irrigating canals, dykes, etc. They seem also passionately fond of art, cultivating a high standard of education and following literature and science.

Regarding land tenure, the Chinese, says M. Simon, consider "the right of ownership in the soil not to extend beyond its usufruct, which therefore with them is the only thing transferable. The soil itself is held by the people collectively, the government imposing on it the tax of ground rent" (*fermage*).

This evidently is at least the principle of our single tax, though we find it imperfectly put into practice. It has been in operation for a matter of 4,000 years, and very successfully too, if we may believe M. Simon. We cannot do better than follow him in his details. Under the Chinese plan the land is classified in five different grades, according to its degree of natural fertility or such public improvements as canals, etc., which it may enjoy. The rate of taxation is from twelve to forty cents an acre per year, which tax "having once been fixed, never varies." It is equal to sixty cents per capita.

M. Toubeau has long proposed a similar tax, the *metrical* tax, in France, and without ever knowing that it already existed in China.

M. Simon calls this tax the single tax, (*impôt unique*), but makes haste to add that in reality the government has beside it three minor resources of revenue: the monopoly of salt, the royalty on mines and the import duties. True, none of these yield a sum of any significance, not even the import duties, their tariff vibrating between five and eight per cent ad valorem only—opium at thirty-three forming the only exception. The quantity of goods imported is furthermore but small, as the Chinese do not crave our taste or wares, and can mostly imitate those they do want at about two-thirds of our prices. So that with a population of 337,000,000 (counting in the tributary

countries—Mongolia, Thibet, etc.) the sum total of imports amounts to no more than about one hundred and twenty million dollars—one-half of this going to opium alone, leaving, therefore, sixty million dollars' worth of imports or about twelve cents' worth per year for each Chinaman.

But to return to our single tax. When we have learned that it is not absolutely single we also learn that the soil is not the nation's (indirect) property in its entirety either; for one small portion of each piece of property, never, however, exceeding two acres, does not belong to the nation, but "to the family, and is unseizable and inalienable."

"Here stands the house; and, if the owner is rich enough for the luxury, a family sepulchre. Here, too, is the office in which the family records are kept, where, twice a month, the commemoration of the family ancestors is celebrated, and where, when necessary, the family meets and sits in judgment on any faults, misdemeanors or crimes committed by any of its members. Here also are erected a school house and a library for the children of the family and of their neighbors."

This "homestead," in Mr. Simon's opinion, ensures to every Chinaman his liberty, and is his bulwark against a possible return of despotism. A despotic government once did rule the Chinese several thousand years ago, but ever since they have enjoyed a benign kind of government, which ensures to them freedom and rational liberties. Under this government all officers, from the lowest to the emperor himself, are considered the "mandataries" of the people, and must give way, in the event of dissatisfaction, by resigning their office, or, in certain cases, by suicide.

This account of the form and spirit of the Chinese government is certainly novel, and strangely at variance with the relations of other intelligent travelers. However, let us now follow our author and see how the country is populated, substituting, however, the United States, as a point of comparison, for France. And of either country I exclude the wild provinces with their scant populations. Of the one, Mongolia, Manchouria, Thibet and Annam; of the other, Alaska. We find that the United States has an area, in round numbers, of 1,349,000 square miles with a population of, say, 60,000,000 (the census of 1880 showed 50,000,000), and China one of 3,000,000 square miles, with a population of 400,000,000. Consequently, in our country the average square mile is inhabited by twenty, and in China by 296 people, or their fifteen to our one.

"No wonder, then, the poor fellows emigrate," I hear. This inference, however, seems to be essentially incorrect. M. Simon devotes one entire chapter to this subject, dwelling at length on "the family," and it is impossible, without reading it, to conceive how great the reverence of the Chinese is for the family tie, and how much self-esteem and pride it evokes. In fact "no more terrible penalty can be devised for a Chinese than that of exile from his family community. Wherever outside of that portion of the globe, which is bounded by Thibet, the ocean and the great wall, Chinese immigrants are found, they have nearly always been recruited from the number of the excommunicated. No more than about 150,000 are supposed to emigrate annually, and of these 50,000 return."

Dividing the superficies of China by the ninety millions of families supposed to reside on it, we arrive at an average of about nine acres of ground to a family. This is the average size of their properties, which vary from one to fifty acres.

"There are not many containing fifty acres, very few indeed of two hundred and fifty acres, none ever larger, and what may be called a good size farm consists of about thirty acres. The inhabitants may be described as rich and less rich, actually poor families being so rare as not to be worth our consideration."

How people can make a comfortable living on such relatively small properties forms so interesting a portion of the book that we cannot refrain from making a few further extracts:

"Under the efforts of this dense population forests have disappeared. Villages, as numerous and as closely built up as we see them near our large cities, have taken their place, and between these are hamlets, consisting of properties hardly larger than eight acres each. In the center of these is situated the 'patrimonial field' on which are erected their houses, each surrounded by flowers, shrubs and trees. These houses are almost close enough to touch one another, but what brings their inhabitants in still closer con-

tact is the fact that all belong to one family and that, large and small, they enjoy the aid and assistance of a well constituted association. Thus every hamlet and cluster of cottages is a complete system in itself, in which all the inhabitants enjoy in common their school, their public hall and their family court. In addition they can hire help, or a bullock, or the use of a mill or other things such as a small farm cannot afford to possess of its own. Yet, in spite of this apparent communism, every one lives in his own home, as isolated as he pleases, and feeling in his inviolable cottage as safe, and as independent of his neighbors and the government as ever lived a lord in his castle."

Farming, of course, is carried on by a method quite different from our own. Ours may be called wholesale, although the correcter term would be 'wasteful,' theirs is minute, or better styled 'intensive.' You cannot find a stone in their fields, or a spot that is wet, or a corner that is overgrown with brambles. There are no weeds and no fallows. Nothing in the economy of the house or grounds is allowed to go to waste that can in any way serve as manure, least of all that kind which civilized nations try by expensive sewerage to lose or to conduct into the ocean. Besides being used in our ways, manure is even used for coating the seeds with, by dipping them into it, and what manure the North cannot consume, is during the winter months prepared in the shape of bricks and sent to the South. "A cycle of matter," ecstatically exclaims our author, "which is religiously followed, and to which China owes its survival of the many nations, that have in the course of the last four thousand years, disappeared from the face of the globe." A statement in which cause and effect surprise us by their want of proportion.

Leaving the farmer it would be interesting to see how other trades and occupations are flourishing under the Chinese single tax. But space and scope of THE STANDARD forbid more than the mention of a few facts.

Their land tax, crude and imperfect as it is, seems, nevertheless, to have thrown open and enlarged the field of labor, and the same study and industry which we have seen bestowed on agriculture are brought to bear upon other occupations. And to that extent that most of their tradesmen ply more than one trade, often as many as half a dozen, to which they take as season or demand would prompt. Such a Jack-of-all-trades can make shoes and baskets and lanterns, and maybe repair tinware and locks and umbrellas, too. And, *incredible dictu*, we are told that he is not necessarily a bungler at any of them either. Yet what we get from China is never badly made, however cheap or contrary to our taste it may be, and does not suggest the Jack-of-all-trades system.

As to beggars, the number of which would seem a pretty good indicator of the degree of public self-esteem in a country, they are so rare in Pekin, a place as large, if I mistake not, as London, only forty of them could be found (!), and "none at all in the country." The difficulty of computing the number of police in Pekin is not as great as that involved in believing this statement.

The rest of the book treats of government, defenses, laws, etc., etc., all described with much grace and charm. Throughout M. Simon proves himself an ardent lover of individual freedom and partisan of the "tax nothing but land" system. The reader of "*La Cite Chinoise*" cannot indeed help being impressed with the honesty of M. Simon's narration. He cannot doubt the author's "*bonne foi*," but as to the correctness of his observations, that is a more difficult matter to decide upon. And to this remark I am forced by the scant information we possess in regard to the inwardness of things in China and, of course, more yet by my inability to verify M. Simon's conclusions on the spot.

But, following M. Simon, who, we know, has abstained from theorizing, we, too, will leave conclusions to follow of themselves. M. Simon, in endeavoring to prove the Chinese a people happier than the rest of us by reason of their fairer distribution of wealth, and more moral through the less accentuated division of classes, has written a book that needs must directly run counter to wonted prejudice. Still, what after all is prejudice but judgment in advance of evidence and knowledge? We are too apt to judge the Chinese by those we see about us. Let us not forget that they are not proper specimens for our study, being the scum of the ports and the precipitate of society. Rather let us live and learn and, mean-

time, as men and citizens, temper our exigencies with charity.

As long as we cannot make ourselves perfect masters of the spoken and written language of China the truth about Chinese matters must be exceedingly difficult to reach. When we are in Europe and do not know the languages, everything seems dumb show and mere surface; in China we might even lose the understanding of outward things. There our sensation must be similar to that of a man suddenly thrown among deaf mutes. Is it then a wonder that we know so little about the Chinese on the one hand and that, on the other, they are maligned? for we are always prone to dislike that which we cannot understand. But however much our race antipathy may appear insurmountable it should not stand in our way in the search for the truth. We should remember that eternal principles are the same for all races of men, and can be consistently carried out by any of them singly, successively or simultaneously, as opportunities may occur. Men of different times and countries needing shelter, have built homes from the self same materials, but of very different styles. Yet all answered the intended purpose. So, too, animated by the spirit of justice, may they, by no matter how different plans and ways, reach their cherished object—the extinction of poverty.

S. MENDELSON.

The Single Tax is the Only Remedy.

Everett Glavin, secretary of Typographical union No. 6, in New York Journal.

I believe that it is a mistake to attempt to introduce a general eight-hour system. The competition among business men would make it impossible for organized labor to enforce it. I do not believe that the shortening of the hours of labor is the true remedy for the many ills that the working classes are suffering from, and they should take care that in trying to escape from known ills they find not others that they know not of.

Taking matters all round I can readily admit that it is unnecessary to work so many hours as workmen do in order to meet the demands of consumers, but I believe that in the advance of civilization the hours of labor will regulate themselves. I do not believe, however, in organized labor taking upon itself the fight for the eight-hour system. It would be a useless and unnecessary sacrifice.

I do not blame unorganized labor, on the other hand, for working for such wages as it can procure. People must live, and to live people must have money. They cannot starve, and if those workmen who are unorganized cannot get good wages they have to take poor wages. As to anarchistic ideas, I have no faith in them. They will never benefit the working classes or any other class.

It might be asked what I believe is the remedy for the existing state of things. I say the single tax is the remedy. If we had the single tax we would have more work, and thousands who are unemployed would find work.

We do not want any more legislation. We have too much. If we had a little less we would be happier and better off.

How Land Speculation Interferes With Marriage.

Chicago Home Reformer.

Word has been sent out that the young men of Washington Territory want wives, and the invitation has been extended to young women of Massachusetts to go west and get married. But why should it be necessary for them to go west to get husbands? There are more men who want wives in Massachusetts, in New York, in Illinois, and in every other of the older states than there are in Washington Territory. The trouble is, not that these men don't want to marry, or that the women don't reciprocate the sentiment, but it is because they see no prospect of getting homes of their own. Ask any bachelor why he doesn't marry, and he will tell you he can't support a wife as he would like to. Men hesitate about assuming obligations which may bring loved ones to want. And when men don't marry women don't have husbands, and are obliged to seek unwomanly employments instead of filling the places assigned them, in happy families. At the root of every social evil lies a social wrong. Remove the wrong; make it possible for every man to have a home, and women won't need to go to Washington Territory to get husbands.

Where the Farmer's Smile Is.

St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Doubtless the farmer is to a great extent deprived of the benefits of free competition, while not allowed to escape any of its burdens, and his effort to relieve himself from the latter is natural under the circumstances, but impracticable. With his voting power he could easily recover the benefits which overbalance the burdens of free competition in all lines of trade. The idea that he can revolutionize trade with farmers' co-operative commission houses, control the money market by setting up farmers' co-operative banks and arbitrarily keep wheat at \$1 and cotton at 12½ cents, without reference to foreign or home demand, is a dream too beautiful to last. If he risks much of his money in such ventures there is, as a contemporary has said, a strong probability that his experience will resemble that of the

Smiling young woman of Niger
Who rode on the back of a tiger;

At the end of the ride
She came back inside,

With her smile—on the face of the tiger.

THE PARASCHITES.

Mallard Herbertson in Heligraia.

Everything seemed burning! The sun burned overhead, the road burned underfoot, and the rocky sides of the narrow gorge gave back a scorching heat to the sun above and the road beneath. No breath of air stirred the gritty dust of the limestone rocks nor the hot sand which spoke of the desert beyond their barrier, but the atmosphere shimmered and quivered as if heated in a furnace.

The stony path wound between great boulders. No vestige of any green thing was visible, not even a dried-up mimosa bush or adventurous palm. I had entered the "Valley of the Dead!" And the death in Nature seemed typical of the human dead lying around, beneath—one knew not where—in the terrible, blasted ravine that held so weird a buried treasure. A stillness as solemn as that of its population reigned in it; all seemed to harmonize grimly, awfully, with but one discord, and it increased the strange suggestiveness of the scene. The withering rays of the sun beat down on the vast sepulchre which burned and glowed beneath them, and its heat only intensified the realization of the quiet, cold forms locked in that hot embrace.

Without the remorseless, shadeless glare;
Within the everlasting shades.

As I slowly made my way up the winding ascent, the invisible seemed more real than the actual world around me, and under a midday Egyptian sun I felt a sudden impalpable cold for a moment envelope me. A sense of impending calamity overcame me with the strange cold, but it passed away as suddenly as it came, and I forgot it in the morbid fascination which possessed me.

I was no scientific observer "learned in the wisdom of the Egyptians," and yet for many days I had left Luxor, crossed the Nile, and the wide, green plain of Thebes, to enter this arid gorge which seemed to have cast its spell upon me. Daily, as I gazed on the ancient necropolis, I peopled the scene with the stately processions, the white-robed priests and wailing mourners, which were wont to cross the river, to pass along the smiling plain and leave it for the mountain tombs, contrasted regions as sharply defined as their respective objects. And how short a life was spent in the fertile valley of the "life-giving Nile," while for many ages a people have lain in the barren valley of the dead, bearing still the semblance with which they walked and worked, laughed and mourned, in their brief earthly span!

Still the semblance! With the thought came again a strange chill sense of companionship. I could not feel that shadowy memories of what had been only surrounded me. I could not feel alone. The realism of the possible occupants of unknown tombs impressed me strangely; and as I looked at the stony hills, they seemed to open and reveal their hidden secrets.

In vain I tried to repel the sensation. In vain I attempted to call up as before a mental picture of the solemn pageants that had so often trodden the path I followed. The processions of priests and mourners had played their parts and had vanished; but I felt that in each the central figure remained and seemed before me. I knew that the faces that had looked their last on earthly scenes, and had gazed with unseeing eyes on the Babel Molook in bygone ages, still kept the same faces turned in sightless watch on stately sarcophagus or humbler sepulchre, and I seemed to feel that gaze.

I told myself that the graves around had given up their mysterious dead, revealing at the same time the lives that had been lived in the far-off shadowy past; but still there seemed to me strange secrets buried on every side, of death and of life; above all, the secret of such preservation of what is destined to perish.

The thought gave another bent to my mind, and I shook off the sense of strange, invisible companionship as I mused on the sorrows and hardships of the paraschites—the Egyptian pariahs.

What a type their lot seemed of the cruelty that mingled so inseparably with the splendors of the old-world creeds! To be born to a revolting occupation, bringing with it an added burden of uncleanness, the discharge of every duty deepening that burden, and with it all a gloomy belief that the unsought obligation, their hereditary lot, was an expiation in sorrow and heaviness for sins committed in a previous existence—when, where?

Childhood, maturity, and old age lived under a ban, and haunted by such a doctrine!

I pictured the child realizing that he was not as other children, and shrinking from averted looks and whispers of "a paraschite, unclean!" Again, later in life, rebelling against the fate ordained, but forced by priestly commands and surrounding circumstances to undertake the loathsome task of preparing the bodies of the dead for the more fortunate kolchytes, whose process of embalming them carried with it no such disgrace.

From childhood to old age contempt and shame, a hated duty, and a sense of perpetual contamination. What a life! And yet the caste lived on; shunned and avoided, they did not die out, but lived and suffered, "married and were given in marriage," and bore children to take up the yoke. Did love bloom all the sweeter among the despised people, making eternal justice triumph thus over the injustice of man? Or was heaven's choicest gift marred by human malice then as it often is now?

I had journeyed up the Babel Molook as I pondered on the bitter cup his fellows compelled the shuddering, shrinking paraschites to drink, and as I wondered whether any sweet was mingled with it, I found myself at the tomb of Sethi I. As I reached the spot the object of my visit banished the fancies that had been crowding thick and fast upon me, and I prepared to descend the rugged stone staircase.

I lighted a candle and placed a roll of magnesium wire in my pocket. The dim candlelight shone faintly, and a dark object flapped past my head. It was a bat; I had become very familiar with their stupid flight, yet the same vague apprehension seized me as a little time before. I paused, and half unconsciously turned back, then, shaking off the feeling, resumed my course; and as passage succeeded stair case, and hall led to hall, my own individuality seemed to vanish and the present time, as the ancient world with its wisdom and its folly unrolled itself before my eyes.

Since the Valley of the Dead had so impressed me, I had lingered oftener over the portrayal of the ceremonies attending sepulture, and their beliefs beyond the grave, than in the tombs where the daily life of the ancient Egyptians finds place, and consequently had visited the seventeenth tomb several times. The series of mummies represented in tombs with the folding doors wide open in the great hall was the object of my present visit, and as I reached the spot I lighted the magnesium wire to examine them by a better light. The effect was startling. The figures seemed to wake up and step forward as the bright fell on them, as if about to pass through the doors so long open. One after another the light fell on them with the same curious effect. When I had completed the observations I wished to make I returned to the first of the series, and, with a recollection of the thoughts that had occupied me as I reached the tomb, said aloud:

"Everywhere representations recalling the handiwork of the poor, despised paraschites!"

My voice sounded strange in the rock hollowed chamber; I turned to seek the outer air, but a sound, which seemed like an echo, arrested my attention, and once again I turned and faced the sculptured mummies.

Again and yet again I heard the words repeated, "Despised paraschites!" They seemed to rise and fall in a mournful cadence, and sounded as if from a great distance.

As I listened, all power of volition left me and I stood motionless, my whole being absorbed in a horrible expectation. My eyes remained fixed where they had rested, as I hurriedly turned at the sound of a fancied echo.

I was opposite the second of the mummy representations, and as I looked, the figure moved slowly to one side. Slowly, evenly, as if sliding in a groove, the block of sculptured stone moved from left to right. It might have been five minutes—it seemed to me hours—and the sliding ceased, disclosing a dark aperture large enough for a man to stand up in. The light was still in my hand, and a long winding passage came into view which was lost in the darkness beyond, as the light only irradiated a part. I looked down the darkening vista with horror, which increased as the sighing sound became momentarily louder, though still distant, until the chamber was filled with

the reverberations of a moaning voice, which ever repeated my words, "Despised paraschites!"

Minutes passed, and still the voice grew nearer. The hall was close and stifling, but from the mysterious doorway an icy coldness issued, which every moment became more intense. It seemed to chill the very blood in my veins, and grew colder in exact ratio with the increasing power of the approaching voice. Something was coming, and every instant drawing nearer.

With a supreme effort I closed my eyes, in the determination to shut out the approaching horror; but again all power left me, and they unclosed involuntarily and stared fixedly before me.

One moment I gazed only at the vacant aperture, the next it was filled with a human form; and at its appearance the wailing voice ceased, and a silence as intense as the terrible cold emanating from the sudden apparition fell on the Great Hall of the tomb of Sethi I.

The figure was that of a young man, finely formed, with handsome, clear cut features, but the expression of his face was that of yearning misery. It seemed the personification of the wail, which ceased as he appeared—"Despised paraschites!"

I looked at the face before me, until its utter wretchedness banished in part the horror which possessed me. The eyes seemed to say, "Speak," and, in a choked voice, I gasped:

"Who are you?"

Again the mournful sigh sounded in my ears—"Despised paraschites!"

"Impossible," flashed through my mind, but I could not speak the words.

"What is impossible?" the sad voice asked, replying to my unspoken thought.

The mournful sound ceased for a moment, then resumed in a gradually firmer strain: "Nothing. For ages I have waited for one voice to utter in a tone of sympathy the hated name of our people, and often in the cycles that have gone by I have said I waited for the impossible. But, lo! I have not waited in vain, and the hour of my release has come. What, then, is impossible?"

"Your release?" I asked; "how has it come?"

"When I was condemned to haunt these scenes," the paraschites answered, "a hope was held out that in the distant future I should meet a man whose life would be given to end my torment. I have waited, and my weary feet have traversed the mountain tombs from Thebes to Syene. For ages no step but mine sounded in the silent tomb, no voice was heard. In darkness alone my spirit failed me, and ceaseless regret and constant longing for a vanished face accompanied me ever. Then a change came. I heard again the sound of hammer and chisel, and once again voices sounded in my ears. It is not a long season since the silence of ages was first broken, but the few years in which men have come and gone, and no sound of compassion for the despised paraschites has been uttered, have been to me a longer torture than that which went before. But now"—the voice altered and became clearer and more joyful, till it gained a triumphant ring, and the sadness of the face gave place to an eager hope—"now I have heard the voice of pity, and I claim the life that is to release me. I shall go to the fields of Aalu, and there I shall find Katuti."

The paraschites breathed the last word with a lingering, fond intonation. As I watched the change in face and voice the words uttered made but a slight impression on me, but in the silence that followed the full meaning of what I had heard came upon me, and the sentence, "I claim the life that is to release me," seemed to ring like a knell in my ears.

I looked again at the dark form before me. The wretched face had held me spell-bound, but as my eyes wandered over the figure I saw that it was strong and supple. The arms were crossed over the breast, and I now observed with a sickening sensation that in one hand the paraschites held a bronze hook, in the other a flint knife. I, too, was young and strong, but I felt a terrible consciousness of lack of power to lift a finger in my own defense. I tried again to turn and go, but my limbs refused to obey me, and I knew I was delivered into the hands of the being before me.

An eager love of the life that was demanded of me filled my heart. The sunshine I had left seemed beautifully bright, not glaring as I had thought it, while the burning heat which concentrated itself in the desolate valley contrasted with the

unearthly coldness now filling the tomb I had sought, seemingly to find forever, until I longed for it with a painful intensity. Oh! for one gleam of sunlight, one breath of warm air to restore me to myself and release me from this thralldom.

And as the voice of the paraschites had softened from its ring of triumph into a sweeter cadence at the name of "Katuti," so my spirit left the gloom and horror and passed to a quiet English home. I saw a close-shaven lawn and large cedar tree; under its shade rested a slight figure, and the bluest eyes that ever spoke truth and love looked into mine with glad welcome. But as I gave back an answering look, the voice near me sounded again, and my wandering spirit returned in grief to the paraschites.

"Are you ready?" he asked. "Are you ready to release him who has waited for you so long?"

"What service do you require?" I returned, with a vague hope that I had mistaken his meaning.

"I evaded the duties of my life," he answered, "and I was condemned to haunt these scenes until I had once performed them. My sentence further limited me to one whom I should hear commiserate my unhappy caste. I have often despaired. In life I had heard the voice of sympathy for the despised paraschites from one alone, but it has come again. Fear not to give yourself into my hands with my release will come your own, for the rewards of mercy and self-sacrifice will be yours."

I tried to utter some words of dissent, to urge my disbelief in the sacrifice demanded, but they failed me, and in despair I cast my eyes in silence on the ground.

The icy coldness became more intense, and looking up, I saw the figure approaching and slowly unfolding his arms.

"Tell me your story first," I cried, desperately; "let me at least know for whom I am to die."

"That is well asked," replied the paraschites. "Listen, and you shall hear the history of him whose deliverer you are. When I walked on earth I was known as Piankhi. Ever and again, as I have through succeeding ages haunted the abode of the dead, I have repeated the name lest, when mayhap fate would permit me to enter the fields of Aalu, it might be called and I know it not. The name that I should then ceaselessly sound I needed not to repeat, for it is graven on my heart—Katuti."

Again I noticed the marvellous sweetness of the paraschites' voice, but Piankhi resumed, and I forgot for a time my terrible position as I listened.

"My earliest recollection is of a hut made of sun-dried bricks. Without the sun shone, the distant cornfields waved in the soft breeze, and the river afar off flowed between banks where the lotus bloomed and the river fowl built their nests in the tall papyrus reeds. The world around was bright as the sunny skies and beautiful as the moonbeams, but within the little hut all was gloom and sadness. No woman's smile cheered it, no gentle voice broke its dreariness. I lived alone with my father, and my first cloud was caused by his gloomy and sullen face, and crouching attitude which seemed to cower into the shade. I basked all day in the sunshine, and the sand in which I played ran golden through my childish fingers, and I wondered that its glittering rain brought no laughter to my father as to me. Ten times Zefa had bestowed the blessing of the overflowing waters on the land, and still I wondered.

"I had never wandered far afield from our hut, but one day I strayed and found myself among strange children at play. I eagerly joined them, and ran and shouted for joy as did those around me. One long summer day we played, and when evening came my joyous companions demanded the name of their new playfellow.

"Piankhi," I answered, "son of him who is called Ani the paraschites."

"The children stared in affright, then turned and fled, murmuring as they sped like stones from a sling, 'A paraschites unclean!'

"Only one remained, a gentle-eyed little maiden whose pitying glance sank deep into my heart.

"My name is Katuti," she said, as if in answer to my words, 'Farewell.'

"The children's meaning was unknown to me, but their action made it clear. From that day my father's gloom caused me no wonderment, and the golden sand

no mirth. I could no longer play in it with an untroubled heart.

"Day by day I sought the place where the children danced and sang, their faces reflecting the brightness of the summer sun, but I gazed at their sport from the shade, sheltered from their sight by a bush, behind which I crouched in the attitude familiar to me from my earliest recollection of my father. The position became natural to me, as part of my birth-right of shame and uncleanness when I learned my heritage.

"Once or twice I saw the dark eyes of Katuti rest on my hiding place, and I felt that she knew it, but that my secret was safe with her. One day she lingered when her companions left, and approached me.

"Do not come near me!" I exclaimed.

"You must not become unclean."

"That can be purified," she answered, "but the thought of your sad face will not leave me, and you are always alone. Would my company make you only a little happier?"

"I urged her not to run the risk, but my face revealed my joy, and she remained. From that time we met often and spent long happy hours together; in her presence I forgot all sorrow, though when she left me an added weight of woe pressed me to the earth, a dread that I had contaminated Katuti.

"So my childhood passed and the time drew near when I must enter on my abhorred life's work. I loathed the prospect and as the days passed on I became determined I would not engage in it. No taint of uncleanness should touch me save that which rested on my birth—that I was powerless to affect, but he who loved Katuti must not defile himself.

"I loved, nay, worshiped, the dark-eyed child, now grown into lovely girlhood, but I dared not tell her so. I was a paraschites, unclean!

"Often words of love rose to my lips, but ere they were uttered came that ever-present thought.

"Often I drew nearer to her, but to remember that my touch brought contamination.

"The day came when my father gave me these."

Piankhi held out his knife and hook as he spoke, and a shuddering recollection of their use so overwhelmed me that for some moments I did not hear his voice. When I again understood his words they ran as follows:

"No commands, no threats affected me. I refused even to enter the hated precincts, and when evening came I returned to my father's hut with him. I made no reply to his remonstrances, and after night-fall I went forth to the cool air, weary with the day's conflict. The moon was full, and I walked on in its bright light, careful that my hated shadow should not fall across any threshold, but underlying this care was rebellion at the cause of it.

"Why, I asked myself, was I born to shame? Or if the gods so ordained it, why was I not granted an insensibility to accord with it? Why was I cursed with a man's heart, with feelings and longings never to be satisfied? Why should I not love as other men? Or, rather, why do I love as they?

"The last words I cried aloud in the anguish of my spirit, and as they passed my lips I saw Katuti.

"After my day of sorrow my feet had taken me unconsciously to the place where I had first seen her who ever consoled me, and again I found her there.

"The bright moonlight shone on the face of the maiden I loved, and it paled before my passionate glance. I drew nearer, and her soft eyes fell before mine. I forget I was a paraschites, forgot all but that I loved Katuti, that she knew it, and did not shrink from me.

"Katuti," I began, but words failed me.

"I clasped her to my breast, and my trembling lips spoke my love silently. Once, twice I kissed her, and then—the recollection of who and what I was rushed upon me. I released Katuti and fled.

"On, on, through the summer night I ran, and the morrow's dawn found me far from the Theban plain, and beside the flowing Nile.

"I was a paraschites, unclean! And yet I had held Katuti in my arms and pressed my lips to hers. Should I again return to our hut, where everything spoke of degradation and shame? Or would it be better to end such a life as mine now that it had known one moment of such bliss? Better, far better—still Katuti loved me, I felt it as my heart beat against her own; again the joy might be mine, and yet again, as oft-re-

peated as I yearned for it. The maid who had not refused me her childish sympathy would not deny my passionate longing.

"But at what cost? Her contamination, the sharing of the shame of such a life as mine! Could I see Katuti's soft, compassionate eyes learning to droop with wondering pain at averted looks and shrinking gestures—disgrace as the reward of pity, degradation as the price of love?"

"It was too great a price. My choice was made.

"Perchance the life-giving river might purify even the paraschites, and fit me, washed and cleansed from all uncleanness, to find again Katuti. I gazed once up at the sky crimson with the streaks of dawn, drew one long, last breath of life, and sprang into the gliding river."

Piankhi paused, then added in a lower tone:

"The secrets beyond my life I may not reveal. I have told you I was condemned for having refused to perform the duties to which I was born, and sentenced to haunt these dreary scenes until I had once fulfilled them. I have longed for that which I once abhorred, for still in the fields of Aalu, Katuti awaits my coming. Now you know for whom you are to die."

Piankhi stepped forward as he said the concluding words, and again I saw the executioner where a moment before I had pitied an agonized spirit.

"My death cannot profit you unhappy, Piankhi," I cried: "one sinful mortal cannot expiate another's fault, even with his life."

"You speak from earthly experience, I from the shades beyond," was the solemn answer, and again the dark form of the paraschites drew nearer and his face grew set and stern.

"Have mercy," I pleaded. "I too love; let the memory of Katuti save me."

The stern face softened, but the answer expressed no wavering.

"I have waited for ages for her, can you not wait a little span? And ever with your future joys will come the blessing of our re-united spirits."

As he spoke Piankhi touched my breast with his knife. The light fell from my hand, and I sank back—back into unfathomable space.

A long interval elapsed, and slowly, fearfully I opened my eyes, but I opened them in impenetrable darkness. The air was close and stifling, and as I lay I seemed pressed down by a heavy weight. I put my hand to my throat, and found my clothing disarranged, my neck and chest bare. Where was I?

The icy cold had gone, and the silence of the tomb was unbroken. Had the paraschites performed his duty? Was I doomed to take his place, to remain in eternal gloom?

With the thought came a realization of its horror, and I burst the invisible bonds that had fettered me, and sprang to my feet. The darkness seemed to close around me, the heavy air to weigh me down, but I stumbled on through spacious halls and tortuous passages until a glimmer of light spoke of release and freedom. I ran forward, and in a few moments stood once again in the outer air.

The sun still beat down on the withered, barren Valley of the Dead, but the shadows of the crags and boulders were long, telling of the time that had gone by since I last stood in the glare and the heat.

Piankhi the paraschites, what had he been?"

A dream, a fancied vision, begotten of the thoughts and feelings which had beset me as I journeyed up the weird ravine?

Then so startling a dream, so realistic a vision, that it remained with me in the sunlight, and I rode down the stony path with a haunting sense of his despairing anguish at my flight. And never again can I revisit the *Bab el Molook*, which speaks to me with so thrilling a recollection of the love and sorrow of the paraschites, that whenever I recall its dread desolation I am constrained to utter a heartfelt *requiescat in pace*.

The Tariff and Our Teeth.

J. D. ENTIS in New York World.

The tariff is now going for our teeth. The treasury department has advanced the duty on platinum forty-five per cent ad valorem, making it almost double its former cost and two-thirds the price of gold. There is no protection to home industry in this, for all the world is dependent on Russia for platinum. Platinum enters largely into the manufacture of artificial teeth. It is to be hoped that this will help some of the high tariff people in "cutting their eye teeth."

NEW IDEAS, METHODS AND INVENTIONS.

"Drop a Nickel in the Slot" Not a New Idea.

Under a title somewhat similar to the above, but identical in meaning, Professor E. J. Houston calls attention to the antiquity of the modern device—so far as the idea is concerned.

So much has been recently written concerning anticipations of different patented ideas that some little hesitation is experienced in calling the attention of our readers to a very curious instance of a recent invention that appears to have been known and used before the Christian era. I refer to an unquestioned anticipation of apparatus of the type of "drop a nickel in the slot," etc. I trust that the novelty of the reference may warrant my calling attention to it. Thomas Ewbank, in his "Hydraulics and Mechanics," published in New York, 1851, describes on pp. 386 and 387 a device referred to by Heron or Hero in his "Spiritalia." The "Spiritalia" was published by Baldus in the Seventeenth century, and contained an exposure of many of the frauds of the Egyptian hierarchy. In this work will be found a description of a device for automatic dispensing of the purifying water by the worshipers on their entrance to the temple. By a strange coincidence five drachme were required to operate the apparatus. "In sponde hoc est in vasa sacrificii injecto quinq; drachmorum numismata aqua inspergendum effluit."—"Spiritalia," XXI—i. e., a coin of five drachme being cast into the vase, the water will run out for sprinkling.

The following description of the apparatus referred to was published by Ewbank in 1851, in his "Hydraulics and Mechanics" already referred to. "From Heron's description of the figure we learn that heathen priests also made it (water for ablution) a source of revenue; the vessels containing lustral water not always being open for public use free of charge but closed, and, like a child's money-box, provided with a slit at the top, through which a certain sum was to be put before the donor could receive any of the purifying contents. In the vase five drachme, or about seventy-five cents, were required, and no less could procure a drop, although as much more might be put in as the donor thought proper. The device is a very neat specimen of religious ingenuity, and the more so since it required no attending minister to keep it in play. We may judge of other apparatus belonging to the old temples by the talent displayed in this. Near one side is a cylindrical vessel. It is this only that contained water. A small tube attached to the bottom is continued through the side of the vase, where the liquid was discharged. The inner orifice of the tube was formed into the seat of a valve, the plug of which was fixed on the lower end of the perpendicular rod, whose upper end was connected by a bolt to a horizontal lever or vibrating beam. One end of that was spread out into a flat dish, and so arranged as to receive on its surface everything dropped through the slit. The lever turned on a pin or fulcrum, very much like a pump handle. As the weight of the rod kept the valve closed while nothing rested on the broad end of the lever, so no liquid could escape; but if a number of coins of sufficient weight were dropped through the slit upon the end of the lever, the valve would then be opened and a portion of the liquid escape. The quantity flowing out would, however, be very small, not only from the contracted bore of the tube, but from the fact that the valve would be open only for a moment, for as the lever became inclined from its horizontal position the pieces of money would slide off, and efflux would as quickly be stopped; the apparatus would then be ready to supply the next customer on the same terms.—[Builder and Woodworker.

A Glass Pen.

One of our French contemporaries gives a description of a pen made of glass which, it says, steel pen manufacturers will not look upon with a favorable eye, as its merits are such as to ensure its adoption in lieu of the steel pens which have so long held the field. With the new pen, says the writer, one can write as freely as with a pencil, and on the smoothest paper, while its durability is so great that, unless the pen itself be broken, it is indestructible.

A Nailless Horse Shoe.

A nailless horse shoe which has been undergoing severe tests in England during the past two years, with satisfactory results, is described as follows: The shoe is attached by a steel band which passes below the coronet from one extremity of the heel to the other. This band is kept in position by a steel pillar which runs from the center of the shoe up to the center of the hoof. In addition there are three short studs, one in the center of the shoe, and the other near the heel and on each side of it. It can be put on by any one who has seen the process, which takes about half the time required with the cold shoe system, which latter is an improvement as regards time on the ordinary process with nails. The nailless shoe diminishes or puts an end to cutting, and is particularly suited to brittle hoofs or hoofs with sand cracks. It costs as little, weighs as little, and lasts as long as the ordinary shoe; and, moreover, is not sucked off on heavy ground.

A Telephone Which Writes.

Much bother has been experienced in the use of the telephone by frequently being unable to find the other man at his end of the wire and often waiting a long time to catch him or to have "Central" do it for you, repeatedly finding that he fails to reply. This difficulty has been overcome in a very great measure by a new instrument called the telegraphophone, the inventor of which, Mr. M. Wheeler of Nashville, Tenn., has been in this city for the past few days on business connected with his wonderful little machine.

He claims that his invention is an improvement on the graphophone whereby the indentations on the cylinder of that instrument can be reproduced on another cylinder, and that the vocal sounds represented by the indentations are made audible. The instrument is, briefly stated, two graphophones connected by wire. By an ingenious arrangement of carbon and metal points, and diaphragms, the speech of the operator is first indented on a "phonogram" at his end and then transmitted to a receiver at the other end of the wire. To use the instrument the graphophones are set in motion and the message is spoken through the mouth-piece against the diaphragm of the transmitter, the indentations being made on the sending cylinder by means of a metallic point or stylus, and as they pass from this they come in contact with the second stylus, which takes up the vibrations and transmits them to a carbon point. The current passing over the line actuates the electro-magnet close to the metal diaphragm at the receiving station, and the result is the receiving cylinder is indented by its stylus reproducing the disturbances on the diaphragm, which are, of course, duplicates of those on the sending cylinder. Here the message waits until some one comes and sets the receiving instrument in motion, when the message indented on the cylinder is changed again into articulate sounds by means of a tightly stretched diaphragm made of skin, and is distinctly heard by the operator placing his ear to the ear piece. He then answers in the same way, and his answer can be listened to at any time that the original sender chooses to come and set the receiver in motion.

Dynamite Shells Which Can be Shot from Ordinary Cannons.

Dr. J. G. Justin of Syracuse has invented a shell which, if the result of experiments were as represented, will carry a charge of dynamite as far as any ordinary cannon will shoot it, and will not explode until it strikes some resisting surface. If this is true the Zuluski guns (which cost \$60,000 apiece and throw the dynamite by means of compressed air) are of no further use, and Justin has a fortune within touch. The whole principle is in the shape of the shell. Hitherto any shell containing dynamite would explode before it had time to leave the gun, that is if the explosion was accomplished by means of powder, and of course in exploding would annihilate the gun and everything near it. But in the experiments conducted at Apulia, near Syracuse, a piece of heavy ordnance being used, shells of the Justin pattern, containing a charge composed of seventy-five per cent dynamite, were thrown across a valley and exploded only on reaching the opposite hill one and a half miles away.

Yes, Governor Ames is Coming.

Boston Post.

If Governor Ames will put his ear to the ground he may hear something from Ohio. Why, out that way he is looked upon as a rank free trader, a pestiferous disciple of Cobden club theories.

And Here is Another.

Boston Globe.

What is the matter with Massachusetts republicans in their attitude toward protection, anyway? Governor Ames has blackballed, and yesterday Congressman Morse of Canton said: "The first question that presents itself is, 'Does it pay both countries to retain an army of revenue officers on each side of a line 3,000 miles long?' This remark sounds as much like genuine 'free trade' as anything that has been heard of late.

Even So.

N. Y. Herald.

The editor of THE STANDARD is still hammering away on the secret ballot question. Mr. George, you are the most unreasonable creature on this footstool. Don't you know that if the people should vote secretly we might possibly have an honest election? Nowadays we can give a fellow \$2, take him by the collar, march him to the polls, and see that he earns his money. With your new fangled machinery we might give the rogue \$2, but he could dodge under cover and vote for whom he pleased.

With honest elections what would our professional politicians do for a living? They can't work, and they don't want to go around the streets carrying a hand organ or peddling bogus jewelry. As matters stand now, they have diamond breastpins, fast horses and mixed drinks at ten-minute intervals.

Dear Mr. George, would you deprive free born American citizens of these luxuries?

He Was Consoled.

New York Sun.

A New Yorker who met a Kansas man at one of the hotels the other day heaved a sigh as he said:

"I was in your town two years ago, and that piece of property west of the railroad station was offered to me for \$30,000.

"Yes?"

"I hear that it was sold last year for \$75,000."

"It was."

"What short-sighted people some of us are! Had I bought at \$30,000 I could now probably sell for \$100,000. Think of that!"

"My dear friend, let me console you. That piece of property can be bought to-day for \$15,000. The boom has passed."

In the Suburbs.

Toronto Grip.

Real Estate Man (to old settler)—"Ah, the real estate boom has been a big thing for the people about here, hasn't it?"

Old Settler—"You bet. Fine thing."

Real Estate Man—"It is doing wonders in developing this section. I suppose you have made considerable money by selling off lots."

Old Settler—"Well, no. I ain't much to sell, but I hope the boom keeps on. You see the wood's nigh all gone in this part, and if it hadn't been for the agent's sign boards, blamed if I know what we'd have done for fuel."

QUERIES AND ANSWERS.

To Buy Out Landlords.

SOUTHWOLD, East Suffolk, Eng.—I have just been having a discussion with a brother of Mr. Chamberlain, M. P. for West Birmingham, who holds that the present generation have no right to claim unearned increment of the past (not even in large cities where land is valued at £20,000 per annum rental) up to the present date, but government ought to pay the full value up to the date when the community adopts the new system (the single tax) and be content to enjoy the future unearned increment.

He contends that the ancestors of the present owners in the beginning paid but one shilling an acre of honestly earned money for it, the investment, at five per cent compound interest, would equal the present value, even including the acres now realizing £20,000 per annum rent. On such conditions he would agree to the single tax. Please kindly answer in your Query column whether Chamberlain's proposition can be reduced to practical politics and oblige.

A STANDARD READER.

It cannot. No proposition to buy out the land owners is practical.

Mr. Chamberlain seems to be laboring under the delusion that unearned increment is a tangible thing already in the possession of the land owners, whereas the value of land is not what it has brought, but what it will bring. It is not the people who have lived in the past, but the people of England living in the present, who must, out of the proceeds of their labor every year supply what the landowners of England get as rent. How can anything that was or that was not done in the past oblige them to continue to do this in the present and in the future? As well say that it would oblige them not to emigrate, or where they did emigrate, would oblige them to make up to land owners the depreciation in the "unearned increment" of their land.

H. G.

The Difference Between Ownership of Raw Material and of the Products of Labor.

CANTON, Ohio.—Does not your theory necessarily involve the abolition of private property in all things? In chap. I, book 7, of "Progress and Poverty," you discuss the "injustice of private property in land," and you urge that a man has a right to the possession of a pen or a house because, and only because, of the expenditure of labor thereupon, and he has no right to land because it is the gift of the Creator to all. But is there not as truly an "unearned increment" in my house as there is in my farm, supposing I had one? I did not produce the ground, but neither did I produce the material of which my house was built; it is of the earth, and hence if labor spent in building my house gives me a right to its exclusive possession—makes it "mine" with which I may do as I please—it certainly seems to me that labor spent in clearing and draining and enriching land, fencing it, etc., gives me a right to its exclusive possession. Your views seem to lead to absolute communism—or to the conclusion that we should "have all things in common."

Of course, I have noted the answer to the objection raised (given on page 308 of "Progress and Poverty") viz.: that "the title to the improvements becomes blended with the title to the land; the individual right is lost in the common right." Isn't this communism? Again, you say that the improver of land has "a title to the improvements," but "not to the land itself"—only to "its use in order that he may get the full benefit of his labor." But this does not remove my difficulty, which is this: If labor spent in the conversion of rough, green timber into a house gives me a right to its permanent possession, why does not the labor spent in the conversion of a prairie, a forest or a swamp into a habitable farm give me just the same right? It certainly seems to me that this is iron logic—that there is an "unearned increment" in every possession, and if we object to ownership on this ground we become utterly bankrupt.

TRUTH SEEKER.

Supposing that we could make things by some process of labor out of air—such things as houses, clothes, etc.—the air being the material basis without which we could not make these things, and by virtue of which they existed and continued to exist. Then the whole value of these things would consist, not in the air itself, of which they were composed, but in the labor bestowed in bringing air into such shapes. Now our actual processes of production are of precisely the same nature. The natural element which we call land (and of which one of the components in fact is air) is the material basis of all things so far as we know them. Our houses, our clothes, everything that properly falls into the category of wealth, consist of this natural material worked up by our labor into the forms which satisfy our desires. But these things have no value whatever except as they represent or embody labor. Their essence—I use the word in its logical meaning—is labor, not land. The land or matter existed before them and will exist after them. It is indestructible, and what we mean by the destruction or decay of these things is simply that they lose the relations and shapes impressed upon them by labor and re-

vert to the original status of their materials. Should we make things of air it would be very clear to you, I think, that the right of property attached not to the natural element itself, but to the essence of the things made out of air, the shapes into which it was brought by labor, and that whoever by virtue of labor took the material from its natural condition, had the same right of property in it as he who draws a bucketful of water from the ocean has to that bucketful of water, so long as it is retained within his bucket. All improvements upon land are of this character. The only case where the title to improvements becomes blended with the title to land, the individual right with the common right, is where it is said the improvements become utterly indistinguishable from the land itself.

So far from our theories tending to communism, the very reverse of this is true. We recognize an absolute right of property—as the French call it, a sacred right of property—resting upon the sure basis of the right of the individual to the use of his own powers, and consequently to the products of these powers.

To revert to my former illustration: The rights of property at present legally acknowledged confound the clear right which an individual has in the things which his labor produced from the air, with the right of property in the air itself, with an exclusive right to take it and use it within certain boundaries and charge a toll upon any other individuals who use the air within those bounds.

H. G.

Free Trade in Ribbons.

YONKERS, N. Y.—Will you kindly let me know if the controversy between Henry George and the duke of Argyle has been published, and if so, how can I obtain it? Also, the letters between Mr. Hewitt and Henry George in the mayoralty contest?

I would also like you to answer through the columns of THE STANDARD the following question: "What would be the effect of having silk ribbons placed on the free list?" At present there is a tariff of fifty per cent ad valorem levied, which, with free raw material, enables us to compete with the Europeans, especially in the finer grades of ribbon. This question must be answered satisfactorily if we expect to make any converts of the silk workers.

I. J. B.

The Argyle controversy is published in one pamphlet, price 15 cents. See advertisement in another column, where you will also find information regarding the Hewitt correspondence, published in a small 15-cent book entitled "The George-Hewitt Campaign."

The first effect of placing silk ribbons on the free list would be that ribbons would be much cheaper, for at present the American manufacturers add nearly the full duty of 50 per cent to the price of what they make; as a consequence there would be a far greater demand for ribbons. Moreover, under free competition there would be less adulterated cotton-silk ribbons sold, for merchants are compelled to sell as silk goods that have very little silk in them, on account of the high prices charged by the manufacturers for real silk goods.

So much for the consumer. As for those who make ribbons—the manufacturers who make fortunes and the "hands" who make \$6 a week—given free trade, free machinery, free silk yarn and twist, free dyes, etc., and an increased demand both at home (on account of the cheapening of product) and abroad (on account of the opening up of foreign trade), the business will go where manufacturers invent and use the best machinery, and where the workers are quickest to adapt themselves to improved methods. Where are the most inventive people? By common consent in America. Where are the workers readiest to use new inventions. Likewise here. And furthermore, the element that is often ignored—that of "taste"—enters largely into the ribbon trade. Have not our furniture dealers, our builders, our railroad car makers, our dress goods makers, our jewelers and all our artificers proved that it takes an American to supply an American? The reason we import many of the things we do is simply because the foreign goods are not adulterated, not because they are handsomer or gotten up with more taste, but because they were made where raw materials were not taxed and freer competition forced the manufacturers to give pure goods. This is especially true of woollen goods.

Wages in the ribbon industry cannot go lower under free trade; they are at present determined by the rate of wages in the unprotected industries in which the mass of the people are engaged.

W. B. S.

THAT QUESTION OF POVERTY.

An English Congregational Clergyman's Outspoken Words on the Subject.

The following is taken from an address before the association of the past and present students of Rotherham and Aire-dale colleges (now Yorkshire United Independent college) at Bradford, England, delivered recently by Rev. J. P. Gledstone, minister of the Streatham-Hill Congregational church, London. The subject of the discourse was "The pulpit and present day questions."

There is the question of poverty—very complex, very difficult, and requiring as much patience of thought as perseverance of labor. It includes those vices which create poverty wherever they are practiced; it includes the relations of capital and labor, a fair day's wage for a fair day's work, and the division of profits; and then it also includes the land question, with all its intricacies and far-reaching issues. Poverty is not settled and disposed of by the ready and thoughtless quoting of an ancient saying, that "the poor ye have always with you," for the very chapter from which that saying originally comes has yet another saying—"Howbeit there shall be no poor with thee?" Were that fifteenth chapter of Deuteronomy more intelligently studied—i. e., studied as a whole, not a verse snipped out here and another there—we should reach the conclusion that poverty was never intended to be a permanent feature of our social life. We should also find that some arrangements were instituted by Moses, which, notwithstanding the selfishness and rebelliousness of men, went so far towards preventing poverty among the Jews, and a beggar would appear to have been an unknown person even down to New Testament days; and in New Testament days he was not a pauper, but a child of misfortune, one blind, or lame, or diseased. I have heard these Mosaic arrangements, which brought the people into direct contact with the land, gave them an inheritance in it, and every inducement to draw forth its hidden wealth, called "laws for mankind in their infancy," upon which I remarked that the sooner we got out of our dotage and back to infancy the better. I think it is time that we students of Moses asked ourselves whether it is creditable to us to overlook the application of his words to modern needs, or so inadequately to apply them, that Henry George can get crowds of men to hear him deliver a lecture on Moses, while I fear the most of us would have to be content with a few dozens or a few scores. When they go to see Henry George's Moses I suspect they look for a live man, and see one; when they come to see our Moses, they look for an antiquated conventional Jew, who long since played his part, and see him! Suppose we give them a surprise some day, and show them the real Moses!

Our hearers may shudder at the mention of the land laws by us, and may be indignant at the exposure of any of the villainies of land grabbers—and perhaps it might be politic, if not faithful, not to name the one, or expose the other—but Isaiah did not shirk the question in his day, and surely his words have an eternal record in the inspired volume for some wise purpose. Anyhow, the Bible has a system of land laws, and although their details may not be applicable to every age and every nation, the principle on which they rest is forever just, and the objects they seek universally good; moreover, it has words of fiercest wrath for those men who lay field to field, who drive the poor away from the land, and turn it into a home for animals.

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J. F. McQUAIDE.

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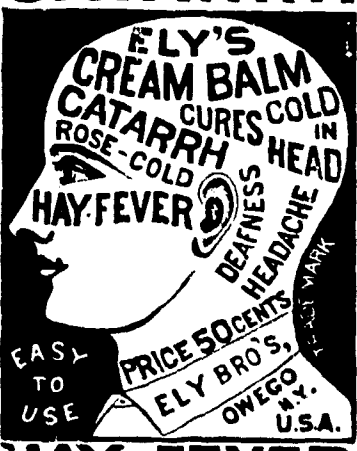
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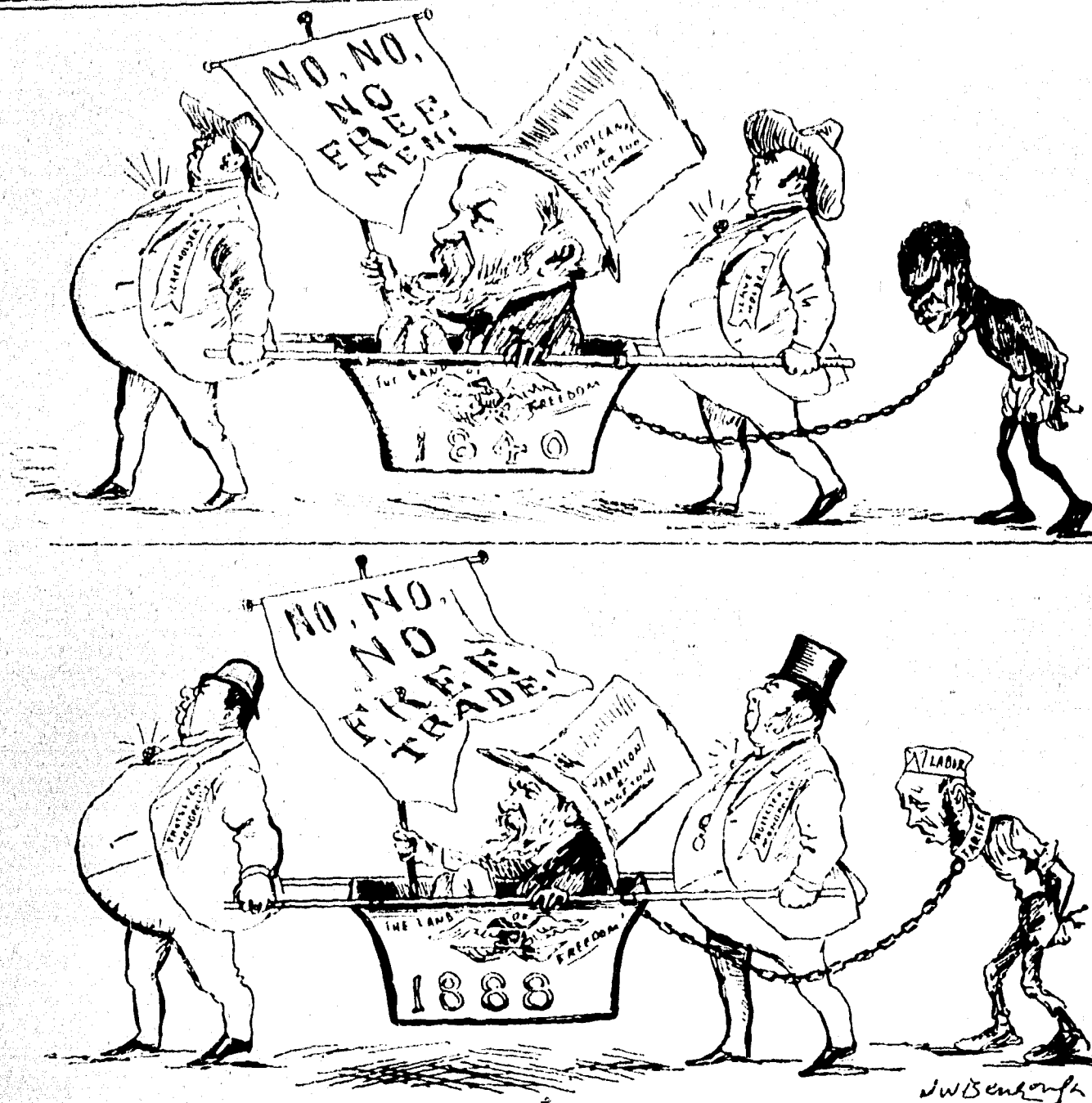
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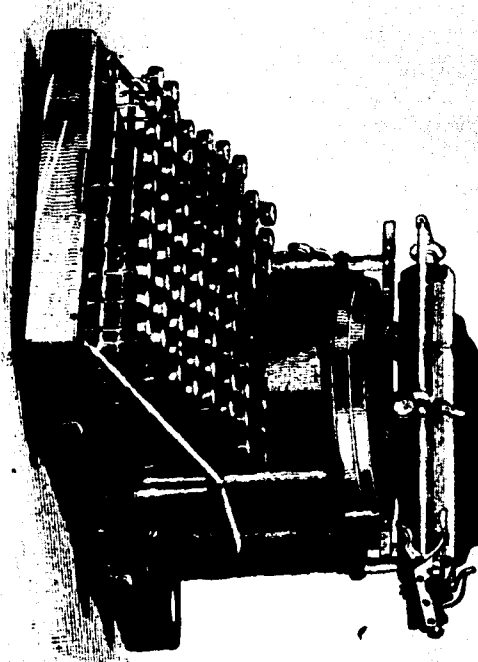
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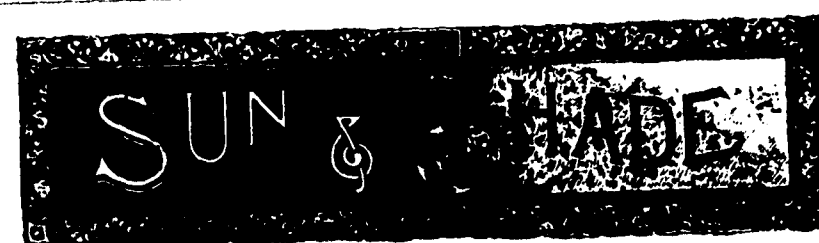
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