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PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, AT NO. 42 UNIVERSITY PLACE.

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

VOL. XI., No. 15. | WHOLE No. 276. | NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 13, 1892. | ONE YEAR, $2.00 | FOUR MOS., $1.00

CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL	1	ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS	7
JAPANESE KNIGHTS IN "YE OLDEN TIMES"—C. E. Garst	3	NEWS OF THE WEEK	8
AUSTRALIAN POLITICS—John Farrell	3	LETTERS TO THE EDITOR	8
JERRY SIMPSON'S FREE TRADE—Henry George, Jr.	4	PERSONALS	8
SINGLE TAX NEWS	5	PUBLISHER'S NOTES	9
SONG OF THE SYNDICATE—J. K. Kilbourn	7	THE HOUSEHOLD	9
OBJECT LESSONS	7	UNEARNED INCREMENT	10

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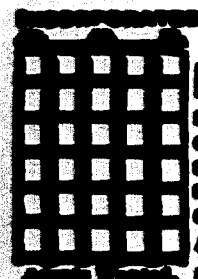

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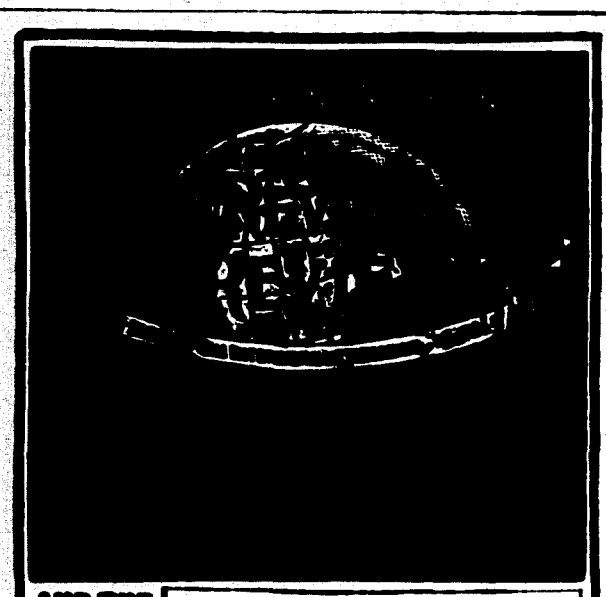

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CLEVELAND'S NOMINATION CERTAIN.—For a few minutes last week Senator Hill emerged from his obscurity and then quickly retired. It was at the Democratic Convention of Massachusetts. One of his agents arose in the convention and offered resolutions recognizing the services of Mr. Hill in preserving New York to the Democracy of the nation, resolutions which implied though they did not express gratitude for stealing the New York Senate in the face of the people and the decisions of the courts, and by means which are clearly defined in the penal code as constituting grand larceny in the second degree. But the Democrats of Massachusetts, even if grateful for such services, were not disposed to place their gratitude on record in a party platform, and Mr. Hill's little by-play was crowded out of the proceedings. Cleveland, however, was emphatically recommended for the presidential nomination. A few hours later came reports of the meeting of the Calumet Club of Baltimore, a club which holds such relations with the Democratic party of Maryland as to make its expressions equivalent to an official declaration of the party. Here, though the resolutions were offered by the political lieutenant of Senator Gorman, on whom the opponents of Cleveland have so confidently relied, Mr. Hill was not even politely mentioned, while Cleveland's nomination was recommended and the support of the club pledged to him. This action is regarded as settling the question of the character of the Maryland delegation to Chicago. So it is going over the country. Even Indiana may be expected to put her "favorite son" in the race for second instead of first choice. The County Convention at Indianopolis was for Cleveland against all other candidates.

There has never been any doubt as to the sentiment of the masses of the party regarding Cleveland's superior fitness for the nomination. He has been the choice from the first. The only danger lay in the manipulation of party machinery, and the slowness with which men rise to resist breaches of party trust having color of regularity. This danger was removed when the mid-winter convention was called in New York. That was such a palpable breach of trust that it aroused the Democrats of New York to action, and through the agitation attending the organization of a contesting convention popular opinion has found expression. Unless some unlooked-for event occurs to disturb the present drift in Democratic politics, it is altogether probable that Cleveland will be nominated on the first ballot. It is even within the possibilities that all pledged delegations will be released and he be nominated by acclamation.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.—One of the commonest objections to woman suffrage is that women do not want to vote. When they ask for the suffrage, we are told, it will be given to them. Exactly what this means is not very clear. It cannot mean that when one woman asks for the suffrage it will be given to her, nor that when a thousand ask it will be given to them. More than one and more than a thousand, very many more, have asked for it and continue to ask for it without getting it. Does it mean, then, that when all ask for it they shall have it? That would be unreasonable. We cannot suppose that men who profess a willingness to extend the suffrage to women when they want it, make a mental reservation which would enable one woman to nullify the request of all the rest. Considering our custom of majority rule, it must mean that when a majority of women ask to vote, the voting franchise will be conferred upon women. But how can a majority of women make their wishes known? It is only by voting that majorities are ascertained, and since women are not allowed to vote at all, how are men to know but that an overwhelming majority want the suffrage even now?

But really this is not a question of whether all women or a majority of women want the suffrage. It is a question of whether any woman who is governed by the law has a right to be heard in the making of the law that governs her. The foundation principle of our system is the right of self-government; and this principle is denied if even one woman who wants to vote is not allowed to, though every other woman be satisfied to be governed in silence by the sex which she regards as superior to her own.

HOW TO GET RICH.—Andrew Carnegie, one of the great upholders of protection who wax warm with enthusiasm over tariffs for fostering home industries and raising workingmen's wages, tells a San Francisco reporter that the first and most important lesson he learned in the art of money-getting was that "it isn't the man who does the work who makes the money; it's the man who gets other men to do it" Mr. Carnegie has hit the bull's eye. Men do not get rich by working, but by getting other men to work for them. This is the secret of great fortunes. No man can make a fortune, but he may get others to make one for him. But how? Why will some men work to make others rich, when they cannot by working become rich themselves? It must be because they are forced to. What forces them? Their necessities. How does the man who gets them to work take advantage of their necessities? He does it by securing legal control of opportunities to work. If his ownership of opportunities be large, he becomes rich without working, by "getting" other men to work; they remain poor though they produce all that makes him rich.

Mr Carnegie is a type of the man who makes money by "getting"—"permitting" is the better word—other men to do work. Some of the richest coal deposits have been made over to Mr. Carnegie in defiance of the rights of those whom he "gets" to work: and he permits men to take out coal on shares, just as the Yankee in the story allowed freedmen to gather driftwood in the Mississippi river on condition of giving him half. He makes the money; they do the work. He is shrewd; they are ignorant of their rights. But Mr. Carnegie has somewhat improved this plan of taking other people's property away from them. He obtained from Congress a law placing a penalty on the importation of steel rails, which enabled him to sell his own steel rails to his adopted countrymen for more than they would otherwise have paid. Thus he grew rich, not alone by "getting" others to work for him at low wages as compared with their product, but also by "getting" others to buy from him at exorbitant prices. It is a grand scheme, this which enables the man who gets other men to do the work to make all the money, a grand scheme—for the Carnegies.

ON THE WAY TO FREEDOM.—The free wool bill has passed the House and gone to the Senate. So has the bill to place in the free list bagging for cotton, machinery for manufacturing bagging, cotton ties, and cotton gins. Thus has a beginning been made in battering holes through our Chinese wall of protection. These free trade bills are followed by a report from the Committee on Ways and Means recommending a reduction of duty on tin plates from 2.2 cents to 1 cent a pound from October 1, 1892, and that this commodity be placed in the free list from October 1, 1894. The report declares that the McKinley duty on tin plate was not intended to raise revenues nor to foster an existing tin plate industry, since revenue was not needed and the industry confessedly had no existence, but to tax living and self-supporting industries, like the manufacture of tin roofing and that of tin utensils, in a hopeless effort to bring a new industry into existence. This, continues the report, involves "a new and distinct perversion of the taxing power by making present, tangible, and profitable industries the sport and prey of prospective, conjectural, and speculative adventures." Doubtless this bill will pass the House as did the other two, and more will follow.

What the Senate will do no one can tell. If it came to a vote it would probably pass the bills; and for that reason the protectionists will strain every nerve to prevent a vote. It makes but little difference, however, what the Senate does. These bills are all the same telling blows to protection; and when at the polls next fall the issue of protection is tried, it will not concern the people whether the Republicans shall have boldly voted down these free trade measures or in cowardly fashion smothered them.

The question has been squarely before the people of the whole country but twice—once in 1888, when protection was condemned by a majority of the voters, though its representative was defeated by the electoral college; and the second time in 1890, when it was defeated overwhelmingly in the Congressional elections. In Ohio, in the confusion of state issues and local politics, a protection leader was elected Governor after a hard battle where but a few years before protection was invincible; and last week in Rhode Island, also in the confusion of State issues, the party of protection succeeded by a majority of less than 200 where a nomination was but recently equivalent to triumphant election. In view of these facts it is somewhat amusing to watch the New York Sun, when it begs the Democrats to drop the tariff question as a losing issue, pointing to its "defeats" in Ohio and Rhode Island while discreetly omitting all reference to the victory over the country in 1890. The Democrats are not dropping the tariff issue with any precipitancy. Politically speaking, the party has found it a paying investment, and that the more radical the issue the better it pays.

The war upon protection is now fully under way. No power in the Democratic party can stop it without causing a crash that would shatter the party. This is bad for pigmy politicians, bad for beneficiaries of the protection swindle, bad for those agents of

protection that have called themselves Democrats for the purpose of coddling the swindle by keeping the issue out of party politics; but it is a good thing for the people. We are on the way to freedom now.

NEW YORK'S CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.—The New York Legislature has at last passed a bill for calling the constitutional convention. By a large majority of the popular vote this convention was ordered as long ago as 1886, and the delay on the part of the Legislature should warn the convention when it meets to make the calling of its successor imperative whenever the people demand it.

The bill requires an election for delegates to be held on the second Tuesday of next February, the convention to assemble on the second Tuesday of the following May at 11 o'clock in the morning. There are to be 168 delegates in all—128 to be elected from Assembly districts, and 32 from the State at large, while 8 are to be appointed by the Governor—three prohibitionists and five from labor organizations. The delegates at large are equally divided between the two parties, by allowing each voter to vote for but 16. The provision for appointment of delegates by the Governor is probably unconstitutional; the constitution requires delegates to be elected, not appointed. The restriction upon the voter, which permits him to vote for only sixteen out of thirty-two officials to be elected, is also of doubtful constitutionality. These matters are unimportant, perhaps, except as showing the contempt with which legislators regard constitutional limitations when their action is not reviewable by the courts. In itself, the limitation as to voting for delegates at large is fair. Nor is any very substantial power conferred upon the Governor by allowing him to appoint three prohibitionists and five labor representatives; if he allows the labor organizations and the prohibitionists to nominate the men of their choice, or to nominate several from whom he may select, so that genuine representatives are secured, there will be a distinct advantage in allowing the prohibition and the labor sentiment a voice on the floor of the convention.

The important consideration regarding this convention relates to the question of taxation. Personal property taxationists will exert themselves to embody their notions in the new constitution, and in the present state of public education they are likely to succeed. It is therefore of supreme moment that between now and the election of delegates an aggressive campaign of education be carried on. This is not a campaign which many rich men will begin or support. Personal property taxation does not trouble them. But whether they now know it or not, it does trouble members of labor organizations, farmers, and the whole class of men who work for a living. In the higher prices of what they buy, this class is compelled to pay personal property taxes and profits on taxes. Nor is that all Employment is diminished by the lower demand caused by the increased prices which personal property taxes impose. It behooves all of this class who have thought out the problem, and seen as any intelligent man must see that the demand for personal property taxation is at bottom another of the tricks with which monopolists fool the people, to promote education on the subject with renewed energy in all possible ways before they are gagged and bound with constitutional provisions.

SOCIETY IS DIVINE, TOUCH IT NOT!—A distinguished Episcopal clergyman in a sermon at New York recently, told his congregation that "society as it now exists is the work of the Lord Jesus Christ." He was arguing against attempts at social reform which disturb the comfort of the modern Dives, and insisting that there is no reform but that of the individual. Society is made up of individuals, say these good and wise men, and if you reform the individual you will have reformed society. It should seem that the individual as he now exists is as truly the work of the Lord Jesus Christ as that society is; and that if it is flying in the face of the Master to attempt to reform society, it is equally flying in His face to attempt the reform of individuals. On the other hand, that if it is right to reform the individual it must be right enough to reform society. In fact, social reform is the better. While society is but an aggregation of individuals, it is the mould in which individuals develop and by which they are mentally and morally shaped. It is as true that bad society will produce bad men, as that bad men make bad society. The effect of society upon men is even greater than that of men upon society. Bad society distorts all men, but some bad men do not distort society. Whoever teaches that society as it is is right, is a missionary of wickedness, whether his pulpit be the notched and whittled chair of a country barroom or the elegant pulpit of a fashionable church.

SLAVERY IN MISSOURI.—A law of Missouri allows vagrants to be sold at public auction; and, for the period of their sentences, the purchaser owns them as slaves. Only recently, so the Louisville Courier-Journal says, three negroes were sold under this law at Fayette. They had been convicted of vagrancy and committed to the custody of the sheriff, who, to escape responsibility, or perhaps for less worthy reasons, took advantage of the law and offered his prisoners to the highest bidder. There were a number of negroes in the crowd that appeared before the court-house steps to witness the spectacle, and it is no wonder they imagined, as the reporter says they did, that slavery times had returned. It could not have been very easy to distinguish the difference with such an object lesson before their eyes. It may be said for Missouri that the same method of disposing of vagrants has been used in the old free States. So it has, and worse methods. But what has that to do with the case? "You're another!" is no longer good form in argument.

CONGESTED POPULATION.—The Record and Guide, the New York real estate organ, pricks one of those bubbles of thought regarding the tenement house problem which seem, to their authors at least, to mean so much when they really mean nothing at all. Erastus Wiman having in the Review of Reviews proposed as the remedy for congestion of population the very simple and plausible scheme of enlarging the boundaries of the city, the Record and Guide asks how congestion of population arising from pressure upon space in the city can be relieved by merely calling some outlying space part of the city.

Mr. Wiman seems to think that there would be plenty of room on Staten Island for the surplus population of New York if Staten Island were annexed. He probably knows that Staten Island would be just as far away after annexation as before, and no larger, and he ought to know that convenient transit would be as difficult to obtain then as now. All the talk about relieving the congested population of New York City proceeds from a false assumption, from the assumption that New York is crowded. New York is really a sparsely settled city. Nor is this so of the distant upper parts alone. Acre after acre in the very heart of the city is so poorly or inadequately built upon that it may be said to be almost uninhabited. The single tax upon land values irrespective of improvements, would relieve all the apparent congestion. If real estate owners were taxed as much whether they built or not, and whether they built adequately or not, such an era of appropriate house building would set in that land values would fall and decent accommodations could be had by decent people for moderate rentals. It is not too many people, but burdensome rents and taxes, that crowd the tenement houses of New York.

PUBLIC LAW AND SECRET VICE.—It is not easy to understand why people who believe in meddling by law with secret vice should condemn the Rev. Dr. Parkhurst for adopting the only possible method of detecting and punishing its votaries—that of joining them in their orgies. When vice, by flaunting itself in the face of the public, becomes a fit subject for penal laws, it gives open and notorious proof of its existence: no disgusting detective work is necessary to make a case in court against it. But when it retires behind locked doors and curtained windows, away from the sight and hearing of all but such as voluntarily seek it out, no proof is possible but the testimony of some one who participates in it. If it is the business of the State to attempt the suppression of secret vice, it is a duty to discover and expose it; and we should be thankful for a volunteer whose standing in the community is so high as to raise his testimony above all suspicion. Mr. Parkhurst believes that interfering with secret vice is a function of the State, and he has proved his sincerity by the highest possible test. That his detective work, which has shocked the community, is almost universally condemned, goes to show an opposition, unconscious perhaps but instinctive, to the class of laws which he has undertaken to execute; for it is not to be presumed that men able to intelligently consider any question of public policy are weak enough to be shocked at the detection of what ought to be detected, or to condemn a reputable clergyman for exposing certain private behavior in the only way in which such behavior can be exposed.

FREE TRADE IN CANADA.—The free trade movement is advancing in Canada. We referred last week to the speech of D. C. Fraser, of the Dominion Commons, who, at a gathering of Liberals at Hamilton, proposed absolute free trade as the policy of the Liberal party. When he said he was ready to break down the Canadian tariff walls and thus compel the United States to do the same, his sentiments were loudly cheered. This speech has been followed by an open letter from Senator Boulton to Hon. Wilfred Laurier, in which the Senator advocates free trade for Canada, and proposes the immediate formation of a free trade league, predicting that the policy can be established within a decade.

This movement is more significant to us as a nation than may at first blush appear. Mr. Fraser indicated the way in which it is important when he said that the adoption of free trade in Canada would force free trade upon this country. If Canada opened her ports her prosperity would go forward in leaps and bounds. Despite her natural disadvantages as compared with ours, she would soon push us hard for commercial supremacy on the American continent. American importing interests would tend to concentrate at her

ports. In every trade with us, whether she sold us her productions or her importations, she would have an advantage. The trade would be more profitable to her traders than to ours. They would pay no duty on what they took from our traders, while ours would be heavily taxed for what they took from hers. Canada would be the most profitable trading ground in North America: and as trading breeds manufacturing, she would be our most profitable manufacturing country. If she continued free trade and we protection, she would become on this side of the ocean what England is on the other—the commercial nation of the continent. Nothing could prevent it but the adoption of free trade in the United States.

JAPANESE KNIGHTS IN "YE OLDEN TIMES."

C. E. GARST.

Sir Golden Square meets Sir Silver Circle, and, after the usual salutations, they sit upon their heels on the matted floor, and drink their tea from dainty cups. It is of fine quality, for they are knights of fine quality. It is the pure article, and the essence is not driven off by too hot water, nor is the flavor concealed by sugar or cream. As they sip, they converse, and, as they converse, they sip. To the Orientals the element of time does not count; besides they are knights of a noble baron, and their rations go on whether they fight or not. Their discourse starts on the creation.

Sir Golden Square: If it be your pleasure, Sir Silver Circle, we will talk for a short time on the creation and on human society. I, for one, love to dwell on that marvelous story of the creation, of the descent of the gods to the earth, of the glory of the imperial line, and I think we are right in having a pardonable pride in our own calling as the bulwark of the peace of the land of the gods from "uprisings of the worms of the fields" (farmers), or from the invasion of barbarous hordes from without. As you are a scholar as well as a knight, I will humbly listen to your royal opinion on this and kindred topics.

Sir Silver Circle: First, I must express my delight that you have honored me with a call, and I am particularly happy when discussing the glory of our benign sovereign. Please give me your idea of the constitution of human society.

Sir Golden: I accept the orthodox teaching of "the ancient records." Our land is particularly favored of the gods. Our royal master is the direct descendant of the Earth Gods and is rightfully worshipped; he is the owner of the soil and the master of the people.

Sir Silver: I assent to this view of the matter. We know Japan is especially favored of heaven; we know all other people are mere barbarians, and not only this, the gods have ordained certain ranks in human society. First and foremost there is the "King of Heaven," who rules this nation as a father; he is supreme. Then comes the prime minister and in order the knights (we glory in being ranked here), the farmers, the feeders of us all; and after this the artisans, and last and worst of all, the covetous merchants. They cheat all without compunction who come to them. At times I have thought they might be dispensed with, but they seem to be a necessary evil.

Sir Golden: I, too, have thought the merchant class might as well not be. The soldier draws his sword for the Mikado; the farmer raises rice and pays it into the Government under the rule—"the public four, the people six." The artisans also work, building, etc.; but, as for the merchants, they simply work for themselves—the covetous scoundrels. I would that we could do away with them. I have here a new blade, with which I can cut a feather in the air. I would like to try it on one of this degraded class. I opine my family-god would count a head or two as a worthy offering.

Sir Silver: Doubtless the offering would be accepted and your house be protected till the latest generations.

Sir Golden: But just as we think these scoundrels should be done away with, they are making propositions to the Government and making public opinion in their own favor, talking about "the advantage of trade," and some of them are so blasphemous as to talk about building larger ships to trade with the barbarians. They tell us those foreigners have some things they would sell to us cheap, and are willing to buy our wares high, and the more we trade the happier we will be. They would be willing to subvert the order of nature, they would be glad to make their calling as honorable as ours, for instance, but the classes, naturally, fall into such as we have, and the soldier, just as naturally, stands first in rank. We tread the earth, but are not bound to it; we study and are responsible for literary excellence, and must furnish the people a high example of moral excellence also. The commoners do not think of these things. It is just and proper that a daughter of a knight should not become a prostitute, but it is all right for the daughter of a common man to do so.

The farmer is very necessary to society, but he seems a part of the soil he tills. He is without learning, without courage; he pays 40 per cent. of his produce year by year and his duty is done. No one expects him to be much of a man, much less a gentleman, and the idea that his daughter could be a lady is absurd.

The soil belongs to the throne, it is the source of revenue for the army, and all that is necessary for the farmer to have is enough to keep him alive. Why should he eat sugar? Were he to eat dainties he could not work so well. Labor gives him an appetite, and he enjoys what we gentlemen could not eat. [Sir Golden here daintily helps himself, by means of the chop-sticks, to some candy, and with a good deal of noise and gusto he sups the delicious tea.]

Sir Silver: Sir Golden, I feel as you do about the farmer. As I walk along the road and see the farmers, men and women, working in the paddy fields, to the knees in the mud and slush, I think of them as tadpoles or clams; they are a lower order of the human race; we are thankful for them, but they are like the fertilizer they use—we cannot deny its use, neither can we deny its odor. But there is a reason for their existence or the gods would not have placed them here. Even one so dull and stupid as your humble servant can see that it would be of no use for his majesty to own the soil did he not at the same time own a certain class to make it produce for him. Excuse me, sir, for mentioning it even theoretically—it is an impious speech—but the thought came into my mind—could any one think of the direct descendant of the gods delving in the mire!

Sir Golden: It is well, Sir Knight—I say it with due regard for you—it is well you qualified your remark in the way you did; for, had you offered it without qualification, you would have had to cross swords with your unripe servant; but, as you put it, I understand it and agree with you. Though at first it may sound so, it is not impious to even say of the Mikado—we reverence the name—the farms would be of no use to him without the farmers. One so blind as I can see, that in this empire, where only two-tenths of the soil is in use, the part not inhabited, though so largely in excess of the rest, brings nothing into the royal exchequer. But, Sir Silver Circle, I have an engagement at this hour. The royal feast you have spread for me is appreciated. When you have leisure, please call at my humble home, bring your royal wife and children, and, though we are unworthy, we will entertain them the best we can. I humbly beg to take my leave.

Charles E. Garst was born at Dayton, Ohio, in 1853; raised in Illinois and Iowa; entered the United States Military Academy in 1872, graduating in 1876; was assigned as Second Lieutenant to the Fifteenth United States Infantry, in which he served in New Mexico, Texas, Colorado and Dakota until January, 1884. In 1883 he received an appointment as a missionary of the Christian Church to Japan, which he cheerfully accepted. While in Japan his attention was called to the single tax by an anti-poverty column in the Christian Commonwealth of London. He purchased "Progress and Poverty," "Protection or Free Trade," "Social Problems," and his delight knew no bounds—a mystery was newly solved. He wrote to his friends, printed tracts in English and Japanese, and made known to all his friends, and as far and wide as he could, the new light he had received. He believes the Nineteenth Century will close the dark ages, and that Henry George is the greatest man the world has produced in a thousand years.

AUSTRALIAN POLITICS.

JOHN FARRELL.

SYDNEY, N. S. W., February 22.—As I write, the great question agitating this colony is, "What will the Legislative Council do about the Customs Duties bill?" With that legislative body its fate now rests, a fate which may possibly prove to be intimately linked with their own. Last week the council rejected the Electoral bill, than which no measure has ever been dealt with by an Australian Parliament and received more emphatic popular endorsement. At the last general election "one man, one vote" was the loudest cry. Sir George Grey had just made a tour of the colonies, addressing immense crowds, and urging them to demand and insist upon receiving equal voting power by the title of manhood. Hardly any returned candidate failed to declare himself in favor of abolishing the property qualification. But one was known to oppose the principle of one-man-and-one-vote, and he, although an ex-minister, an influential member of many years' standing, and a friend and colleague of Sir Henry Parkes, was ignominiously fired out. When the new House met after the election, electoral reform was the first question taken up by the Parkes ministry, and in the course of a long session a very complete bill was framed with practically unanimous concurrence. The change of ministry wrecked that measure, but the first work to which the Dibbs government set itself was to frame another, on different lines, but embodying the same principle of equal manhood suffrage, and no other qualification whatever. This also was carried without any dissent worth counting. The nominee council threw it out, however, chiefly on the ground that it was hasty legislation, which had not received thoughtful sanction from the people.

You know the genesis of the Customs Duties bill, which is to impose nearly a million pounds per annum of fresh taxation on a million people. The ministry, which quite unexpectedly introduced it, was the offspring of a tactical bungle on the part of the labor party, and its adoption by the House was the work of renegades of that party. It is on all hands admitted to be the most senseless piece of legislation that could possibly be found in the long roll of so-called "protective" enactments. It simply increases the cost of a large number of commodities, without going far enough to satisfy even the least rapacious of protectionist would-be manufacturers. Representatives of the chief industries which were supposed to derive advantage from it have waited upon the Government in batches and implored them to stay their hand. In every part of the colony public opinion is strongly moved, and huge petitions are being sent in to the Legislative Council asking that the bill be rejected. Already the pinch of the new duties is being felt, although, in most cases, merchants, having had a very large supply of goods in stock before they came into operation, and believing that the bill will be rejected, have not raised prices. Should the duties be confirmed hundreds of operatives, especially in the clothing trades, will be thrown out of employment. Therefore, the country anxiously awaits the division on the bill in the Council, which is expected to take place to-morrow.

The debate on the measure has now been continued for several nights. If the Council had been sincere in its profession to save the country from

unwarranted legislation when throwing out the Electoral bill there should have been no debate whatever on the provisions of the Customs Duties bill. If the Council could doubt popular sanction to the one, nothing was more certain than that the other was contrary to the popular will. But the true reason for the rejection of the one man-one vote principle was that it gave manhood too much and property too little. And the Council recognizes that the alternative to the present iniquitous proposal must be a tax on land values, coupled perhaps with some kind of income tax. So in the debate that has taken place the duty of the Council towards the public as a shield against rash lawmaking was rather lost sight of. The danger of further depressing land values by imposing taxation upon them and the wrong of inquisitorial taxes upon income have been pathetically dwelt upon. So far as it is possible to judge, the Council is evenly divided on the question, and the wavering of one or two may decide it. If the bill is rejected there will be no alternative for Mr. Dibbs but an appeal to the country on the definite issue, which all free traders hope to see. The Government might, of course, advise the Governor to swamp the Council with new members, but as this particular Government is merely an accident it is not to be thought that so careful a governor as Lord Jersey would do so. In any case there are lively political times ahead.

The check which the sentiment of federation received through New South Wales introducing a protective tariff, has been very pronounced. A feeling of sharp antagonism on the part of Victoria has arisen. That deluded colony has, for years past, been taxing our products under the insane impression that it was thereby, in some way, benefiting itself. Now that we have lapsed into the same slough of inept statesmanship, and begun taxing their products, our neighbors appear to have lost any ragged remnants of reason they may have had. They scream for a stock tax which shall exclude from their colony any edible quadruped whatever. The cry rings through the land just now, swelled by the voices of professional politicians who need rural support. But a very large percentage of the population of Victoria is now to be found huddled in the towns, owing to the centralizing effect of their protective policy. There is also distress and business stagnation prevailing to an unexampled degree. The Government has been forced to undertake, without parliamentary sanction, two new lines of railway, in order to provide work for the thousands who parade the Melbourne streets and demand employment of some kind.

In the towns the vote may go against the stock tax, but judging from the things Victorians do to themselves no one can tell beforehand. Even the townspeople may be persuaded that a heavy increase in the price of their meat is the one thing needful to produce the long-promised Paradise. But the noteworthy fact, from a Federationist point of view, is that Victoria, which was very eager for unity, is now showing her teeth at us.

Another event which has caused profound regret and militated strongly against federation has been the issue of what may be called a pro-slavery manifesto by Sir Samuel Griffith. To make the position clear I may tell you that the northern area of Queensland is especially suitable for the cultivation of sugar; but white labor cannot be got to do the work, or cannot be got on terms that would pay the planters. Polynesians were therefore allowed to be employed, and a practical slave trade grew up almost as scandalous and shocking as anything your Southern States have known. Sir Samuel Griffith was always the very strongest opponent of the employment of colored labor. It was owing to his opposition that measures were taken to restrict it, and at the last general election the question was regarded as settled. The coalition of Sir Samuel in the formation of a ministry with his great old-time opponent on this question, and on those of land alienation and the building of land grant railways, caused some surprise; but no one anticipated the political somersault Sir Samuel has taken. He has just issued a manifesto declaring his views on the subject of black labor to have changed, and that he now regards it as a necessity for the development of the northern sugar-growing industry. At the same time his Government has sanctioned the sale of large areas of the colony in the London market at a very low reserve price, and is probably about to sanction the construction of at least one great railway line on the land grant system. In other words, the very man who of all others was thought most capable and most trustworthy to fight for the people, favors the introduction of slaves and the handing over of the country to their drivers.

The Chambers of Commerce and some of the leading newspapers applaud the decision of Sir Samuel, on the ground that work will now be done which could not otherwise have been attempted, and which will cause a new demand for white labor in other capacities. But it is unlikely that the people of Queensland will look at the matter in that way. Polynesian labor may be forced upon them as protection may be forced upon us, but they will rebel as soon as their voices can be effectually raised in protest. As for the other Colonies their opposition to the proposed action will be unmistakable. The same objection holds good with regard to the Kanaka as is held against the introduction of Chinese. It is not cheap labor that is fought against so much as the introduction of alien servile races, who become a source of trouble and demoralization, and the raising of the banner of practical slavery. There has always been a strong feeling against the formation of North Queensland into a separate colony because of the fear that she would be dominated by sugar planters, and remain a state antagonistic in spirit and interests to the others. And now something like that will happen for the whole of Queensland unless the Government is providentially overthrown. If it does, Australian federation will have receded far.

There is strong single tax activity in all the colonies save Victoria. In South Australia and New Zealand there is solid work being done, and here, both within and without the organizations, noticeable progress is being made. The labor bodies are divided into protectionist and single tax camps, and the whole land is alive with discussion. Every election will bring us noticeably closer to the goal we are aiming to reach. It is quite possible that before I write you again an appeal to the country on the fiscal issue will have been made.

JERRY SIMPSON'S FREE TRADE.

HENRY GEORGE, JR.

The House of Representatives grew quiet on Friday afternoon last, when Jerry Simpson was recognized by the chair during the debate on the bill to place cotton ties on the free list. Mr. Simpson had not yet made a speech in the House, though in the word-fencing which is continually going on he had early in the session shown much ability, and his smart replies had won him a reputation as one of the humorists of the House. But now he was to appear in a new rôle. He was to make a long, serious speech, and the House and galleries grew quiet and attentive, and the tall, wiry, serious-faced, sparkling-eyed "farmer," as he announced himself, arose and in a slow but distinct manner addressed himself to the question.

"For the last fourteen years I have been a farmer, and have tried as hard and as honestly as any man to make a living at that business, and I therefore think I can speak with some authority in regard to the benefits of this protective tariff system to the agricultural class of the American people."

With this for a beginning the member from Medicine Lodge launched into an examination of just principles such as, coming as they did from a farmer, must have made many of the old politicians sitting around him stare in surprise. And he struck straight down to the root of the question. What is trade? Is it a natural or an unnatural condition? He answered that it is natural, and that if left to themselves men would seek to make the best bargains when and with whom they could, whether of another state or another country.

"If the tariff cheapens everything, and makes prices low," exclaimed Mr. Simpson, "then I ask any gentleman on the Republican side to tell me where the employers, the manufacturers, are going to get the money to pay high wages?"

Joseph H. Walker, of Massachusetts, a dapper gentleman in an irreproachable black suit, and with snowy white hair, a staunch protectionist and a fiery advocate of the McKinley bill in the last Congress, came to his feet. "I want to say to the gentleman from Kansas," said he, "that in any series of ten years in the last thirty not a dollar has been made by manufacturers of this country as a class in any staple industry that has not been gotten out of nature by invention. Not a cent of profit has been made by increased prices; it has all come from nature by means of the inventions of manufacturers and mechanics—every dollar of it."

"I understood that it was the McKinley bill that was going to enrich everybody," answered Mr. Simpson. "But now the gentleman from Massachusetts says there is no increase of wealth except that coming from the inventive genius of the American people applied to manufacturing machinery, and thereby increasing the productive power of the country. Then it is not the protective tariff at all that has helped the manufacturers."

Then the Kansas member flung his colors to the breeze. "I am a free trader—absolute," cried he. "I am not one of those who are ready to compromise with wrong. Either a thing is right or it is wrong. I am for free trade in everything."

What Mr. Simpson meant by the words free trade he soon showed. "We passed a law here the other day that would be a disgrace to any civilized country—the Chinese Exclusion bill—to protect the labor of California; California, one of the states blessed with the best climate and soil in this Union. Why are her people asking protection from Chinese laborers? Because under this system of protection you have allowed monopolies to buy up, to close in and hold out of use the larger portion of that grand state, denying labor access to that storehouse of wealth, so that in self-defense we are compelled to pass laws restricting immigration from other countries; and I, in defense of the laboring people, was compelled to vote for that bill. Protect labor! In Kansas we protect cattle and hogs—we feed and fatten them that we may eat them. That is the way you protect labor."

Toward the close of his speech Mr. Simpson came out in this fashion:

"We have granted special privileges to railroad corporations whereby they can levy a toll on every man who uses them in sending their goods to the public markets. They lay in wait and levy a tariff upon the products of labor, a tribute which amounts to more than $350,000,000 per annum,

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Congressman Jerry Simpson, of the Seventh Kansas District, which comprises thirty-seven counties, is commonly called "The Sockless Socrates of Medicine Lodge." He is just fifty years of age, having been born in the Province of New Brunswick March 31, 1842. When six years of age his parents moved to Oneida County, New York; at the age of fourteen he began life as a sailor on the great lakes, which pursuit he followed for twenty-three years, in which time he had command of many vessels. During the early part of the Civil War he served for a time in Company A, Twelfth Illinois Infantry, but contracting a disease he left the service. In 1878 he drifted to Kansas, and is now living six miles from Medicine Lodge, Barber County, where he is engaged in farming and stock raising. He was a Republican originally, casting his first vote for the second election of Abraham Lincoln, but during the past twelve years has been voting and affiliating with the Greenback and Union Labor parties. He twice ran for the Kansas Legislature on the Independent ticket in Barber County, but was defeated both times by a small plurality; was nominated for Congress by the People's party in 1890, and elected by the aid of the Democrats, who indorsed his nomination, he receiving 32,603 votes, against 25,181 votes for James R. Hallowell, the Republican candidate, whom he completely worsted in a campaign debate to which Hallowell challenged him.

more than a reasonable profit upon the capital invested in the roads and rolling-stock. The right to tax is admitted by everybody, but we believe all taxes should foster production and trade, and not speculation and monopoly. We would put a tax upon those who buy up and hold out of use the mineral deposits, the coal deposits, the iron deposits, and the copper deposits. They hold these things out of use so that their increased value can go into their pockets. We would take that value for the community and give it back to the people who made the value; and this would open up new fields for labor, and instead of going around to the manufacturer begging for the privilege of producing wealth, labor could go and produce it without being robbed by the monopolists. This is what we mean by free trade: Access to opportunities to produce wealth, and perfect freedom of exchange."

There were some sound points in the speech relating to free coinage of silver, but there was nothing whatever in reference to sub-treasury warehouses. Taken as a whole, the speech was such as might have been delivered before an enthusiastic single tax mass meeting, and if it represents the ideas prevalent with the Alliance in Kansas, then single taxers may wish the alliance God-speed.

SINGLE TAX NEWS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

NATIONAL COMMITTEE OF THE SINGLE TAX LEAGUE.

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

Contributions to fund for newspaper work since last report are as follows:

Thomas Hunt (additional), Kennedy, O	$1 00
Martin Battle, Brooklyn, N. Y	1 00
Union Printing Company for Single Tax Moulds	6 00
	$8 00
Less deficit reported last week	1 42
Balance on hand	$6 58

GEO. ST. JOHN LEAVENS, Secretary.

PROGRESS OF THE MOVEMENT.

Such a budget of news as that which appeared in the last issue cannot be expected every week. Then we had the report of the Commissioners of the District of Columbia referring to Congress the question of adopting the single tax in the capital city, followed by the presentation of the national single tax petition to the Committee on Ways and Means, and a variety of most interesting evidences of progress all over the Union and in foreign countries. This week there is less to tell, but no week is without encouragement. There is a strong probability of an early hearing before the Committee on Ways and Means, and several eminent men have volunteered to appear, among them being Henry George, Thos. G. Shearman, Edward Osgood Brown, J. C. Cranford, A. H. Stephenson and Charles S. Prizer.

In another column will be found the latest of John Farrell's instructive and attractive letters on affairs in Australia, where the movement in its political aspects has reached a point of greater advance than anywhere else in the world. It may interest the readers of these letters to know that Mr. Farrell is editor of the leading daily newspaper of Sydney, New South Wales.

AMONG THE NEWSPAPERS.

At this end of the globe a steady fire is keeping up all along the line.

The Detroit News has been pouring out single tax doctrines, pure, simple, and sound, in a controversy with one Stuart, who has a notion that the single tax would not yield sufficient revenue. According to the San Francisco Star, this is a recent discovery by Mr Stuart, who was formerly among the objectors who think it will yield too much. It is a question which might safely be left to the quibblers to fight out among themselves, while we rest upon our demand that while such public property as land values exist the public should not be allowed to take private property for public use, but the News makes such excellent use of the opportunity to instruct candid inquirers that it may be said that Mr. Stuart is really serving a beneficial purpose.

The Indianapolis Journal and the Indianapolis Sentinel have been in dispute as to whether the Sentinel once advocated the Henry George theory. The Journal thinks it did and the Sentinel denies it. The Sentinel is right. Its position has been somewhat like that of Labouchere, of London Truth, who, while "opposed to Mr. George's proposition to confiscate land," advocated the taking of "ground rent by taxation." Both Labouchere and the Sentinel are welcome to the little luxury of their distinction without a difference.

The Locomotive Firemen's Magazine, the official organ of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, which is published monthly at Terre Haute, Ind., is generous in according space to single tax discussions. Jose Gros, of Morristown, N. J., one of the most frequent contributors, whose writings always go straight to the mark, has an article in the April number on "Confusions in Economic Thought." In addition to its economic features, this magazine is one of the best of the labor publications.

The Lemars, Iowa, Weekly Sun has entered upon a discussion of the single tax question in its columns with E. J. Shriver. The Sun favors the single tax, but urges caution in introducing it. The Texas World, of Houston, prints full reports of the lectures of E. W. Brown, who conducts a religious service every Sunday evening in Houston, in which he considers the Christian religion from an economic standpoint. Mr. Brown is an enthusiastic advocate of the single tax. Wallace Yates, of Ballston, Oregon, is introducing the single tax to the readers of the Northwest Reform Journal of his State. H. L. Walter, of Manchester, Iowa, has been welcomed to the editorial columns of the Manchester Democrat, whose editor sympathizes with the motive of the movement, but does not understand its method. Mr. Walter explains it with clearness and force. In British Columbia the Vancouver Daily News is advocating such an increase of the tax on wild land as to be a penalty on those who withhold land from use, and it strongly intimates that a tax on land values irrespective of improvements, is a necessity. Of course there is no other way of taxing wild land. Under a tax law which fell short of that, all wild land would be so "improved" as to evade the penalty.

T. E. Lane, of Flushing, Long Island, reaches the ears of his neighbors through the columns of the Flushing Journal, an enterprising daily paper of that village. Flushing furnishes many object lessons of which Mr. Lane makes good use. He calls attention, for instance, to a recent sale of vacant land for $6,000, on which the buyer is erecting a dwelling, and from it he shows that the former owner of the lot has taken $6,000 from the builder without returning an equivalent, the community of Flushing having made that value for the personal use of one of its individual members. He refers also to a case in which the owner of land that would bring $35,000 under the hammer pays taxes on a valuation of $6,500.

SINGLE TAX ASSESSORS.

Instances like these have awakened the good people of Flushing somewhat, for it appears from the Journal that the new assessor, Richard H. Williams, has ideas which incline to the single tax. He was to have been nominated on the Citizens' ticket, but was dropped when his views upon taxation became known. Then the Democrats nominated him. It was not until the day before election that the single tax men got wind of Mr. Williams's opinions, but they did get wind of them, and he was elected.

The advantage of electing single tax assessors is attracting pretty general attention since Mr. Vail was elected in Port Jervis. Warren Worth Bailey writes that Andrew B. Adair, a member of the Chicago Single Tax Club, has been elected assessor of the town of Evanston, the seat of the great Northwestern University, one of the richest institutions west of New York. Mr. Adair, who is foreman of the Chicago Daily News and a prominent member of the typographical union, ran as an independent against a man who had held the office for many years and had conducted it largely in the interest of land speculators. The most shocking discriminations were made in favor of holders of vacant land, and it was upon this that Mr. Adair challenged his opponent and appealed to the public, to which he gave the pledge that in the event of his election he would lower the assessment upon every improved lot in the town, yet would increase the total valuation. That, of course, meant that the valuation of unimproved lots was to be raised; and so well did the citizens of the town regard the proposition that they gave Mr. Adair an overwhelming majority.

TAX QUESTIONS IN CALIFORNIA POLITICS.

In Oakland, across the bay from San Francisco, a lively tax election campaign has culminated in a victory for the side espoused by the single tax men. The Common Council had submitted to the voters a proposition to issue $400,000 in twenty-year city bonds to construct a boulevard around and to dredge Lake Merritt; $400,000 to purchase a marsh and make it into a park; and $400,000 for school buildings. The combination in favor of the bonds was a strong one, comprising contractors, landowners, and capitalists, and it made a hard fight. The election resulted in a vote of 657 more than the required two-thirds majority for the school bonds, but the improvement bonds lacked 1,160 votes. The opposition was a campaign of single tax education. The bond ring, says James S. Reynolds, were loud in their clamors that the improvements would "raise the value of property." This was the single tax men's opportunity, and they used it on all occasions, putting the pointed question: "What kind of property—machinery, materials, goods, houses, or lands?" The right answer was so obvious that everybody "caught on," and the people of Oakland have taken their first lesson in political economy—a kindergarten lesson. The bond ring depended on capturing the workingmen's vote with the old sham about "giving labor employment;" but they were disappointed. It is now generally conceded that it was the workingmen's vote that defeated the improvement scheme, and carried the school bonds. The single taxers were largely instrumental in showing these voters who gets the benefit resulting from public improvements. Seeing this, the workingmen were not captured by the promise of a few months' wages while constructing the work, knowing that they would be taxed to foot the bill for twenty years afterward, besides having their rents increased. The ringsters are very mad now; but when they cool down they, too, will have learned that such questions as taxation, public improvements, increase in

"property" values, and the like, are to those who don't know what they are talking about as edged tools in the hands of children.

An agitation is in progress in Monterey county, 100 miles south of San Francisco, on the subject of business license taxes. The "license" is a favorite method in California of despoiling labor. Every conceivable form of "license" tax is laid on every vocation. At a late session of the Board of Supervisers of that county several towns and villages petitioned for an order repealing these taxes, and though the petition was denied the end is not yet. The Salinas Index, published at the county seat and the most influential paper in the county, commenting, said: "As this tax inevitably shifts itself upon the consumer, it is everywhere held to be one of the most vicious forms of taxation; and it is to be hoped that there will be a general movement all along the line to have it discontinued. It is double taxation in its worst form."

THE DEFEAT IN RHODE ISLAND.

The Judiciary Committee of the Rhode Island Senate has made an adverse report upon the local option single tax bill for the town of Cumberland, in the promotion of which Senator Garvin has been so active. The report was made a special order in the Senate for yesterday, and we shall be able to tell its fate next week. In Cumberland, the late election was fought on single tax lines. All three of the Democratic candidates were known single tax men, and the Republicans taking up that issue against them, carried the election. Senator Garvin was defeated for re-election. But there is nothing discouraging either in this defeat of our friends in Cumberland, or in the adverse report of the Senate committee against their local option bill. They have accomplished a great work in bringing the issue into local politics, an issue which, like the camel in the Arabian fable, when it gets its nose into the political tent draws its body in also.

IN SINGLE TAX CLUBS.

The Reading, Penn., Single Tax Society has discussed "the single tax as a plan for raising municipal revenues." Charles S. Prizer, who delivered the lecture, which was favorably commented upon in the Reading Morning Herald, stated that by adopting the single tax for local purposes in Reading it would require a tax levy of only twenty three mills to meet the present public expenditures. Work like Mr. Prizer's could be done in every town where there is one single tax man of public spirit, and it would be an exceedingly valuable contribution to the cause throughout the country, besides enlisting the support and exciting the interest of members of the community in which estimates were made. Several citizens who were present at Mr. Prizer's lecture, not members of the society, expressed their approval of the single tax as a plan for raising the city revenues. Professor Edward Carroll, the principal of Carroll Institute, criticised the single tax as calculated to oppress workingmen and small property owners, but he was so conclusively answered by Dr. S. R. Rittenhouse, C. A. Maurer, and W. H. McKinney, that he admitted, before the close of the meeting, that he had held erroneous ideas concerning the subject. He commended the society as the only organization in Berks County having for its object the investigation of political and economic questions. At the same meeting William W. Werner, one of the three city assessors, was elected a member of the society. He has been untiring in his efforts to have vacant lots, and, in fact, all real estate assessed at true value; and the reform in city assessments, now almost universally approved by property owners, is due, very largely, to his work.

The last regular meeting of the Chicago club was given over to the discussion of two resolutions, one relating to the money question, which was laid upon the table, and the other to municipal gas, which went over for two weeks. There was a large crowd and many new faces at the meeting. On the 28th the Rev. Dr. David Beaton, pastor of the Lincoln Park Congregational Church, and one of the strongest ministers of that denomination in the city, will address the club, taking as his subject the recent County Council elections in London. The speech will hardly advocate the single tax, but it will come so near to it that it will take the initiated to see the difference. Chicago single tax men should secure for this brilliant young preacher a big audience. He is said not to be afraid of his horses, and his Sunday night lectures seldom fail to please single tax listeners.

The Women's Single Tax Club of Brooklyn N. Y. gave its fourth five-o'clock tea at the residence of Miss Emma Smith on the 6th, at which papers, read by Miss Eva J. Turner, Miss Emma Smith, and Miss Minnie Rogers were discussed by the guests. Five-o'clock teas are said to be quite a fad among women of Brooklyn who are interested in social reforms.

INDIVIDUAL WORKERS.

W. Edwin Brokaw is still doing missionary work. At Grinnell, Iowa, he produced a good impression; both the Republican and the Democratic papers reported his meeting, and the latter asked for a synopsis of his lecture for publication. On a later evening he spoke to a small but interested meeting of farmers at a schoolhouse near Grinnell, and a few nights after that at another neighboring schoolhouse to a sub-alliance. Here the president refused at first to allow him to speak, because, as the president said, the alliance is opposed to the single tax. But so many members were of a different opinion on that point that the president was glad to retract and invite Mr. Brokaw to the platform. Dr. Edward A. Ross has been vividly presenting the single tax in Indianapolis in connection with the subject of forestry, and J. A. Barber is teaching the doctrine to farmers in a way that they will understand through the columns of the Independence, Iowa, Alliance.

At the same election in the Boston Typographical Union at which August McCraith was elected secretary, as reported last week, John Lavis was elected delegate to the International Union to be held in Philadelphia in June. Both were opposed because they were "single tax cranks," but both were elected. Mr. Lavis received the unanimous vote (39) of the Traveler office.

RECRUITS.

At the headquarters of the league in Boston, Mass., 680 Washington street, Father Huntington's tract on tenement house morality was read and discussed, Hiscock, Sommers, Lavis, and White participating. The regular meetings at these headquarters are: Boston League, Sunday afternoons at 3 o'clock; social and informal, Monday evenings; Question Club debates, Wednesday evenings; ladies' night, musical and literary, Saturday evenings.

The Philadelphia workers seem sometimes to be in all places at once. G. F. Stephens discussed the subject of "Money" before the Germantown Single Tax Club on the 5th. On the 6th he and several other single tax men debated the paper on "Value of Money," read by Professor Sherwood, of the University of Pennsylvania before the Young Men's Christian Association. T. Wistar Brown, Jr., read a paper on the free coinage of gold before the Philadelphia Single Tax Society on the 7th. The Question Club listened on the 9th to a paper on woman suffrage by Jose Pintere. On the 10th, the Kensington Reform Club's meeting was crowded on the occasion of an address by Professor Patton, of the University, on protection. A lively debate followed Prof. Patton's address, the arguments for free trade and the single tax being enthusiastically applauded, and it was easy to see that the verdict of the great majority was against protection. Professor Devine, also of the University, fared no better than Professor Patton, when, on the 8th, in a lecture before the Young Men's Christian Association, on "Unsolved Economic Problems," he exploited his notion that intelligence, as distinguished from labor, is a factor in production.

Enrollment progresses satisfactorily in San Francisco. Single tax men carry blanks in their pockets for immediate use on occasion. Last week a batch of signatures came from a mining town in Calaveras county, where two years ago a single taxer planted a little of the doctrine. One blank has been received, signed by an able business man, who is a large owner of both improved and unimproved land in the city and in three other counties, besides valuable gold mines which he works, and whose income on ground rent leases in San Francisco is nearly $2,000 per month. Another is returned with a letter in which the following occurs: "I own about 120 vacant city lots, the savings of many years, and in my case representing the investment of actual capital; yet I do not hesitate to lend my support to the work in which you are so zealously engaged, because I believe that natural justice does not admit of individual ownership of land."

Rabbi Stern recently delivered a lecture before the Young Men's Christian Association of Cumberland, Md., in which, after describing the jubilee of the Mosaic law as intended to prevent "the land, the gift to all men by a common creator," from becoming "the absolute private property of a class," he said:

It is not the form of this law that is to be recommended—perhaps it was not the best even in Moses' time—it certainly is entirely out of the question in ours, but the principle on which it is based, "that the earth is the Lord's," and is not to be monopolized by any one class, but should be, in some way or other, the common property of all.

The work is not confined to localities. Single tax men are at work everywhere, when on the wing as well as at home. On the train between California and Kansas the Rev. W. F. Anderson, of Kingston, New York, encountered a party of them from England, and if they did not convert him, which it is to be hoped they did not, for easy converts are apt to be easy backsliders, they at least turned his mind into the right channel, if an inference may be drawn from the sermon which he subsequently preached to the delight of his single tax hearers in the Methodist Church at Emporia, Kansas.

LESSONS FOR ECONOMIC READING CIRCLES.

IV. WHAT IS CAPITAL?—When we advance beyond primitive modes of production, a third factor of production appears. This factor, which we call Capital, is known as a secondary factor, to distinguish it from Land and Labor, which, being absolutely necessary to every mode of production, are primary factors. Capital, like Labor, is an active factor. It is Wealth, and, therefore, must be composed of natural substances modified by human exertion, or "Land modified by Labor." Machinery, buildings, cattle, ships, grain, and the like, may be Capital; but commercial paper, bonds, mortgages, money, slaves, and so forth, though they may represent capital and determine its ownership, are not Capital. Neither is land Capital; it is Land. But, though all Capital is Wealth, all Wealth is not Capital. It may be described as Unfinished Wealth, for the production of any species of Wealth is incomplete until it is in form and place to serve the ultimate purpose of production. Bread in a bakery being Wealth on the way to the consumers, and therefore unfinished, is Capital; while bread on the dinner table, being complete as a product, both in respect of form and destination, is finished Wealth. A merchant ship, being in process of transmutation into other things by wear and tear in the bringing of those things to their destination, is Capital; but a pleasure yacht, which ministers directly to desire, is serving the ultimate purpose of all products, and is therefore not Capital but finished Wealth.

Capital increases the power of Labor. This it does in three modes: First, by enabling Labor to apply itself in more effective ways, as in moving a vessel by shoveling coal into a furnace instead of tugging at an oar; second, by enabling Labor to avail itself of the reproductive forces of nature, as to obtain corn by sowing it or animals by breeding them; third, by permitting the division of Labor, and thus on the one hand increasing the efficiency of Labor by the utilization of special capabilities, the acquisition of skill, and the reduction of waste, and on the other calling in the powers of Land at their highest by taking advantage of the diversities of soil, climate, and situation, so as to obtain each particular species of Wealth where nature is most favorable to its production.

SINGLE TAX LETTER WRITERS.

Division A—Rev. J. C. McAdams, Alcorn University, Rodney, Miss. Mr. McAdams is one of the faculty of this university, which is for colored people, and interested in the improvement of his race.

Division B—Hon. T. B. Carskadon, Keyser, W. Va. Prominent in the Prohibition party for this state. Writes in the Voice, of April 7, on agricultural depression, in which he says, after showing that the farmers'

share of the national wealth has decreased from five-eighths in 1850 to less than one-fifth in 1890:

"This too, while farmers compose over fifty per cent. of the population, and pay over eighty-seven per cent. of the taxes, from which it will be seen that the application of the Henry George land tax scheme would not seriously affect us if we paid the other twelve per cent. and let the 'world go free.'"

Division C—Mrs. Jessie H. Brown, 45 Fulton street, Cleveland, Ohio, editor family department in Christian Standard. Her remedy for social evils is temperance and charity, although she does see danger in land monopoly, and advocates limitation of ownership.

Division D—Morning News, Dallas, Texas, quotes approvingly, March 29, the Baltimore Sun's advice never to tax anything that can run away, but says: "The Plano Star is in favor of Henry George's theory of putting all the taxes on land. Texas affords a first-rate exemplification of the folly of the theory. The papers are full of advertisements of land to be sold for taxes under the present low rates. Millionaires own but little land, and would be pleased to see all their taxes paid by landowners. The expense of the national and state governments, paid by taxing land, would soon absorb it all or leave the cultivators to pay everything, or shift the burden on the consumers of farm products.

Division E—Bay Eagle, Traverse City, Mich., is favorably inclined and will print single tax matter.

Division F—F. Gundrum, Escondito, Cal., writes Detroit News, March 23, that he cannot agree with its advocacy of the single tax, but believes instead in an income tax which will put the burden on the rich.

Division G—Mrs. Amanda Moss, Lincoln, Kan., prominent business woman of this place, notary public, and interested in the progress of Lincoln.

Division H—Rev. D. Oglesby, Richview, Ill., interested in politics as well as religion, influential in the third party movement, bu doesn't know the single tax.

Division I—W. L. Eaton, Rockford, Ill., of the Illinois Press Association, spoke at the Illinois Road Convention, Springfield, March 30, and advocated issuing county bonds to raise money for good roads. In this connection see page 7, STANDARD of April 6.

Division J—The Pilot, Marion, Ia., will publish single tax matter.

Division K—T. Gabriel, Enterprise, Kan., is interested in social questions but doesn't know single tax.

Divison L—Graphic, Challis, Idaho, recently started. Would probably publish letters.

Division M—Judge B. N. Smith, Los Angeles, Cal., sees the injustice of holding land vacant for speculation, but has not yet clearly seen the remedy.

Division N—Charles Stanbery, Powell, Ohio, farmer, free trader, and thinks he believes in direct taxation, but needs explanation as to what a direct tax is.

New York, 1674 Broadway. MARIAN DANA MACDANIEL, Secretary.

PROTECTION NONSENSE.

Charles E. Garst.

If you want to silence the "protection" nonsense, show the scientific protection to the laborer—by the single tax.

OBJECT LESSONS.

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

AN ENGLISH INSTANCE.

For the last twenty-four years a gaunt spectre in bricks and mortar has stood in naked and empty ugliness on one of the best sites near the sea front in the ancient borough of Dover, England. It is called the "Imperial Hotel," and occupies a choice corner lot of some 50,000 square feet. The huge building is a conspicuous object, visible from almost all parts of the town and from the surrounding country. The cost of erection was said to be £95,000, and after being open four years it closed and has not since reopened as an hotel.

Its rateable value is about £600, which is, of course, absurdly low for such a property, the Lord Warden Hotel being £2,400. Nevertheless, under the English law, the property pays nothing whatever towards the rates, being unoccupied.

The site would accommodate at least a score of superior houses, whose ground rent might be put at £20 each. So, under single tax, this property ought to furnish £400 annually for public purposes, which would nearly be the equivalent of a penny rate over the whole of the remaining real property in the borough.

In Major Edwards, Parliamentary labor candidate for the borough, Dover has a single taxer who makes good use of this and other local object lessons.

IMPROVEMENT RAISES RENT.

Reading (Penn.) Eagle.

The erection of half a dozen beautiful cottages will be commenced on the Pennsylvania Trust Company's tract of land along the Lancaster road, beyond the Kurtz House. Streets are being opened and graded by the company, but no name has been as yet adopted for the new suburb. Col. J. M. Wetherill and Frederick R. Bechtel, owners of the adjoining farms, will continue the streets and avenues through their properties.

It is expected that this year will witness lively building operations across the river. A number of lots in Oakland will have substantial dwellings erected upon them. In Mohnsville seven houses are about being completed, and the foundations are being prepared for six more. Since the electric railway has been in operation between this city and Mohnsville, lots in that village and Shillington have advanced $25 to $40 each, and rents have been raised $3 to $4 per month.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

SINGLE TAX IN CHINA.

George C. Madison of St. Paul, Minn., wants light on the system of land tenure in China. He says he is one of those who have believed that, while the full adoption of the single tax would not nationalize land in the usual sense, yet that it would produce the same effect, and he wants to know if he is wrong.

We do not think he is wrong. The single tax would produce the good effects of nationalization, without the evil effects of government landlordism. It would secure the benefits of common ownership, or rather of equal ownership, without the power and corruption that are incident to government ownership.

Trustworthy information of the land tenures and the land tax of China is not accessible. That country has a land tax, and there is government ownership of some lands; but it cannot be said either that land nationalization or a system of land taxation prevails there; nor are we able to describe the land tax that is in force. It is not very material, however; for, as nearly as can be learned, out of a total revenue of over $125,000,000, the so called land tax yields but little more than a fifth, the remainder being made up of customs duties, transit duties, government monopolies, license taxes, stamp duties, taxes on salt mining, fisheries and manufactures, and sales of titles and privileges. There is precious little resemblance to the single tax in this showing.

MERGER OF IMPROVEMENTS.

F. A. Neidig, of Muscatine, Iowa, states this actual case: The town is about to lay a brick pavement at a cost of $3.50 per front foot. A lot worth $1,000 adjoins one worth only $65. The principal reason why the second lot is worth so much less than the first is that it is a hole in the ground some fifty feet in depth, which will require an expenditure of $600 or $700 to fill it in so as to adapt the lot to its appropriate use. Mr. Neidig wants to know how, on single tax principles, the second lot should be taxed for the improvement, how it should be retaxed if improved by filling in, and at what rate the improvement would merge into the land.

The proportion of tax that ought to be paid by the second lot relatively to the first is 65 to 1,000. Retaxation should for a time after the improvement be at the same rate, unless the location of the second lot, as location merely, became more valuable than the location of the first lot. Improvements like the filling in of holes in the ground, the removal of rocks, etc., do in time merge into the land; but for practical purposes the rate at which they so merge cannot be stated. These cases will offer in the future a very simple question for common-sense practical men to settle. Such an improvement a thousand years old would undoubtedly have wholly merged. It is impossible to conceive that after so long a period any title from the labor that made the improvement would still exist. Equally without doubt, such an improvement only one day old would not have merged at all. Somewhere between one day and a thousand years the improvement would merge, and any practical business man would be able in each case to make allowances regarding such improvements, which would accomplish substantial justice. Theoretically, however, improvements of this kind merge at about the same rate that other kinds of improvements do. Since labor expended in one direction is worth no more than labor expended in another, the effects of labor expended in filling in an excavation are exhausted about as soon and at about the same rate as labor expended in building a house.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

St. Louis (Mo.) Chronicle.

Had the school board retained all the lands it has sold in the past ten years it would have a sufficient revenue from rents to justify it in making the public school library absolutely free.

SONG OF THE SYNDICATE.

J. K. KILBOURN.

Let us gather up the sunbeams
Lying all around our path,
Get a trust on wheat and roses,
Give the poor the thorns and chaff.
Let us find our chiefest pleasure
Hoarding bounties of to-day,
So the poor shall have scant measure
And two prices have to pay.
Yes, we'll reservoir the rivers,
And we'll levy on the lakes,
And we'll lay a trifling toll-tax
On each poor man who partakes.
We will brand his number on him,
That he'll carry through his life.
We'll apprentice all his children;
Get a mortgage on his wife.
We will capture e'en the wind-god,
And confine him in a cave;
And then, through our patent process,
We the atmosphere will save.
Thus we'll squeeze our little brother
When he tries his lungs to fill;
Put a *meter on his wind-pipe*,
And present our little bill.
We will syndicate the star-light,
And monopolize the moon;
Claim a royalty on rest-days—
A proprietary noon.
The right of way through ocean's spray,
We'll pay just what its worth.
We'll drive our stakes around the lakes;
In fact, we'll own the earth.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.

Ex-Governor Thayer, of Nebraska, has been balked again in his attempt to obtain the seat taken from him and awarded to Governor Boyd, Democrat, by the United States Supreme Court. The State Supreme Court decides that the decision of the Supreme Court went to the root of the matter, and did not, as Thayer claims, merely settle a side issue in the case.

The New York Legislative has defeated the Freedom of Worship bill, which was designed to permit sectarian instruction in penal institutions. The bill was a feature of the Catholic question, and has been such for many years in successive Legislatures.

There is a break in the Democratic ranks in the New York Senate, and Mr. Hill's man, Lieutenant-Governor Sheehan, finds himself and his measures opposed by several Democratic Senators.

The Republicans carried Rhode Island, electing most of the State ticket and a majority of the Legislature. The Democrats made a hard fight and Mr. Cleveland took part in the campaign.

The House has passed the Free Wool bill, 192 to 60.

FOREIGN.

General Crespo, leader of the Venezuelan revolutionists, has been defeated, though it is reported that a majority of Congress has joined the revolution. Meanwhile Palacio, the President, is playing the tyrant.

The front of the Police Department building in Paris was blown up with dynamite.

Mr. Goschen, Chancellor of the Exchequer, reported to the British Parliament a surplus for the year of about $5,000,000. Tobacco yielded $1,160,000 beyond the estimate and near $2,400,000 beyond the yield of the previous year. Whiskey had first place in the revenue and beer second. The budget for 1892-3 is placed at about $450,000,000.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

—E. C. Clark writes from Hutchinson, Kan.: The mission of THE STANDARD in urging the single land value tax, free trade, and ballot reform is most ably performed, and with an earnestness of effort that begets deep-seated admiration. It is most ably edited, while moral sentiment in whatever or whoever it advocates is clearly conspicuous. It has always treated the money question ably from an editorial standpoint, though, so far as I am acquainted with it, for the past three years no great emphasis has been given to financial agitation, and but few articles on money find their way to the public through its columns. But recently it published a dissertation on "The Nature of Money" by Edward J. Shriver. Surely no such fallacy as Mr. Shriver advances will gain much acceptance. He first misquotes the biblical maxim, "The love of money is the root of all evil," by omitting, as many do, the important and qualifying word "love." Every-day business experience contradicts the assertion of Mr. Shriver that the "function of money," that of measuring values, is not really a property of money at all, but only of the precious metals. We have seen and now see that the demand notes and the legal tenders, of which there are now about three hundred and seventy million outstanding, measure values equally as well as gold or silver when coined into money, while as a commodity product it, like other products that fluctuate in value as new deposits are discovered and before it receives the fiat of official authority, is no better for the admeasurement of values than other products of like tendency of fluctuation, such as diamonds and other precious stones. It is the fiat which gives it its paying and generally its purchasing power. This is why the wampum and shells gave place to the fiat of authority vested in Congress. But the most palpably absurd proposition in Mr. Shriver's article is that italicized as a text, i. e., "every man who keeps his little bank account for household expenses, and pays his butcher's bill with a check instead of with greenbacks or coin: every one even who uses the more cumbersome postal order system, is expanding the currency, and doing it much more efficiently than an act of Congress ever can, because the expansion comes just when and where it is needed, and is done away with as soon as the need is past." The man who gives a check in payment must have a corresponding amount of money in bank or the check will go to protest, and the maker be arraigned for obtaining goods and merchandise under false pretenses in short order. The check merely says to the creditor, my money is in the bank, and authorizes the banker to pay it out, which, when done, the check is cancelled. If A employed B as his banker and required him to accompany him in making the purchases, and when made B paid the money for A, the banking or check system would be accomplished as in the other case of the check and a stationary bank, and there would be no inflation in either case, as the check is not money at all, unless it pays the butcher's bill without the aid of the money which is subsequently paid on it. The postal order is the same exactly, as it must be paid for before it is issued at the office which issues it. If this class of vouchers were kept in circulation instead of being promptly presented for payment, and at the same time the money deposited in the bank or paid in the post office for the post office order also kept in circulation, there would no doubt be an inflation. But this is not the case. Both the bank and post office must keep the money to meet the check or order, as they may be presented any moment for the money they represent, and no sane person could hold that money so held could be in circulation. Money not engaged in actual business, but held as reserve as in these cases, is not in circulation. I am sorry to see a single taxer advance such folly.

Errors kindred to those of our friend Shriver may be found in Jevons's "Money and the Mechanism of Exchange," and it is from such source that our cotemporary gleans his. Had he access to the able, exhaustive article on "Money and the Regulation of Interest," by Dr. J. G. Malcolm, of Hutchinson, Kan., who is also one of the earliest single taxers in this country, as well as the most logical on finance, Mr. Shriver would not have thus erred. As Mr. George is to the single tax, so is Mr. Malcolm on money, and he should give to the world the benefit of his views by a wider circulation of his article.

[We cannot agree with our correspondent that it is the fiat on gold that gives it its purchasing power. And we think that if he would study the mechanism of banking a little closer he would find that checks are but seldom redeemed with money. They are redeemed by a transfer of credits, and not merely of the credits in one bank but of the credits in all banks. To the extent of over 75 per cent. checks do pay "the butcher's bill" without the aid of money. As to postal orders, before banks accepted them on deposit, they served to lessen the necessity for money only in a comparatively low degree; but now, through the agency of banks, their power in effecting exchanges of commodities without the intervention of money has been increased.—ED. STANDARD.]

PERSONAL.

Henry F. Ring, the author of "The Case Plainly Stated," one of the best known and most extensively translated and circulated single tax tracts, was born in the town of Worthington, in Western Massachussetts, in 1852, of Puritan stock. His father, one of the original abolitionists, was a small woodenware manufacturer, who died when the son was eleven years old.

As he left very little property young Ring was compelled to earn his own living from his fourteenth year. He attended the high school in the town of Ware a short time; went from there to Wesleyan Seminary at Wilbraham, Massachusetts, where he remained one term; then spent a portion of three years at Cornell University, entering as a member of the class of '73. Upon leaving Cornell he taught school in Coahoma county, Mississippi, and afterwards for one winter in Fon du Lac county, Wisconsin, drifting to Texas in 1875. Admitted to the bar at Dallas in 1876, he formed a law partnership in the following year with James S. Hogg, the present Governor of the State. They practiced law together about two years in Wood County, Texas, and until Ring was elected District Attorney, and moved to the town of Marlin in the central part of the State.

Mr. Ring married in Houston, where he has lived for the past nine years. The parents of his wife were South Carolinians, and in their two children they have a typical illustration of the union of Massachusetts and South Carolina.

Mr. Ring has little or no ambition for political distinction, being indisposed to exchange the substantial everyday comforts of his domestic life for the anxieties of a public career; but in the line of his profession he has been to some extent an office-holder. Besides having been District Attorney, he has for nearly five years held the office of City Attorney for the city of Houston. In the last election he led the Democratic ticket for that office by five hundred votes. He is a member of the law firm of Goldthwaite, Ewing & H. F. Ring.

Richard Harding Davis is publishing in Harper's Weekly an interesting series of papers, called "The West from a Car Window."

Many readers of THE STANDARD who were interested in that most interesting article, the "Orange Orchard Case," which appeared in these columns about three years ago, will be pained to learn of the death of its author, W. C. Leavens. In 1887 Mr. Leavens went with his father to California in search of health. He died there on the 20th of March last. His ill health disqualified him from active single tax work, but he accepted it as the best solution of the social question, and spoke for it as occasion permitted.

H. Martin Williams, with Sylvester Garneau and Joseph F. Alferman, have bought the Daily Banner of St. Charles, Mo., and Mr. Williams is in editorial charge. The paper is three years old, and an established property. It will be Democratic in politics and democratic in principle. Martin Williams is one of the best speakers that ever went upon the "stump," not a clap-trap spouter, but an orator who never speaks without saying something worth listening to, in a manner that commands attention. He can do this as well at the editorial desk as upon the "stump," and with greater effect, for far-reaching as is his voice his pen can reach farther.

Nearly a year ago D. Webster Groh sent four brief questions to R. G. Horr, to which Mr. Horr printed a four-column reply in the weekly Tribune of May 27, 1891, but refused to print a one-column answer from Mr. Groh. The answer was published in the Boston Post of June 12, 1891. Now, in the issue of the daily Tribune of March 28 Mr. Horr's reply is reprinted, without the slightest allusion to Mr. Groh's answer.

Isaac B. Potter, whose name is known wherever good roads are talked about, has, in the April Century, an article on "Our Common Roads," which ought to be in the hands of every pathmaster in the country. It is handsomely illustrated with views of good roads and bad roads, and the technical parts are made plain with diagrams. It is interesting to notice how, though Mr. Potter is not a single tax man, he falls unconsciously into single tax arguments. Aside from its technical features, the article is not a bad tract for such as have ears to hear or eyes to see, in favor both of free trade and the single tax.

The fourth part of Hamlin Garland's "A Spoil of Office" appears in the April Arena, bringing the story to the verge of a critical place in the life of the hero. This picture of Western life, in which modern politics is a prominent figure, promises to be a work of great power, and the best political novel ever printed. As far as published it allows the interest of

the reader no chance to flag. The characters are familiar types drawn to the life, and the narrative is terse and exciting.

J. W. Bengough, the Toronto caricaturist, editor, proprietor and illustrator of Grip, and one of the leading George men of Canada, is himself illustrated and explained in a decidedly friendly way by the April Review of Reviews.

Ralph E. Hoyt has arrived in Chicago from Los Angeles, Cal., and will remain until the World's Fair is over. He offers to speak wherever he is wanted.

Edward M. Sheppard lectured in the Second Unitarian Church of Brooklyn last Sunday evening on "The Democratic Party Viewed in the Light of History and Sociological Science."

L. Heiberg, pastor of the Norwegian Lutheran Church, of Lamoure, North Dakota, has undertaken the translation into Norwegian of Henry S. Chase's "Letters to Farmers' Sons."

WANTED—ONLY AN EQUAL CHANCE.

Mary Frost Ormsby in Chicago News.

If we are put in this world to live, and if living depends upon the application of our labor to land, then if everybody have an equal chance with everybody else to land, there can be no such thing as involuntary poverty, provided the worker has possession of his physical and mental faculties. So long as land, one of the primary necessities to human existence, can be trafficked in like the products of labor, human cupidity will always force poverty upon the sons of men. If we can arrange it so that all can have an equal chance at natural opportunities wealth will easily and satisfactorily be distributed.

The best and simplest way to bring about this equality of chances is by the single tax, by making it unprofitable for any man to hold land out of use.

Of what good is it to talk of wisely bestowed charity as the solution? Fancy a benevolent Providence, as of old, showering manna daily upon the unfortunate slum hordes of New York. Would that do any good? Not at all. The landlord, the man who owned the land, would simply be enabled to exact and get more rent, and one can be sure his demand would be up to the increased ability to pay on the part of the tenants.

Or, suppose the religion of Christ, which I so love, to have done its perfect work in these slums, if we can imagine such a thing, conditions being as they are, and made everybody there sober, virtuous, industrious? Result, more men asking for work; greater demand for the use of land. Wages would go down, rents would go up. Who would profit by this? The owner of land. This result must be so, since all progress and improvement come from the use of land.

Take Robinson Crusoe as landowner and Friday as his tenant, as an example. If Friday, dissolute and lazy, will raise but ten bushels of wheat, Crusoe might ask but eight bushels for rent. If Friday, sober and a Christian, raise 100 bushels, Crusoe might not only take ninety-eight bushels as rent, but, as a shrewd landlord, might indeed say: "You have learned to live more frugally, hence give me ninety-nine bushels; one is plenty for any man not a spendthrift."

God has put this wonderful world all around us and has stocked it amply for all our needs, but He has not made Crusoes of some and Fridays of others. I ask for no equal or unequal division of wealth produced by labor. All I ask for is an equal chance at the source of all wealth—the land. Give us that and you give us peace, contentment and the brotherhood of man.

PUBLISHER'S NOTES.

THE STANDARD is a weekly paper of sixteen pages, and is the leading single tax and free trade periodical of the world. Its subscription price is $3.00 a year, payable in advance.

Standard Extension List for 1892.—To introduce THE STANDARD to new readers, the publisher will receive from persons not already subscribers, subscriptions for 1892 at $1.00. This offer is *not for one year*, but for the period from date of receipt of subscription *to the last issue of* 1892.

Payment for The Standard.—All checks and post office orders should be drawn simply to the order of THE STANDARD. In remitting in postage stamps, ones and twos are preferred to those of larger denomination. By complying strictly with this request, correspondents will save the publisher much trouble.

Expiration.—The date or number opposite your name on your paper shows the issue to which your subscription is paid. A change in date is an indication that money for renewal of subscription has been duly received.

New Subscriptions.—The receipt by a new subscriber of his paper is an acknowledgment of the receipt of his subscription at this office.

Always give the name of the post office to which your paper is sent. Your name cannot be found on our books unless this is done.

Communications.—All communications for publication should be addressed to Editor of THE STANDARD. Business letters should be invariably addressed to THE STANDARD, 42 University Place, New York, N. Y.

CIRCULATION OF "THE STANDARD."

Regular subscriptions received this week	22
Extension " " "	39
Total subscriptions for week ending April 11	61
Unexpired subscriptions	5,500
Sales, etc	581
On hand for future sales	150
Total circulation, issue of April 13	6,292

For the purpose of enabling regular subscribers to see whether or not their respective States are sufficiently represented in the Extension List, we give the list by States. We make no comment; each subscriber may make his own. The list is as follows:

Alabama	6	Mississippi	4
Arkansas	11	Montana	14
California	56	Nebraska	28
Canada	131	New Hampshire	11
Colorado	39	New Jersey	140
Connecticut	69	New Mexico	15
Delaware	12	New York	427
District of Columbia	40	North Carolina	4
England	6	North Dakota	2
Florida	10	Ohio	108
Georgia	9	Oklahoma Territory	1
Illinois	103	Oregon	69
Indiana	23	Pennsylvania	156
Indian Territory	1	Rhode Island	45
Iowa	125	South Dakota	15
Idaho	1	Texas	40
Kansas	34	Tennessee	27
Kentucky	13	Utah	8
Louisiana	9	Vermont	6
Maryland	6	Virginia	15
Massachusetts	154	West Virginia	9
Missouri	75	Wisconsin	18
Maine	42	Washington	46
Minnesota	149	Wyoming	1
Michigan	134		
Mexico	2	Total	2,470

Persons, not now subscribers, who receive this issue of THE STANDARD and wish to subscribe *for the year* 1892, for one dollar, may do so by forwarding the money to THE STANDARD, 42 University place, New York City.

All such subecribers will receive in addition to the paper, his choice from all of Henry George's works in the best paper bound edition.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

IN THE DINING-ROOM.

ALICE CHITTENDEN.

The pretty dining-room of the simple village house which I am about to describe, like the country parlor of which I wrote in my last, was little more than the natural result of a study of the fitness of things. A felt paper in warm terra cotta covered the side walls to within eighteen inches of the ceiling, the eighteen-inch frieze above in three shades of terra cotta showing a design of some wide-leafed tropical plant was separated by an old oak molding. The unpainted pine woodwork had acquired a coarse-grained, dark oak effect from frequent applications of raw oil well rubbed in.

One quart of dark oak stain sufficed for a border around the room; a single coat of varnish applied when the stain was dry gave it a handsome polish. The centre of the floor was covered with a Byzantine rug in shades of tan, golden, wood, and seal-brown. These rugs are all wool, heavy in weight, and of most desirable designs, while the cost is much less than that of an ordinary ingrain carpet.

The table evidenced the ingenuity of its mistress. It was an ordinary kitchen table of large size, which, as you know, is made of common pine. Two coats of dark oak stain and one of varnish made it closely resemble the color which time gives to solid oak. When not in use it was covered with a cloth of brown denim, the light side used for the center and a deep hem of the dark side turned up all around. On this hem, using an oak leaf for a pattern, a running design of leaves had been traced, outlined with dark brown linen floss, veined with golden brown so light as to be almost yellow.

The portières were of brown denim with a wide band of dark brown cotton plush at the bottom. Figures were cut from the plush, basted on at regular distances apart over the curtains and fastened down by laying a strand of heavy golden brown rope linen around the outer edges and couching this on with a thread of fine yellow silk. Cotton plush, which is simply double-faced canton flannel, comes in the greatest variety of shades, and costs 18 cents a yard.

A square bay window had a wide, low shelf running around it of the rudest and simplest manufacture, but hidden by a frill of golden brown cotten plush reaching to the floor; cushions of the same covered the seat or shelf; two or three pillows of denim embroidered like the curtains, and piled at one end, made an inviting corner for a siesta.

The square windows had spring roller shades of natural Holland. Over these long curtains of golden brown Madras, with much gold in the weave, hung the sills. Very pretty Madras costs 18 cents a yard, so you see there was not much money expended on this tasteful nook.

The sideboard was an old bureau belonging to a disused set of cottage furniture. The paint had been sandpapered off to a smooth surface, when the bureau was stained and varnished like the rest of the room. The knobs were removed and brass handles fastened on in their place. Any furniture store now furnishes these, or will procure them for you, and many a ramshackle piece of cheap modern furniture has been changed into an "antique" by a judicious use of stain and brass or oxydized fittings A set of four pine shelves, half the width of the top of this chest of drawers, were screwed on top and also stained and varnished. On these all the pretty china which the hostess could boast was displayed. A Japanese salad bowl in delicious blue and white, was flanked on either side by a plate in white and gold; here stood a bit of red Bohemian glass in the shape of a berry bowl or cream pitcher; there a cup and saucer of Chinese ware in red and white; a teapot in Saxony, another in deep blue, whose wicker handle told its Chinese origin. The china alone would have furnished any dining room, and the cost of every article there, if added together, would have been far less than that of an ordinary, cheap tea set. Some day we will have a chat about china, and I will tell the readers of THE STANDARD how to acquire one of these "harlequin" sets.

Perhaps one charm of this room was that there was nothing in it simply for so-called "ornament." One of the greatest mistakes of the day is the tendency to over-ornamentation. It is a safe rule to avoid everything whose only use is to serve as a dust collector.

Send orders to THE STANDARD for Henry George's reply to the Pope. Cloth, 75c.; paper, 30c.

UNEARNED INCREMENT.

THE MENDICANT.

George Francis Savage-Armstrong.

I.

Sakya-Muni, Gautama Buddha, what dost thou proffer of hope or of mirth?
"What shall I do to be saved" from the sorrow, passion, and terror, and madness of earth?
What is thy gospel, O prophet of India? What hast thou left to me, child of the sun?
What is the balm for my pain thou has promised me? What is the crown when the race hath been run?

II.

"What shall I do to be saved?"—Thou hast answered it. "Labor not ever, but beg for thy bread;
Live as a mendicant; marry not; mortify flesh; let a life of Nirvana be led.
So shalt thou find in the death of thy passions, growth of thy spirit, composure and rest,
Passing through indolent days of humanity on to intangible joys of the blest."

III.

Sakya-Muni, Gautama Buddha, bending I heed thee, but find in thy law
Something that baffles me, doubtful consistency—lo, in the weft of thy wisdom a flaw—
Look to it, Gautama!—Sakya Muni, sweet is the bulbul, but hollow her egg.
How shall thy gospel suffice for the many? If all men are beggars, from whom shall men beg?

PARAGRAPHS.

"Here's a letter adressed to 'Amsterblank,' to go 'via Rotterblank,'" said the mail clerk. "Post marked Boston?" "Yes." "Send it to Amsterdam via S. S. Rotterdam."—Life.

There are sermons in stones and buttons in the contribution box.—Puck.

Little May was showing the pictures in the album to the visitor, and on coming to the picture of her father's first wife, she said: "That's my elder mother."—Tit-Bits.

All lands or tenements in England, in the hands of subjects, are holden mediately or immediately of the King. For, in the law of England, we have not any subjects' land that is not holden.—Sir Edward Coke.

Hojack: "The new cruiser now being built at Palladelphia is called a 'commerce destroyer.'" Tomdik: "Then I suppose it will be named 'McKinley.'"—Life.

Doctor: "My dear madame, there is nothing the matter with you—you only need rest." "But, Doctor, you look at my *tongue!*" "Needs rest, too, madame."—Fliegende Blätter.

Bards often write: "Oh, onward flow
Thou silver stream the meadows through."
Suppose they told it not to go—
What do you think the stream would do?
—Life.

Mother: "Olive, what has happened that you are in so much better humor than when you went to school?" Olive: "Oh, because Miss Brown told me I was such a good little *studio*."

Railroad President: "That was a bad accident, but it might have been a thousand times worse. Suppose those cars had taken fire! Phew! Why didn't they?" Superintendent: "A lazy brakeman had let the fires go out." President, "Raise his salary."—New York Weekly.

The first thing the student has to do is to get rid of the idea of absolute ownership [of land]. Such an idea is quite unknown to the English law. No man is in law the absolute owner of lands.—Williams's Real Property.

Dressmaking establishments want measures, but not men.—New Orleans Picayune.

The female spiritualistic medium never exposes herself. That is to say, she never goes out without her raps.—Yonkers Statesman.

Doctor: "My friend, do you know that you're about half dead?" Editor: "Impossible! I am told that you never do things by halves."—Atlanta Constitution.

"You know, Dorothy, these biscuits of yours," he began, as he reached across the breakfast table, and helped himself to the seventh. "Yes," said his wife, with a weary, feeble smile. "Ah—they're nothing like mother's." "No!" and the smile was gone. "No. Not a bit. You see, mother's were heavy and gave me dyspepsia, while yours are as light as a feather, and I can eat about—why, what's the matter, Dorothy?" She had fainted.—Kate Field's Washington.

Jail Official: "Oh, dear, no! You can't see the man in that cell! He must not be disturbed." Visitor: "Why not?" Jail Official (in an awe struck whisper): "He's charged with embezzling a million dollars."—Chicago Tribune.

Bullfinch: "Say, Wooden, how about that great scheme you had? Did you ever put it through?" Wooden: "No, I didn't need to." Bullfinch: "How is that?" Wooden: "It fell through.—Boston Courier.

THE DIAMOND AND CORAL SCARF-PIN.

P. V. Black, in Cincinnati Commercial.

That scarf-pin? No; I don't think you have ever seen that before. It's not often that I show anybody the things in this box. They're trinkets that I picked up in different parts of the world; and every one of them has a story of some sort connected with it—a tragic story, in most cases, more's the pity. So that there's a sort of sanctity about them, a kind of feeling that they shouldn't be handled and gloated over by every casual stranger who comes into my diggins. Now, this string of sham pearls, for instance; that used to belong to poor little Flo Martin—Bob Martin's child. You never saw her; but you remember the father, don't you? Well, he was murdered, as you know, shot by Indians, traveling out West: and the child—she was about eight, and the sweetest little angel you ever saw—was killed at the same time. I happened to be with the party, and helped to bury the two of them: and the poor wife gave me that little necklace of the child's when I was leaving them. Then, that ring. That was Denny's once—Denny of the Tenth, the poor chap who went, I won't say to the bad, because none of us ever knew what did become of him. But he came to me one day, said he was absolutely broke for the moment, and asked me to lend him a fiver on that ring. It's worth £5 at least, and of course I let him have the money. I've never seen him since; but there the ring is, waiting for him to come back and ask for it. As to that scarf pin, there's a longer story about that—a bad, bad business it was, too; and even after all these years I don't much like talking about it. But I'll tell you, as you seem interested in it. Fill up your tumbler, and stir that fire; and just hand me my baccy-jar, will you, before I begin? Thanks—and the matches. They're just at your elbow.

I bought that pin in a little second-hand jeweler's shop in Adelaide street, Melbourne, Australia. I was on the point of starting for home, and I was lounging around, trying to fill in the time before I went on board. It was in 1871, just after the Pataroff murder business. You remember hearing of that, of course? A Russian count who came out about some mining speculations, found in his bed one morning, stabbed through the heart, and everybody put it down to the Nihilists. I was attracted to this little shop window by a placard offering a reward for the capture of Pataroff's murderer, and just under the placard there was a tray of scarfpins, rubbishy things, most of them, and hardly worth noticing. But this one caught my eye directly. You'll see it's rather quaint, if you look at it. A Maltese cross of small diamonds, with the bar at the end of each arm made of coral. You don't much like the effect? No; nor did I when I saw it. But it struck me at once as a curious freak on the part of any jeweler to mix diamonds and coral in that way, so I went in and asked the price of it. The shopman mentioned a sum much smaller than I had expected, and I bought the pin there and then. I asked him, just out of curiosity, when it had come into his possession.

"Well, sir," he said, "I don't rightly know myself, because I didn't buy it off the man that brought it in. The boss did that himself. But I know the man must have been badly broke. He said he must get rid of it, no matter how cheap."

"Did he look as though he was very hard up?" I asked.

"No, sir; not altogether. He was dressed quite respectable; no more seedy-looking nor hard-up than yourself, sir, asking your pardon."

"There was nothing at all out of the common about him, then?"

"Now, that's just what it is, sir. There was. He was a fine, well-to-do looking young fellow, tall, and with a brownish beard and mustache. But there was a sorter frightened look in his face, as it might be some one was after him. I believe he'd given the boss that pin, free gratis for nothing, so he could 'a just got rid of it. And he went out of that door kinder gasping and panting, as though he had a weight took off his mind with the pin that he was leaving behind him."

"And you couldn't say where the pin was made, I suppose?"

"No, sir. We couldn't, nohow. Only I can tell you this. No jeweler made that pin just to put it in his window and sell it. That pin was made to order, wherever it was made and whoever ordered it.

"Well, I said, "it seems a queer business altogether; but I'll take the pin anyhow. It's rather a curiosity; and if it has been stolen and the owner ever comes across me, he shall have it and welcome. Good morning, and thanks for telling me about it."

"Good morning, sir, and thank you, sir."

And an hour later I was on board the tender, steaming out to the Messageries Liner, Circassienne, with the pin stored away among my other small treasures in my dressing bag.

* * * * * *

There always seems to me to be a certain very satisfactory feeling in being able to start off on a long voyage quite alone. You get on board and see your modest amount of luggage stowed away. Then you go below and find your berth, make friends with your steward and choose a seat at table. And afterward you return on deck to watch your fellow-passengers struggling, pushing, hurrying hither and thither, hampered by luggage, wives, children, nurses and all the multitudinous accessories of a family exodus. On this occasion I carried out my little programme quite satisfactorily. I found my stateroom excellently situated, my berth in the most comfortable position, and my steward—well, Gustav was a queer customer, certainly, as you will see later on! But he was the very best steward I ever traveled with, and I have known many. With this help I secured a capital place at the long dinner table, and also a promise that he would get the two seats on either side of mine kept vacant as long as possible, so that I could give them to any friends that I might pick up.

Having seen everything thus settled for a propitious voyage I went on deck. We had dropped our moorings and were just moving ahead, so that the ship had been cleared of all the shore-going people. But the saloon deck, on which I found myself, was still crowded, especially about the port gangway, where the usual line of white handkerchiefs stretched itself along the rail, waving "good-by" to the departing tender. I crossed to the other side of the deck, and began to inspect the rather less dense crowd of passengers I found there. They were not an intersting lot; and I was almost in despair of finding any one upon whom to bestow my two spare seats at table, when my eye fell upon a young couple—evidently husband and wife—standing a little apart from the rest. The man was tall and broadly built; clean shaven, save for a little brown mustache, and with that uniform paleness of complexion that tells of a life spent in office work or some sedentary occupation. His wife was—I should have said—a good deal younger than her husband; small, rather delicate in appearance, and distinctly pretty. There, I thought, are my friends for the voyage.

Even as I watched them, the man came across and asked me some trivial questions as to the possibility of getting at some of their heavier baggage in the hold, and, in half an hour, we found ourselves on the best of terms, and my two seats were accepted with alacrity.

"Mrs. Charteris and I were wondering—let me introduce my wife, Mr.—Mr.—Stone—were wondering what sort of neighbors we should have, but we shall be delighted to give up our old places and take the two you so kindly offer us."

"You are a good sailor, I hope, Mrs. Charteris?" I asked, as the Circassienne just began to feel open water.

"Well, I hardly like to say yet," she answered. "It's my first trip. In fact"—with the least little blush—"we have only been married a few weeks, and are going to settle in London, where

Herbert was working as a journalist before he came out here."

"Your husband is evidently ambitious," I said, "and wants to compete with the very highest in his profession."

"No; curiously enough, it's just the other way with him. He has no ambition at all. He wants to get back to London and to lose himself among the crowd of other small men. You needn't frown, Herbert; you are a small man as yet, whereas in Australia, where the competition is not so keen, he might have made a name for himself in no time."

"You don't quite understand my hopes or my intentions yet, child," said Charteris. He always called her "child;" "you will some day."

At dinner that first evening, and in the saloon afterward, I found the Charterises most delightful company.

And later on we two men adjourned to the smoking room, and had an hour's chat over our cigars and whiskies.

Next day I did not see them. There was a fresh breeze, with a bit of a sea, and besides, it is not etiquette to "show" on board ship on the first day out.

The day following, however, was just perfect; calm as a mill pond, and just enough wind right in our teeth to keep us cool under the awning.

I bethought me of my scarf pin while dressing, and I put it on, with a plain black scarf, which, I thought, showed up the diamonds well.

Taking a stroll on deck before breakfast I came upon Charteris. He stood with his back to me, looking out over the water, and I tapped him on the shoulder, as I said "good morning." He turned and faced me for a moment, then gave a sudden start and grew deadly pale. I thought he was going to faint.

"Good God! man!" he gasped; "that cross! Where, how did you get that cross? You're not, no you can't be one of those"—— He stopped, checking himself as though he had said too much, and stood, his eyes fixed on mine, his face full of terrified entreaty.

"My dear Charteris," I replied, "I haven't the least idea what you are alluding to. I bought that pin in Adelaide two days ago of a second-hand jeweler;" then, as a sudden thought struck me, "it isn't yours, is it?"

"N—no, not mine. I—I never set eyes on it before; b—but don't you know it's—it's desperately unlucky to wear coral and diamonds together? Don't—for God's sake, don't wear it, Stone. Take it off—now—now—this instant, before it brings you any harm."

"Really, Charteris, if you are superstitious, I'm not. I despise all these old fancies, and, after all, it's I who am wearing the pin, not you."

A look of hopeless disappointment came over his face as he replied: "Well, please yourself, of course. Only, if evil comes of this—and mark me, it will, it must—you'll remember what I said and be sorry."

I couldn't help watching Charteris that day at breakfast. And he, I noticed, kept glancing round at me, every now and then, with a queer, furtive expression that puzzled and annoyed me. And, throughout the whole of the voyage, it was just the same with him. All his spirit seemed to have gone. He had become nervous and dispirited; quite silent, unless one spoke to him, and even then his answers were rambling and disjointed. In a word, he was never the same man after that morning when he first saw the scarf-pin. And I could see that the poor little wife understood it all as little as I did.

But I had not yet heard the last of my pin, even for that morning. Gustav, my paragon of a steward, had just taken away a plate from before me, and was putting down another, when, as he bent close to my ear, I thought I heard him whisper, not in his usual obsequious tones, but as one having authority: "Take off that cross now. We've all seen you."

I turned hastily, but he was gone. Then I looked at Charteris, who, however, had evidently heard nothing. So, the plot thickens, I thought; this begins to be interesting. And, as soon as I could escape from the table, I went to my cabin, and changed the pin for another.

To say that I was puzzled would be far too mild an expression. I was utterly nonplussed. Here were two men, both complete strangers to each other and to me, who had not only recognized my scarf-pin but to whom in addition, it bore some special meaning, and for one, at least, a meaning of fear and ill-omen. Then, if I had heard Gustav rightly, there were others on board who had seen and recognized me by means of the pin, and who now ordered me to remove it, further identification being needless. Who could they be? And when, if at all, would they make themselves known to me?

For the answer to this question I had to wait, and you can imagine how miserable the waiting must have been—for a whole week. And then there came only half a revelation. I was leaning over the rail of the saloon deck, forward, gazing down upon the thickly-crowded and confining space of the deck below, which was appropriated to the steerage passengers. Suddenly I heard a low "Hist!" beneath me, and a scrap of paper, rolled into a ball, fell at my feet. Picking it up and opening it, I read:

"Not down here. He must be in the cabin. Keep your eyes open."—[Continued in next issue.]

UNTOLD LOVE.

Louise Chandler Moulton.

Will she wear my kiss in the grave's long night?
  And awake sometimes with a thrill,
From dreams of the old world's missed delight,
  To find that the grave is chill?
"It was warm," will she say? "that world above;
  It was warm, but I did not know
How he loved me there, with his whole life's love;
  It is cold down here below."

HENRY GEORGE AS A JUROR.

Sacramento Bee.

It is a goodly sign when jurors put their foot down and demand that they shall have some liberty of individual expression, and that they shall not be mind-manacled by a judge when they believe they are in the right.

The time will come when men like Henry George will be sought as jurors and not rejected, when intelligence will be an essential requisite of every juror, and when men who have not formed an opinion, and would not know it if they had, will not be permitted on juries to disgrace our courts by their pig-headed stupidity.

ONE OF HILL'S GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Memphis Appeal-Avalanche.

The following literary gem from one of Senator Hill's Southern speeches will be appreciated by those who enjoy recondite and occult oratory: "So let us thank the God of all mercy and grace that there is a welling up from the deep, exhaustless fountains of human fellowship, that here and throughout our land there is ever a welling up and overflowing from the profound, mysterious sources of our common ancestry or kindred birth and blood, our common or kindred inheritance for unaccounted ages of the slow upbuilding powers that blend the heart, mould the minds, knit domestic bonds, and consolidate and ameliorate the social structures of the advancing foremost races of mankind, and of that fraternal affection and fraternal peace of which our Federal Union is a political type, its justice their sanction, its liberty their law." The person who guesses farthest from the meaning of this gem will probably be liberally rewarded by Senator Hill.

IN POLITE SOCIETY.

Labouchere in Truth.

In the days—long past—of the old German federation, I was an attaché to our Legation at Frankfort. This legation was also accredited to the Grand Duke of Hesse, and we had to attend the court functions at Darmstadt. At a ball the guests used to arrive in batches, for, as no one kept a carriage, the grand duke sent an omnibus round the town to collect them. Once at supper, I refused champagne when it was handed round. "Take it," said a gorgeous chamberlain seated next me. I still declined, explaining that I did not like champagne, but, as he continued to urge me, I let the servant fill my glass. Then the chamberlain explained to me his persistence. "We are only allowed one glass. If you do not like the wine, I do," and he absorbed the contents of my glass after drinking what was in his. We were asked occasionally to shooting parties. At one of these the English Minister, being warm, unbuttoned his coat. After this breach of etiquette (for German princes—serene and otherwise—pass half their existence discussing the buttons on their coats) we were never again invited, for which we were profoundly grateful.

THE MYSTERIOUS SKETCH.

Erkmann-Chatrain.

[Continued from last issue.]—Van Spreckdal rose as if insulted; then reseating himself, he appeared to consult in a low voice with his colleague.

These two black profiles, clear-cut against the luminous background of the window; the three men erect behind me: the silence of the hall—all made me shudder.

"What do they want with me? what have I done then?" I murmured.

All at once Van Spreckdal said to my guards:

"Take the prisoner back to the carriage. We shall go to the Metzerstrasse."

Then, addressing himself to me:

"Christian Venius," he cried, "you are following a deplorable course. Recollect yourself and think that if the justice of man is inflexible, there remains for you the mercy of God. You may merit it by avowing your crime."

These words stunned me like the blow of a hammer; I threw myself backward, with arms stretched, crying:

"Ah, what a fearful dream!" and I fainted.

When I came to myself, the carriage was rolling slowly along the street; another one went before us. The two policemen were still there. One of them, during the journey, offered a pinch of snuff to his comrade; mechanically I stretched out my fingers to the snuff-box; he drew it back quickly.

The blush of shame rose to my face, and I turned my head to hide my emotion.

"If you put your head out of the window," said the man with the snuff-box, "we shall be forced to clap on the handcuffs."

"May the devil choke the infernal scoundrel!" I thought; but as the carriage stopped, one of them got out, while the other held me by the collar; then, seeing his comrade ready to receive me, he pushed me rudely out.

These infinite precautions to make sure of me did not presage anything in my favor; but I was far from foreseeing all the gravity of the accusation which hung over my head, when a frightful circumstance at last opened my eyes and threw me into despair.

I was pushed into a low alley, with broken, uneven flags; along the wall there ran a yellow, greasy ooze, exhaling a fetid odor. I walked in the midst of darkness, two men behind me. Farther off appeared the dim light of an interior court.

As I advanced, terror prostrated me more and more. It was not a natural feeling; it was a poignant anxiety, as unnatural as a nightmare. I recoiled instinctively at each step.

"Come on there," cried one of the police, placing his hand on my shoulder, "Come along."

But what was my alarm when, at the end of the corridor, I saw the courtyard I had sketched the night before, with its walls and hooks, its piles of old iron, its hen-coop and its rabbit-hutch. Not a window, large or small, high or low, not a dirty pane, not a single detail had been omitted.

I stopped thunderstruck by this strange revelation.

Near the well stood the two judges, Van Spreckdal and Richter. At their feet lay the old woman, turned on her back—her long gray hair scattered—her face livid—her eyes unnaturally open—and her tongue caught between her teeth.

It was a horrible spectacle!

"Well," said Van Spreckdal in a solemn accent, "what have you to say?"

I made no answer.

"Do you confess having thrown this woman, Theresa Becker, into this well, after having strangled her to rob her of her money?"

"No," I cried. "No! I do not know the woman; I have never seen her. God help me!"

"That is enough," he replied in a dry voice.

And without adding a word he went out quickly with his colleague.

The police then thought it their duty to handcuff me. I was taken back to the Raspelhaus in a state of profound stupor. I had not sense enough to think; my very conscience was troubled. I asked myself if I had not murdered the old woman!

In the eyes of my guards I was condemned.

I will not narrate my emotions during the night in the Raspelhaus, when, sitting on my bundle of straw, the dormer-window opposite me and the gibbet in perspective, I heard the watchman cry

a the silence: "Sleep, people of Nuremberg, God watches over you. One o'clock—two o'clock—three o'clock!"

Any one may form for himself the idea of such a night. It is all very well to say it is better to be hung innocent than guilty. For the soul, yes; but for the body, it makes no difference; on the contrary, it kicks against it; it curses fate; it seeks to escape, well knowing that its part on the stage of life ends with the rope. Add, too, that it regrets not having enjoyed life enough, of having listened to the soul that preached to it abstinence.

"Ah, if I had but known!" says it, "you would not have led me in the least with your big words, your fine phrases, and magnificent sentences! You would not have lured me with your fine promises! I would have had some good times which will never come back any more! It is all over. You used to tell me, 'Conquer your passions.' Well, I have conquered them! Much good to me! They are going to hang me, and you, by-and-by, will be called a sublime soul, a stoical soul, a martyr to the mistakes of justice. There will not be even a question as to me!"

Such were the sad reflections of my poor body.

Day broke; at first pale, indecisive, it lit up with vague gleams the bull's-eye window and cross bars; then it shone on the wall at the end. Outside, the street grew animated; it was a market day; it was a Friday. I heard passing the wagons of vegetables and the bonnet countryfolk laden with their baskets. The chickens in their coops clucked as they went by, and the butterwomen were chattering together. The market opposite was opened; they were preparing the stalls.

At last it was broad day, and the vast number of the increasing crowd of purchasers who assembled, basket on arm, coming, going, disputing, and bargaining, told me that it was eight o'clock in the morning.

With the light, confidence increased a little in my heart, some of my dark ideas disappeared. I felt a desire to see what was going on outside.

Other prisoners, before me, had raised themselves up to the bull's-eye; they had dug out holes in the wall to climb up more easily. I clambered up in my turn; and, when seated in the curved sill, my back bent, my head stooped, I could see the crowd, with its life and movement, tears in streams coursed down my cheeks. I thought no more of suicide. I felt a most extraordinary longing to live and breathe.

"Ah," I said to myself, "to live is to be happy! Let them set me to drag a barrow, let them fasten a ball to my leg! What matter, provided I live!"

The old market house with its roof like an extinguisher poised on heavy pillars, presented then a superb view. The old women, sitting opposite their hampers of vegetables, their coops of fowls, their baskets of eggs; behind them the Jew old-clothes-men, with faces the color of old box-wood, the bare-armed butchers chopping the meat on their stalls; the countrymen in large slouch hats on the back of their heads, calm and grave, their hands supported behind their backs on their sticks of holly, and quietly smoking their pipes. Then the noisy bustle of the crowd—the voices yelping, screaming, grave, high, abrupt—the expressive gestures—the unexpected attitudes which betray at a distance the course of the discussion and paint so well the character of the individual; in brief, all this took me captive, and in spite of my sad plight I felt myself happy at being again in the world.

Now, while I was thus looking out, a man, a butcher, passed, his back bent, carrying an enormous quarter of beef on his shoulders. His arms were bare, his elbows raised, his head held down; his flowing hair hid his face from me, and yet, at the first glance, I trembled.

"'Tis he!" I said to myself.

All my blood flowed back to my heart. I descended into the cell, shuddering to the very tips of my nails, feeling my jaws quiver, paleness spreading over my face, and stammering with a stifled voice:

"'Tis he! He is there—there—and I am going to die to explate his crime. Oh God! What's to be done! What's to be done!

A sudden idea, an inspiration from heaven, flashed across my mind. I carried my hand to my coat pocket!—my crayon case was there!

Then, rushing to the wall, I began to trace the scene of the murder with inconceivable energy. No more uncertainties! No more groping about! I knew the man. I saw him. He stood before me.

At ten o'clock the jailer entered my cell. His owlish impassibility gave place to admiration.

"Is it possible?" he cried, erect on the threshold.

"Go, find my judges," said I, pursuing my work with an ever-increasing excitement.

Schlüssel replied:

"They are waiting for you in the court room."

"I want to make some revelations," I cried, putting the last touch to the mysterious personage.

He was alive; he was frightful to see. His face, foreshortened on the wall, stood out against the white background with prodigious force.

The jailer went out.

Some minutes afterwards the two judges appeared. They stood stupefied.

With my hand extended, and trembling in every limb, I said to them:

"Behold the murderer!"—[Concluded in next issue.]

THE KORAN AND IRON.

Iron.

Iron, we all know, is occasionally referred to in the Bible; but not so many are perhaps aware that the most common and useful of metals forms the title of a division of the Alkoran of Mohammed. Yet this is the case. The fifty-seventh chapter of the Mohammedan Scriptures is entitled "Iron; Revealed at Mecca or at Medina." For, singularly enough, it appears to be uncertain which of the two Arabian cities was the scene of the revelation of this portion of the Koran. Although the word iron, as we see, constitutes the title, it is found but once in the chapter—namely, in the sentence, "And we sent them [men] down iron, wherein is mighty strength for war and various advantages unto mankind." The legend embodied in the note of the commentator to the first phrase is curious. It runs as follows: "That is, we taught them how to dig iron from mines. Al Zamakhshari adds that Adam is said to have brought down with him from Paradise five things made of iron—namely, an anvil, a pair of tongs, two hammers—a greater and a lesser—and a needle!" It is interesting to note in the above-quoted sentence of the chapter that the fact that iron is a substance "wherein is mighty strength for war" seems to be of first importance. The "various advantages unto mankind" are apparently a secondary consideration.

A HOUSE PAINTER'S PHILOSOPHY.

Auberon Herbert in Fortnightly Review.

There's my mate in the gray coat—him as has been putting that streak of red a precious sight too light over there—I always tells him he don't think enough about his colors—he's, as he calls himself, a social Democratic chap; and he's always wanting a law for this thing and a law for the other thing, an Inspector in here and an Inspector out there. "What the plague do yer want with your laws?" I says to him; "laws won't make you mix your colors right; if you can't mix your colors right you're a pretty sort of chap to go telling other people what they're to do and not to do." And I say the same to you, my lord. None of you big gennelmen have yet learnt to mix your colors right.

NO WATER THERE.

San Francisco Star.

Tramp (with a tract in his hand): "Madame, could you explain to me the meaning of this piece of Scripture: 'Cast thy bread upon the waters.'"

Madame: "It means feeding the hungry, I guess."

Tramp: "Madame, I am hungry; could you fulfill that piece of Scripture for me?"

Madame: "I don't think I could by the smell of your breath. The Scripture says: 'Cast thy bread upon the waters.'"

A MUD SHOWER.

New York Times.

On April 4, 1872, there was a shower of mud along the Union Pacific Railway at Ouaga. The rain commenced early in the day, and soon the south and east sides of all houses were covered with yellow clay. The windows received such a coating as shut out the sun's rays. A Union Pacific train which ran through the storm had its windows covered, and the headlight was so completely plastered that the light was shut in and the train ran in darkness to Roseville, the next station, where the mud had to be scraped off. This storm lasted until after daylight No explanation has been offered accounting for the shower, nor has its starting point yet been discovered.

MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

Boston Herald.

A Baptist minister took charge of a parish near Boston where he knew that one man was decidedly opposed to his pastorate. Soon after his arrival the Rev. Mr X. called upon Mr. A.

"Brother," said he, "I hear that you think I am the wrong man to be the pastor of this church."

"Well, to be frank," replied Mr. A., "I do think that another would have filled the place better."

"Now, that is just what I think," said the pastor. "But as long as we hold this opinion in opposition to the majority of the parishioners, let's try to be unselfish and make the best of it."

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SINGLE TAX LEAGUE OF THE UNITED STATES.

PLATFORM

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

In assessments under the single tax all values created by individual use or improvement would be excluded and the only value taken into consideration would be

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the value attaching to the bare land by reason of neighborhood, etc., to be determined by impartial periodical assessments. Thus the farmer would have no more taxes to pay than the speculator who held a similar piece of land idle, and the man who on a city lot erected a valuable building would be taxed no more than the man who held a similar lot vacant.

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

The single tax, therefore, would—

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

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

IOWA.

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

ILLINOIS.

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

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

MASSACHUSETTS.

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

MINNESOTA.

MINNEAPOLIS.—Minneapolis single tax league. Every Tuesday evening, at the West Hotel. Pres., H. B. Martin, Woods' block; sec., Oliver T. Erickson, 2903 Lyndale av., N.

MISSOURI.

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

ST. LOUIS.—Single tax league.—Meets every Friday evening 8 o'clock in Bowman Block, n. e. cor. 11th and Locust sts. Pres. J. W. Steele Sec'y, L. P. Custer, 2717a Sheridan av.

NEW YORK.

BROOKLYN.—Eastern District single tax club. Monthly meetings on the first Monday of each month, at 94 South Third street, Brooklyn. Pres., Joseph McGuinness, 128 S. 9th st., Brooklyn, E. D; sec., Emily A. Deverall.

Brooklyn Woman's Single Tax Club meetings, third Tuesday of each month at 3 P. M., at 198 Livingston street. Pres., Eva J. Turner, 566 Carlton avenue; Cor. Sec., Venie B. Havens, 219 DeKalb avenue.

OHIO.

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

PENNSYLVANIA.

GERMANTOWN.—Single tax club. Cor. Sec., E. D. Burleigh, 13 Willow av. Meets first and third Tuesdays of each month at 4653 Main st., at 8 P. M.

PHILADELPHIA.—Single tax society. Meets every Thursday and Sunday at 8 p. m. Social meetings second Tuesday, No. 30 South Broad st. Cor. sec., A. H. Stephenson, 240 Chestnut st.

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

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

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