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THE STANDARD

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CONTENTS.

VALEDICTORY—Louis F. Post 1
FROM HENRY GEORGE 1
EDITORIAL 2
SIGNIFICANCE OF DEMOCRATIC VICTORY—Margaret S. Littell . . 3
TITLES TO LAND—Sol. F. Clark 3
A FARMER ON FARMERS—Chas. E. Benton 4
MATTHEW MARSHALL'S METHOD—J. R. Abarbanell . . . 4
MEXICAN INDEPENDENCE DAY—Henry Ware Allen . . 5
WHO PAYS THE TARIFF?—A. E. Brown 6
SINGLE TAX NEWS 6
OBJECT LESSONS 8
PERSONAL 8
NEWS OF THE WEEK 9
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR 9

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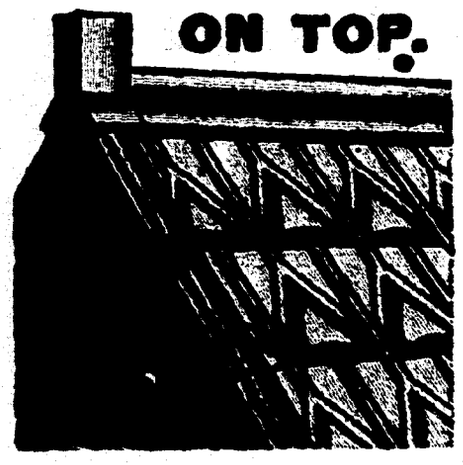

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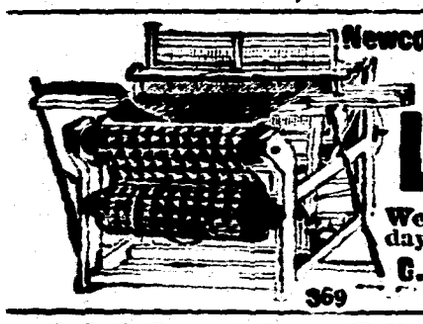

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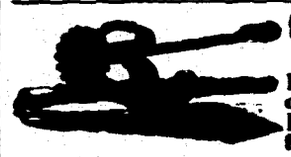

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THE STANDARD

VOL. XII. NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 31, 1892. No. 9.

VALEDICTORY.—One year ago, William T. Croasdale, then the editor of THE STANDARD, suddenly died, having almost with his last breath asked me to take charge of the paper. I promised, and for two weeks conducted it as temporary editor. Subsequently, at the urgent request of subscribers in all parts of the country, accompanied with promises of active co-operation, and in accordance with the wishes of its friends here, I assumed permanent editorial control. The circumstances seemed to make this imperative; but it was with strong misgivings and reluctantly that I accepted the responsibility, and in doing so I warned the friends of the paper that unless they increased its circulation it must be abandoned. After a full year's trial they have not succeeded, and I am forced to the conclusion that THE STANDARD can live only by means of an interminable succession of special contributions. That was Henry George's conclusion two years ago, when he favored its suspension but deferred to the opinions of others, and my experience has verified his judgment. THE STANDARD will not be published again.

It is usual, in closing the business of a subscription paper, to arrange with some other paper to serve as its successor in filling unexpired subscriptions, and Percy Pepoon has kindly offered for this purpose the St. Louis Courier, the local single tax paper of that city. In the opinion, however, of such of those as I have been able to consult, whose special support in the past entitles their advice to special consideration now, THE STANDARD should have no successor, directly or indirectly, but with its last issue should absolutely cease to exist. After consultation, I coincide in that view; and I believe that it will be most acceptable to the great majority of STANDARD readers.

But there is an embarrassment in connection with it. The assets of the business are not more than enough to pay regular liabilities and return subscriptions received since the decision to suspend, and funds for the repayment of unexpired subscriptions must be contributed by those who have already contributed more than their share. Some subscribers, those who have been interested in having the paper established, regard themselves as associates with the larger contributors whose liberality has made its publication possible and from whose further contributions the refunding of unexpired subscriptions must be made, and would be averse to receiving back any part of their subscription money. But these subscribers cannot be distinguished, without an extensive personal correspondence, from those who, having had no special interest in the paper, will expect a proportionate return. To meet this difficulty with the least expense, and so as to leave the least possible cause for just complaint, subscribers who wish a return of their unexpired subscriptions are requested to notify the publisher to that effect prior to September 21, 1892. On that date all accounts will be closed, and it will be assumed that unclaimed subscriptions are voluntarily contributed toward the expenses of final settlement. Unexpired subscriptions claimed on or before that date will be refunded as fully as possible. Meantime, all subscribers who order tracts or back numbers of THE STANDARD will be credited upon their orders to the amount of the subscriptions due them, according to the terms of the publisher's announcement which appears on the first page of the cover.

To many, the news of THE STANDARD'S suspension will be painful. For myself, while I regret the necessity, I am personally relieved by it; and for other than personal reasons I welcome the situation. Single tax men who have money to spend in aid of the cause can spend it to greater advantage than by making special contributions for the support of a central organ. The doctrine is now generally understood; a very large number of publications frequently and fairly bring it to the attention of their readers; and many of these intelligently and persistently advocate it; while the Pepoon syndicate, of St. Louis, supplies a growing constituency with local missionary journals, and the New Earth of New York especially addresses those who are chiefly interested in the moral and religious aspects of the question. A central organ is, therefore, no longer needed. A regular news letter containing items of special interest to single tax men would be useful, but that can and will be provided by Justice, of Philadelphia, the oldest single tax paper except THE STANDARD, and which I take pleasure in commending, as also by the St. Louis Courier by which it will doubtless be equally well done.

In the past THE STANDARD played an important, almost a vital part. There were times when its usefulness was beyond computation. One of these was when many were inclined to regard socialism as a kindred reform; and there was another, when a corrupt attempt was made to bring the single tax movement to the support of protectionism. But those times are now happily past. There is no longer any excuse for misunderstanding the single tax idea; the movement has spread far beyond THE STANDARD'S constituency, far beyond the clubs, and beyond all organized or concentrated effort; the general press is doing our work among newspaper readers; public men are doing it in political circles; neighbors are doing it among neighbors; the single tax is in the air. A process of diffusion is going on all the time. It transcends the limits of any organ; it touches and converts those who never heard of single tax organs or organizations, and would not care for them if they did. It is changing the channel of men's thoughts. It is making a visible mark upon public opinion The movement is stronger than ever—stronger than ten years ago the most sanguine among us hoped for. Not the organized movement, which has never been strong; but the movement of the idea, which has now secured a hold that makes its advance to final victory only a question of time.

The time will come, it is probably not far off when a powerful organized single tax movement will spring up as if in the night, and outspoken single tax men will be found on every hand. Nothing is needed for this but the occasion, and the occasion in these days of unsettled politics may appear at any moment. Meanwhile, it may be that THE STANDARD, instead of serving, might be a burden. At all events, I have in the progress of this cause mourned over so many seeming disasters, which soon proved to be blessings in disguise, that I am disposed to look upon the death of THE STANDARD as another event of that character.

It certainly need excite no alarm in the breast of anyone as to the cause so dear to us all. It indicates no decline, no falling off. That the paper has not been self-supporting during the past year argues nothing. Like the whole class of periodicals usually described as "propaganda papers," both in the past and the present, it has never been self-supporting. As it was with William Lloyd Garrison's Liberator, and the Anti-Slavery Standard, so has it been with THE STANDARD. Papers of this class cannot be self-supporting. As Mr. George has often said, while the reform they advocate is unpopular the demand for the kind of reading matter they supply is small: and as the reform grows in popularity and the demand for such reading matter increases, the general press with its superior facilities furnishes an ample supply. As their cause succeeds they die.

To enumerate all for whose assistance in the past year I am deeply indebted would be impossible, and to name a few would be invidious. It is therefore best that I name none. Yet I cannot justly omit a reference to Edward N. Vallandigham, who has rendered frequent and timely aid, to George St. John Leavens, who in the business management has been a most efficient coadjutor, nor to Henry George, Jr., whose letters from Washington, all freely contributed, have for months been the most attractive and interesting feature of THE STANDARD.

I have said that, while glad my task is ended, I regret the necessity. This is but natural. In common with all the old readers of THE STANDARD, it is with a pang I realize that it is dead. But my regret goes deeper. I have been associated with it from the start, its friends have been my friends, its work my work, and I part with it as for the last time with an old and cherished companion.

LOUIS F. POST.

FROM HENRY GEORGE.—Mr. Post writes me that this will be the final issue of THE STANDARD, and gives me opportunity to say a last word through its columns to those who have been so long to me more than personal friends. I do so with deep appreciation of the useful field THE STANDARD has filled, and of the friendships it has been the means of enkindling; but without regret. The work that THE STANDARD was intended to do has been done, and in the larger field into which our movement has passed, there is no longer need for it. For the usefulness of a journal devoted to the propagation of an idea must diminish as its end is attained. Needed while it is the only means of presenting that idea to the public and keeping its friends in touch, that need ceases as the idea finds wider expression and journals of general circulation are opened to it.

I did not start THE STANDARD for the purpose of establishing a paper, but for the purpose of advancing a cause. And when that cause had passed through the difficulties and dangers of its first entrance into the political arena, and a great political party had entered fairly, though reluctantly, upon the course that I had from the first looked upon as the means of bringing our ideas into general discussion, I felt that THE STANDARD no longer demanded

the effort I had at the first devoted to it, as for the time the largest work I could do. But, in deference to the judgment of friends, who thought THE STANDARD should still be continued, I retained my connection with it. though that could not be much more than nominal, while I went first to Great Britain and then to Australia in the effort to help on the work there. And when at the close of 1899 I finally withdrew from its publication, it was with the conviction that the idea of the single tax was now so firmly rooted that any need for the further publication of THE STANDARD had passed.

It was my intention then to stop the publication of THE STANDARD. But as Mr. Croasdale wished to continue it, and believed in the possibility of making it self-supporting, and I knew that he would continue it on the same lines, I did not wish to stand in the way of his experiment, and, withdrawing myself, turned it over to him. The sudden death of Mr. Croasdale left his experiment not fairly tried, and Mr. Post consented to step into the breach and continue it for a reasonable time. After a year's hard work under great difficulties, in which he has followed the policy that I began, and held THE STANDARD to its best traditions, he has come to my earlier conclusion, and has determined to stop its further publication. In my opinion he is acting wisely. For I feel that he can devote his energies to more useful work, and the affection I have for THE STANDARD, the love and devotion and noble purpose with which it is associated in the memories of so many of us, make me much prefer that it should be discontinued than that it should pass out of the control of those who were concerned in its inception, or that its character as a paper of one idea should be changed.

THE STANDARD closes its existence with a clear and honorable record. Its files may show the mistakes that are inseparable from all human effort, but from first to last they will show nothing dishonoring the great cause it has served. And they record an advance of that cause unprecedented in the history of such movements. Where in the beginning it stood alone, there are now scattered over the United States hundreds of local journals devoted to the same cause, while the columns of general newspapers of the largest circulation are freely opened to the advocacy of our views. They are, indeed, making their way through all avenues of thought—the pulpit, the stage and the novel, in legislatures, in Congress, and on the political stump. The ignorance and prejudice which the earlier files of THE STANDARD show that we then had to meet, have, in their cruder forms at least, almost disappeared, and among our most active friends are thousands of men who then believed our success would be the destruction of society. Within the last few months nearly a million copies of a single-tax book have been distributed under the sanction of one of the great political parties, and the free trade sentiment to which we were the first to give practical and determined expression, has so grown that at the recent Democratic National Convention it was strong enough to break the slated programme and to force a free trade declaration into the platform.

THE STANDARD ceases to exist because larger fields are opening and mightier agencies are taking up the work.

Let us say good-bye to it; not as those who mourn, but as those who rejoice. Times change, men pass, but that which is built on truth endures.

HENRY GEORGE.

THEY PAY TRIBUTE.—Sometimes the enemy unconsciously plays into our hands. Although the New York Sun has more than once declared its faith in the wisdom and expediency of raising revenue from a single tax on land values, it is a determined enemy of the single tax unlimited, and an unfair disputant whenever it touches that subject. But the Sun does not always note the conclusions that may be drawn from facts stated, and we are indebted to it for an instructive example of land monopoly and its effects.

The Sun, in dismissing the possible sale of Niihau, one of the Sandwich Islands, to Great Britain, tells its readers that Niihau is owned by the head of the single white family living there. The owner is George S. Gay, an American, who is both lord of the soil and Governor of the island. There are, besides himself and his family, about one hundred other inhabitants of Niihau's 10,000—the remnant of 1,000 natives who peopled the island sixty years ago. The Sun notes that Mr. Gay lives a patriarchal life and that the natives pay him tribute in the form of labor or fruits and vegetables.

Could anything better illustrate the effects of land monopoly? Mr. Gay owns the island. Of course its inhabitants pay him tribute. How else could they live there? In theory, if not in practice, he could drive them all into the sea were he so minded. If the land laws of the island group were like the land laws of the United States, he certainly would have the right to do so. Doubtless, Mr. Gay is a kind landlord. His island is a great sheep ranch, and doubtless, most of the able-bodied inhabitants at one time or another are employed in tending and shearing his sheep. He pays them something for this, and probably believes that he gives them employment, and thus enables them to live. We are all familiar with the argument that great wealth in the hands of a few individuals is a good thing, because those persons possess the capital needed to start enterprises and make work for the people. Mr. Gay is capitalist and landholder in one, and he affords employment, according to the received theory, to his brown-faced brother men who live on his island. But we prefer the Sun's way of putting it, because that way comes nearer the truth. The landless people of Niihau pay tribute to Mr. Gay for the privilege of living. In this they bear exactly the same relation to him that all of us, whether residents of islands or of continents, bear to those who own the natural opportunities that were designed to afford material needs to all.

THE SINGLE TAX AND POLITICS.—A few very good single tax men, having taken an interest in the People's party and become thorough-going partisans of that organization, have been naturally anxious that THE STANDARD should follow their example; and upon its refusal, they have complained of what they choose to call its Democratic partisanship. Some of them go so far as to make what they must know to be the false implication that its policy has changed since Henry George was its editor. By change of policy they refer obviously to the present attitude of the paper toward the Democratic party. Old readers need not be reminded that there has been no change. THE STANDARD has continued without interruption to advocate the identical policy that Henry George indicated when, upon the appearance of President Cleveland's anti-protection message nearly five years ago, he proposed that single tax men ride in the Democratic wagon while it went their way. During the following campaign, that of 1888, he personally and as editor of THE STANDARD, supported Cleveland just as THE STANDARD has done in this campaign, and for the same reason. If THE STANDARD represented the political opinions of any of its readers then, it represents the political opinions of those readers now—unless the readers have changed their opinions. The Democratic wagon s still going our way, and with greater boldness and speed than ever before.

It is difficult to understand how any single tax man, who sees the underlying principles of the single tax with sufficient clearness to recognize the significance of the demands of the People's party, can support that party with the expectation that its success would promote the single tax cause. He may do it because he is a greenbacker first and a single tax man afterwards, or from personal friendship for an excellent man—General Weaver, or because he enjoys belonging to a third party when it is making a hopeless fight: but by doing so he can have little hope of helping the single tax in any other way than he could by joining a church, a Masonic lodge, or a social club. Membership in the People's party affords opportunities for making individual converts, but its political trend as a party is away from the single tax, not towards it. It is a socialistic party, aiming not at less restriction but at more, and not so much at the abolition of existing special privileges as at the creation of new ones.

Though its members are very generally opposed to protection, that is because of the diffusion of free trade sentiment through all parties in the West, and not at all because free trade is a distinctive principle of the People's party. No one disputes the earnestness and sincerity of the men and women who have gone into this party, nor their sympathy with the oppressed and their aspirations for a better social state; but the upbuilding of a better social state requires more than earnestness and sincerity, more than sympathy and lofty yearnings. The socialists, too, are earnest, and sincere, and sympathetic, and they too are striving for a better social state. But both the People's party and the socialists, like sincere protectionists of the Republican party, look to greater legislative interference for aid, while single tax men seek, and the single tax principle demands, the removal of existing restrictions and the freeing of men. It is quite as consistent for a single tax man to be a socialist as to be a People's party partisan.

These considerations are wholly apart from questions of expediency. When such questions are raised, the advantage to the single tax movement of prodding the Democratic party on in the way in which for the most part it has been going since Cleveland's message, over that of playing at politics with a third party that must first be constructed and then converted, is too obvious for discussion.

Like the free trade issue, the single tax is too big a question to be settled without the aid of political parties. But parties cannot be manufactured to order. They grow and change as issues evolve and crystalize. And this is usually a slow process. War issues have monopolized attention until recently, and almost until this day their effect has been potent in politics. There is but one question that can shove them aside and divide the whole people, and that is the question of tariff for protection or tariff for revenue.

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Other questions may seem to take precedence in localities, as the silver question in parts of the West, the force bill question in the South, or the sub-treasury question in a still smaller area; but considering the country as a whole, the tariff issue, and that alone, divides public opinion and draws the natural line between political parties.

In this question single tax men are profoundly interested, not on its own account, but on account of what it naturally and inevitably leads to in the development of issues in American politics. A tariff for revenue would make trade freer than it is, and the arguments of all its advocates, as well as the thoughts of all whom they impress, must, as the controversy goes on, shape themselves more and ever more strongly in favor of absolute free trade. That is the inference, and events thus far have proved the inference to be true. The tariff question leads to the adoption of an absolute free trade policy, which would bring the single tax to the front in politics. Even if it were not immediately accepted for purposes of Federal revenue, its merits would be everywhere under discussion, and its principles would be locally applied. Once fairly applied they would be generally adopted. The end would then be not far off. It was this fiscal reform—the raising of revenues by the single tax—at which Mr. George aimed when, in "Progress and Poverty," he considered the best method of restoring the land to the people. With the single tax adopted as the mode of raising revenues, it is true, as he has said, that the taking of economic rent for common purposes would be only a matter of keeping on. And this fiscal reform can be best advanced at the present time by supporting the Democratic party in national politics, and forcing it to more and more radical positions on the tariff question.

We are often reminded that the single tax cause involves more than a fiscal change; that it is at bottom a social reform. It is of great importance that this should never be forgotten. But it is also important to remember that the fiscal change is the mode, and the only effective mode of accomplishing the social change, and that practically at present the mode is of greatest importance. It is not by sighing for the social reform that we are to bring it about, but by the intelligent use of means to ends; and he who scorns appropriate means, invoking his comrades to useless or worse than useless effort, however sincerely he may wish for the ultimate reform, makes of himself an obstacle in the path that leads to it.

A PERPLEXED PHILOSOPHER.—Henry George has just completed a review of Herbert Spencer's utterances on the land question, which will soon be published under the title of "A Perplexed Philosopher."

SIGNIFICANCE OF DEMOCRATIC VICTORY.

MARGARET S. LITTELL.

All wealth being, in the last analysis, the product of land and labor, the whole secret of its just distribution lies in securing to every man the *full* reward of the *free* application of his labor to natural opportunities. Any laws, therefore, which tend to restrict the use of such opportunities—enabling some to use them more freely than others—will result in an unfair distribution of the wealth produced. Remove such restrictions, equalize the benefit of natural opportunities, and a just distribution of wealth will follow without further legislation to that end.

Under our system of private ownership in land we find mines wholly or in part shut down; great water power unused; thousands of acres of arable land untouched by the plough; more than one-third of Manhattan Island unbuilt upon; while thousands of men are clamoring for work, and while thousands more, painfully toiling for scanty wages, are forced to contribute from their pittance towards taxes on thrift and production, exacted to replace the natural community-fund now taken by individuals.

But let it be understood by the owners of all valuable natural opportunities—whether of mines or water power, arable lands or city lots—that they must pay over to the community the full rental value of their monopoly, and they find themselves obliged, in order to make such holdings possible with profit, to develop them to their utmost capacity. With the community-fund in the community's treasury, there is an end of taxes on the products of labor; and facilities for the production of all commodities are consequently so increased that, together with the pressing need of capital for labor, comes the ability of labor to employ itself without the aid of capital. Labor, not work, would then be the scarcity, and an immediate consequence would be a rise in the wages of even the unskilled laborer.

This increase in the purchasing power of labor, coincident with the cheapening of commodities, soon enables all to call for the comforts and adornments of life as well as for bare necessaries, again raising wages by fresh demand for labor, while indefinitely extending the field for its exertions. This action and reaction must go on, labor costing more and more, and the things produced by labor less and less, until—through no legislative interference, paternal or otherwise, but simply through the unhampered action of the laws of production and consumption—the laborer, always and everywhere, receives the full reward of his labor.

Under such conditions nothing but indolence and vice can lead to want. Not grinding poverty, but unanxious competence must be the lot of every worker who enjoys the full product of his work; while monstrous fortunes cease to be a menace when no man can appropriate the wages of another, or receive, unless by gift, more than he earns.

To bring about such a consummation who would not devote himself? The means to this end consist, as we have seen, in so reforming our laws as to remove all taxes from the products of labor, taking for public revenue the rental value of monopolized natural opportunities; thus securing to every man the whole of the wealth which he produces, while equalizing the share of all in the common bounty of the Creator. A special opportunity to push such legislative reform is presented right here and now, through the fact that our two great political parties are forced to take issue on the tariff. Here is a chance for us to work with heavy artillery. Exchange being intensified production, any interference with its freedom interferes with the equal right of all to the use of the earth; so that the success of the Democrats this fall would mean a long step in the direction of freeing labor and taking for public use that value only which represents no labor.

Yes, once again in the history of our country does the victory of a party mean a fresh triumph of freedom over tyranny, of justice over iniquity, of right over wrong. Shoulder to shoulder then, heart and soul, by every righteous means in our power, let us work for the election of Mr. Cleveland.

TITLES TO LAND.

SOL. F. CLARK.

What are land titles? Not what the civil government declares them to be, but what can they be by the laws of nature? What do they imply where construed to conform to the order of things which nature, or the God of nature, has established? All titles are from the civil government and have no higher sanction. What can the state grant in the nature of things? Can it grant what is not susceptible of being granted and the grantee is not capable of being invested with—what is not in the power of community to bestow? Government is only the representative of the people and can confer no interest in lands but what rests in the people—in mankind at large. But what is that interest? In man's relation to land, to the earth, what power has he? What can he do with land but to occupy it, use it, and leave it to others to use? What is land capable of, so far as man is concerned, but to be used in the supply of human wants. Man did not create the lands; he cannot remove them; he cannot consume them nor destroy one particle of them. It is the doctrine of the special creationists that God created the lands and gave or granted them in his bounty to all men in common. But this is inaccurate and illogical so far as it implies any vestiture in the lands by the creator.

If God created the earth there is no warrant for the assumption that he has made any grant or conveyance of it to any man or men. The earth, it is believed, was either created by God or was developed in the order of nature, or has existed eternally. But it is nonsense to speculate as to the origin of things. What we know is that the earth is, and that man is placed upon it with no power to exist apart from it, with wants and needs which can only be supplied from it by his labor. He is but a part of the earth; arose from it and in a short time passes into it. It is preposterous that he who is but a product of the soil should own it or should be able to make a title to anything but its use. The products of industry, what we call personal property, by the law of nature belong to the producer, because he created them and thereby originated the title in himself, and he has title against all the world by the same right he has to his own person. But instead of man creating the earth, or any foot of the land of which it is composed, the visible facts are that the earth, which is a part of the infinite, created him. Our reason, which is our highest guide, must conform to facts. "What can we reason but from what we know." It is a travesty upon every known standard of ethical reason that any man or number of men can own as private property any part of the earth to the exclusion of all others, for if they can, then they can own the whole and exclude all the balance which is the ad absurdum; and moreover all men are equal in the right to the usufruct. Nature has created no special privileges; but the power of community to regulate the use among the members is plain. Men are created as individuals, and as individuals they must have the use of land; they cannot exist a moment without it, and so

Sol. F. Clark, of Little Rock, Ark., was born at Groton, Tompkins county, New York, February 13, 1819, and was educated at Groton Academy and Homer Institute in Cortland county. During the year 1843 he taught as professor of natural and intellectual philosophy in Cortlandville Academy, and at the same time pursued his legal studies in the office of William H. Shankland, since then judge of the Supreme Court of New York. In May, 1844, he emigrated to Laporte, Ind., where he completed his study of law under Gilbert Hathaway, a noted lawyer, subsequently killed while colonel in the Union Army in the war between the States. In May, 1847, Mr. Clark went south and settled at Fort Smith, Arkansas, then not much more than an Indian trading point and military station. While on his way south, at Indianapolis, he was examined and licensed to practice law. At Fort Smith he quietly pursued his profession until the close of the war, when he removed to Little Rock, the State capital where he has since resided. He served as United States Attorney for the Eastern district of Arkansas under President Andrew Johnson, and has served for some years as chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee. It was from Say's work on political economy that Mr. Clark in his school days learned to abominate all restrictions upon commerce or any other productive industry, and from which he became grounded in the doctrine of absolute free trade, of which he has been a life long advocate. He is a thorough believer in the single tax of Henry George as furnishing the remedy, and the only remedy, against the evils which are overshadowing our country and of which the masses of the people are complaining.

society, acting upon its power to regulate, does through its governments, parcel out the land to individuals and execute titles thereto. Now the foregoing ideas have been abundantly asserted, and elucidated by writers abler than myself; but what I wish to assert is that such titles, no matter what they purport in themselves, are nothing but the assurance of the community, through the pledge of the government, securing the use and only the use of separate parcels of the earth to the grantees and their assigns. This is the utmost effect any titles can have. But if community can regulate the distribution of lands to private use, of course it can do so upon any conditions or terms necessary to the cause of equal justice to all, and so under the present system of conveyancing, the community does in all cases reserve the right of what is called eminent domain, and the right of taxation which in case of necessity is unlimited. What is this but the right of the community, the body politic, to assert its sovereign power of control whenever the exigencies of the public demand it? And this is utterly inconsistent with private property in lands. But the grant of the public to private use can in no proper sense convey or vest in the holder the right to the "unearned increment"—i. e., the value which the growth of the community and surrounding population gives to land. For this value is a thing apart from its use, and accrues as much to vacant as to improved land. It is separate from any use or improvement which can be made of the land; and, moreover, it has no existence at the genesis of any title, but is altogether prospective—to be realized in the future, and accrues from an outside source—from the community at large, and of right continues in the community.

It is true, this accruing increase in value depends upon the demand for the lands for use, but the demand itself is from the community, and from no part of the usufruct of the land. It is, therefore, a violation of the laws of nature, and of natural reason to hold that any title which the community or the government can make or does make, includes the right to this "unearned increment." Under any kind of title it remains the property of the community, and the community or government can appropriate it by taxation. That the right of eminent domain and of taxation is impliedly reserved under all titles is a proof of this position.

Now to apply the single tax principles, there is nothing in which the popular mind is more confused than as to how the single tax is to operate. It is believed that because we hold that by the laws of nature there can be no absolute ownership of lands, that titles are to be set aside, and community is to assume control and hold all lands in common or divide them out again, or something of the kind. I need not say that we design nothing of the kind. We propose that all holders of land shall remain secure in their lands precisely as they hold them now, and merely to take, by way of the admitted right of taxation, that which belongs to the community, which never has and never can pass by any proper construction of any conveyance, viz., the "unearned increment," or, which is the same thing, the annual rental value of the lands independent of improvements. The present system of titles will remain the same as now; men will buy and sell lands the same as now; all men who want lands for their use to make a living upon will buy the same as now and be secure as now in the usufruct, and all men with capital will be at liberty to buy wild lands and hold them vacant the same as now if they choose to do so; but, as the "unearned increment," the rental value in each year will go to the government instead of thepaper title holder, no one will buy or hold lands at all unless he wants them for the usufruct. Capital will never be invested where it is a foregone conclusion that it can make no gain, and all mere paper title holders will make haste to dispose of their vacant lands or put them to use, for which purpose alone community is authorized to distribute lands to private parties. Of all human institutions there is none so completely the work of human folly—so far reaching in the work of enslaving mankind, so completely the cause of the division of society into the idle rich and the industrious poor as that which resigns to private capitalists the enormous sums which accrue to the value of lands from the growth of community. I say resigns, for there is and can be no consideration for such a bonus. It is simply to voluntarily place the lives and liberties of the people in the keeping of land holders or landlords, for the lives and liberties of all are directly or indirectly dependent upon the fruits of the land. I shall not dilate upon the evil consequences of the system to be remedied by the single tax; for, after the powerful works of Mr. George and other writers in that branch of the subject, it would be superfluous. What I wish to accentuate is, that no proper construction of human titles can convey to any holder more than the usufruct of lands, which is all that man or society has or ever can have to grant. And to take the value which accrues to all lands from the growth of community for the support of government in lieu of all other taxation, involves no sacrifice of private rights or violation of social obligations.

A FARMER ON FARMERS.

CHARLES E BENTON.

"So you want the farmers to pay all the taxes!"

This is the remark I most frequently hear when I call a farmer's attention to the question of the single tax, and it shows plainly, what I have frequently noticed, that they still hold to the traditional idea that the farmers of the country own the land.

To a certain extent they did a hundred years or so ago own the land. But conditions have changed, and to-day the farmers own the acres indeed, but the towns own the values. A few blocks in New York city to day have more value, I venture, than all the land values of farms from Westchester to Albany.

This may seem strange to those not conversant with the facts, but it is true, nevertheless. The present selling value of farms is measured largely by their improvements, and these improvements are, many of them, of the most substantial kind.

Of course, the question of whether some particular class of persons is to pay more or less than they do under our present system, does not affect the question of the justice of the single tax. But it is important to show that the system will not rob or oppress any legitimate industry.

I have in my mind a snug little farm of one hundred acres. In discussing the question I have several times mentioned this farm, and asked my listener to picture to his imagination the farm without improvements. I say: "Suppose all the rocks and stones back in the soil from whence they were dug; the fences, shade and fruit trees, buildings, water pipes, wells, roadways, and all improvements whatever, obliterated. What annual rental would the farm be worth?" The estimates given have varied from thirty to fifty dollars. Under the single tax these fifty dollars would represent the utmost limit of that farmer's annual taxes. Yet the annual tax on that farm has averaged over sixty dollars for the last twenty years; and the owner estimates that the national taxes have cost him, directly and indirectly, several times as much. This is no exceptional case, but fairly represents the average of eastern farms. The farmers of the country are paying far more in taxes under our present system than they would under the single tax. If then the farmers would pay less under the single tax, who would pay the necessary increase to make it up? The increase in taxes would fall upon those persons who hold land from its most profitable use for speculative purposes. They are the ones who are always talking to the assessors about their land not yielding any income; and they are to be found at every little country village and railway station. Did you never notice? Even in these small centres of trade there is sure to be some of the most desirable and convenient land unoccupied, because the owners are waiting for the growth and necessity of the community to enhance its selling value. These are the men who escape the taxes that the farmer is obliged to pay; and they are at the same time obstructing the growth and welfare of the town in which they live.

Along the lines of railroads that lead to New York there is a large class of farmers whose sole occupation is to make milk which is sent by rail to the city. It is a laborious and exacting kind of farming, involving a great deal of coarse, hard, long day's work in all weather, and without respite three hundred and sixty-five days in the year. They bear the burdens of protection to its fullest extent, as they use quantities of protected articles, from the nails and lumber in their houses and extensive barns on down through the list of machinery and implements made of metal and wood to the thousands of things which supply their necessities, even to the coal they burn and the clothes and shoes they wear. They depend for a market for their produce upon the largest city in America. A city whose prosperity and growth is dependent upon commerce. And yet they have so curiously been bewitched by the siren song of "Protection" that they have as a class voted in the past to destroy the purchasing power of their customers to their utmost ability by obstructing commerce, and restricting the opportunity for the employment of labor and capital. And every son of the soil, as he annually voted his straight Republocratic ticket, religiously murmured "home market," with whichever shuffling variation his particular candidate had last made use of.

Strange infatuation for them not to see that all this modern protective legislation is doing its best to destroy their home market. With a constantly declining scale of prices for the last twenty-five years, it has reached a condition of chronic stagnation and perpetual glut. Even at less than cost prices, their milk is often begging for a purchaser, and frequently is left on their hands for lack of one, while the children of the great army of the unemployed, whose pale, wan faces peer and jeer at us from all the dark alleys of the great metropolis, are literally starving for lack of the milk; the while the children of the milk farmers are being disinherited by remorseless mortgages that cover not only all their land values, but most of their improvements as well.

But a great light is spreading; and the farmer, conservative, but always loyal to the utmost, is doing some thinking for himself.

We may at last choose between two great systems of political economy. They are diametrically opposed to each other; hence they cannot both be right, and one of these systems must be false.

If the system of political economy advocated by the Republican party is for the best interests of the nation and is right, then commerce is eternally wrong, and the sooner it is entirely stopped the better.

If protection is right, then the government, instead of spending millions to improve our harbors, ought to fill them up at once and forbid all commerce. Then we should have full protection.

MATTHEW MARSHALL'S METHOD.

J. R. ABARBANELL.

I agree with Matthew Marshall's method of adjusting wages, which he lays down in his recent article in the New York Sun. His method, in his own language, is: "There is no better possible way of adjusting disputes about wages than that of preserving order, and letting the two parties to the contract settle things between themselves."

I take issue with him if he thinks that this ideal method can be adopted in the present social conditions.

The employer knows in advance that no matter how small are the wages he is paying his employee, he can always find some one to do the work just as efficiently for the same price, if the dispute is over an increase of wages, or for a less price, if the friction is due to a refusal on the part of the employee to meekly submit to a reduction of wages. This knowledge is absolute on his part, and to test its truth he need only insert a two-line "ad." in the want colums of a daily paper to receive more applications for work on his own terms than he has work to give out. And this holds true, not only of the small employer of one or a dozen men, but of the largest corporation employing thousands, and demanding even the highest form of skilled labor.

The employee, on the other hand, knows equally well that the hardest,

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most disheartening, wretched pursuit in life is that denominated "looking for a job." If the mere fear of poverty at some remote period of time often sits as a grim spectre at the bountifully spread banquet-table of the rich, the poor man's ghost of being out of work haunts him continually with its concomitant imps of "all full," "not enough work to supply the hands I have," "call again in six months," etc., screeching the stereotyped phrases of disappointment and despair always in his ear.

To put these two men together in a sort of 24 foot prize-ring and, having everybody else keep his hands off, while they are "settling things" between themselves, would, indeed, produce peace in the end. But it would be the peace of the lion and the lamb, with the lamb inside of the lion. Every lover of fair play, Matthew Marshall himself, must concede that the very first rule of such a combat is that the contestants should be equally matched, neither having any advantage over the other.

I am glad to note that Mr. Marshall looks upon it as a conflict. The irrepressible conflict between buyer and seller, he calls it, which has existed since the beginning of the world, and which, in his opinion, will continue as long as the world shall last. The buyer of labor, he says, naturally wishes to buy it at the lowest price possible, while the seller, equally naturally, wishes to dispose of it at the highest possible price.

This disposes, at once, of all ideas of arbitration (either voluntary or compulsory), conciliation or seeking to bring labor and capital into harmonious relation. Such misguided, though well-meaning efforts, only serve to obstruct the view of the real question, and to hinder and delay its only legitimate settlement. No workman who is "arbitrated" into accepting less wages than what he and his fellows have stood out for, but feels that he has been deprived of a part of his just dues; no employer who, under the force of public opinion, or of the board of arbitration, or of moral or religious pressure, makes some concession to his men, but feels that he is paying more than he ought to, and credits what he deems the surplus to his benevolence, philanthropy, or self-sacrificing charity.

No! No employer should pay more for a service than what it is justly worth; no employee should accept a penny less. It is an irrepressible conflict. Let it be waged until victory perches on the side of right, and defeat means the defeat of injustice, not the impotent yielding to superior force.

So well does the individual workman understand the inequality under which he labors, so well does he know that single-handed he is fore-doomed to defeat, that in a blind, crude, almost childish way, he strives, and alas, strives vainly, to make the condition of the contest more equal. For this reason, he bands in Knights of Labor organizations, federations of trade, alliances and unions; for this reason he stigmatizes his fellow-workmen, who will not do likewise, as "scabs," "rats," "black sheep," etc.; for this reason he seeks the aid of legislation to have foreign-contract labor laws, eight-hour laws, laws for the restriction of this and the restriction of that passed; for this reason, finding all these measures inadequate, he invokes the aid of the boycott; and, as a final resort, calls terror to his assistance, and, with fire and bloodshed, with the incendiary torch and the dynamite bomb, strives to extort from the fears of his oppressors what he cannot obtain by peaceable means.

If any of these methods were permanently successful, even then they would be wrong; where they are temporarily successful they merely mark a halting place on the road to the inevitable defeat. But where, as the record shows, wages cannot for any length of time be even kept at a certain standard by any of these means, but must necessarily keep declining towards the limit of just sufficient for a bare existence, then to employ these methods is a blunder which is worse than a crime.

As long as there is involuntary poverty in the world, as long as wages are more depressed in one country than in the other, as long as there are men with wives and children dependent on them for support looking for work and unable to find it, unless through the fortuitous circumstance of a strike—all the trades-unions, all the so-called labor legislation, all the foreign contract labor laws, and all the boycotts will not hinder an employer from getting all the help he requires, and the State must, for its own protection, meet force with greater force until the disorder and violence are completely wiped out.

It is no answer to say that employing capitalists continually seek and obtain legislation to strengthen their position, that such legislation is always monopolistic and restrictive, and when obtained does help them, and that, to use a homely phrase, what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. The difficulty lies in the fact that while monopolistic or restrictive measures do benefit the capitalists; while protective tariffs, trusts, franchises and special privileges do increase their profits and enable them to hold their wage-slaves in still greater subjection, the great mass of people who are not capitalists must not only groan under the weight of these inflictions, but they only increase their burdens by seeking to retaliate by enacting laws based on the same principles.

Perfect the Chinese wall around the United States and shut out all foreign products, by so much will you raise the price of domestic manufactures and diminish their consumption. Less being consumed, less work, more competion among workmen and lower wages will be the result, while the manufacturer will live in clover, adopting for his business motto: Few sales and big profits. The capitalist is too shrewd to pay for legislation unless he knows positively that it is going to benefit him; the poor, misguided workman sells his manhood—which is all he has left to sell—to the ward politician for a migatory half-holiday bill which cannot be enforced, and never was intended to be enforced.

The way to put the combatants in the world's arena, where this great struggle is going on, on an equal footing, is, on the one hand, to deprive the employer of the armor of special privileges with which he is incased, the shield of protection behind which he lurks, and the sword of monopoly tipped with the poison of starvation and despair which he so cruelly wields; and, on the other, to unshackle the bonds of vicious and cumbersome legislation, which, at present, ties the employee hand and foot, and to relieve him of the weight of hoary traditions (wrong in their inception and never made right by lapse of time) which is bearing him to the ground.

Let there be free men on a free field and no favor shown, and then, indeed, may we look on as impartial spectators of the conflict.

We firmly believe that the single tax will bring this about. We feel convinced that it will destroy the worst of all monopolies—the private ownership of land—and with that bulwark of capitalism overthrown, all the lesser restrictions will vanish over right and freedom—freedom to work, to trade, to pursue happiness and gain it—will dawn with the dawn of day.

Then, indeed, but not until then, will we fully subscribe to Matthew Marshall's method.

MEXICAN INDEPENDENCE DAY.

HENRY WARE ALLEN.

The Sixteenth of September is the Mexican Fourth of July. As in 1776 the Americans declared their independence from Great Britain, so in 1810 Hidalgo, the Washington of Mexico, proclaimed his country's independence from Spain. And, although this patriot perished in an early stage of the rebellion against Spanish oppression, his personality was the inspiration of the uprising, and now, as "El Libertador," he is almost worshiped as a saint.

At 11 o'clock in the evening of September 15, 1810, in the "plaza," or public square, of the little town of Dolores, where the people were gathered in response to the ringing of church bells, Hidalgo, with a musket in one hand and a torch in the other, cried: "Long live our Mother, most holy Guadalupe (the patron saint of Mexico)! Long live America! and death to bad government!" This was the Declaration of Independence.

So it happens that the anniversary celebration commences in this city at 11 P. M. of September 15th in the grand public square, the Plaza. Long before that hour the entire ten acres are filled with a surging mass of humanity. Long lines of venders extend in every direction, and all sort of Mexican eatables, illuminated by the flickering light of burning faggots are advertised by peculiar wailing cries. The crowd is good-nature (Whenever was a celebration crowd not "remarkably good-natured, according to the morning paper?) Bands are playing the popular Mexican airs, but the cries of venders, and the hum of conversation confine the music to a short radius. Neighboring facades are festooned with the national colors, red, white, and green, thousands of gaily colored lanterns are strung over the vast area, and the stately Cathedral, over which floats the national flag, is brilliantly illuminated. The picture is at once weird and grand, thrilling and fascinating. The mass of the people standing in their sandals with picturesque sombreros, zarapes and rebozes are descendants of, and undoubtedly very much like the gentle race that Cortez slaughtered so unmercifully Kindest of all nations to their children, extremely courteous and polite. passionately fond of music and flowers, skilful in many branches of art, but seemingly content in what Americans would call poverty. There is, however, without doubt, more real poverty, more distress in a single New York tenement house ward than in the whole Republic of Mexico: for here the climate is gentle, nature is prodigal, the necessities of life are easily obtained, and the horrors of many-storied dwelling houses are unknown The spirit of democracy, the absence of snobbishness, is noticeable everywhere. Silks and rags mingle freely in all public places and worship together at church. The rich and the poor are equally courteous to each other—the best of feeling seems to exist among them. If on the fashionable boulevard among handsome equipages a pair of horses are to be seen with tails, manes, or ears clipped short, it is only the advertisement of some stray anglo-maniac, the exception, not the rule. Now, why would it not be a clever plan, from every point of view, for the American Board of Foreign Missions to reverse their order of operations for a while, and import, instead of export, a few missionaries? But while musing thus a comparative stillness settles down upon the great crowd.

All eyes are directed to the illuminated clock on the palace. It is nearly 11—voices are hushed—all is expectancy—the hour has come. President Diaz appears on a balcony of the palace. Waving the national colors over his head, he cries, in a clear voice: "Mexicanos, Viva la Independencia! Viva la Republica!" This is the "grito;" and upon being uttered the booming of cannon, the cheers from tens of thousands of voices, the music of military bands, explosions of fireworks, and most powerful of all the tumultuous roar from scores of great bells in the two towers of the cathedral join together in a great jubilee chorus. This is kept up for nearly an hour, when the people disperse, many of them, in accordance with an old custom, dancing about the streets to the music of rude "bandurrias" for the rest of the night.

Early on the morning of the 16th, troops arriving from distant points take position in readiness for the grand military parade. At 10 o'clock, President Diaz, every inch a soldier, as well as the ablest of living rulers, attended by other distinguished generals, takes his place at the reviewing stand.

The procession consists entirely of regulars, thousands of them presenting a very creditable appearance. The uniforms are all fresh and clean and it is noticeable that every man wears newly laundried collars and cuffs. The infantry appear in heavy marching order, each company being officered by a graduate of Chapultepec, the West Point of Mexico. The regimental bands are all good, and are accompanied by drum and bugle corps. But the large number of drummers beating at every step, while useful in giving time, interfere with the music.

The event of the procession, last year, was the passage of the Rurales—the Rural Guards—the pride of the Republic. There were about one thousand of them in line, every man finely mounted. Each wore a large silver-trimmed sombrero of gray felt, each wore a suit of buckskin set off by trimmings and necktie of red, and each carried a sword in hand, while a rifle protruded from saddle holster. The saddles, especially of officers, were beautifully decorated, and in many cases must have cost a small fortune. A large number of this body of men were, I understand, noted bandits, until their occupation became unprofitable in the Republic, and President Diaz, with characteristic diplomacy, has placed them in the

national service, where their exceptional courage and daring are most useful in suppressing any threatened disorder.

Other features of the celebration, which really lasted an entire week, were displays of fireworks three evenings, including Sunday, at the Plaza and in many other places in the city; balls given in two of the largest theatres, where the floral decorations cost thousands of dollars; banquets given to visiting officials; the distribution by Mrs. Diaz—the Mrs. Cleveland of Mexico—of presents to the poor, and not the least significant, a visit of several hundred workingmen to pay their respects to the President at the Palace. The central fountain in the Alameda was converted into a huge floral piece, and the streets, in addition to flags and bunting, were decorated with wreaths and emblematical floral pieces, festoons of evergreen and moss.

The Government provided about $5,000 for the celebration; $5,000 came from a lottery, and about $6,000 was raised by private subscription, English-speaking residents contributing $1,800. Nearly $5,000 was left over and will be given to Mrs. Diaz for charity work, in which she is specially interested.

WHO PAYS THE TARIFF?

A. E. BROWN.

Republicans say "the tariff is a tax, but the foreigner pays it."

If this is true, when the tariff upon an imported article happens to be over 100 per cent., the foreigner not only gives us the article for nothing, but pays us to take it.

The McKinley bill provides in Section 25, and elsewhere, that when a manufacturer uses imported material upon which there are duties, and exports finished goods made from said imported materials, he can go the Treasury of the United States and get back 99 per cent. of the duties which had been collected on the things entering into the construction of the goods which he has sent out of the country. If the foreigner pays the tariff, why is the manufacturer allowed to secure that money? A law, which enables our manufacturers to sell to foreigners cheaper than to our own citizens, is a piece of iniquity which we should oppose.

Again, when the tariff upon sugar was lowered, did not the price of sugar immediately fall? When the duty upon tin plates was increased, did not the cost of tin plates advance? Do not such facts as these demonstrate by the plainest truths imaginable, that the foreigner does not pay our tariff?

Republicans, however, declare that the foreigner does pay our tariff; but they give the whole thing away when they assert, as they often do, "that the removal of the tariff upon sugar effects a saving of $60,000,000 annually to the inhabitants of the United States."

Victoria, a province of Australia, has recently imposed a tariff of 15 cents a can upon our fruit. In this case we are the producer. From a Victorian standpoint we are the foreigners. Now, suppose the proprietor of one of our canning establishments receives a letter from Victoria, and another from England, asking for his prices, would he quote prices 15 cents a can less to the Australian than to the Englishman? Certainly not. The wholesale price of much of the canned fruit in this country is less than 15 cents a can to all comers.

The Republican party claims to be the party of God, the party of high-toned and irreproachable morality. Let us look, from a religious standpoint, at the subject of who pays our tariff.

One of God's commands is, "Thou sholt not covet anything that is thy neighbor's." When a party favors a scheme, which, as the, think, compels foreigners to furnish the money to support our institutions, and pay our debts and taxes for us, are we not justified in concluding that they are guilty of the sin of coveting, and are at heart a party of thieves? For it is the very essence of theft to have the desire and intention of securing the fruits of other people's toil without rendering an equivalent.

EQUALITY BEFORE THE LAW.

George White, in New England Farmer.

"Equality before the law" must include all citizens. If the bankers are given special privileges by law, the law should be repealed; to give mine-owners special privileges as well as bankers makes the case worse instead of better. If manufacturers or their workmen get an advantage from tariff laws, the laws should be abolished; to invent tariff schedules to benefit the farmers as much as the manufacturers or workmen, is to make the case worse instead of better. There are many citizens in this country besides bankers, and there are many who are neither mine-owners, manufacturers, factory workers or farmers.

The tariff system necessarily bears unequally upon our citizens, assisting some and damaging others. In its revenue phase it was invented as a device for plucking live geese without occasioning a quacking protest; in its "protective" phase it was invented to give certain citizens several feathers to every one received by the government, regardless of the fact that the geese are by it too thoroughly plucked.

The farmer, of all men, should be willing to go back to first principles, and to deduce from a consideration of them correct policies. There is no necessity for protective tariffs, and none for revenue tariffs. The government can be supported by direct taxes. The prosperity of the people of this country is surely not dependent upon the existence of custom houses and the activity of custom officers in brass-buttoned uniforms. Why should national lecturers think it necessary to substitute for the essence of the principle, "equality before the law," a policy which can only be described as a grab at the chance of getting a share in the plunder distributed by vicious legislation.

PUCK ON FREE TRADE.

Puck, the greatest American comic paper, is out with a Tariff Reform Extra number, in which protection is well ridiculed by the pencils of Taylor, Dalrymple, Griffin, Erhart, and the unapproachable Joseph Kepler. It makes one of the best documents of the campaign.

SINGLE TAX NEWS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

PROGRESS OF THE MOVEMENT.

Though it did not acquire its distinctive name until long afterward, the single tax movement began with the publication of "Progress and Poverty," in the spring of 1879. The remedy for industrial depression and involuntary poverty, proposed in that masterful work, is what is now known the world over as the single tax. Having traced poverty to its source in the private ownership of land, Mr. George proposed no revolutionary or bungling remedy, such as the abolition of private titles and the nationalization of land. What he proposed was the taking through taxation of economic rent, which is unquestionably a common fund, and applying it to common uses, thus leaving the entire value of labor to individual laborers in proportion to their earnings; and, by making the mere owning of land unprofitable, opening up unused land to labor. As the immediate step in practical statesmanship, he proposed then, as he and all intelligent single tax advocates have proposed ever since, simply the abolition of all existing taxes, save the single one which now falls upon the value of land. "It is an axiom of statesmanship," he argued, "that great changes can best be brought about under old forms;" and that, "when the common right to land is so far appreciated that all taxes are abolished save those which fall upon rent, there is no danger of much more than is necessary to induce them to collect the public revenues being left to individual land owners."

The first organization in the movement was in harmony with the fiscal character of this mode of social and industrial reform. It was a tax reform society. At about the time of the original publication of "Progress and Poverty," this society was organized in San Francisco, Cal. Among its members were Henry George himself and James G. McGuire, late Justice of the Superior Court of San Francisco, and now the Democratic candidate for Congress from the Fourth District of California. When Mr. George's book began to attract attention eastward of the Rocky Mountains, a similar tax reform society was organized in New York, of which Charles Fred. Adams was one of the leading members.

These societies made but little headway and did not last long, and until 1883 no other attempt at organization was made. In that year the Scottish and English Land Restoration League abroad, and the Free Soil Society in the United States were formed. The former was fairly successful, but the latter made no progress. Notwithstanding these failures at organization, the book was forging ahead, making converts as it went, who were promptly heard from when the occasion for open and united effort came.

That was in 1886. Mr. George was then nominated for Mayor of New York, the fundamental principle of the single tax being the leading feature of his platform, and the only issue of the campaign. The boldness of his canvass, and his magnificent vote, 68,000, served not only to bring the converts already made into communication, but also to draw general attention to the question. The election was followed by the first publication of THE STANDARD and the formation in different parts of the country of clubs which engaged in propagating the principles of "Progress and Poverty," and in the city of New York the voters who had supported Mr. George organized the United Labor Party. This party held a convention at Syracuse, in August, 1887, at which a state organization was formed, though with the exception of New York and Brooklyn and perhaps a few of the smaller cities, it was never more than a paper organization. It was at this convention that the socialists broke away from the United Labor Party. The ostensible cause of the breach was trifling; the real cause was a recognition by both sides of the truth that socialism and the principles of the single tax, instead of being harmonious, are diametrically opposed. At the succeeding election, although the vote polled was over 37,000 in New York City and some 70,000 in the whole State, it was so much less than had been expected, and in New York it fell so far away from the vote of the previous year, that the end of this third party movement was plainly to be seen by any one accustomed to observing political changes.

At that time Cleveland's anti-protection message appeared, and Henry George welcomed it as the beginning of the political fight for the single tax along the lines of the free trade controversy, which he had foreseen as far back as 1883, and in anticipation of which he had written "Protection or

Free Trade?" But the United Labor party contained a large contingent of protectionists, and a National Labor party was subsequently formed, which, together with the remnant of the United Labor party of New York, disgraced every man who retained any prominent connection with either, by the deceit and corruption which characterized their campaign in New York City in 1888. After that election the United Labor party was abandoned.

Meantime, the free traders of the old United Labor party had begun to organize, and had assumed the distinctive title of single tax. A single tax campaign committee was formed and circulated a pledge, in which the signers declared their intention of voting for Cleveland, on the ground that the Democratic party was moving in the direction of free trade, and that free trade was in the direction of the single tax. This committee acted only for the state of New York, and its work was confined almost exclusively to the city of New York, but it secured 11,000 signatures in a very brief time.

After the election, the famous single tax petition to Congress was prepared, and a committee organized to circulate it. William T Croasdale was the chairman of that committee and George St. John Leavens was its secretary. Through their efforts over 115,000 signatures were obtained. In obtaining these signatures the committee became acquainted with active men throughout the country, who proved their interest in the single tax by the work they did, and in this way a nucleus of single tax workers was formed out of which came the first national single tax conference, which was held at Cooper Union on the first, second, and third days of September, 1890. It formulated a declaration of principles and organized the Single Tax League of the United States, with a national committee of which William T. Croasdale, deceased, was, and Louis F. Post now is the chairman, and George St. John Leavens the secretary. Arrangements are now in progress for holding a second conference at Chicago next summer, and also for holding an international congress under the auspices of the World's Fair Committee in the same city, at the same time.

The adoption of the name "single tax" has been copied in Australia and Canada, and is coming into common use in England and Scotland. In England, several ardent single tax men, chief among them being William Saunders, have been returned to Parliament; in Canada, where local option in taxation has been accorded to municipalities, agitations of great force have broken out in several towns and cities in favor of the single tax; in Australia the parliaments of the different colonies include influential members who are pushing the single tax agitation freely and effectively; and in New Zealand a clean cut Single tax law has been adopted, saddled, however, with an income tax "rider."

In the Congress of the United States there are a score or more of single tax members, and a much larger number who are strongly attracted toward it. At the head of them all, of course, is Tom L. Johnson, who was but barely defeated for Congress four years ago in a protection stronghold, was elected by a large majority two years ago in a Democratic district only moderately strong, and is to fight for his seat this year in a gerrymandered district, where the Republican majority a year ago was over 2,000. In every fight he has gone to the front as a single tax free trader. He will do the same in the coming campaign. Should he be elected over the tremendous majority that has been gerrymandered against him, his victory will be a triumph that will mean much for the single tax movement.

LAST WEEK IN CHICAGO.

Warren Worth Baily writes as follows of single tax events and men in Chicago:

The address of Justice J. F. Wilcox, before our club, Thursday evening, was an agreeable surprise. Owing to the death of an intimate friend, Mr. Furbish was unable to accept the invitation of the club to address it, and his place was taken by Justice Wilcox, a gentleman of recognized standing on the great west side, where he holds office and dispenses the law. It was not generally known that he was a single tax man, and when he avowed himself an adherent of the good cause, and paid glowing tribute to Henry George and his grand works the audience showed its satisfaction in quite an unmistakable way. Members recognized in the venerable jurist another valuable ally and powerful advocate.

Justice Wilcox, a pioneer abolitionist, spoke on "The Hour and Its Duties." He first dwelt upon the industrial and social aspects of the time, eloquently and vividly portraying the evil conditions to which we have been brought in spite of invention and the increase of knowledge. Things could not much longer go on as they have been going. The sense of injustice is abroad. There is unrest among the people. A feeling is universal that there is a wrong to be righted, and if a change for the better be not quickly wrought revolution cannot be averted.

The speaker analyzed the situation and clearly disclosed the fundamental injustice, declaring that the single tax would remedy every social ill. And the duty of the hour was to promote the single tax cause, employing every legitimate means. Thanks to Tom L. Johnson and other brave spirits, the Democratic party was at last committed to free trade, and free trade was a step toward single tax. We could, therefore, work with zeal and enthusiasm for Cleveland and Stevenson, and he implored those who desired reform to embrace the opportunity offered by the Democracy to make the overthrow of protection and restriction complete. The address, as a whole, was thoughtful and full of fire. It was received with marks of high favor; the discussion which followed, further developing the interest which Justice Wilcox had excited.

A stranger took issue with the speaker regarding land monopoly. He spoke of the vast quantities of vacant land between Chicago and the Pacific and of the abandoned farms of the east, declaring these to be a conclusive proof that there was no such thing as land monopoly. Anybody could get land cheap who wanted land. He thought the single tax idea fallacious, but he was in favor of free trade and greatly admired Mr. George's book on the subject, yet his ideal was a tax that should fall equally upon all forms of property.

When the stranger sat down there were loud calls for the invincible John Z. White. His response disclosed his marvelous versatility. In replying to the remarks of the stranger he was peculiarly happy and effective, the audience vigorously applauding his frequent sallies and keenly relishing his logical argument in clearing up the fogs with which the stranger had surrounded the economic question. Ralph E. Hoyt also spoke in a delightful strain, complimenting the speaker of the evening and exhorting the club to rally to the support of the democracy in its war on protection. Justice Wilcox closed with a few remarks in compliment to the club on its spirit and its work. He was accorded a hearty vote of thanks.

Mr. Robert Cumming has succeeded in enlisting the lively interest of the St. Andrew Society in the single tax. He was present with Mr. Dealy at a recent meeting of the society, and was instrumental in exciting a discussion of the economic question in relation to religious work; and, upon the invitation of the assistant rector of St. James' parish, he was invited to speak at the next meeting. He will talk on the single tax. The rector of St. James, the Rev. Lloyd Tomkins, is an avowed single taxer, and he is under promise to address our club at an early date.

A musical programme will be the attraction at our next meeting. Joseph Adams will come next, with an address on the theme, "Whatever is, is Right."

Thomas C. Hanford, one of the ablest speakers in our club, will be the orator of the great Labor Day demonstration at Bloomington. John Z. White was invited by the Democratic State Central Committee to speak on that day at Kewanee, but was obliged to decline Walter F. Cooling is doing active service in his ward by promoting the circulation of "Protection or Free Trade?" and H. W. McFarlane is equally active at Austin. Ex Corporation Counsel Darrow, a member of our club, and one of the ablest orators in Chicago, will probably be named for Congress in the First District. If nominated, he will almost certainly win the election.

The Daily News Record will soon publish a series of letters on free trade, by Thomas G Shearman.

John Z. White is now the editor of the Art Printer.

It is probable that J. W. Bergough will locate in Chicago and have charge of a new illustrated weekly of the character of Grip. He will be a very welcome addition to our forces in Chicago.

Homer Bailey is getting a reputation as a speaker on the tariff. He addressed the Bloomington Chautauqua, and is billed to speak on Labor Day with Thomas C. Hanford and J. F. O'Donnell, He has also been invited to take the stump in the Bloomington district. He doesn't talk tariff "reform." He is for tariff abolition.

THE HYATTSVILLE WORK.

Interest in the adoption of the single tax by the town of Hyattsville, Md., and the favorable decision of the court to which the anti single taxers carried the question, is unabated. Mr. Ralston acknowledges receipt of the following additional contributions toward the payment of legal expenses:

F. S. Briggs, Cleveland, Ohio, $1; J. E. Mills, Quincey, Cal., $10; J. T. Ripley, The Rookery, Chicago, Ill., $5; C. C. Foord, Chicago, Ill., $5; a friend, Baltimore, Md., $3; Single Tax, Paterson, N. J., 50 cents; editors The New Earth, New York, $5; J. H. Wells, New York, $1; Wm. T. Weir, South Henderson, Ill., $1; Frank N. Lynch, Crow's Landing, Cal. $2; E. D. Burleigh, Philadelphia, Penn., $1; J. R. Carret, Boston, Mass., $5. Total thus far received, $139.50. Mr. Ralston adds that legal assistance has been very kindly tendered by Mr. R. G. Brown, of Memphis, Tenn., and by City Attorney Brown, of Rapid City, South Dakota. Arrangements as to the conduct of the case in the Court of Appeals will be perfected within a short time. The Hyattsville Single Tax Club, through Mr. L. A. Shrimp, its secretary, has formally challenged Mr. Haberwin, the leading counsel for the relators, to discuss the single tax question with Mr. J. L. McCreery, of Washington, before all the citizens of Hyattsville.

THE BRITISH ELECTIONS.

Norman McLennan, secretary of the Scottish Land Restoration Federation writes:

"I am glad to say that amid the political turmoil of the election our question was kept fairly well to the front; and we were as successful as we had hoped in eliciting from Parliamentary candidates more or less advanced declarations on the subject. Among the members of the Liberal party elected to the new Parliament throughout Scotland we count over a dozen who are more than usually advanced on our lines, and who made a habit of bringing the question of the taxation of land values prominently into their electioneering speeches—a few of whom, of course, are altogether and heartily with us. At the same time there are several defeats which we, as single tax men, rather keenly deplored.

"The Liberal party of Great Britain, as a whole, is now, of course, pledged to at least some little legislation on our lines, but it is still uncertain when this may come, seeing that Mr. Gladstone's majority of forty in the House is somewhat heterogeneous, and that the Lords appear to be going to give trouble over the matter of Home Rule; but we fully expect to see in the newly elected parliament some better debates on our question than we have been accustomed to in the past."

LABOR SERVICES AT OLD TRINITY.

The annual services of the Church Association for the Advancement of the Interests of Labor, will be held at Trinity Church, at 8 P. M., on the eve of Labor day, Sunday, September 4, under the auspices of the Fathers of the Holy Cross. Inasmuch as Father Huntington and his co-workers of the Order of the Holy Cross, shortly remove to their permanent home in Maryland, and have for years past proven themselves earnest, disinterested and untiring workers in the cause of true social reform, the attendance of all who can conveniently do so, would be a graceful act of appreciative recognition. Service will begin at 8 o'clock in the evening, and the sermon will be preached by Bishop Thompson, of Mississippi. There will be a high ritual and a choir of 200 voices. Among the congregation will be delegations from the Knights of Labor, Single Tax League, National Federation of Labor, and other organizations. They will be invited to join in the recitation of the collect of the association, whose principles are:

"1. It is the essence of the teachings of Jesus Christ that God is the father of all men, and that all men are brothers.

"2. God is the sole possessor of the earth and its fullness: man is but the steward of God's bounties.

"3. Labor being the exercise of body, mind, and spirit in the broadening and elevating of human life, it is the duty of every man to labor diligently.

"4. Labor as thus defined, should be the standard of social worth.

"5. When the divinely-intended opportunity to labor is given to all men, one great cause of the present widespread suffering and destitution will be removed."

INCREASE OF CRIME.

The Nineteenth Century.

At the present moment the police system in all its branches costs England close upon four millions a year, and it is incredible to suppose that constant additions should be made to this grievous financial burden without imperative need. In short, police statistics are a striking confirmation of prison statistics and the statistics of trials, and all of them point, with singular unanimity, to the conclusion that crime during the last thirty years, for which we possess official returns, has not decreased in gravity, and has been steadily developing in magnitude.

Orders for Henry George's books should in future be addressed to Henry George & Co., 42 University Place, New York.

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.

LAND VALUES IN MICHIGAN.

Detroit News.

An attempt to separate the land values of Michigan from its other wealth has been made in the ninth annual report of the State Labor Bureau. With the small appropriation at the command of the Labor Commissioner, and with the necessity ever confronting him of investigating some distinctively labor question, this was an ambitious undertaking. It is well, however, that a start has been made in differentiating the assessments of the state, thus showing the people from what sources the expenses of government are drawn.

In looking at the figures furnished of the value of the bare land, one is at once struck with the immense amount of uncultivated land in the state, the small amount of city land compared to its value, and the astounding fact that, according to the United States census report for 1880, and the Agricultural Bureau report for 1891, there were more acres in Michigan devoted to farming in 1880 than in 1890. These figures are:

	ACRES.
Farm lands in 1880	13 837,240
Farm lands in 1890	12 571 284

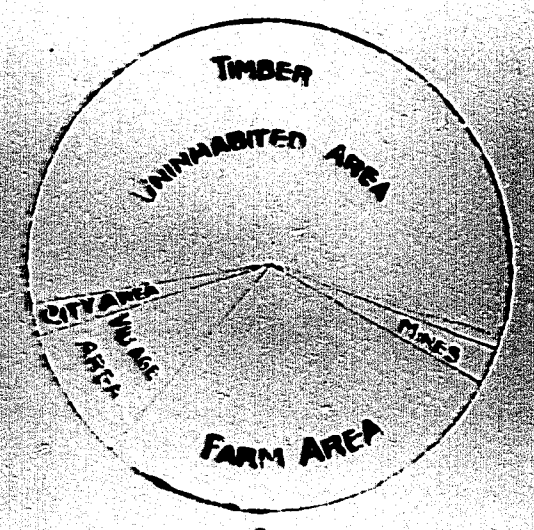
Whether the farm lands are going back to wood land, or whether there is a defect in the reports by the United States Census and State Agricultural bureaus, there is no way of determining, but the fact remains that such statements have been officially published. It is also a fact that in the ten years intevening between 1880 and 1890 the assessed value of the farm lands of the state have risen on an average but 53 cents an acre, while the city lands increased $261.72 an acre. The following is from tabulations appearing in the report:

ASSESSED VALUE OF MICHIGAN.

	ACRES.	VALUE.
Land of sixty-two cities	152,480	$175 439 397
Farm land	12,566 319	170 130,759
Timber lands	21 989,041	160,402 166
Village land	1,413,166	94 937.678
Mineral land	204,194	77,000,000
Total land value	36,755,200	$677 910,000
Buildings and other improvements		295,790 716
Personality		156 299,284
Total assessed value		$1,130,000,000

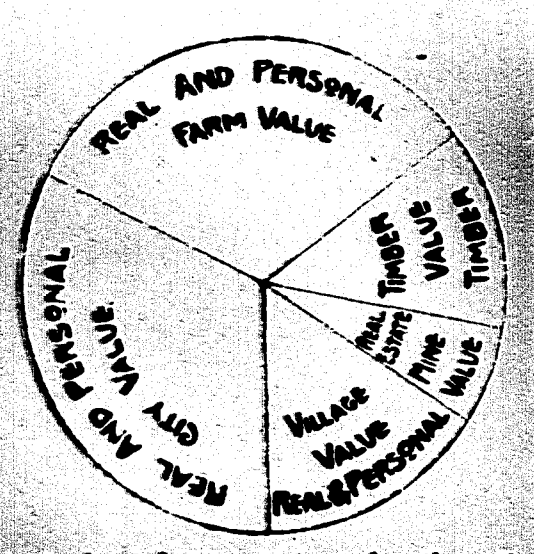
The 21 989,041 acres of timber land is practically uninhabited land. Its value is given at $160,402,166 or about $7 an acre. Of these millions of acres, 10,934,737 are known as timber lands, with an assessed value of $13 53 an acre. But 4,285,598 acres of the above are not assessed at all, which raises the average assessed value of the rest to over $9 an acre. This is almost half of the assessed value of the farm real estate of the Lower Peninsula, which is given at $20.82 an acre.

Figures running into the millions are not always comprehensible. Therefore, the following object lessons, found on page 273 of the last labor bureau report, are reproduced:



The above shows the proportions, the uninhabited area of the state, the city area, the farm area and the mineral area bear to each other, and to the whole, and raise the inquiry whether the apparent want of work for the unemployed is due to overcrowding or to other causes. With 21,989,041 acres of land unoccupied, it would seem as if there was elbow room for the 2,093,889 people in the state, which has over seventeen acres to each person, only thirty-six persons to the square mile. With the uninhabited portion of the state eliminated, there are still over seven acres of farm and city land to each person.

The next circle shows the proportion each assessment value is to each and the whole:



The four acres of city land has a greater value than the millions of acres of farm land.

PERSONAL.

Probably no man in Michigan has written as much on the single tax as Judson Grenell. His first work, when he became a reporter for the Detroit Evening News, in 1884, was an investigation of the method of assessments in the city assessor's office, and the disclosures then made started the campaign against the system of high figures on improvements and low figures on land that has resulted in an enormous increase in Detroit's assessed land values. As an editorial writer he contributed much single tax literature to the columns of the News, and now, as managing editor of the Sunday edition, the work of providing single tax articles has not been discontinued.

Judson Grenell was born in Elmira, N. Y., in 1847. His father was a Baptist minister. A printer by trade, before attaining his majority, he removed to New York city, thence in 1868 to New Haven, Conn., where he remained some years, taking advantage of the Yale College scientific lectures. In 1877 Mr. Grenell removed to Detroit, Mich., where he still resides. Since 1884 he has been almost continuously on the staff of the Detroit Evening News, and although in 1885 he was appointed a state deputy oil inspector, he continued his newspaper work. And even in 1887, when, as one of the representatives in the state legislature, from Detroit, he continued his editorial writings, devoting his attention to advocating free trade, the Australian ballot, and the single tax.

While a representative his bill for the Australian system of voting passed the House and lacked only two votes of passing the Senate His bill for the single tax was reported adversely by the judiciary committee, but the opportunity it offered to spread single tax ideas was not lost.

Mr. Grenell has always been prominent in labor circles. His work in spreading the single tax and free trade ideas has been thorough and effective.

"Billy" Radcliffe, of Youngstown, Ohio, wants the single taxers of Ohio to write to him, and advise him whether or not to stump the state.

J. T. White, of Springfield, Mo., a well-known single tax man, has been nominated by the Democracy for Circuit Judge. He is a very popular man of scholarly attainments, and will poll a large vote outside of his party.

Laurence Carroll proposes to begin the publication of a labor paper at Springfield, Mo.

Editor Patterson, of the Southwest Rural News and Stockman, of Ozark, Mo., until recently a Republican, has become converted to the single tax, and has made his paper a straight-out advocate of the doctrine.

Hon. Michael D. Harter, of Ohio, who offers some pertinent suggestions regarding the work of National campaign committees in the September Forum, won National prominence by his work in the last Congress. He is about forty-five years old, a banker, and a man of vigorous ability and enthusiam for reform.

The territory of Alberta, in the Canadian northwest, has an outspoken single tax man in its Legislative Assembly. He is D. Mowat, M. L. A. As a sample of his work, in an address he delivered three months ago before the Board of Trade in Regina, the capital of the territory of Alberta, he strongly advocated relieving from taxation all personal property, buildings, and improvements.

Geo. W. Bell, of the State of Washington, who is now stumping Maine for the Democrats, may not be a single tax man nor yet a free trader, but his speeches are stamped with a private mark which most single tax free traders will recognize. He is delighting audiences and making votes.

ORIGIN OF THE CHOLERA.

Geo. W. Dunn, president of the Standard Chemical Co., in the Financial Record.

Hunger oppressed, fodder was as scarce as bread; money was still more rare; so that peasants were compelled to let their horses, cattle, sheep, etc., perish for lack of provender. In Samara out of 1,160,300 horses enumerated in the early autumn, more than 600 000 have been killed or have perished. Out of a total of 460,000 cattle only about 180,000 are left and of the 2,250,000 sheep scarcely any remain. The total destruction of animals through all the famine provinces amounts to millions. The dead body of an animal in a state of decomposition and putrefaction produces millions upon millions of virulent germs which spread disease and death wherever they find their way, contaminate the water courses, and are also carried everywhere by the wind, spreading disease and death broad-cast. The people, weak and enfeebled from want of food, have no vitality to overcome the invasion of these germs, the consequence is an average of 4,000 deaths a day from cholera for a long time past. The disease has spread to some of the principal sea ports of Europe and some eminent physicians I have talked with, fear this horrible scourge will spread itself throughout the sea-ports of the world.

TAXATION IN NEW BRUNSWICK.

The Legislature of the Canadian province of New Brunswick has appointed a Commission to consider the whole subject of taxation—civic, municipal and provincial. The members are: President, Hon. A. R. McClellan, Riverside, Albert County, N. B.; Secretary, W. B. Chandler, Dorchester, N. B.; Hon. G. H. Flewelling, St John, N. B.; Mr. W. C. Vroom, St John, N. B. The Commission was to hold sittings during the summer and report to the New Brunswick Legislature at the next session. It is suggested that some one send to the Commission copies of THE STANDARD containing the Hyattville proceedings.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

——Henry Ferris, of Philadelphia, writes: Few things in THE STANDARD have so taken my attention as the brief article on "Compensation," by A. C. Sekell. Because of its force I wish that it might be corrected. It needs qualification. It is, I think, only half true that the single tax would destroy existing land values. It would, in the fullest sense, destroy speculative land values; but the difference between more desirable and less desirable land would of course continue to exist; only it would appear in rental value instead of capitalized value, since the permanent possession of land would no longer be sold.

Land values would not be destroyed by the single tax in the sense that stage coach values are destroyed by railways. The opposite is nearer the truth; for stage coaches are rendered useless, or, at any rate, less useful, while land would be rendered more useful. Land values would be affected by the single tax in the same way that stage coach values would be affected by abolishing monopolies of stage routes. Fares (and rents) would be lowered; stage-coaches (and improvements on land) would be more valuable. In either case real values would be rather increased, because of increased opportunity for use; the only values destroyed would be fictitious values—the value of monopoly.

It is true, as Mr. Sekell says, that the ordinary thinker may not be able to see this. Accustomed to considering land values and other values as resting on the same basis, he may oppose, immovably, a proposition to treat them differently. But what then? Is there some way of getting over this difficulty? I think not. Here is the centre and core of the matter: If he cannot perceive the fundamental difference between that which is produced by labor and that which is not, as many of the best men in America cannot, I see no remedy but time and evolution. He will die, and his son or grandson will see the truth. That is the way the world moves, and the right ultimately triumphs.

I have talked with men of many different sorts, and I am convinced that until they can be brought to see the difference between land and property, no inch is gained. All argument must simply lead to this point. To try to get around it may be more comfortable, but it does not help one iota toward righting what is wrong. All the objections of such men spring naturally and inevitably from their ingrained habits of thought. As such habits commonly go back to the first ideas of childhood, it is not easy to change them; in most cases it is impossible; but to suppose that they can be converted without changing them, seems to me a delusion.

——Benjamin Doblin writes from New York: In replying to a query of Uncle Tom's, in THE STANDADD of August 10, "whether under the single tax, patents on inventions would be granted as now," you answer that, "the single tax has nothing to do with patents or inventions." I opine that you erred grievously in making such a declaration. The single tax, I take it, is more a philosophy than a measure, grounded fundamentally on the doctrine that, socially considered, one man is as good as another, and consequently no advantage should be accorded to any one that cannot be extended to all.

The present patent laws operate in a manner directly opposite to the purposes of the act which secures to the inventor a limited monopoly of an invention—"to promote science and the arts," says the Constitution, but the present method retards development. A patent prohibits others from using an improved method which the inventor or his assigns may not desire to use, because its use would necessitate a change in plant and a consequent expense, which, in the absence of competition by the improved method, is not forced upon them, or for any other reason valid or invalid. They are not compelled to use the invention if they decide not to do so.

The fact that a patent has already been granted makes it all the more difficult for competition to originate another and better method; but aside from this, if the present patent laws are permitted to stand then an invention can secure to the patentee, even under the single tax, the exclusive and absolute control of an industry. The owner of the patent could sell just below the cost of production, open to all by the free methods of production, and thus give the owner a monopoly. As I comprehend the single tax, its purpose is to stimulate competition so that price shall more nearly approximate cost of production, and wherever this is impossible by reason of the fact that monopoly is a natural one, then, in self-defense, the government is to control it. But you must see that the phrase in the platform of the single tax purposely states natural monopolies. Man made ones will be abolished, and a monopoly secured under the patent laws is clearly man made and unnatural.

The difficulties in the way are no bar to the declaration that patent monopolies must be abolished. It is monopoly created by the laws that the single tax was against, and therefore it is that the single taxers must assail the present patent laws. I think that even handed justice can be secured by providing that when an inventor files an application for a patent he shall state what the charge shall be to anyone desirous of utilizing the method discovered, and that upon the payment of such amount anyone shall be at liberty to use the invention. This allows competition to work and protect the consumer without in any way impairing either the liberty or the property rights of the inventor.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.

Leaders of the various railway employees' unions having declared the switchmen of Buffalo without grievances, Grand Master Sweeney of the Switchmen's Union has declared the strike off and the militia have been ordered home. Governor Flower has issued a proclamation warning all persons to desist from unlawful interference with railway traffic and calling upon officers of the law to be watchful against violence intended toward railways.

The Chancellor of New Jersey declares the coal combination unconstitutional in that state.

A Federal Judge in Texas decides the state regulation of railroads, fixing their rates, as in violation of the constitution of the United States.

FOREIGN.

Cholera has reached London and the disease is spreading at Hamburg. Extraordinary precautions are being taken to exclude the disease from American ports.

The Pope has dismissed in disgrace Cardinal Ruggiero, Prefect of Financial Affairs of the Propaganda, on charges of complicity in the financial scandals that resulted last year in the dismissal of Monsignor Folchi.

UNEARNED INCREMENT.

THE TOILERS' LAMENT.

George Edgar Frye, in Boston Globe.

How tired we grow of useless beating
Against the frowning walls of fate,
Which sphinx-like every hope defeating
Bid our poor hearts in patience wait.

Like prisoned birds we vainly flutter
Against the bars of cruel wrong,
That stop our speech if we but utter
The words that make the soul grow strong.

With bodies bound—the rich man's debtor,
Robbed ot our rights at every turn,
We lose the zeal to grasp no better
Than the poor pittance that we earn.

The laws are made to bind us tighter;
We ask for bread, but get a stone;
The world grows dark instead of brighter,
We reap but chaff where we have sown.

'Tis hard to bear the keen regretting
That follows from our vain despair,
At thought of losing all our getting,
Through growing greed and haunting fear.

PARAGRAPHS.

"It ees, howefer," said the distinguished foreigner, as he concluded his story, "simply a matter of heard said." "You mean 'hear-say,' of course, Count." "A—h—h; but zis was told me some time ago."—Puck.

A father was very much annoyed by the foolish questions of his little son. "Johnny, you are a great source of annoyance to me." "What's the matter, pa?" "You ask so many foolish questions. I wasn't a big donkey when I was of your age." "No, pa, but you ve growed a heap since."—Texas Siftings.

Watts: "What was Figg like as a boy?" Potts: "They had company all afternoon, and every time Figg got off a joke the blamed boy would tell what paper it was stolen from."—Detroit Free Press.

Hostess: "Mr. Trotter will take you into dinner. He is a charming man, but a confirmed dyspetic." Chicago Girl: "Oh, how nice! He can do all the talking while I eat."—New York Herald.

Hicks: "Do you believe there is such a thing as a haunted house?" Wicks: "Oh, yes, indeed; but it depends a good deal upon how good looking the girl is who lives in it."—Boston Transcript.

Smythe: "I dropped a penny in front of a blind beggar to see if he'd pick it up." Tompkins: "Well, did he?" Smythe: "No; he said, 'Make it a sixpence, mister, and I'll forget myself.'"—Tid Bits.

He (seriously): "Do you think your father would object to my marrying you?" She: "I don't know; if he's anything like me he would."

He: "Don't you think it is wrong for people to marry their intellectual inferiors?" She: "Yes; always wrong, and in some cases quite impossible."—Life.

You ask my reasons for believing in women's suffrage. It seems to me almost self-evident, an axiom, that every householder and taxpayer ought to have a voice in the expenditure of the money we pay, including, as this does, interests the most vital to a human being. — Florence Nightingale.

A small republic silly
Disturbed our peace awhile;
Oh, shall we call it Chili,
Or shall we call it "Chile?"—Puck.

He: "Will you marry me?" She: "No; you drink." He: "Then marry me and save me."

She: "Thanks, no. I don't want a husband preserved in alcohol."—Kate Field's Washington.

Kind Party: "What are you crying that way for, my little boy?" Little Boy—"'Cause it's the only way I know how to cry."—Life.

When you find two women conversing to-day
With earnestness, if not afraid
To listen, you'll surely hear one of them say,
"And how are you having it made?"
—New York Press.

"Do you keep corn-meal?" inquired the man with the basket on his arm. "No, sir," said the grocer, "we sell it; how much do you want?" "Did I say I wanted any?" mildly asked the man with the basket. And he went out and hunted up another grocery store where the salesmen were not quite so smart.—Chicago Tribune.

Head of Firm: "Mr. Travers, while you were out a man came in to collect a bill from you for an ulster which he said had been running for a year. Can't you pay for your clothes, sir, out of the liberal salary we give you?" Travers: "No, sir; I can't do it and be a gentleman."—Clothier and Furnisher.

Teacher: "What is the proper time to gather apples?" Pupil: "When the big dog isn't in the orchard."—Fliegende Blatter.

Little Wife: "I saved $30 to-day." Loving Husband: "You're an angel. How?" Little Wife: "I saw a perfectly lovely easy chair that I knew you'd like, and I didn't buy it."—New York Weekly.

Bertha: "Grandma, is oor teef good?" Grandma: "No, darling; Iv'e got none now, unfortunately." Bertha: "Then I'll give oo my nuts to mind till I come back."—Pacific Methodist.

"I hear Bronson sang 'Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep,' at the concert." "Yes." "Did he do it well?" "He did it, indeed. It was so

vivid that five persons left the hall, overcome with seasickness."—Harper's Bazar.

"Have you Goldsmith's 'Greece?'" inquired a customer of the new clerk in a drug and book store. "Just out of it," replied the clerk. "Won't vaseline do as well?"—Pharm. Era.

"Our guess doll netted us over $400. No one guessed the name, and I still have the doll," said the Rev. Mr. Scaddleberry. "It must have had an odd name. What was it?" "I didn't name it at all," returned the reverend gentleman, with a face that simply beamed with pious regard for its owner's clever business sense.—United Presbyterian.

"Don't be angry, old fellow—it's only my way." "Well, I wish you'd emulate the babes in the wood." "How?" "Lose your way. It's no good."—Puck.

"So you wrote her a poem?" "Yes," replied the young man, sadly. "What did she say?" "She said she admired my letter; but she didn't quite understand my method of using capital letters."—Puck.

"Oh, that must be too lovely for anything," said Hortensia, when she read an account of a stage robbery in the far West. "Lovely to be robbed?" asked Uncle John. "Lovely to be held up," said Hortensia, with a roseate blush.—Boston Transcript.

Anxious Mother: "What in the world did you do during the terrible thunder storm?" Little Dick: "I got under a tree." Mother: "Horrors! Don't you know that the shade of a tree is the most dangerous of all places in a thunder storm?" Little Dick: "Oh, yes; but I jumped out every time it thundered."—The Christian at Work.

THE COLDNESS OF SPACE.

Harper's Magazine.

We rarely realize how easily the earth parts with its heat, and how cold space is through which the earth sweeps in its orbit. Nor do we commonly appreciate how relentlessly space sucks away the heat which the earth has garnered from the sunbeams out into its illimitable depths. Away out in space is a cold so intense that we fairly fail to grasp its meaning. Perhaps 300 or 400 degrees below the freezing point of water, some philosophers think, are the daily recesses beyond our atmosphere. And night and day, summer and winter, this insatiated space is robbing us of our heat, and fighting with demoniac power to reduce our globe to its own bitter chill.

So, after all, our summer and winter temperatures are only maintained by the residue of the sun's heat which we have been able to store up and keep hold of in spite of the pit less demands of space. Our margin sometimes gets so reduced on nights in winter that we can readily believe the astronomers and physicists when they tell us that a reduction of the sun's heat by 7 per cent. and a slight increase in the number of winter days would suffice to bring again to our hemisphere a new age of ice, with its inevitable desolation. The balance is really a nice one between the heat we daily gather from the sun and the share of it which we lose in space.

ROMAN BATHS.

The National Review.

Every Roman had the use of the public baths on payment of about half a farthing. These were not such structures as we call public baths, but superb buildings, lined with Egyptian granite and Nubian marble. Warm water was poured into the capacious basins through wide mouths of bright and massive silver. The most magnificent baths were those of Caracalla, which had seats of marble for more than 1,600 people, and those of Diocletian, which had seats for 3,000 people.

AN ACCOMPLISHED FACT.

Earl in English Prose.

When a foreign phrase has become very familiar in English discourse it is apt to get translated, and then the original falls into disuse. It is rare to see un fait accompli, ever since somebody was bold enough to substitute for it the vernacular equivalent, "an accomplished fact."

Orders for Henry George's books should in future be addressed to Henry George & Co., 42 University Place, New York.

HOW THE FEUD BEGAN.

San Francisco Argonaut.

Thompson's boy was tall and slim,
An' pleggy nigh a fool;
Thompson, though, was proud o' him,
An' evenin's, after school,
Ust to take him with him when
He went to set aroun'
An' argy politics with men
That loafed about the town.

Nothin' tickled Thompson more
Than hearin' Tobie shout;
So he ust to git the floor
An' draw the urchin out.
Then he'd stand, a-looking' proud,
Thinkin', "Ain't he smart?"
Never noticin' the crowd
One by one depart.

Wall, one evenin' on the street
Thompson showed him off
'Mong some men he chanced to meet,
One of which was Goff.
Goff was sort o' cross that day—
Wasn't feelin' right—
An', I reckon, truth to say,
Wasn't jest perlite.

Thompson bime-by shouted out,
Pullin' Goff aroun',
"Don't ye reckon he's erbout
The rarest boy in town?"
"Yaas," says Goff, "he 'pears to be
A little underdone;
I'd bake him over, seems ter me,
Ef I hed sech a son."

That was forty years ago,
But ever sence that night
The Goffs an' Thompsons hated so
They always shot at sight.
An' only one is left to day—
He's up in Illinoy,
As rich as mud. I've heard 'em say
Which same is Thompson's boy.

A RUSSIAN FOLK LORE STORY.

LEO TOLSTOI.

Emelyan was a laborer living in his master's house. Emelyan was going to his work in the fields one day when a frog, upon which he had almost trodden, jumped up in front of him. Emelyan carefully stepped over it. Suddenly he heard some one call him. Emelyan turned round and saw a beautiful girl standing behind him, who said: "Why do you not marry, Emelyan?"

"How can I marry, my girl? I have nothing except myself; no woman will go with me."

"Marry me."

The girl greatly pleased Emelyan.

"I!" he replied with delight; "but where shall we live?"

"Is that worth bothering about?" said the girl. "It only means that we shall have to work a little more, and sleep a little less, and then, wherever we are, we shall find ourselves clothed and fed."

"Very well, then, we will marry; but where shall we go?"

"Let us go to the city."

Emelyan and the girl went to the city. The girl led him to a small house at the further end of it; they were married, and started housekeeping. The Governor drove out one day, and, as he passed their house, Emelyan's wife ran out to look at him. When the Governor saw her he was struck with astonishment at her beauty, and said to himself, "Where can such a beauty have come from?" He stopped, called to her, and began to question her.

"Who are you?"

"The wife of the peasant, Emelyan."

"How came such a beauty as you to marry a peasant? You should have been a princess."

"Thank you for your kind words. I am well content to be a peasant's wife."

The governor made a few more remarks, drove away, and returned to his palace. He could not get the wife of Emelyan out of his head. He did not sleep all night. He thought of how he should take away Emelyan's wife and get her for himself. He could hit upon no way of doing it, so he called his servants and ordered them to find a way.

The servants said to the governor: "Take Emelyan as one of your laborers. We will then kill him with hard work. The wife will be left a widow, and you can have her."

The governor sent for Emelyan to become a man-of-all-work and to live with his wife in the palace. The messenger went and gave Emelyan the message. The wife replied: "That is good. Go. You can work during the day and at night you can return to me."

Emelyan went. He arrived at the palace. The governor's foreman asked him: "Why did you come alone, without your wife?"

"Why bring her? She has her house."

They gave Emelyan work in the governor's yard that would have been a hard task for two men. Emelyan set about his work, and was afraid he would not be able to finish it; but before night he had finished it all. The foreman saw that he had done all of it, and gave him for the next day four times as much.

Emelyan went home. There he found everything swept clean and tidy; the stove lit; the baking and cooking all done. The wife was sitting at the table and sewing, while she waited for her husband. She met him, laid the supper, gave him his meat and drink, and when he had finished began to ask him about his work.

"There is no use talking; it is bad. They give you more than you can do. They will kill me with work."

"But you—you must not think about the work. Don't look to the one side or to the other; how much you have done, or how much is left. Only work. All will be done in time."

In the morning Emelyan returned to work. He started working, never looking to one side. Lo! by the evening it was all finished, and before it was dark he was at home. They put more and more work upon Emelyan, but he always finished in time and went home.

A week had gone by. The Governor's servants see that they cannot kill the peasant with rough work. They begin to give him skilled tasks, but with this they cannot kill him. Carpenter's, mason's, roofer's work—all that they give him he finishes in time, and goes home to his wife and to sleep.

Another week goes by. The Governor calls his servants and says: "Do I feed you with bread for nothing? Two weeks have passed, and as yet I see nothing from you. You wanted to kill Emelyan with hard work, and from my window I observe him going home every day, singing. Did you intend to make a jest of me?"

The servants began to excuse themselves. "We tried," they said, "with all our might to kill him with hard work, but we could not do it. When he sweeps with a broom he does it without fatigue. We then began to give him skilled work, thinking he would be short of brains, but with that we could not break him down. Where does he get it from? Everything he approaches he does. It must be that there is witchcraft in him or in his wife. We ourselves are tired of him. We want to give him a task beyond his powers. We thought of giving him an order to build a cathedral in a day. Do you call Emelyan and command him to build a cathedral in front of your palace in a single day, and then, if he fails to do it, his head can be cut off for disobedience."

The Governor sent for Emelyan.

"Now, then," he said, "This is my order to you. Build me a new cathedral in front of my palace, in the square. It must be ready by to-morrow. If you build it I will confer honor on you; if you do not build it you will lose your head."

Emelyan listened to the order, turned round, and went home. "Now," he thinks to himself. "my end is come." He went to his wife and said: "Get your things together, wife; we must fly. Anywhere. If we do not we shall be lost, and all for nothing."

"What!" she asked. "Have you become so frightened that you want to run away?"

"How can I be otherwise than frightened? The Governor has ordered me to build a new cathedral, and all in one day. If I do not build it he threatened that he would cut off my head. Only one thing is left—to run away while there is time."

The wife did not accept his suggestion.

"The Governor has many servants, and wherever we go we shall be caught," she said. "You cannot escape him, and, so long as we have power, we must obey."

"But how to obey when it is beyond me?"

"Little father! do not grieve. Take your supper and go to bed. In the morning you will get up, and everything will be all right."

Emelyan went to bed. The wife woke him.

"Go," she said, "go quickly, and get your cathedral built. Here you have nails and a hammer, and there is only a day's work left for you."

Emelyan went to the city, arrived at the palace, and, behold! there was a new cathedral actually standing in the middle of the square, wanting only a little of being finished. Emelyan started to give it the finishing touches where they were required, and by the evening everything was complete. The Governor woke up, looked out from the palace, and saw—the cathedral, with Emelyan walking round it, merely putting in a nail here and there. The sight of the cathedral did not gladden the Governor's heart. He was furious at having no opportunity of beheading Emelyan and taking his wife. The Governor calls his servant again.

"Emelyan fulfilled this task also," he said. "We must invent something more complicated for him. Invent it. If you do not I will behead you first."

His servants contrived that the Governor should order Emelyan to make a river flowing round the palace, with large vessels floating on it. The Governor ordered Emelyan to perform this new task.

"If," he said, "you could build a cathedral in one day, you can do this also. All must be ready to-morrow as I have ordered it. If it is not ready your head will be cut off."

Emelyan became more dejected than ever, and returned with the gloomiest of faces.

"Why," she said, "are you so gloomy? Has something new been ordered?

Emelyan told her all.

"It is necessary," he said, "to run."

"It is impossible to run away," she said. "We shall be caught wherever we go. We must obey."

"But how to obey?"

"Oh! little father! do not trouble about anything. Take your supper and lie down to sleep. Get up earlier, and everything will be in time."

Emelyan lay down to sleep. In the morning the wife wakes him up.

"Go," she said, "into the city. All is ready. There is only a little hillock left beside the harbor. Take your spade and level it."

Emelyan went and arrived at the city. Round the palace ran a river; vessels were floating on it. Emelyan went to the harbor, and saw there a hillock which he started to level. The Governor wakes up, looks out, and sees—a river, where previously there had been none. On the river vessels are floating, and Emelyan, with the spade, is levelling the hillock. The Governor was astounded, and he was not pleased with either the river or the vessels, being vexed to think that he could not behead Emelyan. He thinks to himself: "There is nothing that he cannot do. What is it to be now?" He called the servants and began to consult with them.

"Invent for me," he says, "a task that Emelyan cannot fulfill, for all that we have hitherto invented he has done, and I cannot take away his wife."

The servants thought and thought, and at last they found something. They went to the Governor and said: "Call Emelyan and speak to him thus: 'Go there, without knowing where, and bring that without knowing what.' Wherever he goes you can then say that he has not gone where he was needed, and whatever he brings you can say that it is not what was wanted. He can then be beheaded and his wife taken."

The Governor was delighted. "This," he said, "you have invented wisely." He sent for Emelyan and said to him: "Go there, without knowing where, and bring that without knowing what. If you do not bring it I shall cut off your head."

Emelyan went to his wife and told her what the Governor had said. The wife pondered.

"Now," she said, "they have taught the Governor a lesson that he himself will suffer by. The thing has to be managed wisely."

She sat down, reflected, and spoke to her husband as follows:

"You will have to go far—to our grandmother—to our old peasant mother. You must implore her kindness and you will receive something from her. You must then go straight to the Governor, and I shall be there. This time I shall not be able to escape from their hands. They will take me by force, but it will not be for long. If you will do all the grandmother tells you you will soon free me."

The wife prepared her husband for the journey, giving him a small bag and a spindle.

"Give this spindle to our grandmother," she says. "By this she will know that you are my husband."

The wife showed him the way, and Emelyan started on his journey. After leaving the city he saw some free-shooters (strelitz) practicing. Emelyan stopped and looked on. The free-shooters practiced for a while and then sat down to rest. Emelyan went up to them and asked: "Don't you know, brothers, which is the way to go, one knows not where, and how one is to bring, one knows not what?"

The free-shooters were astonished at the question. "Who," they said, "has sent you to find that?"

"The Governor."

"No!" they said, "we cannot help you"

Emelyan, after sitting awhile, got up and went on further. He journeyed on and on, and came to a forest. In the forest was a hut. In the hut sat an old crone—the old peasant-mother—spinning flax and crying. The old woman saw Emelyan and screamed out: "What have you come for?" Emelyan gave her the spindle and said his wife had sent him to her. The old woman immediately became milder in her manner, and began to question him. Emelyan started to tell her all his life: how he married the girl; how he moved over to the city to live; how he was taken on as man-of-all-work; how he served the Governor; how he built the cathedral; how he made the river with the vessels on it, and how the Governor had ordered him to go there, without knowing where, and bring that, without knowing what.

The old woman listened, and stopped to weep. She began muttering to herself.

"All right," she said: "sit down little son, and eat."

Emelyan ate, and the old woman started giving him instructions.

"Here," she said, "you have a ball. Roll it before you, and go after it wherever it runs. You will have to go a long way—to the ocean. You will get to the ocean, and there you will see a large city. Enter the city, and ask in the farthest house for a night's lodging. There you must search for what you need."

"But how, grandmother, shall I know what it is?"

"When you see what people obey better than father or mother that will be the thing. Catch hold of it and carry it away. You will bring it to the governor; he will tell you that you have not brought what was needed, and you must then say: 'If that is not the th'ng it must be broken in pieces.' Beat upon it and then take it to the river; break it, and throw it into the water. You will then get back your wife."

Emelyan bade the grandmother good-by and departed, rolling the ball before him. The ball rolled and rolled, and brought him to the ocean. By the ocean was a large city. At the far end of it was a big house. Emelyan asked for leave to sleep in the house, and was admitted. He lay down to sleep. Early in the morning he awoke and heard the father going up to arouse his son that he might send him to chop wood. The son does not obey.

"It is early yet," he says; "there is time."

Emelyan hears the mother getting down from the oven, and she says: "Go, my little son; the father's bones are aching. Must he go himself? It is time."

The son merely smacked his lips, and slept once more. While he slept there arose a terrible noise in the street, and a beating, as of drums The son jumped up, put on his clothes, and ran out into the street. Emelyan also jumped up and ran after him.

"What is that which the son obeyed better than father or mother?"

Emelyan ran out, and saw a man going along the street, and carrying a round thing on which he beat with sticks, and which rumbled. This thing the son obeyed. Emelyan ran toward it, began to examine it, and saw—a thing that was round like a barrel, and had both ends covered with skin. He began to ask what it was called.

"A drum," the man said.

Emelyan was surprised, and he asked that it should be given him. It was not given. Emelyan gave up asking, and commenced to walk after the man. He walked all day, and when the man lay down to sleep Emelyan snatched the drum away and ran off with it. He ran and ran, and came home to his own city. He thought that he would see his wife, but she was no longer there. She had been taken off the next day to the Governor.

Emelyan reported to the Governor: "He who went there without knowing where, has brought that, without knowing what."

The announcement was made. The Governor ordered that Emelyan should come the next day. Emelyan started to announce himself again.

"I have come to-day," he said, "and have brought what was ordered. Let the Governor come out to me; if not, I will myself go in."

The Governor went out.

"Where," he says, "have you been?"

He answered.

"You have not been there," said the Governor. "But what did you bring?"

Emelyan wanted to show him, but the Governor did not want to look.

"That is not it," he said.

"If it is not," said Emelyan, "it must be broken, and the devil with it."

Emelyan went out with the drum and beat upon it. As he beat upon it all the military of the province collected round Emelyan. They saluted him and waited for orders from him. The Governor began shouting out to his soldiers that they should not follow Emelyan. They paid no attention, but all marched after him. The Governor saw it, and ordered that Emelyan's wife should be brought out before him. He asked that Emelyan give him up the drum.

"I can not," says Emelyan; "I have orders to break it and throw the pieces in the river."

Emelyan went with the drum to the river, and the soldiers after him. Near the river Emelyan broke the drum skin. He broke the wood into small fragments and threw them into the river. And all the soldiers ran away.

Emelyan took his wife and led her home. From this time the Governor ceased bothering him, and Emelyan began to live comfortably, gathering round him the good things of life and ridding himself of the bad.

* * * * * * * *

MOSSES FROM AN OLD MANSE.

Geo. Thos. Dowling, D. D., in Independent.

The minister's wife had just finished her chores,
By calling on all the church people;
And some she'd found open as both the church doors,
And some she'd found stiff as the steeple.

For while all the deacons had slept on the wall,
A committe had come like a lion;
And by giving her husband a generous call,
Had shaken the bulwarks of Zion.

For years they had paid him who taught them the word,
About six hundred dollars or seven;
For they felt that a preacher should "trust in the Lord,"
And grow fat on the "manna from heaven."

And so the cash question had come to annoy;
Which with so many ministers rankles;
For the Lord had sent children: three girls and a boy,
And the boy—hollow down to his ankles.

Sister Blodgett, the wife of a "pillar," had cried
(They supported a carriage and horses).
"Beware! lest you sin against God," she had sighed:
"A rolling stone gathers no mosses.

The preacher looked up from the book which he read,
And his merry eyes twinkled with laughter.
"Why didn't you tell Sister Blodgett," he said,
"That moss isn't what we are after?"

Orders for Henry George's books should in future be addressed to Henry George & Co., 42 University Place, New York.

NERO.

Translated from Ludovic Halevy by J. D. Kay.

Having lost my train through the stupid conceit of the stage driver, who declared that in all his fifteen years experience he had never belated a passenger, I found myself stranded in a small Swiss village, with three hours to get rid of before I could continue my journey. It was a dismal, unpromising looking place, and I inquired of some of the people, standing about the station, if there were any points of interest in the neighborhood which could be visited in the space of three hours. With one accord they answered: "The Caldron; go to see the Caldron. It is well worth a visit."

"Where and what is the Caldron?" I asked.

"It is half way up the mountain, but the road is somewhat complicated. You must have a guide. Go to yonder little white house, with the green blinds, and you will find the best guide in the country, and the best fellow, too. Father Simon."

I knocked at the door of the little white house. It was opened by an old woman.

"Is this the house of Father Simon?"

"It is—but—is it to go to the Caldron?"

"Yes: to the Caldron."

"Well, Father Simon is not able to go out to-day. His legs have given out and he cannot leave his bed. However, that makes no difference; I have some one who will do just as well as he, Nero."

"All right. Send Nero to me."

"But I must tell you that Nero is not a person."

"Not a person?"

"No, he is our dog."

"What do you mean, your dog?"

"He will guide you just as well as my husband would. He is accustomed to do it. For years he has gone with his master and has learned to know all the points of view, and now he can guide perfectly alone by himself. He often guides parties of strangers, and they always compliment us highly upon his cleverness. You need not fear about his intelligence, he has quite as much as you or I; all he needs is the gift of speech. That is not necessary in this case, as it would be were he showing a monument, where he would have to know dates and relate anecdotes connected with it. Here are only the beauties of nature. Take Nero. It costs you much less also. It is only thirty cents for Nero, and he will do as much for you as my husband would for three collars."

"Well, where is Nero?"

"He is sleeping in the sun outside. He has already taken a party of English to the Caldron this morning; I will call him:

"Nero! Nero!"

He came leaping through the open window, an ugly little black poodle, with long curly, wooly hair. He certainly was not handsome, but he had a grave, important, decided manner that was very impressive. He looked first at me—his glance was searching and comprehensive, it seemed to say:

"You are a stranger and you want to see the Caldron."

Not wishing to lose another train, I explained to Mme. Simon that I had only three hours in which to make the excursion.

"Yes, I know," she answered; "you want to go by the 4 o'clock train. Do not fear, Nero will bring you back in time. Come, Nero, be off, be off, do you hear!"

But Nero did not seem disposed to be off. He stood looking at his mistress with a perturbed expression.

"Ah! stupid that I am," she cried. "I had forgotten the sugar."

She handed me four lumps, which I put in my pocket. "That is why he would not start; you did not have the sugar. Now, off with you, old fellow."

"To the Caldron, to the Caldron, to the Caldron."

She repeated this three times, slowly and distinctly, and as she did so I watched the effect on Nero. He answered the words of his mistress by wagging his head three times, each time more emphatically than the last, and it seemed as if he were almost indignant. One might translate it thus: "Yes, yes, yes; to the Caldron, I know. I understand; the gentleman has the sugar and he wants to see the Caldron. Do you take me for an imbecile?"

He gazed at me gravely, and trotted off in front, I following meekly.

We went through the village, followed by the cries of the children: "Hello, Nero," "Come here, Nero."

They tried to frolic with him, but he turned away his head disdainfully; he had no time for amusing himself now; he was on duty, and wished honestly to earn his 30 cents.

"Let him alone. Don't you see he is guiding a gentleman to the Caldron." And they screamed with laughter.

I laughed too, but rather grimly. I felt embarrassed, humiliated, in fact. I, a man, was being managed by an animal. He was for the moment my master. He knew where we were going and I did not. I hurried from the village, anxious to find myself alone with Nero and those beauties of nature that he was to show me. He walked along the hot and dusty highroad at a pace I found some difficulty in keeping up with. I tried to curb his impatience by calling him "Good Nero, not so fast, old fellow, etc.," but he took no notice, pursuing calmly his way, even flying into a rage when I ventured to sit down a moment to rest under a forlorn looking tree. He barked angrily, and looked at me reproachfully. Evidently I was doing something out of the usual routine. Finally his barking became so irritating that I arose and resumed my walk. Nero at once calmed down, and sprang gayly on before. I had understood him and he was content.

A few moments later we entered a delightful wood-path, full of flowers, shady, and sweet-smelling, with murmuring brooks and bower-like trees.

Nero flew on ahead, and disappeared up a little bypath. I followed breathlessly. When I came up with him I found him awaiting me with sparkling eyes and wagging tail in a grassy dell, made cheerful by the singing of a merry brook. There was a rustic seat at which he gazed, and then at me, as if to say:

"Yes, yes; this is the place to rest. How lovely it is, how cool. You were fool enough to want to rest on the hot, dusty highway. You may sit down now; I will allow you to."

I sat down and lit a cigar. I really felt inclined to offer one to Nero. He was quite capable of smoking. However, I thought he would prefer a lump of sugar. He caught it cleverly as I tossed it to him, ate it eagerly, curled himself up at my feet and was soon asleep.

As for me, I had determined to trust implicitly to Nero, and gave myself up to a comfortable siesta. After a ten minutes' doze Nero got up, looked about him, stretched himself, and said (in dog language): "Come now, my friend, we must be moving on."

We plodded on together like old friends, taking it easy under the trees, both enjoying the cool quiet of the place. Out on the highway, Nero had walked quickly, firmly, steadily; he wished to get out of the heat and dust. Now he strolled along as if merely for the pleasure of walking in one of the loveliest paths in the Vaud Canton.

Presently, at a cross road, running to the left, he stopped and seemed to reflect, then continued the road we were on, but apparently ill at ease and troubled in his mind. Suddenly he turned about and retraced his steps and took the road to the left that we had just passed.

This brought us, at about one hundred feet distance, to a natural amphitheatre formed of solid rock and towering to a height beyond the climbing powers of man. This, Nero in great excitement, invited me to admire. When he thought that I was sufficiently impressed by this wonder of Nature, he turned again into our original road and we resumed our journey. He had forgotten to show me this rocky phenomenon and had now repaired his fault.

The road became very steep and rocky, and I had to pick my way with the greatest care. Nero sprang from rock to rock, but he didn't abandon me, but watched over me with the tenderest solicitude. I began to hear in the distance, a sound as of fiercely boiling water. Nero barked loudly and joyously.

"Courage, courage," he said, "we are almost there, and you shall see the Caldron."

The Caldron turned out to be a small, insignificant stream of water, falling from an insignificant height, into a hollow rock. It was a pretty sight, but would not have repaid me for such a hard climb, had I not had Nero as my guide—he being much more interesting and remarkable than the Caldron.

On either side of the stream were tiny cottages, in which two pretty peasant girls, in the national costume, sold milk to the weary traveler. One was blonde, the other brunette. I thought the blonde's eyes the prettiest, and was approaching the little cottage, looking like a toy cut out with a jig saw, in the door of which she was standing, when Nero planted himself before me in the path and began barking furiously.

What was the matter? Had he a preference for the brunette? I turned in the other direction and he quieted down at once. I sat down at a table under the trees and ordered a pitcher of milk. The brunette re-entered her house, closely followed by Nero. I peeped through the window and watched him—the sinner, he was not above being bribed. I found he was served before me to a large dish of milk. He came out presently, the milk dripping from his black moustache, and watched me eagerly while I drank mine. I then gave him another lump of sugar, and, perfectly satisfied with each other, we sat for half an hour enjoying the invigorating breezes that blew on that hilltop, 1,200 feet above the sea level.

Presently Nero began to show signs of restlessness and impatience. I got up, paid for the milk, and taking the same path by which we had come, I was surprised to see Nero lead off to the left to the entrance to another path.

I had made so much progress in dog language in the last hour that I understood his eyes to say:

"What do you take me for? Do you think I would take you over the same route twice? No, indeed. I am an experienced guide. I know my business. We will go down by a new road."

This new road was much more beautiful than the old one. Nero, delighted with himself, kept turning towards me with looks of triumph. As we crossed the village on our way to the railroad station, Nero met several friends, who ran to greet him and evidently wished to converse with him; but he declined haughtily to listen to their blandishments, and repulsed all their advances.

"Don't you see that I am busy? I am taking this gentleman to the railroad station."

It was only in the waiting-room that he would consent to leave me, having gayly devoured the last two lumps of sugar, and this is the way I interpreted his farewell glances:

"We are twenty minutes too early. You don't catch me losing peoples' trains for them. Good-bye, good luck, good bye."

WHAT SUSTAINS THE MOON.

Good Words.

We have read how the coffin of Mohammed was poised without support in the mosque of the faithful, from which all unbelievers were so rigidly excluded; no material support was necessary to sustain the remains of the prophet, the body itself seemed ever on the point of following the departed spirit to the realms of bliss. A perennial miracle was indeed necessary to sustain the revered sarcophagus in space.

The infidel, no doubt, is somewhat skeptical about this marvelous phenomenon, and now, as ever, the truth is stranger than fiction. Far over our heads there is a vast globe larger and heavier than millions of sarcophagi; no material support is rendered to that globe, yet there it is sustained from day to day, from year to year, from century to century.

What is it that prevents the moon falling? That is the question which now lies before us. It is assuredly the case that the earth continually attracts the moon. The effect of the attraction is not, however, shown in actually drawing the moon closer to the earth, for this, as we have seen, does not happen, but the attraction of the earth keeps the moon from going further away from the earth than it would otherwise do. Suppose, for instance, that the attraction of the earth were suspended, the moon would no longer follow its orbit, but would start off in a straight line in continuation of the direction in which it was moving at the moment when the earth's action was intercepted.

What Newton did was to show, from the circumstances of the moon's distance and movement that it was attracted by the earth with a force of the same description as that by which the same globe attracted the apple, the difference being that the intensity of the force becomes weaker

the greater the distance of the attracted body from the earth. In fact, the attraction of the earth on a ton of matter at the distance of the moon would be withstood by an exertion not greater than that which would suffice to sustain about three-quarters of a pound at the surface of the earth.

THE CIGARETTE EVIL.

Harper's Weekly.

Considering what very poor things cigarettes are, it is surprising that they should have got such a hold on the community. But, bad as they are, they are extremely fascinating. The use of them, when carried to excess, becomes a habit that is most difficult to break, while they are so cheap and so convenient that it takes exceptional discretion to smoke them at all without smoking them to a deleterious extent. Of course it is primarily because they are so cheap that they appeal so generally to boys; but even with boys, who ought not to be allowed to smoke at all, it is not so much the tobacco in the cigarette that does the mischief as the pestilent and insinuating practice of inhaling the smoke. An ordinary boy of wholesome appetites won't smoke cigars or pipe tobacco enough to do him serious damage, even if he can get them. Nor would the cigarettes he might smoke be so serious a menace to his welfare if he would only smoke them as he would smoke cigars. The trouble is that as soon as he gets used to cigarette-smoking he begins to inhale the smoke, and presently is fixed in a habit that plays the mischief with him.

SYMPATHY IN A DOG.

The Spectator.

A butcher residing at Brodick, in the Isle of Arran, told me that he had two collie dogs at the same time, one old and the other young. The old dog became useless through age and was drowned in the sea at Brodick. A few days afterward its body was washed ashore, and it was discovered by the young dog, who was seen immediately to go to the butcher's shop and take away a piece of meat and lay it at the dead dog's mouth. The young dog evidently thought that the meat would revive his old comrade, and thereby showed remarkable sympathy in aid of, to him, the apparent "weak."

BURIAL OF INDIAN LEPERS ALIVE.

London Daily News.

This horrible remedy for the leper's sufferings was, we are told, always adopted with the consent of the leper himself, who—frequently declaring to his relatives and friends that he was tired of life—would ask them to perform "sumajh." Then a hole was dug, and the leper escorted to the grave with flags, drums, "tom-toms," and other native unmusical instruments. The leper was simply placed in the hole in a sitting posture, and the earth filled in.

"Your proposal is so unexpected, Mr. Spoonamore," said the young woman, blushingly, "that I hardly know what to say. You must give me time to think it over." "Certainly, Miss Jaggers," said the young man accommodatingly. "That's the way I've—er—always been in the habit of doing in cases like this.—Chicago Tribune.

New York Man (in Philadelphia horse car): "What is that crowd in the block ahead of us?" Conductor: "There's a wagon broke down on the track." New York Man: "Won't that detain us?" Conductor: "It will when we get there."—Truth.

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SINGLE TAX LEAGUE OF THE UNITED STATES.

PLATFORM

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

In assessments under the single tax all values created by individual use or improvement would be excluded and the only value taken into consideration would be the value attaching to the bare land by reason of neighborhood, etc., to be determined by impartial 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 and idle as for putting it to its fullest use.

The single tax, therefore, would—

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

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

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

4. Give us with all the world as perfect freedom of trade as now exists between the states of our Union, thus enabling our people to share, through free exchanges, in all the advantages which nature has given to other countries, or which the peculiar skill of other peoples has enabled them to attain. It would destroy the trusts, monopolies and corruptions which are the outgrowths of the tariff. It would do away with the fines and 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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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, 305 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.

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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, 2208 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, 4233 Connecticut st.

NEW YORK.

Brooklyn Woman's Single Tax Club meetings, third Tuesday of each month at 3 P. M., at 198 Livingston street. Pres., Eva J. Turner, 506 Carlton avenue; Cor. Sec., Venie B. Havens, 219 DeKalb avenue.

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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, 15 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. Priser, 1011 Penn st.

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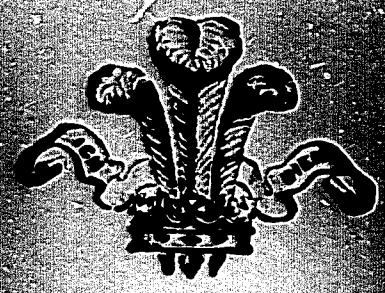

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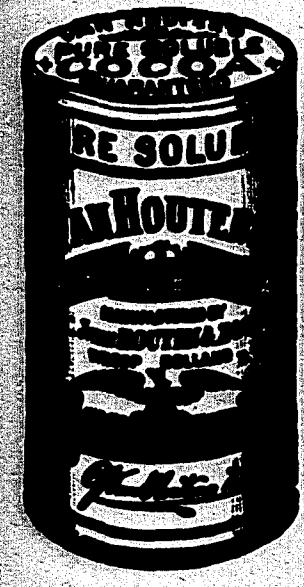

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