

THE STANDARD

TEN CENTS.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, AT NO. 42 UNIVERSITY PLACE.

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

VOL. XI., No. 26
WHOLE No. 287.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY JUNE 29, 1892.

ONE YEAR, \$5.00
FOUR MOS., \$1.00

CONTENTS.

THANK GOD!—Henry George	1	SINGLE TAX NEWS	6
EDITORIAL	2	OBJECT LESSONS	7
STORY OF THE FREE TRADE PLANK—Henry George, Jr.	3	PERSONAL	8
TAXATION IN INDIANA—Henry Rawie	4	PUBLISHER'S NOTES	8
MATERNALISM IN VICTORIA—Frederic T. Hodgkiss	4	THE HOUSEHOLD	9
FREE TRADE BOOM IN PITTSBURG—Edmund Yardley	5	UNEARNED INCREMENT	9

NOW, FOR A FREE TRADE CAMPAIGN!

The Democratic party goes to the country with a platform demanding the reduction of the tariff to an honest revenue basis and denouncing protection as robbery. This is not absolute free trade; but it is free trade as the term has until recently been understood, and it is a long stride towards absolute free trade. The Republicans insist that it is free trade,—and there are but few Democrats now who care to dispute the point with them. So, with Harrison and Reid as the candidates for protection, and Cleveland and Stevenson as the candidates opposed to it, this is to be a *free trade campaign*; and the probabilities are that the Republicans will force the fighting, and make it a radical free trade campaign. That is what we have long prayed and worked for. The fight is certain to be upon our lines, and we have the best of all opportunities for reaching the people—Republicans, Democrats, and People's party men alike—with the doctrines of absolute free trade. Let this election be won and protection will go under, leaving us next to fight for direct taxation against revenue tariffs! *Cleveland's defeat is our repulse; his victory is our advance.* Every single tax man owes it to his principles to do all in his power in aid of Cleveland's election, not for the success of a man but to promote a principle; and in no way can greater service be rendered than by extending the circulation of **THE STANDARD**. The regular price is three dollars a year; but for the remainder of 1892 we will accept **Extension subscriptions from new subscribers for fifty cents**, and take trial subscriptions for four weeks for ten cents. Any trial subscriber may continue to become an Extension subscriber on payment of fifty cents. We want to send the paper regularly during the heat of the campaign to fifteen thousand people. Can it be done? How much, gentle reader, will you contribute to this result? **THANK GOD** is the title of Henry George's contribution to this issue of **THE STANDARD**, and it will be found on the editorial page.

PREMIUMS.

- FIRST.**—THE STANDARD, with the Forum, for one year. A total value of \$8.00 for \$5.00.
- SECOND.**—THE STANDARD, with the Arena and the Arena Art Portfolio, containing twenty-four portraits of the world's thinkers, beautifully bound. Total value of \$12.00 for \$5.20.
- THIRD.**—THE STANDARD, with the Cosmopolitan Magazine for one year, and either Grant's Memoirs (the original edition, in two volumes), Sherman's Memoirs (in 2 volumes), Sheridan's Memoirs (in 2 volumes), or McClellan's Memoirs (in 1 volume). A total value of \$13.00 with Grant's Memoirs, \$11 with Sherman's, \$12 with Sheridan's, or \$9.75 with McClellan's, for \$6.00.
- [N. B.—If these books are ordered by mail, the following sums for postage in addition to the \$6.00 must be sent: For Grant, 48c.; for Sherman, 42c.; for Sheridan, 46c., and for McClellan, 24c. But they will be forwarded by express at subscriber's expense.]
- FOURTH.**—THE STANDARD, with the North American Review for one year. A total value of \$8.00 for \$5.50.
- [N. B.—This premium will not be given for any subscriber who is already on the North American subscription books.]
- FIFTH.**—THE STANDARD, with the Steel Square and its Uses, by Fred. T. Hodgson, a cloth bound book, illustrated with over 75 wood cuts, showing how the square may be used for solving almost every problem in the art of carpentry. A total value of \$4.00 for \$3.00.
- SIXTH.**—THE STANDARD, with Henry George's Protection or Free Trade? cloth bound. A total value of \$4.50 for \$3.00.
- [N. B.—If this book is ordered by mail, 10 cents must be added to above price to cover postage.]
- SEVENTH.**—THE STANDARD, with the Housekeepers' Weekly. A total value of \$4.00 for \$3.00.
- EIGHTH.**—THE STANDARD, with Palliser's American Architect. A total value of \$4.00 for \$3.00.
- This book in heavy paper cover, contains 104 pages, 11x14 inches, with 9x12 plates, and gives plans, elevations, perspective views, descriptions, owners' names, actual cost of construction, and instructions for building 70 cottages, villas, double houses, and brick block houses, costing from \$300 to \$4,500, together with barns, stables, school houses, town halls, churches, and other public buildings, and includes specifications, forms of building contracts, etc.
- NINTH.**—THE STANDARD, with Youman's Dictionary of every Day Wants (in paper), and The Sunnyside Cook Book, by Mrs. Jennie Harlan. A total value of \$4.25 for \$3.00.
- Youman's Dictionary of Every Day Wants contains 20,000 recipes in every department of human effort. 520 royal octavo sized pages, 55 columns in the index alone. A book which has never before sold for less than \$4.00. Among the thousands of recipes in this book are some for which as high as \$100 was paid. They contain valuable information for clerks, florists, lumber dealers, trappers, barbers, painters, grocers, cooks, machinists, fish dealers, tailors, bookkeepers, liquor dealers, miners, hotel keepers, milliners, taxidermists, farmers, dairymen, glove cleaners, stockraisers, whitewashers, housekeepers, dressmakers, egg dealers, gardeners, ink makers, soap makers, and nurses. The many different departments include such subjects as Accidents and Emergencies, Cements, Glues and Pastes, Domestic Animals, Household Miscellany, Household Pests, Washing, Bleaching, Dyeing, The Toilet, Hunting, Trapping and Tanning, Inks and Blackings, Painting and Papering, Preserving and Storing, Farm, Orchard, Garden and Dairy.
- TENTH.**—THE STANDARD, with the Review of Reviews for one year. A total value of \$5.50 for \$4.50.
- ELEVENTH.**—THE STANDARD, with the New Earth for one year. A total value of \$3.50 for \$3.00.
- TWELFTH.**—THE STANDARD, with the weekly edition of the New York Tribune, for one year. A total value of \$4.00 for \$3.00.

PATENTS

TRADE-MARKS, CAVEATS, COPYRIGHTS.

Send model or sketch for free advice as to patentability. NEW BOOK, containing full information to inventors, mailed to any address FREE. Address

SAML. C. FITZGERALD, Atty.,
Equitable Bldg., WASHINGTON, D.C.

THIRTEENTH.—THE STANDARD, with the Home Journal. A total value of \$5.00 for \$3.00.

The Home Journal, of New York, was founded 47 years ago by the celebrated poets and essayists, N. P. Willis and George P. Morris, and retains its early acquired distinction as the leading exponent in America of the higher literary and social culture.

FOURTEENTH.—THE STANDARD, with Henry George's Progress and Poverty and Social Problems. (Paper, 50 cent edition.) A total value of \$4.00 for \$3.00.

INCORPORATED 1907. CAPITAL STOCK PAID, \$100,000.00. A. G. MURPHY, President and Manager.
ARMED STEEL WORK.
MASON STEEL LATTICE
 For CHIMNEYS, COLUMNS, STAIRWAYS, BALCONIES, TRUSSING, BRIDGES, etc.
WILBERT FENCE & WIRE CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

SPECIAL CARDS.

NOTE.—The publisher of The Standard has satisfactory evidence that the professional and business cards appearing in this column are those of men in good standing in their respective communities. None others are admitted.

Professional.

ILLINOIS.

PRINCE & BROWN, CHICAGO,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW.
 211 First National Bank Building, N. W. cor. of Monroe and Dearborn streets.

OSWELL PRINCE. **EDWARD GEORGE BROWN**
 Att'y for the First Nat'l Bank. Two E. FRANK.
 Special attention will be given to controversies arising under the custom and revenue laws of the United States, and in matters of importance, services in connection therewith will be rendered in any part of the United States.

INDIANA.

HENRY RAWIE, ANDERSON,
CIVIL ENGINEER.
 Sanitary sewerage for towns.
 Road making.

SOUTH DAKOTA.

LEVI MOORE, RAPID CITY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
 Practices in all Courts. Special attention given to United States land and mining laws.

TEXAS.

GOLDTHWAITE, EWING & H. F. KING,
HOUSTON,
LAWYERS.

Business.

MARSHUSETTS.

SWEAD WARNING AND VENTILATING CO.,
BOSTON.
WARNING AND VENTILATING ENGINEERS,
AND MANUFACTURERS OF
WARNING AND VENTILATING APPARATUS.
 Correspondence solicited. 45 Kiny Street

MICHIGAN.

HUGH BROS., ADRIAN.
 14 and 15 South Main Street.
BUTTER-FANCY LEXAWEE DAIRY.
 Leawee County is famous for its superior dairy products, and supplies more fancy butter than any county in Michigan. We make a specialty of shipping to cities and cities, for family use, to every part of the State. Send for quotations.

ADRIAN, MICH.
 The manufacturers' Eldorado and a paradise for tourists. The junction of the great Wabash and Lake Shore Railroads. Manufacturers are requested to communicate with the Improvement Company of Adrian, which is equipped with a capital stock of \$100,000 for the purpose of inducing the location of industrial establishments. Address SECRETARY IMPROVEMENT CO Adrian, Mich.

WELLS & SONS, ADRIAN.
BRICK MACHINES.—Produce side cut bricks, perfect edges and corners, without use of oil or water. Make all kinds of brick, and different sizes of tile by changing dies. No re-pressing required for the finest results. Clay worked direct from the bank. Can furnish Crushers and also Trucks. Twenty-five years experience. For full information address the main factory.

NEW YORK.

B. BOULIN & CO., NEW YORK CITY,
HIGHEST GRADE HATS.
 82 Broadway, between 12th and 13th Streets.
 We wish to maintain the highest standard of excellence

POSTS BROADWAY WAREHOUSE,
 No. 126 Broadway, New York City.
FURNITURE STORAGE AND TRUCKING.
 Separate rooms from \$1 up.

? The Universal Knowledge and Information Bureau, World Bldg., N. Y. Answer any question on any subject. Fee 25c. for ordinary question. Estimates made for questions that require special research. Send 2c. stamp for circular. **?**

Bound Vols. of The Standard
FROM THE FIRST ISSUE.
Complete Set 10 Vols., \$25.00.
SINGLE VOLS., \$3.00 EACH.
EXPRESSAGE EXTRA.

Vol. 1—January 8 to June 30, 1887.
 Vol. 2—July 8 to December 30, 1887.
 Vol. 3—January 7 to June 30, 1888.
 Vol. 4—July 7 to December 29, 1888.
 Vol. 5—January 5 to June 29, 1889.
 Vol. 6—July 6 to December 28, 1889.
 Vol. 7—January 1 to June 28, 1890.
 Vol. 8—July 1 to December 30, 1890.
 Vol. 9—January 7 to June 30, 1891.
 Vol. 10—July 8 to December 30, 1891

Address,
THE STANDARD,
 42 University Place, New York.

Concord Co-operative Printing Co., (Inc.)
 25 N. 11th St., Cor. Canal, New York.
 Book, Job and Newspaper Printing

HOTEL LIST.

NOTE.—THE STANDARD will be found on file in the reading rooms of the hotels named in this list; and the publisher has satisfactory evidence that the hotels are well worthy of recommendation.

MICHIGAN.

HOTEL EMERY, ADRIAN, No. 2 So. Main St.
 A first-class house in every particular. Newly furnished throughout. Rates, \$2.00 per day.

NEW YORK.

OSBORNE HOUSE, HORNELLVILLE.
 Rates \$2.00 per day.

OHIO.

TUDD HOUSE, YOUNGSTOWN.
 Rates, \$2.00 to \$2.50 per day.

OREGON.

HOLTON HOUSE, PORTLAND.

WATCH Clubs, Installment Frauds, catch penny watches, exposed by E. P. Percival, Watch-maker, 221 N. 8th St., Phila. Illustrated catalogue, containing discussion and exposure, free. A Watch on one week's trial before purchasing. 20 Year Gold Filled Cases, an, maker, Duber, Rose Crown, Crescent Wadsworth, Atlantic, or Standard, with Elgin, Waltham, Springfield, Hampton, Columbus, Rockford or Seth Thomas stem-winding and set works, \$10, \$15 and all sizes.



Gent's Solid 14-Karat Gold cases, complete, with nickel works of any maker, \$35 to \$40. Ladies' Solid Gold watches from \$15 to \$25. Every watch warranted for three years to give satisfaction or the money refunded. Send for catalogue and easy payment, spot cash system, which enables a poor man to buy retail at wholesale prices, at much less than half price charged by installment dealers for exactly the same quality goods.

W. R. Levy & Co:
WIRE, WOOD AND METAL
SIGNS,
 27 Wooster St. N.Y.

Eclipse Carpet Stretcher,
 LATEST IMPROVED.
 Retail for \$1.00. Agents send 50 cents for samples to GEO. W. FERRINE, 671 South Main St., Dayton, O.

ON TOP.
WALTER'S METALLIC SHINGLES are made from the best brands of roofing Tin plate, and steel sheets galvanized. Our Galvanized Shingles are rain and rust proof, without the necessity of painting. Our painted Tin Shingles are more durable and ornamental than it is possible to make a tin roof, put on in the old fashioned flat lock or standing groove style.

3000 QUARTZ MINES
 were located under the United States mining laws in Jefferson county, Montana, in the past two years (370 in January, 1892). If you want to reach the prospectors and miners who discovered and located these mines,
ADVERTISE IN
THE AGE,
 BOULDER, MONTANA.
 THE LEADING PAPER IN THE COUNTY.
 If you want to keep posted concerning the mining interests, subscribe for THE AGE. Only \$2 a year.
 THE AGE will be sent in exchange free of cost to any one who will send it THE STANDARD regularly.
SEND FOR SAMPLE COPY.

JAMES E. DAVIS,
Practical Plumber and Gas Fitter,
 100 WEST 24TH STREET,
 Northwest Corner Broadway. NEW YORK

READING, 'Riting, and 'Rithmetic are primary and essential. Refinement, Culture, and Polish come later from Travel, Association with the Educated, and acquaintance with the best thoughts of gifted minds.

In the **STEDMAN - HUTCHINSON "LIBRARY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE"** you can travel through every State in the Union, associate constantly with educated men and women, and acquaint yourself with the best thoughts of twelve hundred talented authors.

In this age, when a short-hand method of reading is necessary, and when breadth of information and a critical judgment, which can only be secured by comparing the writings of a great many authors on various subjects, are so essential, "The Library of American Literature" is to every citizen not a luxury, but a necessity. It compresses a whole book-store into a few volumes, and yet does not mutilate or alter a single sentence in any selection given.

The variety, value, and arrangement of the material are such as to cause these volumes to be used perhaps more than any other volumes that could be placed in a library. It is purely an American work, containing the finest productions of American authors from 1607 to 1892. In its eleven elegant volumes are 6,200 pages, nearly 3,000 selections—prose and poetry, 160 steel and wood portraits. This work is highly endorsed by all leading educators. It covers the entire field of American literature in a manner satisfactory to every American. Every member of your family will enjoy "The Library of American Literature."

Sold only by subscription. Capable men and women will find it profitable to solicit subscriptions. For full description, address

T. M. WILLIAMS, Manager,
CHARLES L. WEBSTER & CO.,
 67 Fifth Ave., New York City.

BANDY LEGS PREVENTED.
 Send for Catalogue of **PATENT CORSET SHOES**, recommended by Physicians and Surgeons for children learning to walk, and those troubled with weak or sprained ankles. **B. NATHAN, 221 6th Ave., New York.**

The Badge of the Single Tax Propaganda Association,

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



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

The badge will be sold for 35 cents; or with pin, as shown in the cut, for 50 cents.

HENRY GEORGE
 IN REPLY
TO THE POPE.

"The Condition of Labor," an open letter by Henry George in reply to the Encyclical of Pope Leo XIII., containing the text of the Encyclical, is now ready for delivery, Cloth, 75 cents. Paper, 30 cents. Mailed postpaid to any address. Send orders to

THE STANDARD,
 42 UNIVERSITY PLACE,
 NEW YORK.

THE STANDARD will supply any regular publications, whether periodicals or books, at publishers' prices.

We can save you Fifty Dollars when you Build. See!
 A complete set of Plans to build from, simply state about price of dwelling desired, 25 cts. in stamps. Our book "Beautiful Homes," 25 cts. Our monthly book "The National Builder," 25 cts. Address
The National Builder, Adams Bldg. 214, Chicago, Ill.

THE STANDARD

VOL. XI.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 29, 1892.

No. 26.

THANK GOD.—At last we single taxers have made our point.

At last, quicker even than we had more than dared to hope, what we have struggled for and waited for has come to pass, and the two great political parties of the United States stand fronting each other on the naked question of Protection or Free Trade! The little leaven has thus far leavened the whole lump. There is "but one more river to cross." The next move in our politics, and it is now only a question of a little time, will bring the American people face to face with the fundamental question—the question on which our hearts are set; the question of equal rights to land. We did not do it, although we have done our best. But a power mightier has been working with us, and the feeling with which single tax men received the good news that last week flashed over the country from Chicago must everywhere have been not so much exultation as gratitude. Though the struggle may be hard and long, we are face to face with the last breastwork. So much, at least, it is given us to see!

There is the little politics and the grand politics—the politics which counts on the selfish nature of men, which measures the availability of every proposition by the strength of the interests it enlists, makes much of spoils and combinations and the pandering to prejudices, and takes no account of the higher nature of men—regarding those who talk of principle as theorists or fools; and there is the politics which takes account of ideas, which realizes that thought moves the world, and that as men think so will they finally act, and which relies on the power of principles. In ordinary times, when the question practically before the people is little more than who shall hold the offices, the "politicians," as they are called, the men who make a business of "practical politics" seem the astute men, the practical men, and they come actually to have a contempt for these who believe in the power of great ideas. But whenever the deeper currents begin to stir and flow, whenever a great question begins to arouse common thought, and a great truth to make its way, they are of all men the most short-sighted and foolish. This is seen in the history of all countries, at all great epochs. It is manifest in what happened in Chicago.

It was not bad politics, in the ordinary sense of management, that ignominiously defeated Hill, nor good politics, in the same sense, that overwhelmingly nominated Cleveland. It was the power of ideas; the might of awakening thought among the masses of the people.

Of American politicians, in the ordinary and lower sense, Hill has no superior, if he does not indeed rank first—the keenest, quickest and most successful. He knows nothing whatever of principle. Of intrigue and combination and management, he knows everything. His power of apportioning spoils, of combining selfish interests, of using public trusts for private advancement, of making bargains and keeping them, has, without any other quality, enabled him, step by step, to reach and hold the highest places in his State, and to achieve the reputation of a "sure winner." And it has bred in him the notion, preposterous to any one having any knowledge of the history of the country and the temper of the people generally, that he might by the same arts achieve the Presidency. Yet nothing more clearly shows the limits of the mere politician. Of all the prominent men in the Democratic party the one who could not have been nominated by a National Convention, and who, if so nominated could not have been elected, was David B. Hill.

Cleveland, on the other hand, is a poor politician, devoid it would seem even of that capacity for political management which is useful to a leader in a high cause.

If the nomination at Chicago had been a matter which the Democratic politicians of the United States really felt that they could dispose of at their will, or even had anything depended on the management of such men as ex-Secretary Whitney, Mr. Cleveland would have been beaten out of sight. But his strength was the strength which, when fairly aroused and showing itself on a large scale, the mere managing politicians must bend before as leaves before the wind. In his tariff message of 1887 he had made himself in our politics the representative of a great principle, before a people who, as Tom L. Johnson said in his speech at the convention, were hungry for principle. And the strength of that principle was behind him. It was against the politicians of his party that he was nominated in 1888. He was defeated because he was foolish enough or fatalistic enough to leave the management of his fight in the hands of politicians who were afraid of the very principle which constituted his strength—to leave what was essentially a free trade campaign in the hands of virtual protectionists. But to any one who took into account the

larger politics, it was evident that that strength must mount and grow. As I said here, and as I told our friends in England and Australia, Mr. Cleveland had only to stand firm and live to receive the highest honor ever accorded to an American citizen, and after a defeat to be re-elected. The result of the convention proves the justice of this view. The politicians had their day of scheming and calculating, but when it came to final action it was the will of the masses that told. The threat of the corrupt machines of New York, anxious as a matter of business to carry out to the letter their bargains with Hill, were more than neutralized by the evidences, of which the Syracuse movement was an open one, that even in New York the people were astir.

Mr. Cleveland's nomination was evident before the Convention met, and must have become evident to the Tammany delegates in the temper of every crowd they met at the railroad stations in going west. Mr. Whitney's management had as much to do with it as the fly had with the motion of the chariot wheel. Every politician in the debatable States knew that the nomination of Cleveland would strengthen the local tickets; his defeat injure them. That nomination was the triumph of the people over the managers; of principle over mere policy. To the masses Cleveland had come to represent free trade as against protection, and for this reason he was nominated on the first ballot.

But what was more striking still was the action of the convention on the platform.

Platforms to the professional politicians are but the means of getting on both sides of every question, and the Democratic platform, as reported by the committee, is a good example of this. So inveterate is this habit of eschewing principle with the professional politician, of which a platform committee in a hurried national convention is necessarily largely composed, that this committee, in the very teeth of the fact that Mr. Cleveland's overpowering strength was that the man himself stood for a platform against protection, actually went to work to rig up a shambling protectionist platform to put under his feet, and seemingly without debate or consultation with him, or any consideration of what they were doing, reported it to the convention. After having smoothed down Tammany, Mr. Whitney seems to have thought that he would be doing a good piece of work by smoothing down protection. In accordance with the politicians' maxim of making things harmonious, the committee actually proposed now that the nomination of Cleveland was to be conceded to the free trade Democrats, to concede the platform to protection Democrats.

The rebuke it received, the inner history of which is told in another column, was so sudden, so tremendous, as to be without parallel in the annals of American political conventions. To appreciate its significance one must understand the hurry and bustle and crowd of the largest convention gathering that ever assembled, the fact that the platform was presented and supported by the representatives, as they were supposed to be, of the man who was about to be nominated on the first ballot. And nothing better shows the spirit in which this precious platform had been framed and the characteristic of the class of politicians of whom I have been speaking, than the fact that almost as soon as it was proposed the committee declared its readiness to accept Neal's amendment as an addition to its report. Imagine the combination: First an admission that protection benefits labor and that its abolition would injure domestic industries, and then a denunciation of it as a fraud and a robbery of the masses, and a pledging of the Democratic party to abolish it altogether.

But the education of thought that has been going on all these years has not been in vain. The new spirit that the machine politician knows nothing of has at last gained the lead.

Single tax men were there and the single tax spirit was abroad in the convention—the spirit that knows no compromise and cares nothing for availability when it stands in the way of principle, and the shameful straddle proposed by the committee was voted out of the platform and a clear-cut declaration against protection was voted in by 564 to 342.

Thus again the people overthrew the politicians, and principle asserted itself as against policy. This is the greatest of triumphs—more significant even than the nomination of Cleveland. On the all-important issue—the issue of free trade against protection—the Democratic platform means something—it comes hot from the heart and will of the masses. It voices a principle on which they are determined to make the issue. All the rest may be thrown to the cats. Here is the heart and the line of the fight.

Thus at last we have gained the point we have been striving for, and the hope for which we threw ourselves into Cleveland's sup-

part in the last election has become reality. The line between the two great parties is now clear and sharp, and the question of all questions—the great labor question—has come definitely into our politics. No matter of mere personality confuses the issue; and minor questions melt away in the great fight. On the one side protection is advanced as in the interests of labor; on the other it is denounced as a fraud and a robbery, and the American people are called on to give their verdict on a principle of such far-reaching importance that beyond the single tax men there are probably few, or none of those, who will engage actively on either side in this campaign who will see its real significance. Whoever for the moment wins or loses, there can be in the long run but one result. The thought of the people has been aroused, is being aroused, and will be more quickly and more thoroughly aroused than ever before. And what always gains by the arousing of thought is truth.

All that Mr. Cleveland has to do to be the next President of the United States is to show no fear of his horses.

HENRY GEORGE.

THE SUN (SATANIC).—After the thrashing which the Sun received at the hands of the Chicago Convention, its editor's modesty should suggest to him the propriety of studying politics in silence for a short time. A new series of bluffing editorials in support of a new filibustering career, following so closely upon its frantic and futile Hill campaign, is not becoming even to the Sun, nor is it well adapted to deceive the public.

When the Sun was a Republican paper, and before the discovery of its treachery to that party, it published slightly disguised Democratic editorials for the purpose of supplying the Democratic press of the country with political tid-bits which could be credited to "The Sun (republican);" when disguise was no longer possible, it went avowedly over to the Democratic party, from which point of vantage it has since played upon the Democrats the same trick that it invented for the Republicans. It is the Republican country press now that gleefully copies Republican editorials from the Sun, crediting them to "The Sun (democratic)." But the trick has been played so often that it is threadbare. It no longer deceives any one. The Sun is not a Democratic paper. The country editor who wishes to be candid when giving it credit and assigning it to its proper place in politics, must describe it as "The Sun (satanic)."

CONFUSION AND DELUSION.—When a contributor to the Religio-Philosophical Journal, of Chicago, says that "Henry George, with all his gifts, has failed to make his 'implicit' statement 'explicit' by the logical law of a worked out dialectic," we are tempted to wonder whether he knows what he is talking about; and when the same contributor informs his readers that "the only country that has a single tax on land values is China," we are certain that he does not know what he is talking about. There is a land tax in China; but it is not computed according to the value of the land of China, and compared with other taxes—notably taxes that bear directly upon production and trade—it is very small.

A FATAL CONFESSION.—The weekly Bulletin of the American Protective Tariff League, to break the force of the evidence of the ineffectiveness of protection in raising wages accumulating on all hands, confesses that "wages will be reduced and advanced from time to time in obedience to laws beyond the power of man to control no matter what kind of tariff we may have, just as the price of wheat or beer may be high one year and low the next." After that, the few workingmen who are yet protectionists may well ask themselves why they train with that crowd. The sole ostensible reason for a protective tariff has been, in these later years of McKinleyism, the maintenance and increase of the wages of American labor; and we have been so often told that our higher wages are due to protection, and that more protection would make them higher yet, that some of us have almost come to believe that wages really do advance and recede in obedience to human tariff laws. But now comes one of the loudest shouters for protection, with the assurance that all this is a mistake, and that wages are utterly beyond human control, no matter what kind of tariff we have. After that, candor should compel the protectionists to admit that since it is beyond the power of man to control wages, it would be better to leave their regulation to the power that does control them. But this they will not do. Though protection cannot control wages, it can control fortunes. Though it cannot increase the price of brawn, it can augment the income of greed. Though it exposes labor to the wrong side of a one-sided competition, it can place the monopolists snugly on the pleasant side thereof; and while it can do that, there will be work for the Tariff League, and a mission for its weekly Bulletin. The Bulletin has rendered a grateful service, however, in assisting to make the wage earners of the country understand the truth that the fight between protection and free trade is essentially a fight between protected rich men and despoiled poor men; and it is entitled to our earnest prayers that fat may always be plentiful and its frying pan never empty.

"IT'S A' A MUDDLE."—When Charles Dickens wrote "Hard Times" he introduced one character to whom things frequently appeared to be "a' a muddle, a' a muddle." This character, a good sort of man but very poor, was the victim of a vicious wife, from whom he was at last driven to seek a separation. He found, however, that though his rich employer, with much less cause of complaint, could enjoy the luxury of a legal separation, that luxury was beyond his own reach, because he could not pay the necessary legal expenses. He failed to see the just relation of ready cash to the administration of justice, and forthwith he exclaimed, "It's a' a muddle, a' a muddle!" That was in England, where there is a throne and we might expect to hear that justice is bought and sold. But a New York judge has recently admonished us that a very similar condition of things exists in this glorious country, where all are alike before the law. In denying the motion of a woman to sue as a poor person for separation from her husband, the judge said that such suits, when "the parties are poor," end without accomplishing any result: and, therefore, regardless of the merits of the woman's case, he refused her the free process of his court. Doubtless he was right. But if he was, it would appear that if rich and poor are in this country equal before the law, they have not an equal chance to get before the law. It seems to be "a' a muddle" here, just as it was in England in the days of Charles Dickens.

OUR REPUBLICAN CONTEMPORARY.—The Sun warns the Democracy of the necessity of keeping David B. Hill at the head of the party in New York, but inadvertently in the same issue gives the best of reasons for taking the party out of Hill's hands and out of the hands of such leaders as Murphy and Sheehan. It prints a facsimile of the document instigated by Hill and signed by Murphy and Sheehan and their dupes, which assured the national Democracy that Cleveland cannot carry New York. If the Democratic party is wise—and it has recently shown some indications of returning sense—it will not trust the battles of the coming campaign to generals who have so broadly advertised their prophecies of defeat. The persons who are responsible for this document, and Hill leads all the rest, may think their pride better served by verifying their emphatic prophecy than in scoring a victory for a candidate whom they hate worse than Harrison, and with whom they have less in common.

SOURCE OF STABLE FORTUNES.—The Real Estate Record and Guide has been investigating the sources of American fortunes, and though its conclusion can not be particularly pleasing to millionaires who fondly regard themselves as "self-made," a very interesting article is the result. The writer observes that under the feudal system land was at first the sole and later the chief source of wealth, and down to the latter part of the last century the only permanent form. Since that time large European fortunes can be traced to land, which retains its importance though agricultural land has largely given place to urban and suburban; but banking, manufacturing, and trading have also furnished foundations for great fortunes.

Trading has never been very important, however, except in cases in which the trader has been able to secure for his business the characteristics of a monopoly, like that of the great brewers. In this country the writer finds that circumstances have peculiarly favored monopolies of just that character. Very few fortunes have been made here in the ordinary channels of trade. Though the foundations may have been laid in mercantile business, the "founder, fortunately for himself and his heirs, invested his profits in city real estate, and then reaped a rich harvest as the city grew." The fortunes of our railway millionaires, the writer adds, are essentially of a monopolistic origin, and most bankers' fortunes have been made as intermediaries, under favor of monopoly privileges, between railroad corporations and the investing public. He then lays down this law: "While in ordinary business, expansion of trade means increased competition, such expansion necessarily contributes to the growth of anything which approaches the nature of a monopoly." To the operations of this law, he says, "our American fortunes are nearly all traceable, and they contain a promise of stability such as is not shared by mercantile fortunes."

It is encouraging to find papers like the Record and Guide engaged in examinations of this kind along substantially correct lines of inquiry. The writer assumes that large fortunes are in themselves bad; but since he clearly draws the true economic distinction between fortunes obtained in competitive business and those obtained by means of legalized monopoly—a distinction that runs between wealth and poverty—his error is of little or no consequence. It is strange, however, that he should recognize the effect of land values in making and fixing large fortunes, without instantly seeing the injustice of our land tenures. That the land itself justly belongs as much to one generation as to another, and to one individual in a generation as to others, is a proposition that no man can refute, and that no intelligent and honest man ventures to deny. But its value is often honestly supposed to belong to individuals.

What makes land value? Nothing, even as this conservative writer shows, but the profits of competitive labor. As those profits grow, they increase the value of the land upon which and by means of which they are made; and this shifts them from the worker as such to the owner of the land as such. It is by that process that land-owners acquire stable fortunes; not by their own labor, but wholly at the expense of the competitive worker.

DEAL WITH PIRATES MEEKLY.—By a method which excites the highest admiration of the House of Have and all its dependents, the Bishop of Durham has settled the Durham coal miners' strike. He did not denounce existing social institutions as unjust; he did not explain to the miners that wages come out of product and not out of accumulated capital; he did not tell them that royalties for the privilege of mining coal that his Master has placed in the ground as much for one of the brethren as for another is legalized robbery; he said nothing about grinding the faces of the poor; he expressed no crude theories upon the labor question, and he did not presume to criticise the owners of God's coal deposits for taking more coal in royalties for permission to mine it than is given in wages for mining. On the contrary, he approached these coal land owners in the humblest way, simply saying to them, Have mercy! See the pitiful condition of these poor men! Waive your legal rights, even your moral rights, and think only of the claims of humanity! As Hans Breitmann would have said, "That fetched 'em!" Brought by this irresistible appeal before "a higher court than that of the market," the coal owners secured an eternal credit in the celestial ledger by consenting to a reduction of wages by only 10 per cent. instead of more than 13, upon which until then they had insisted. The Bishop of Durham took the right course. Had he found these miners in the power of a band of pirates—bound, gagged, famishing—he would have been a fool to denounce piracy as unjust, to explain to the helpless victims that the pocket books extorted from them were really their own, or in any other way to express crude theories touching the relations of pirates to honest people. It would have behooved him to behave as humbly as he knew how; to ask the pirates for mercy; to beg them to waive their rights of possession, even such moral rights as they might claim in other people's property, and, thinking only of the claims of humanity, to return $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of their plunder—calling it by some smoother name than "plunder;" and at the end he would have bade the pirates depart in peace to enjoy the consciousness of having done noble deeds. What the Bishop of Durham might have said about the pirates after getting himself and his neighbors well out of their power, would have depended upon the character of his business and social relations with them; but while in their power it would have been clearly his cue to treat them with the profoundest consideration.

SMALL PROFITS AND QUICK SALES.—Mr. Bowers, of California, appears by his own confession to be a singularly ignorant and intellectually imbecile man, even for a protection member of Congress. In discussing the proposed reduction of duties on tin plate, he paraphrased a Democratic utterance so as to make it read: "The lower the price is made for a manufactured article the more the manufacturer can afford to pay the wage-earner for making it." The paraphrasing was not fairly done, for it was of the essence of the original utterance not merely that the manufacturer can afford to pay higher wages when commodities are low priced, but that he is obliged to—an utterance that is strictly true, as every intelligent business man knows. But to Mr. Bowers "it is a new kind of political economy," and "so entirely unique and abstruse," that he cannot argue it. There is nothing abstruse about it; neither is it unique. It is not surprising, however, that it should appear to a protectionist as a new kind of political economy. There are few sound principles in political economy that do not appear new to protectionists. Regarding that subject, they have been taught that the sun rises in the west and sets in the east, and consequently the whole universe is presented to them in a state of disorder. But did Mr. Bowers never read that favorite line of advertising merchants, "Small profits and quick sales?" It tells the story for manufacturers as well as for merchants. There is more profit in low prices accompanied by great demand, than in high prices with a low demand. Each has a limit, of course, at which there is no profit. A price so high that no one will buy yields no profit; and a price so low that the expense of production is not recovered, likewise yields no profit. But between these two extremes, the lower the price the higher the aggregate profit and the greater the wages the manufacturer can afford to pay.

The ability of manufacturers to pay high wages, however, is a trifling factor in the wages question. Mr. Bowers does not appear to have learned that manufacturers pay the wages they are obliged to pay, not what they are able to pay. It is scarcity of labor that obliges them to pay high wages; and even Mr. Bowers may be able to see, when his attention is

called to it, that the quick sales that accompany low prices are far more likely to make labor scarce than are the sluggish sales that attend upon high prices.

STORY OF THE FREE TRADE PLANK.

HENRY GEORGE, JR.

At 9:55 on Friday night train 61 ran into the Washington depot of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Among the passengers that emerged from it were two men, one tall and soldierly, with black clothes and slouch hat; determined, almost stern countenance; flashing eyes, shaggy eyebrows, gray hair, and white moustache and imperial. The other was shorter, not yet forty, stout, wearing a straw hat and summer garb, and having a shaven face and the most open and genial of countenances.

One of these men was Senator Roger Q. Mills, the other Tom L. Johnson—the two most conspicuous men in the at last dominant wing of the Democratic party; the former representing the few veterans who for long years have hotly contended with the protectionists within as well as those without the party; the other representing the new blood infused into American politics through the arising of new issues—winning a name for himself before the country as much by the sincerity of his manner and the audacity and brilliancy of his movements as by the principles he advocated. These men, whose difference in age and sympathy of heart find expression in one through the affectionate words: "My son," and in the other through respectful terms and bearing—were returning from the Chicago convention filled with the glorious conviction that the great fight they had long looked for to bring the hated protective system to an end was now surely to come.

Roger Mills had been taken sick during his stay in Chicago, or his voice would have been heard in that old time, simple, rugged language that convinces and enthalls. But the other man had spoken, and spoken when words are truly golden; and he had acted when actions tell in the history of a nation. Indeed Tom L. Johnson had played the most important part in the whole convention.

It had been his desire to get on the Committee on Platform, but Messrs. Managers Brice and Whitney had no wish for a pronounced radical there.

Instead of him Laurence T. Neal was chosen from the Ohio delegation as one who might give acquiescence to all that might be asked. But the managers mistook their man. If Johnson could not get on the committee he had in Neal a friend, and he said to Neal what for weeks before he had been saying in Washington, during conversations and through correspondence: "Have a plank inserted saying we denounce protection as a fraud." He urged Neal to draw up such a plank and to lay it before the committee.

Neal went into the committee, but found everything practically cut and dried. The tariff plank of 1884 justifying a protective tariff was to be used, and he could not get so much as a hearing. He was disgusted and dispirited. He came out of the committee and told Johnson that there was no hope of doing anything.

"Bring a minority report before the convention," said Johnson with quick decision.

"But the minority will be a minority of one," answered Neal.

"Never mind that. You're in the right," was the rejoinder. "I'll speak in support of you, and I'll go about and work up the sentiment to back you. When you make your appeal you'll find the convention with you. Do not be mistaken—the people are ready for the great fight. Let us make the issue in the platform."

Neal drew courage from these words, and the two men got together to consult upon a substitute plank. Neal, acting upon Johnson's suggestion, had drawn up this:

"We denounce Republican protection as a fraud on the labor of the great majority of the American people for the benefit of the few. We declare it to be a fundamental principle of the Democratic party that the federal Government has no constitutional power to impose and collect tariff duties except for the purpose of revenue only, and we demand that the collection of such taxes should be limited to the necessities of the Government when honestly and economically administered."

The first sentence was practically in the words of Johnson, except the word "Republican," which he thought weakening. But time was growing short, and both men were too much excited for nice distinctions. If anything was to be done it had to be done quickly.

Johnson went straight to his own delegation and laid matters before the other twelve men, who, with Neal and himself, constituted the radical minority of the Ohio delegation, and those favoring the nomination of Cleveland. Of this minority Johnson was practically the leader; for although ex-Governor Campbell was one of them, he took no active part and left everything to be directed by Johnson. The big majority of the delegation from his State Johnson knew it would be useless to approach, since it was wholly under Senator Brice's hand. But he quickly passed to the other delegations, and heard words of approval everywhere—from those who desired a radical plank and from those opposed to Cleveland, who believed they saw in the attack on the majority report a breaking of the Cleveland strength. He was astonished to find those men headed by Wallace in the Pennsylvania delegation, whom he would have called protectionists, lamenting that they could not come to him on account of the unit rule, and Tammany, notorious in the party as an ever-active declaimer for the protective idea, gladly, gleefully promising the seventy-two votes of New York in his support.

Neal saw some fruits of Johnson's work and at once took heart. When the platform committee came in to report he was as bold as a lion and announced that he would present a minority report.

Hardly had Senator Vilas begun to read the majority report when the work of Johnson began to be manifest. From all parts of the floor came jeering and ironical remarks. "Who wrote that school-boy essay?" "When is Ireland to be freed?" "Whose stump speech is that?" and many similar observations punctuated the reading, and discredited and ridiculed the work of the committee. Vilas, Jones, the chairman of the

platform committee, and Whitney were visibly discomforted at this most unexpected and seemingly general show of hostility, and they were not made more at ease by the thunders of applause that greeted the trenchant sentences of the Neal amendment. Vilas, in a half-apologetic way, explained that the tariff plank the majority presented was the plank of 1884, and it was whispered around that Cleveland had telegraphed his approval of it.

But when Henry Watterson asked that poignant question—"Has the Democratic party of 1892 got to go back to the straddle of 1884?"—the cry of "no" from many voices was lost in the roar of applause.

Then it was that Tom Johnson caught the attention of the chair and was recognized. He was called to the platform and to that audience of twenty thousand people, and in a voice that reached to the furthestmost ear, he spoke these words:

"Gentlemen of the convention, I endorse heartily the amendment of my colleague of Ohio. [Applause.] The Democratic party has been hungering for years for a Democratic platform on the tariff, and, thank God, it has at last come. [Applause.] Not a miserable addition to that stump speech! Strike that out and put in what we need in clear, ringing terms. [Loud applause and cries of 'That's right!'] We, on the stump and in the Democratic press, denounce the protective tariff as a fraud. [Applause.] Say so in your platform. [Loud applause.] Be honest to your people. [Applause.] The only trouble has been that the leaders were frightened. The Democratic party is all right." [Loud applause.]

When Johnson had finished, Senator Brice came over and proposed that the platform be referred back to committee, but Johnson answered: "No; let's have the question decided in open convention, and at once." Whitney sent word that he would accept the Neal amendment as an addition to the platform, but Neal would not listen to that. And so the matter went to a vote with the result of a majority of 120 in favor of striking out the objectionable section and substituting the Neal amendment. And then came the nomination that placed Grover Cleveland on a platform to which the most absolute of absolute free traders could take no offense.

Thus, by a second masterly coup d'état, has Tom L. Johnson cleared the way for his party's march to freedom, and brought himself to the command of the advance column.

On the train traveling back to Washington, Mr. Johnson found one of the Tammany delegates—a man well-known throughout the country. Mr. Johnson spoke of Tammany's unexpected and remarkable conduct in urging the adoption of the practically free trade plank, and the other replied: "For the first time in its history the damned old machine was on the right side."

TAXATION IN INDIANA.

HENRY RAWIE.

Indiana is afflicted with a new Democratic tax law, the especial purpose of which seems to be to make corporations and banks and merchants pay a greater proportion of taxes than they paid before. The campaign preceding the Legislature was peculiar. The *Sentinel* boldly declared that personal property taxes were vicious, and gave us some first-class single tax doctrine. These editorials were circulated throughout the State by the Republican Committee, and it was claimed that the Democrats were advocating the single tax. The Democrats were frightened at the turn of affairs, and pressure was brought to bear to remedy the supposed error. The *Sentinel* would not back down, although a number of papers through out the State saw fit to crawl and crawl and apologize. The election, however, resulted in a overwhelming Democratic majority in the Legislature. But instead of passing an enlightened law, it passed the most drastic tax law possible. Two features only were a distinct gain over the old law. Formerly, five acres or more inside of corporate limits were exempt from city taxes and could be taxed for taxation only as farm land. This was repealed and no exception made in the new law. Four-year valuations were made instead of six-years, and land values and improvement values are now estimated separately. The only things about the law favorable to us were this repeal of exemption in the interest of speculative landlords and the separation of law improvement in the assessments. The other features are as bad as any law could well make them. The Democratic party seem especially proud of this piece of legislation, and the statesmen think the tax question settled.

Single taxers in Indiana enjoy the anomalous position of supporting the Democratic party on general principles, and denouncing what that party seems to regard as the most illustrious tax law of the age. With a little effort we could spread single tax by openly and aggressively attacking this



Henry Rawie, city civil engineer of Anderson, Ind., was born in Alleghany, Pa., in 1860. His parents moved to Canton, Ohio, in 1866, and he graduated at the high school in 1878. He had already begun working at civil engineering in 1876, while attending school. Becoming interested in "Progress and Poverty" from a review of the book by Judge Tourgee in *Our Continent* in 1883, he purchased a copy, and was an inflamed convert before he had finished reading it; but he did not appreciate the force of the great work until a year or more later when he came to understand how completely the concentration of taxes on land values would remedy the evil of private property in lands. Mr. Rawie married Annie Kob, at Findlay in 1884; moved to Anderson, Indiana, in 1886; was selected chairman of the Indiana Single Tax State League in 1890, and was the choice of the Indiana delegates to the National Conference of 1892 for State Commissioner.

law and endeavoring to secure a constitutional amendment leaving the Legislature free to select such things for taxation as they wish.

In discussing the law the other day, I maintained that a high rate of interest is desirable and necessary to the more equitable distribution of wealth. I held that if interest proper advanced to 12 per cent. instead of 6, such fortunes as those of Gould, and Vanderbilt, and Astor would shrink in value one-half. That, on the contrary, if the rate declined to 2 per cent. their estate would treble in value. That a small rate of interest favors the concentration of wealth in a few hands, a higher rate tending in just the opposite direction. I held also that the single tax will insure common labor \$1 per hour for wages for the reason that production now is already at the point where such wages are necessary for the full utilization of our resources. I held also that the adoption of the single tax would add forty thousand millions to the available capital to be used in the employment of labor. That land values are but an expression of the all-pervading desire for wealth and a reflex of the difficulty of enjoying it. That to concentrate taxes on land value which are lifted from improvement values will simply change the current of the demand and will in no way diminish its volume, but will rather increase its intensity.

If I am right, and I know I am, we are making a great mistake in our methods of approaching the question. What is it to a laboring man to be told that if land were free he might go and occupy some of it, when his soul is starving for the blessings of civilization. To offer a piece of vacant land for occupancy, wherever it may be, does not measure the benefits of the single tax. While we philosophize and say the single tax will do so many things for the oppressed, and while we believe they will, so far we have failed most woefully to convince any considerable following that any of the results we promise will be achieved. We approach the subject on the vacant land side. We argue that men are oppressed because they are denied the opportunity to have a little land. Now, the single tax is not a land question in the sense in which we are apt to call it. As a single taxer, I don't care who has the land, whether one man owns a little of it or all of it, so long as I am able to enjoy my just share of the blessings and privileges of civilization. That I am not able to do so now is not because of the monopoly of land, but of the monopoly of rent. No one monopolizes land for the results of labor or capital, for to that point there can be no monopoly. Society does not produce land any more than the individual, and has no right to monopolize it. But society does produce rent, and rent expresses the value we fail to enjoy by allowing some to appropriate that which belongs to all. This may seem a distinction without a difference, but there is a difference, and we emphasize it in our illustrations when we almost totally disregard the share of the common people in the enormous land value.

We have made no investigations as to the value of land in the United States, although it would be comparatively easy, since it is largely associated with density of population, and for our purpose we could separate land values in two or three classes—urban, and farm, and unclassified. We could secure accurate information on districts representing each class and come to some reasonable conclusion. I did this for myself four years ago and satisfied myself that land values in the United States were not less than \$700 per inhabitant, or about forty-five thousand millions for the country. Any one who cares to investigate the question in his own community will find land values are from \$600 per capita in rural districts to \$1,000 in cities. This is of very great importance, since this value is the patrimony we propose to return to the people; and to those who now enjoy the least will be given most.

MATERNALISM IN VICTORIA.

FREDERIC T. HODGKISS.

MELBOURNE, Victoria.—Our new Parliament comprises twenty-five members, out of ninety-five, pledged to support the taxation of land values, while nearly all are in favor of measures being taken to induce the people to settle on the land.

No doubt legislative action will soon take place, for urgent reform is needed. In 1890 there was actually less land under cultivation per head than in 1884.

It would be well for those who advocate the continual extension of the powers of the State to study the results of their policy as seen in this colony. Sir Henry Wrixon, a late attorney-general, speaking on this subject lately, said: Before we adopt the policy of widening more and more the State functions, let us see what is done here already, and with what results. In no country in the world has the State undertaken so much that is elsewhere done by private enterprise. The State educates everyone's child free of cost. It takes up and provides for all neglected children who become its wards. By strict protection it has fostered all local industries as desired by the workers. It owns all railways. It is the great employer of labor (borrowing money for the purpose) upon all public works. Its laws limit the hours of labor for women and children in factories and for men in mines. It has special legislation against sweating. In all its vast employments it has the eight hours limit for work, and insists upon it in those it can control. It stopped all State-aided emigration and stringently excludes all colored labor. It passes laws to close shops early. It has special ministers to look after industrial interests—land, water, mining, and agriculture. It establishes or largely aids schools for teaching farming and mining. If a company has a coal mine, government helps them with a line to bring it to market. It has built grand and useful national works to provide water. It gives bonuses and grants to miners and farmers. The unemployed flock to it and it starts works for them. In no country of the world has the State done more or done more liberally to assist industry. And what is the result? Good has been achieved, no doubt, but results have been developed that the champions of state motherhood in older lands never dreamt of.

We have now more unemployed and helpless people among us than we ever had. Positive want stares many in the face. Government has actually started two railways suddenly without the authority of the law, so pressing was the crisis. Nearly half the population is in Melbourne. There are bankers, lawyers, government bureaus, literary people, and skilled

artisans enough for an empire. Why this special rush from the lands to the towns? The one idea of all, and particularly of the young, was to get a place under the State. In November, 1890, for 624 vacancies on the railways, 11,176 men applied; in May, 1891, for 47 vacancies in the police, 1,036 strong young men were applicants. Most were already employed, farmers' sons, etc. The serious result was the productive power of the country's falling off. No schemes for social reform would avail unless wealth was produced. The more the State enlarged its scope as an employer the less productive work was done on the land, and without ceaseless production we must decay. Also the independence of the people was sapped. If left to themselves young people were intelligent, energetic, and aspiring. Were they to renounce dependence upon individual energy, and the State to look after its grown-up men like children or slaves? All his sympathy was with the workers, but when all was done the only real help for men was self-help, and the policy would undermine it which held forth the attractive plans for the distribution of wealth, but failed in the initial matter of industry and production.

But alas! here, as elsewhere, the sources of production are monopolized, and industry consequently fettered.

FREE TRADE BOOM IN PITTSBURG.

EDMUND YARDLEY.

During the present week a very pretty fight has developed between some of the most prominent members of the protection press in Pittsburg, on the subject of "Wages and the Tariff," which cannot fail to be highly instructive to workingmen, as it is amusing to free traders.

The Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers is now (June 25th) in session in this city, for the purpose of arranging the prices for labor in their trade during the coming year—signing the scale as it is called. The men, it seems, are satisfied with present prices; but the bosses make a poor mouth. "Trade is dull;" "Steel is taking the place of iron;" "Wages in the eastern mills are much lower than in Pittsburg;" "therefore the men must submit to a reduction or mills will have to shut down." The reduction asked is as much as \$1 per ton on puddling, which is now \$5.50, but which it is proposed to cut to \$4.50 per ton.

Hereupon the Leader (Republican) sends forth a note of alarm:

"How is this? At the present critical time, when a presidential contest is on hand! If the manufacturers attempt a wholesale reduction of wages it will lead to a stultification of the Republican party and the overthrow of 'McKinleyism.'"

This utterance has stirred up the animals, and fearful cries are heard from the other organs of protection.

"Oh hush, for shame."

"It is very inopportune to discuss the subject of wages in connection with the tariff at present."

"The wage question is not a political issue; it is a question entirely between the employers and the men."

"The tariff has nothing to do with wages."

"The manufacturers," says the Dispatch, with refreshing coolness, "desire protection from motives of patriotism, self-interest, and the belief that it involves the greatest good to the greatest number. On the other hand they naturally enough desire to make the best terms possible for the labor they employ."

But the Leader retorts by asking where the workman comes in under this view. It shows that the Republican party and Republican speakers in the last campaign "asked the labor vote on the ground that high tariff and high wages were inseparably connected," with more of the same equally to the point; and it asserts that if this cut in wages is made, "Western Pennsylvania will become the principal storm centre for the manufacture of Democratic thunder in the coming campaign."

It may be doubted whether this result can be avoided even if the wages in the iron trade are maintained, which is very unlikely. The speeches made before the Amalgamated Association seem to show that the scales are falling from the "protected" workman's eyes. Thus, Jerry Dougherty who is described as an Amalgamated man of ability and prominence, spoke as follows:

A certain Republican said that if there was a reduction in wages he would not vote that ticket any more, for the Republican party came to laboring men claiming that if it was in power they would be paid better wages. Certain of the Pittsburg papers were very active before the last presidential election insisting that protection would better your condition and protect your wages from the wages of pauper labor. These papers now say that the question has nothing to do with politics and legislation.

Burgess McLuckie, of Homestead, was even more decided, and entered into some interesting particulars. He said:

We were persuaded to vote the Republican ticket four years ago that our wages might be maintained. As soon as the election was over a widespread feeling on the part of manufacturers towards the reduction of wages was exhibited all over the land. You men who voted the Republican ticket, voted for high tariff, have got high fences, Pinkerton detectives, thugs, and militia. * * * When the McKinley tariff bill went into effect the highest protected material in our mills at that time was the four-inch billets. Upon these we based our scale, and when the manufacturers refused to sign the scale, the result was a strike. Conferences were held and concessions offered, but the workmen would not yield, and finally our scale was signed. But while we were fighting here what did the manufacturers do? They quietly went to Washington and had the tariff on four-inch billets, upon which our scale was based, reduced from 17 cents to 11 cents.

It looks as if the protection party in Pittsburg this fall may find "that the way of the liar is hard."

EFFECT OF THE WORLD'S FAIR.

American Machinist.

Landlords are charged with being especially greedy, rents having been advanced in '91, in anticipation of the fair business, again advanced by twice the amount for '92, while there is talk of again doubling the advance for '93, one effect of this being that many families of moderate means living in Chicago have been obliged to move out further, to secure homes at rentals leaving them something with which to pay the butcher and baker.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The Republicans of Maine nominate Henry B. Cleaver for governor.

Carnegie, Phipps & Co. insist upon a reduction of wages by an average of about 30 per cent. at their Homestead plant. There is no prospect of a settlement and a strike is imminent, for which the concern have prepared by the erection of barricades around their premises.

A nolle pros. has been entered upon the indictment against George J. Gibson, ex secretary of the Whiskey Trust, charged with conspiracy to blow up an oppositor distillery with dynamite.

The Governor of Idaho calls upon the President to send regular troops to the scene of the miners' lockout in Northern Idaho. The object is to put down the union miners.

There are serious labor troubles at the National Park, on the Chickamauga battle field, caused by an attempt of the contractors to defraud their workmen.

A conflict between an employers' union, the Iron League, and a workmen's union, the Housesmiths' Union, is in progress in New York City. The Iron League has placed a boycott on the Housesmiths' Union. The trouble originated in a boycott by the Housesmiths of a firm belonging to the Iron League. The action of the latter may be regarded as a "sympathetic strike" of employers.

J. S. Clarkson has been displaced as Chairman of the Republican National Committee by W. J. Campbell, of Illinois. The change was made at the request of President Harrison.

The Presidential election begins in Mexico. So far there is no opposition to the Diaz ticket.

The People's party of Texas nominates T. C. Nugent for Governor.

M. M. Garland has been elected President of the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers at Pittsburg.

Queen Victoria dissolves Parliament and issues writs for the election of new members of the House of Commons. The canvass for votes is now in progress.

A COLOSSAL SUICIDE.

A. K. McClure's leader in Philadelphia Times.

I see nothing to give a ray of hope for the maintenance of a liberal protective policy in the future. It received its mortal wound from its own hands in the wanton, reckless taxation of the necessities of life by the McKinley bill, and it heard its death-knell in the Chicago wigwam of 1892, as slavery mortally wounded itself by the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and heard its death-knell sounded in the Chicago wigwam of 1860.

Protection—that is, legitimate protection of home labor against foreign labor—was once firmly engrafted into the policy of the Government. It had the sanction of the Constitution, of the laws, of the people. Had it been content it would have been invincible; indeed, it would not have been seriously menaced by any party. But it would have monopoly, perpetual monopoly, increased monopoly, and when protection finally became engulfed in monopoly, the people have grown bolder and bolder in revolt, until they must now either bow to the oppressive servitude it exacts or destroy it. The issue is made, just as the slavery issue was made in 1860, and the result cannot be doubtful.

There was much shivering and juggling over slavery before the issue was squarely met, just as the Democrats have been shivering and juggling over protection; but from Chicago now comes the naked issue against the mastery of monopoly, just as the naked issue against the mastery of slavery came thirty years ago, and history will repeat itself. The cry of "free trade" was only lately as appalling to the party accused of favoring it as was the cry of "Black Republican" in 1860; but it is no longer a title to conjure with. * * * I profoundly regret that the sincere friends of legitimate protection have been impotent in saving protection from the slimy fatal embrace of monopoly, just as conservative men of both sections earnestly deplored the remorseless grasp of slavery for imperial power; but grinding unreasoning monopoly has forced the issue, and whether it shall be this year or later, I regard the death of protection as now inevitable. And, like slavery, it will be the colossal suicide of this generation.

ANNIHILATING TIME AND DISTANCE.

New York World.

The close connection the telegraph makes between a people and a convention was never better shown than on Wednesday night. The World bulletin flashed out "Watterson rises to attack majority report on platform." Benjamin Doblin, chairman of the executive committee of the Democratic Free Trade League of New York, was in the crowd. He sped to the Western Union with a telegram to Watterson, saying that 5,000 free trade New Yorkers were with him against protection. The wire to the wigwam was cleared, and before Watterson left the platform the despatch was before him. This is probably the quickest response ever made by an organization to a convention's declarations.

THEY ARE PAID FOR.

Buffalo Courier.

The Binghamton Republican apparently supposes that "Protection or Free Trade?" and other "campaign documents" reprinted from the Congressional Record, are furnished for distribution at the expense of the Government. That, if true, would be a monstrous abuse; but it isn't true. The members of Congress who order these documents at the Government Printing Office are required to pay for them the cost of printing and 10 per cent. in addition. That so many copies of "Protection or Free Trade?" are circulated shows that Democratic Congressmen think it a good thing, and are willing to back their opinion with their money.

CORRECT.

New York Tribune.

Then he [Cleveland, in 1888] was hugging the shore; now he is heading for the deep sea of free trade.

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; **JUST**, because every one would pay taxes in proportion to the value of the land, of right the common property of all, which he appropriated to his own use; and **JUST**, because it would fall not upon labor, enterprise, and thrift, but upon the value of a special privilege. It is more fully explained in the Single Tax Platform in another column; and in "Progress and Poverty," by Henry George, every point is discussed and every objection answered.

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

The Democratic convention at Chicago will in future be accounted as a milestone in the progress of the single tax movement. The first positive step in our direction by the Democratic party as an organization was taken there, a step that can not be retraced, when the protection plank in the platform reported by the committee was struck out in open convention by over 300 majority, and a plank demanding tariff for revenue only, accompanied with a denunciation of protection as robbery, was adopted in its place. How Tom Johnson accomplished this is graphically told by Henry George, Jr., in another column. This was followed by the nomination for President of Grover Cleveland, who officially advocated a tariff for revenue only nearly five years ago, and for Vice-President of an Illinois free trader. From this position it is but a little way to that which the party occupied before the slavery issue silenced economic discussion—"free trade and direct taxation."

The question of protection or free trade is now a squarely-drawn issue between the two great parties, and the Republicans will force the fighting along our lines, because, in their ignorance, they suppose our lines are unpopular. It needs but the union of single tax sentiment over the country to make this a single tax campaign whose momentum will ultimate in single tax victory.

CROASDALE AND CLEVELAND.

The Manhattan Single Tax Club of New York had prepared to unveil a bust of the late William T. Croasdale on the night of the 23d, but, upon receipt that morn-

ing of the news from Chicago, they made the occasion also a celebration of the political event which would have inspired Mr. Croasdale with enthusiasm had he been living. In the afternoon a handsome banner was swung across the street in front of the club house, bearing the legend, "The Manhattan Single Tax Club—For President, Grover Cleveland—Free Trade, Free Land, Free Men," and

in the evening, the meeting rooms of the club being crowded, the bust of Mr. Croasdale was unveiled, and speeches were made in honor of both events.

William McCabe, as president of the club, presided, and E. Stuart Hinton, the sculptor whose work was to be unveiled, presented the bust, which at once excited the admiration of the audience as an exceptionally good likeness. After President McCabe had received the gift, speeches were made by Louis F. Post, Alfred Bishop Mason, A. J. Wolf, Wm. J. Gorsuch, and Charles Frederic Adams.

The following letters were read by A. J. Steere, the secretary:

Henry George.—It is with much regret that I find I cannot be with you on the occasion of the unveiling of the bust of our friend and co-worker, William T. Croasdale. It is an auspicious time to thus honor his memory. We who knew him know how he would have rejoiced in the triumphant nomination of Cleveland against all that is corrupt and reactionary in the Democratic party, and how he would have seen in this a step forward of principles that he stood for so earnestly and so well. We honor his memory as the day that he stood for is breaking.

William Lloyd Garrison.—I regret that I shall be unable to be present at

the unveiling of the bust of Mr. Croasdale. The cause of freedom lost a powerful advocate when he was taken away from us, and in some respects he does not leave his peer. He was a positive force which we much miss, and has left his impress on many minds. The Manhattan Single Tax Club does well to preserve a semblance of this noble man, who hated sham and was so outspoken for liberty. In the time of triumph his name will shine brightly among the list of pioneers.

Hon. Tom L. Johnson.—I regret to say that I cannot accept your invitation to be present at the Manhattan Single Tax Club on the occasion of the unveiling of the bust of Mr. Croasdale, as I am a delegate to the Chicago Convention, and will be there on the 23d. He was my personal friend, a most genial gentleman, and, above all, one of the heroes in the single tax fight. Yours for the cause of "free trade, free land, free men, and Grover Cleveland," which I understand is the motto you have inscribed on your banner.

Hon. Thomas F. Bayard.—I am on the eve of departure for the Chicago Convention, and have not the time I should desire to gather my thoughts to that deliberate and respectful expression to which the memory and character of so sterling a man as William T. Croasdale is justly entitled. When I first knew Mr. Croasdale he was an active young reporter for a paper vigorously (acrimoniously) conducted in opposition to the political party with which I was then and am now associated. By chance we drew into relations of individual good feeling and I recognized a straightforwardness and good faith, which he maintained with friend and foe alike, throughout his life. He had the virtue that goes with fearlessness, truth, and, however misled by passion or error, I do not believe he ever spoke or wrote intentionally an untruth. Like most manly men, he was a tender, filial caretaker of his widowed mother, and his character had its roots in the sound and sweet morality of a modest American home, to support which his labors never ceased chiefly to contribute. Intellectually, he was full of virile vigor, and grew steadily until he died, which was, I believe, before his faculties had developed their full capabilities.

His was an impassioned and untutored style, which often offended by its want of grace, and was yet impressive by its vigor, "words with the bark on," as I used to sometimes tell him.

For several years before his death I saw little or nothing of him, and was dimly informed of his editorial occupation in New York. I am glad to know the association in whose objects he so earnestly and honestly enlisted has resolved upon the proposed mark of respect to his memory. Sir, he was an able, honest man, whose death deprived the country of a useful citizen and his associates of a trustworthy friend.

Hon. Chauncey F. Black.—I can only say that in honoring Mr. Croasdale you are, in my humble opinion, paying only just tribute to a very noble man, who carried the heart of a crusader into the cause of oppressed humanity. He impressed me as one of the bravest, purest and most chivalrous of men, and far more worthy of posthumous honors than most of those who from some accident of fortune or position receive them.

Francis Lynde Stetson.—I expect to be in Chicago, engaged in the promotion of the cause to which Mr. Croasdale devoted himself unselfishly, intelligently and loyally—the cause of the people, and their relief from oppressive and ill-considered taxation. I trust that at the hour when you shall pay your tribute of regard to my old friend, you may be able also to attest the constancy and loyalty with which the American people have confirmed and renewed their pledges for tariff reform. As to the measure and degree of reform and its rate of progress, true reformers may not be in precise accord, but as to the necessity of instituting and maintaining the movement for reform of unnecessary, unwise, and consequently unjust taxation, no tax reformer can fail to express an interest in the movement of every other tax reformer, especially in the career and achievements of one so brave and true as our late friend, William T. Croasdale.

George Cary Eggleston.—I shall be at that time in Chicago in attendance upon the National Democratic Convention. Fortunately there will be no need of any words from me to add to the honor in which the memory of William T. Croasdale is held by all who enjoyed the privilege of knowing him in life. A man of utter sincerity, as well as of broad mind, he left an impress upon every intelligence that came into contact with his own, and that impress was not of the kind that passes away.

John A. Cockerill.—I should like to have added my tribute to those which your club will pay to this man of ideas whose zeal and fidelity to a cause constitute a noble example to all mankind. I knew Mr. Croasdale for some years and worked with him in journalism. I never knew a more sincere man. I did not at all times agree with him, but I appreciated his earnestness and his willingness to sacrifice himself at all times in behalf of any cause which he believed to be right. He was not only a man of ideas but of fixed principles, and his unswerving devotion to these principles made him a true hero. Such men are rare in this world, and I am glad that your club chooses to honor itself in honoring the memory of Mr. Croasdale.

C. J. Buell.—He who loves and serves his fellow-men shall live with the immortals. Judged by this standard, that man whose statue you this day unveil can never die. His humanitarianism was of that noble and far-seeing kind that makes us look beyond the present and frame our deeds for eternity. His work requires no sculptor to give it immortality; and yet, as we who knew him best and hold his memory dearest look upon this likeness of him as he appeared when among us, we shall be inspired with renewed energy to carry on, with never-lagging zeal, the holy warfare in which he, fighting, fell.

My brothers in this noble cause of human liberty, let us stand firm, nor ever retreat so long as remains a single vestige of class legislation or special privilege to curse and enslave our fellows and ourselves.

S. M. Gay.—I regret that I cannot testify by my presence at the unveiling of the bust of the late Wm. T. Croasdale on the 23d inst. to the honor in which I hold his memory. My respect for his high character and my admiration for his ability were great. With clear and penetrating judgment, he was wise in counsel when large issues were at stake. Firm in opinion when he felt he was in the right, and fearless and energetic in action, he was a leader whom we could ill spare. To us to whom it is not given to see the full scope and harmony of universal law, it must seem a sad pity that Mr. Croasdale could not have lived a few months longer to enjoy the progress of our movement shown by recent events. The single tax news from England, New Zealand, and from every section of our own vast country, and above all the news from our National Capital, would have wiped out the recollection of many a struggle and disappointment and strengthened his hope of the future. This progress has nothing phenomenal in it. It is the natural result of the hard and patient work of years; not only this, but the natural result of work in a special direction, namely, along the line of least resistance. The present policy of the single tax movement, which has brought our principles so soon into politics, is especially identified with the name of W. T. Croasdale. That its adoption was wise results show. That it is a success is owing in a measure—how greatly who shall say?—to the energy and example of him whom we have lost. But his work has not stopped. We have seen within a few months that his mantle has fallen on worthy shoulders; that the place in the halls of our National Legislature which we hoped Wm. T. Croasdale would take is ably filled by another. Let us, then, go hopefully forward, remembering that our cause must triumph, though a brave soldier and true leader fall by the way. And let the memory of him be to us all an inspiration and a guide.

Resolutions endorsing the Chicago platform and nominations were adopted by the meeting.

THE CHICAGO CLUB.

The meeting of the Chicago Single Tax Club, on the 23d, is reported by Warren Worth Bailey as having been most enthusiastic and successful. The principal address was by Professor Will, of Lawrence University, and



it was both strong and original, presenting the single tax idea with a clearness, strength and conclusiveness which left nothing to be desired. He was roundly applauded at frequent intervals and at the conclusion of his speech he received an ovation.

Mr. Steele, of St. Louis, made an admirable application of one of the speaker's illustrations, and J. Whiddon Graham, of New York, spoke briefly. Clinton Furbish set the house fairly ablaze with enthusiasm by his references to the work of the Democratic National Convention. He said the Democrats had drawn the line straight through the party, and that every believer in the protection fetish found himself outside. It was a glorious day for the single taxers, and he rejoiced that the party had come out into the open and left nothing to be doubted as to its principles and purposes. Storms of applause greeted Mr. Furbish's impassioned utterances, and on the suggestion of the Rev. A. J. Cleare, three cheers were given for Grover Cleveland and Tom L. Johnson.

John Z. White also made a stirring speech celebrating the democratic nominee and the platform, and said that to Tom L. Johnson and the single taxers was due the credit for forcing the Democracy to a firm and open stand against protection. Ralph E. Hoyt added to the enthusiasm by a neat little speech, spiced with humor and garnished with bright bits of wit. Two or three others lent their voices to the general tone of rejoicing.

HOUSE BILL 319.

The Trades Assembly of Des Moines, Iowa, composed of delegates from the various labor organizations of the city, has unanimously adopted the following resolutions, introduced by the K. of L. delegates under instructions from L. A. 2219:

Whereas, There is now before the National House of Representatives a bill (House bill 319) to exempt improvements on real estate in the District of Columbia from taxation, and assess land at its full market value; and

Whereas, The trades and labor unions of the District of Columbia have unanimously indorsed the measure as tending, first, to stimulate improvement, thus increasing opportunities for employment; second, to reduce the taxation of home owners and increase that of the owners of valuable lots in the business portion of the city; third, to reduce the immoral profits of the land speculator, and to prevent the monopolization of vacant lots; therefore,

Resolved, That the Central Trades and Labor Assembly of Des Moines seconds the efforts of the organized workmen of Washington in demanding the passage of the measure, and requests Iowa's Representatives and Senators to support said H. B. 319. And the secretary is hereby instructed to send copies of these preambles and resolution, under seal of the Central Trades and Labor Assembly, to the said Senators and Representatives.

REPORT FROM RHODE ISLAND.

The Hon. Lucius F. C. Garvin makes his financial report as treasurer of the fund raised for the campaign in favor of local option in taxation in the town of Cumberland, R. I. At a supper in Providence last December subscriptions for the purpose were made, and subsequently contributions came from without the State. In addition to the funds reported, Mr. Garvin writes that he received a very liberal contribution from Thomas G. Shearman, which, with Mr. Shearman's consent, has been been devoted to another purpose. The financial report is as follows.

Receipts from within the State:

Cumberland.....	\$18 12
Providence.....	15 50
South Kingston.....	15 00
Pawtucket.....	4 50
North Kingston.....	50
	<hr/> \$53 62

Receipts from without the State:

Brooklyn, N. Y.....	\$ 1 00
Chicago, Ill.....	10 00
California.....	1 00
St. Louis, Mo.....	5 00
New York, N. Y.....	10 00
	<hr/> 27 00
	<hr/> \$80 62

Expenditures:

Hall hire.....	\$23 00
Speakers' expenses.....	19 15
Printing.....	27 00
Postage.....	4 48
Incidentals.....	5 00
	<hr/> \$78 63

Cash on hand June 23, 1892.....\$1 99

Halls were hired for six meetings; the speakers whose traveling expenses were paid came from Massachusetts; and the printing included two circulars relating directly to the town of Cumberland.

NEW YORK STATE ORGANIZATION.

E. J. Shriver, the member pro tem from New York of the National Committee of the Single Tax League, has begun the organization of an executive committee for the State of New York by making the following provisional appointments:

First (or Metropolitan) District, comprising the counties of New York, Kings, Queens, Suffolk, Richmond, Westchester, Putnam, Rockland—E. J. Shriver, 234 Pearl street, New York City; Benjamin Doblin, New York. L. O. Macdaniel, New York; H. G. Loew, Brooklyn; Robert Baker, Brooklyn; A. J. Wolf, Brooklyn; D. C. Beard, Flushing; Kenneth Cranford, Wakefield; J. A. Forsyth, Yonkers; E. L. Ryder, Sing Sing; D. M. McMillon, Piermont.

Second (Hudson River) District, comprising the Counties of Dutchess, Orange, Columbia, Ulster, Greene, Albany, Saratoga, Montgomery, Schoharie, Schenectady, Fulton, Rensselaer.—James E. Morior, Troy; F. C. Arnold, Poughkeepsie; Dr. Wm. C. Wood, Gloversville; Dr. Thomas S. Parker, Cohoes.

Third (Central) District, comprising the Counties of Herkimer, Otsego, Oneida, Madison, Onondaga, Cayuga, Seneca, Wayne, Yates, Ontario Monroe—C. V. Harbottle, Syracuse; George Rix, Ilion; A. S. Campbell.

Fourth (Southern Tier) District, comprising the Counties of Sullivan, Delaware, Chenango, Broome, Cortland, Tompkins, Tioga, Chemung, Schuyler, Steuben.—J. H. Blakeney, Binghamton; W. M. Vail, Port Jervis; Wm. Minchen, Oswego.

Sixth (Western) District, comprising the Counties of Erie, Niagara, Orleans, Genesee, Wyoming, Livingston, Cattaraugus, Chautauqua.—S. C. Rogers, Buffalo; Adam Stormer, Jamestown; E. C. Cooley, Dunkirk.

Mr. Shriver requests the committeeman named first in each district—as being most centrally located—to call his associates of that district together for conference as to plans and methods of work, and to appoint local representatives in the towns included in the district. Suggestions are requested for further additional appointments to the Executive Committee, of which those already named will doubtless be the best judges. By way of explanation he adds that the specific purposes for which the organization is required are to prepare for representation in the convention called to meet during the World's Fair and for possible political action in the election of delegates to the Constitutional Convention next year.

SINGLE TAX LETTER WRITERS.

Divisions A and C—Newton (Ia.) Herald. Quotes approvingly an editorial from New York World, arguing that the income tax is the most equitable plan devised for raising revenue.

Divisions B and K—Prof. H. A. Scomp, Oxford, Ga., Prohibition party leader in Georgia. Prof. Scomp thinks society is becoming divided into the rich and the poor, and that the middle class is disappearing. If he could see the remedy for this evil he would be a most effective advocate and worker.

Division D—Courier, Bowling Green, Va. Comparatively new paper, and would probably publish single tax letters.

Divisions E, N and O—The Madisonian, Winterset, Ia., has an editorial, June 10, on "Henry George's Idea," in which it speaks of the circulation of the Congressional Record copy of P. or F. T. as "a matter of special significance to farmers and other land owners." The editor sees only the tax on land, not land values, and should be shown the difference, and that only as speculators would land owners suffer.

Divisions F and G—Telegraph, Painesville, Ohio, is said to be liberal, and would probably publish single tax letters.

Division H—Col. D. Gilbert Dexter, Room 19, Academy of Science Building, San Francisco, Cal. Has begun to be interested, and a little attention would probably convert him to the single tax. He is a prominent man and of much influence.

Divisions I and J—Hon. F. Foster, 1206 Chamber of Commerce Building, Chicago. He is almost a single taxer, but needs more light on the subject. Is ex-Senator from Tehama county, Cal.

Divisions L and M—Hon. T. T. Geer, Macleay, Ore., Ex-Speaker, Oregon House of Representatives, writes on social topics, but hasn't yet publicly considered the single tax. His criticism would be valuable in provoking discussion either pro or con.

All writers who can spare a moment should devote a letter to Mr. Geo. C. Ward, who is the editor of the People's Party page of the A. N. Kellogg Newspaper Co., at Kansas City, Mo.

As the Alliance has not declared against the single tax, writers should protest against Mr. Ward's refusal to admit letters from advocates while filling columns of matter opposed to the single tax.

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

NATIONAL COMMITTEE OF THE SINGLE TAX LEAGUE.

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

CONTRIBUTIONS FOR WEEK ENDING JUNE 27.

A. B. Harrower, M. D., Swarthmore, Penn.....	5 00
Balance reported last week.....	26 42
Total.....	<hr/> \$31 42

LIABILITIES.

Due A. N. Kellogg Newspaper Co. for composition, etc.....	78 75
---	-------

ASSETS.

Cash on hand.....	\$31 42
Due from Newspaper Co. for single tax moulds.....	45 00
	<hr/> 76 42

Deficit.....\$2 33

GEO. ST. JOHN LEAVINS, Secretary.

OBJECT LESSONS.

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

OLIVER TWIST IN PITTSBURG.

Men who become accustomed to living at public expense, ultimately look upon their privilege as a right, and the more luxurious the support they enjoy the more strenuous are they in maintaining it as a right, and the more brazen in asking for more. The Pittsburg Dispatch tells of a case in point. A fire having swept away the John Harper building in Pittsburg, a movement was started to have the adjacent street opened through to Penn avenue. In behalf of the movement it was urged that it would be a good time to do this immediately after the fire, as the damages on condemnation would be less than after new buildings were erected. But Mr. Harper opposed the scheme. He was not satisfied to be paid the value which Pittsburg had already given to his lot, but wanted also the additional value which future growth will give to it. Here is what he said: "I suppose the city can condemn the property, but I will oppose it. The widening would take twenty feet and leave a strip of ten feet that would be worthless unless Charles Arbuthnot would buy it. We do not want to give up the property, for in a few years it will be worth a half more than what it is now; and if it is condemned, its value as an investment will not be considered." Mr. Harper should not be personally condemned; he is only a type.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

PILLOWS SWEET AND SOFT.

ALICE CHITTENDEN.

"Pile with plenty of pillows," is an ever recurring phrase now-a-days in the "literature of the home," as a friend calls journals and articles relating to fancy work. But feathers of a good quality are costly, and it is not always easy to obey this injunction. Still our tired bodies yearn for the luxurious pillow—pillows of all sizes, in fact; that of generous proportions, which gives such ease to the aching back; that which may be propped under the arm, holding a book, and that other tiny one which just fits the back of the neck.

We will first consider the stuffing. Chicken feathers are not thought much of by the thrifty German housewife, who regularly plucks her flock of geese and makes huge feather beds, not only to lie upon, but to lie under. A friend, lacking the resources of the German dame, has acquired a number of really luxurious pillows by a somewhat tedious and painstaking process. Whenever game or fowls of any kind are prepared for the table she puts all the small, fluffy feathers into a bag and the larger feathers into a pan. She then arms herself with a pair of sharp scissors, and taking these latter up one by one, snips out the mid-rib from each, letting the feathery part fall into the bag. These are thoroughly cured in the sun. You will find this material for filling pillows accumulate faster than you would have supposed possible. Another ingenious lady, who is a farmer's wife with a brood of young children to provide amusement for as well as food and raiment, starts each one out every morning with a little bag to make the rounds of the poultry runs and pick the feathers that have been dropped. Some of the older ones are already possessors of pillows which they claim for their very own.

The rather short grass clipped from the yard by the lawn-mower makes a very sweet if not very soft filling. Do not pack too tightly and shake up frequently.

If you live or visit in the vicinity of a pine woods you do not want to be without a pillow filled with the pungent pine-needles. It is claimed that the odor of these will give relief to an asthmatic or consumptive person if a number of these pillows be placed about the room. They are very heavy and must not be made too large.

The odor of a pillow stuffed with sweet fern speaks of the "forest by slow stream or pebbly spring," and if rightly cured is soft and has considerable "give" about it. Only the youngest sprigs must be gathered and these dried quickly in a dark room. The advisability of putting in no large or spiky twigs will suggest itself to you.

The wild, spicy, "woody" odor of the young sprigs of jayberry and sassafras leaves has a charm about it that would woo the most wakeful, first to sweet thoughts of the wildwood and then to sleep, and perchance to even sweeter dreams.

There is also wild thyme, lavender leaves, sweet brier, rose, geranium and lemon verbena, not forgetting the sweetest of all—wild roses—which over certain sections of the country nature flings with such a lavish hand, sparing neither fragrance nor color.

From this Summer's sojourn on old Prudence Island in Narragansett Bay I shall take home trophies of this sort that all through the Winter days shall with their sweet odors bring back Summer hours and shady, fragrant wildwood tangles.

Having shown how we may get filling for our pillows at the expense only of odd moments, let us see how we can most daintily and inexpensively cover them.

For feather pillows blue denim is perhaps the cheapest and most serviceable covering. They are pretty made with a double frill three inches wide all around, of gingham or seersucker in a solid color, either exactly matching the blue of the denim or severely contrasting with it. For such a cover the wash tub has no terrors. It can be further embellished without much cost by outlining some conventionalized flower in wash silks of appropriate colors, filling in the leaves with fancy stitches or not, as your time and purse may indicate.

A more elegant cover is of "baby" blue linen. It has a single iris with buds and leaves depend-

ing from the upper left hand corner. This is veined and outlined with a thick strand of Japanese gold thread. This also washes perfectly if you get the best quality. The whole background is darned with twisted blue silk. The elegant effect of this piece of work is out of all proportion to the cost of materials and the time employed in making it.

China silk, plain or figured, is always pretty and is not costly. The figured may be made with a frill of the same, or you may make a cover three inches larger than the pillow each way. Put this on and close the opening, then pass a ribbon around both its length and width and finish with a bow in the middle. Pull the extra fullness to the upper side of the pillow to give a loose, puffy effect. Silkoline makes a most inexpensive, and for country houses in Summer, one of the prettiest of coverings. No further adornment is needed than the double frill. It is less the material than the choice of colors that the beauty of a pillow depends upon.

A California friend has a rose pillow with a cover of cream China silk. Two or three roses depend from the upper right-hand corner, with a shower of falling petals, some of which have fallen over upon the silken frill.

This charming design is worked in a sort of rapid Kensington stitch, with shaded pink silks, and looks like painting at a little distance. As the entire making of this cover occupied only the leisure hours of three days, and has been washed several times without impairing its beauty, it cannot be classed among costly decorative articles.

A pillow of thyme, sweet fern and bayberry may be very appropriately covered with white linen, embroidered with sprigs of maiden-hair fern in green wash silk, with the quotation "I know a bank whereon the wild thyme grows" outlined in quaint characters.

For a rose pillow an appropriate motto would be "The scent of the roses will cling round it still."

Simplicity is far more desirable than elegance in sofa pillow coverings.

UNEARNED INCREMENT.

THE OLD LABORER.

F. W. Faber.

What end doth he fulfill?
He seems without a will,
Stupid, unhelpful, helpless, age-worn man!
He hath let the years pass,
He hath toiled and heard Mass,
Done what he could, and now does what he can.
And this, forsooth, is all!
A plant or animal
Hath a more positive work to do than he:
Along his daily beat,
Delighting in the heat,
He crawls in sunshine which he does not see.
What doth God get from him?
His very mind is dim,
Too weak to love, and too obtuse to fear,
Is there glory in his strife?
Is there meaning in his life?
Can God hold such a thing-like person dear?
Peace! he is dying now,
No light is on his brow;
He makes no sign, but without sign departs.
The poor die often so—
And yet they long to go,
To take to God their over-weighted hearts.
Born only to endure,
The patient, passive poor
Seem useful chiefly by their multitude;
For they are men who keep
Their lives secret and deep:
Alas! the poor are seldom understood.
The laborer that is gone
Was childless and alone,
And homeless as his Saviour was before him.
He told in no man's ear
His longing, love, or fear,
Nor what he thought of life as it passed o'er him.
He had so long been old,
His heart was close and cold;
He had no love to take, no love to give;
Men almost wished him dead;
'Twas best for him, they said;
'Twas such a weary sight to see him live.
He walked with painful stoop,
As if life made him droop,

And care had fastened fetters round his feet;

He saw no bright, blue sky,
Except what met his eye,

Reflected in the rain-pools in the street.

To whom was he of good?

He slept, and he took food;

He used the earth and air, and kindled fire;

He bore to take relief,

Less as a right than grief—

To what might such a soul as his aspire?

His inexpressive eye

Peered round him vacantly,

As if whate'er he did he would be chidden;

He seemed mere growth of earth,

Yet, even he had mirth,

As the great angels have, untold and hidden.

Always his downcast eye

Was laughing silently,

As if he found some jubilee in thinking:

For his one thought was God,

In that thought he abode,

Forever in that thought more deeply sinking.

Thus did he live his life,

A kind of passive strife,

Upon the God within his heart relying;

Men left him all alone,

Because he was unknown,

But he heard the angels sing when he was dying.

God judges by a light

Which baffles mortal sight,

And the useless seeming man the crown hath won;

In His vast world above,

A world of broader love,

And hath some grand employment for His son.

PAKAGRAHS.

Every calamity is a spur and a valuable hint.—Emerson.

Heinrich Heine, at the beginning of this present century, said: "If all Europe became a single prison, there would still be another hole for escape; I mean America. And God be praised, that hole is larger than all the prison itself." Yet what is all this excited talk we hear about the country being over-populated, and the urging of extreme measures to "restrict immigration!"—W. B. Cossitt.

Teacher—Your answer to the problem about two men building a fence calls for six days too much. Bright Boy—Six of the days was Sundays, an' they don't count.—Street & Smith's Good News.

"Does Congressman Binx know much about the tariff?" she asked her father. "No," replied the old gentleman, "not much; only enough to talk a great deal about it and keep his constituents satisfied."—Washington Star.

"I am very sorry for poor Mrs. Sophie." "Why?" "She has so little to live for." "How is that?" "They say she lives only for her husband."—N. Y. Press.

You can't tell by the length of a man's face what he will do in a horse trade.—Ram's Horn.

You often hear men say, "I'll tell you what kind of a man I am," but they never do it.—Athol Globe.

Editor: "Well, sir, did you interview that woman as I directed?" Reporter: "I saw her, but she refused to talk." Editor (startled): "Was she dead?"—Detroit Free Press.

Malthus throws blame upon the Creator instead of man's injustice for the existence of human misery.—Henry George in "Protection or Free Trade?"

Customer: "Seems to me that razor is rather dull." Barber: "Mought be, sah. It was to a pahty last—night, sah."—New York Weekly.

"What was the most successful funeral you ever saw?" "Well, I think the best attended one was that of a man who had spent most of his life practicing the cornet with his window open."—Kate Field's Washington.

Baxter: "I've got to have my photograph taken. Where shall I go?" Thaxter: "By all means go to Facer's. He'll give you a splendid picture." Baxter: "Think so? It's for my mother, who hasn't seen me for a long time, and I want a perfect likeness." Thaxter: "Oh, I thought you wanted a real work of art. If it is only a likeness you want, go to any cheap picture-maker."—Boston Transcript.

A REVOLUTION IN PLUMVILLE.

Augusta W. Kellogg in Harper's Weekly.

Plumville—"foh de wah" was an uninteresting little village lying in a remote valley of a New England agricultural district. If the soil was thin, the rocks were thick—so thick, indeed, that it was a grim joke that a shot-gun was needed to get the seed-corn into the first and between the second. Owing to this bed rock, the drainage was poor, and what the drought spared, sudden showers swept away.

All the young men went West, the old shoemaker had moved away, and even the minister had departed, leaving a monumental pair of crossed poles to bar the entrance to the meeting-house. And yet these natives—New England men and women—were not lacking in shrewdness and common sense. They were simply discouraged. With all their hard labor, they never got beyond the bare necessities of life. They had no amusements, no expectations, no hope. The women never had time to sit down, but spent their days cooking and washing in the kitchens. The front room was always closely shuttered, the front steps were overgrown with coarse weeds, and the front gate refused to open. Everybody came and went by the back door, along the narrow worn footpath. No flowers were cultivated, and few varieties of vegetables. News was old when it reached Plumville, and excited little more interest than archaeological stories. Few books were bought, and those few of a kind in which no rational being could feel an interest. Games of cards were tabooed. There could be no social life in so sparsely settled a region. It was a custom for the farmer who had "arrants" in the village to bring the occasional newspaper or rare letter for the inhabitants on his route. So if Brown saw Smith jogging along towards "the Centre," he (Brown) knew that on Smith's return an hour or two later he would find anything the mail had brought him in his yard, tossed there by the obliging Smith.

Once a year, perhaps, there would be a wedding, for in Plumville all widowers speedily replaced their "first." On these occasions it was usual to borrow white kids from the doctor, who had sentimentally or economically (for he had himself worn them at two separate ceremonies) preserved his with care.

In the spring of 1880 old Mr. Elkins fell sick. His wife had just died and he had no children. It was an added burden to the weary neighbors, who felt they must "do" for the old man. At the best it was a fragmentary service, and the invalid was alone many hours out of every twenty-four. The relief was great, therefore, when somehow or other a nephew's widow, or a cousin's daughter, appeared as nurse and housekeeper. She brought a niece with her—a slip of a freckled girl about sixteen years old, whose name was Milly French. Milly assumed the care of the chickens, milked the cow, fed Tower, and as she came and went about these duties the neighbors wondered to hear her singing like a happy bird. She threw open the front blinds and let the sunlight sacrilegiously stream through the windows; she even set the sacred front door ajar, and sat on the door-steps on pleasant afternoons with her knitting-work. If the sunset were very gorgeous, she was seen with idle hands. The spinning grass was sheared off, so that the gate would swing back easily.

"It is enough to make Mis' Elkins turn in her grave," said Neighbor Flint.

As the summer advanced, all unconscious of Plumville etiquette and conventionality, Milly wandered in the fields hunting for orchids, or took long walks to Bacon's woods, fetching her basket full of plants, which she industriously transplanted in the virgin soil of the Elkins front yard.

"Well, I never!" said Mrs. Flint, as she peered through an opportune crevice of her side window. "What won't she do next?"

But Milly watered her honeysuckles, propped up her dahlias, put rich loam into the sandy waste, and was rewarded by multitudes of blossoms. When the bees scratched up her treasures, she contrived an enclosure of palings that circumscribed their operations. By-and-by she added a trellis for a wild rose-bush, and a long tent of twine for her flabby wood-clematis. Little by little the small house, unpainted, but tinted a soft, silvery, weather-beaten gray, began to out-pace its windows in bright green, and to throw

woodbine garlands all over the homely porch. Season after season went by. Milly now had seeds and cuttings to give away. She carried bouquets to the sick, potted a root for a friend, brought a jar of mignonette from Lincoln, or received a package of seeds from a florist. It thus came to pass that every house in Plumville soon boasted a flower-bed, and in winter every kitchen had at least one window full of petunias or geraniums, the steam of cooking or washing causing them to grow wonderfully. Cold frames for pansies were manufactured; even strawberries and asparagus were attempted. And that these improvements might not fail, the land about the house was drained, low branches lopped off, the sink nozzle extended to a safe distance, till light, and air, and dryness came to these denizens of the kitchen.

You would not have known Plumville. Why, the shoemaker, who came back to stay, pretended he had never seen it before. It was rumored that a baker's cart would come over from Lincoln once a week, and on the strength of it the postmaster cleared off a shelf and drove six nails in the loose door steps. But this Plumville home is far ahead of my story. Long before the flowers had begun to be very common there, Milly French puzzled much over the unused church. One day she got the key and went in. Though it was August, the interior was cold and damp, almost like a cellar. Cobwebs hung from the two long stove-pipes that extended the whole length of the building. Torn hymn-books were lying about, and several window-panes were broken. A general air of desolation pervaded the place. Milly sat for a long time thinking, thinking. Then she walked very quickly to Mrs. Flint's, who lived near by.

"Oh, Mrs. Flint, isn't it disgraceful to have our meeting house shut up?" she cried on entering.

"La, child! what should it be open for?" asked Mrs. Flint, in amazement.

"Why, to have a minister, as they do at Lincoln, and everywhere else but just here at Plumville."

"There's no use talkin', Milly; we haven't any money nor any public spirit."

"If you'll help me, I'll have that church open next Sunday," cried Milly.

"Me!" What can I do?" sighed poor Mrs. Flint, aghast.

"If you'll get your husband to mow the grass and sweep out, I'll do the rest."

"I don't believe he can."

"Yes, he can, if he has a mind to. It wouldn't take an hour," asserted Milly.

"Well, I'll ask him, but I know he won't."

"Oh, don't ask him; tell him he must," said Milly, decidedly.

After much protest Mr. Flint agreed to cut a few swaths in front of the church door, but no persuasion could induce him to attack the cobwebs inside.

A notice in a feminine hand appeared on the post office door, and another was nailed to the big elm (the natives called it ellum) at "the Corners," to the effect that "Sunday, August 28th, D. V., there will be services in the Congregational Church. All are invited." Old men put on their spectacles and read these notices slowly through—usually aloud, and also usually said, "I declar' for't!"

No one could tell anybody anything further; but the farmers drove back to their lonely homes with a pleasant thrill of anticipation. Something was going to happen at last even in Plumville. The women, when they heard, were much excited. The most dissipated among them had never seen a circus or a minstrel show since they were very young; that was so long ago it did not seem as if they saw it. Some pious souls had sorely missed "religious privileges," and all had felt the need of a gregarious motive.

This news was wonderful. Miss Bacon perked up and got her "alapacca" gown out of the camphor "chist" to baste fresh lace at the wrists. Mrs. Smith went to "talk it over" with Miss Brown, and stayed to tea—an unheard-of self-indulgence. Half the women (exactly four) at "the Corners" harnessed up and drove to "the Centre" to learn particulars. But no particulars were forthcoming. There were the two notices in a feminine hand; there was a freshly-cut path to the church door, and the crossbars were

down; that was all. Curiosity was at a tremendous pitch.

On Sunday morning, August 28th, the farmers for five miles around came over the hills and plunged down into Plumville valley. The horse-shed was full of "teams," every hitching-post was in use. Even Deacon Bird was on time, marshaling his numerous progeny down the aisle, quite unconscious, (as all good men are), of the makeshifts in their attire, called thus suddenly to do duty as Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes. The soft summer air swayed the long cobwebs depending from the rusty stove-pipes, and blew out the musty taint of mouldy months.

It was half-past ten. Perfect silence reigned in the little bare church. Some gray heads were bent forward, as befitting the place, but lively eyes glanced over the spectacles in eager expectation. A few women shaded their eyes with coarsened hands in a pretense of being at prayer, but even there a profound alertness was visible. Then this happened: Milly French rose and came forward to the communion table, upon which stood a basket of lovely ferns and late roses. She looked serious, but not at all frightened. She read a psalm in a clear voice, gave out a hymn, which was sung by three elderly women in the front pew, then she opened a book and read Phillips Brook's sermon from the text, "Comfort ye my people." It can be imagined, perhaps, how these sympathetic words chained the attention and touched the hearts of all present. It was a pretty sight, and never to be forgotten by those who saw it.

At the close the Doxology was given with a will. And thus, D. V., the Plumville church was opened on Sunday morning, August 28th, and it has never been closed since. That was years ago, but Milly French still reads a sermon there every Sunday morning. She has educated that people far beyond their means to pay for. They invite no candidate to their pulpit. They are familiar with the great preachers of the world. Some incline to Episcopacy, and do not see "how you can get around the laying on o' hands." Some are Beecherites; others agree with Channing. Dean Stanley and Canon Farrar have a following. Robertson and Maurice are admired and loved. No creed binds their consciences; no formulated vow restrains them. They range over spiritual truths as presented by different and differing minds. Earnest discussion and zealous argument show on occasion unusual thoughtfulness and cultivation.

Thanks to Milly French, Plumville, a bower of vines and flowers, is one of the prettiest of small villages physically, while for intellectual and spiritual training it is one of the most advanced.

THE MUIR GLACIER.

California Magazine.

A stupendous piece of Nature's handiwork—impressive, grand beyond all expression. The glaciers of the Alps, so famed, are often dark, soiled and dirty. Here is the virgin ice. A massive wall, scintillating in the light, with the hues of the rainbow; now an intense blue, green, yellow, and gold, now flashing as white as snow can make it; a frontage of divine conception, a wall of ice three miles wide, a thousand feet or more in height from the bottom, from two hundred to at times nearly five hundred feet in places, above water, moving on with resistless force into the bay at a rate of forty to sixty feet a day, a river of ice, frozen dead in the grasp of winter, an offering of the mountain gods to Neptune, a stony stream whose volume cannot be appreciated by human mind, an evidence of the power of the Maker, before which man stands insignificant and asounded. For many years the great glacier has been known to the Indians, and possibly it was observed by some of the earlier white adventurers, but one day John Muir, a California writer and naturalist, was rowed up to its face by a native, and it was through him that its wonders were first given to the world, and most fittingly it bears his name. Since its first discovery it has been examined by many scientists, and hundreds of tourists have ascended its slopes and gazed with wonder into the deep caverns which lead down into its blue heart. The length of Muir glacier is estimated at forty miles, its greatest width at twenty-five, but as it approaches the sea it enters a rocky ravine formed by two ranges of mountains, and the entire mass is compressed into a narrow gulch

about a mile across, through which it grinds and pushes on, as it has for untold centuries.

FREE TRADE IN WASHINGTON STATE.

New York Evening Post.

If any one wishes to determine the view which the "natural man" takes of a tariff law, he should spend a week among the unsophisticated settlers along the north boundary of this State. Of course, the dwellers along every border have a more or less distinct feeling that customs laws are an intolerable impertinence; but the East is so well settled, and the system of inspection is so complete, that the people have come to regard smuggling as not in good form, even though it may not be positively wicked. Washington, however, has been but recently admitted as a State to the Union, and during the generation of territorial government there was a tacit understanding that the settlers—who at best labored under many disadvantages—should trade where they pleased, provided they did not indulge too freely in the smuggling of opium. Accordingly the worthy farmers on each side of the line exchanged their own products and manufactured articles as well, with little or no interference on the part of the customs officers. Certainly such exchanges were to the benefit of both sides, else they would not have been made. No one saw any adequate reason why the existence of any imaginary line on the surface of the earth should prevent a man from buying where he could do so to the best advantage; and consequently a race of free traders has sprung up, a race upon whom tariff primers and all the other argumentative devices of the protectionists are utterly wasted.

Within the year two railroads have been built across the line in the narrow strip between the Cascade Mountains and Puget Sound. The population is increasing in that region, and the customs officers are becoming more vigilant. But a score of years devoted to campaigns of education will apparently be necessary before the people come to look upon smuggling as in the slightest degree reprehensible. At present free trade is all right so long as you do not "get caught," and no man would think of even pretending to conceal his traffic from any one but the customs officer.

Most of the prairie land lies on the Canadian side of the line, and the American farmers evidently do not care to be protected by a duty on hay. They find it much easier to get the wild hay of the prairie than to cultivate hay among the stumps. So they get large supplies, a wagon-load at a time, from Canadian soil.

On the Seattle, Lake Shore and Eastern Railroad is a town lying at the boundary. The Canadian side is called Huntington, and the American side Sumas. After nightfall a large trade is done between the two places. The groceries for the next day are laid in from one town, while the s deboard is being replenished with "three star Hennessy" from the other. While the stomach of the American is being warmed with British Columbia rye whiskey, the thirst of the Canadian is quenched with Milwaukee lager. While McKinley and the tariff receive a nominal respect during the day, Blaine and reciprocity win enthusiastic devotion during the night.

DRY GOODS COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

New York Evening Post.

As a rule manufacturers do not sell "direct"—to use the language of the trade—that is, few of them combine the functions of the maker and the merchant. In most cases they make an arrangement by which the entire product of their mills is sold through some strong house with offices in the principal cities of the world. These middle men are known as commission merchants. They are generally rich and of long experience. With their capital they are able to advance to the manufacturer the cash with which he can pay his help from week to week, buy his mill supplies, and meet other current expenses, until the bills for his goods are paid by the customer through the commission-house. For this service the commission merchant charges a rate of interest, and thus is a banker as well as a trader.

The commission merchants generally locate themselves in some one compact district of a city for mutual convenience. They occupy broad and lofty rooms, the greater part of which is devoted to rows of tables, on which are exposed the samples of merchandise. Along the sides and at the rear are offices in which the merchants

the firm and their employees are busy at their books. One would never imagine that much was going on in these offices. Occasionally a customer saunters in, and the passer-by will see, as he glances through the door or windows, a few groups who seem to be rather telling stories than transacting important business. But the ledgers tell a different story. Gigantic operations are transacted in just this off-hand, quiet way, and even less noticeable than this is the mail order feature, which leaves no mark at all on the outward form of the office, but means a fortune in every line entered on the day-book.

PERHAPS SHE WON'T SAY "NO" AGAIN.

Edmund Viney in Temple Bar.

I draw my chair before the fire,

My dressing-gown falls on my knees;

The faithful friends who never tire,

My books, are ranged around to please

The changing mood. In all the shire

No benedict's so well at ease.

With one thing more my bliss were ripe,

And that I seize, my own, my pipe.

The genial Autocrat is near,

And Boswell, standing by his side;

There's Fielding, hiding in the rear,

Here Lillywhite and "Nyren's Guide;"

Pendennis, Pickwick, Swift, and here

The frolic Muse's sons abide;

Locker and Praed together stand,

And Dobson ready to my hand.

The bleak wind shrills across the street,

The fire burns up more cheerfully.

What need I, puss, love's bitter-sweet?

I am not Miss Blanche Amory.

We'll rest content with one defeat;

No more emotions, thanks, for me!

Or only this, lulled by your purr

To close my eyes, and think of her.

'Tis midnight, and the fire is low;

Hour after hour my thoughts will stray,

And leave my trusty books, and go

Along the well-remembered way.

'Tis better thus, no doubt. Helgho!

There's something wanting, pussy. Stay!

I'll write her in the self-same strain,

Perhaps she won't say "No" again.

EARLY JUNE.

Alice Thacher in New Earth.

We are now in the most wonderful time of the year. The lengthening days full of warmth and light call from the earth its rapurous blossoming; the shortening nights are full of perfume and mysterious fashioning. What is the tale of this glorious day, of this solemn night and the purple twilights? We are stirred, but do we hear their message?

Ever since those stately great days of creation, measured by their evenings and their mornings, day has uttered speech to day, and night has shown to night knowledge. What of their speech may we understand? What of their knowledge will they show to us?

The tale is a prophecy. What moves us is the promise of great things to come. However glorious to individuals may be the world without and the world within, that great human being, Society, is now living in a different season than this—in a cold season of short, lowering days, of long desolate nights; a season which breeds famine and fever, and worse than all, disruption of brother from brother. It is dark; they do not see each other. It is cold; they do not love each other.

But the earth does not remain dark and cold and barren. The days lengthen; there comes a blossoming and a glory; the world is made anew. And hereby we know that to humanity shall come a time of light and warmth and blossoming. This is the magnificent prophecy of the tender dawns, the blessed days, the nights of sweet mystery. Our pulses throb to it, even though we hear only the footfalls of the prophets; our eyes grow dim, though we see only the splendor of their trailing garments.

But listen with fine ear. Look through and beyond. What would it mean to your brethren to have these rare days truly represent the epoch of our social life? If you hear the prophecy, if you see the vision, you will never rest again in this world; but your labors will be sweeter than any rest the world has now to give, and the glory of the prophetic days will abide with you.

PREACHING IN A GAMBLING HELL.

Richard Harding Davis, in Harper's Weekly.

A clergyman asked Watrous if he could have the use of the gambling-hall on Sunday night. The house was making about \$300 an hour, and Watrous calculated that half an hour would be as much as he could afford toward the collection. He mounted a chair and said, "Boys, this gentleman wants to make a few remarks to you of a religious nature. All the games at that end of the hall will stop, and you want to keep still."

The clergyman stood on the platform of the keno outfit, and the greater part of the men took the seats around it, toying with the marking cards scattered over the table in front of them, while the men in the saloon crowded the doorway from the swinging-doors to the bar, and looked on with curious and amused faces. At the back of the room the roulette wheel clicked and the ball rolled. The men in this part of the room who were playing lowered their voices, but above the voice of the preacher one could hear the clinking of the silver and the chips, and the voice of the boy at the wheel calling "seventeen and black, and twenty-eight and black again and—keep the ball rolling, gentlemen—and four and red." There is a stove in the middle of the hall and two electric lights; the men were crowded closely around this stove, and the lamps shone through the smoke on their tanned upturned faces and on the white excited face of the preacher above them. There was the most excellent order, and the collection was very large. I asked Watrous how much he lost by the interruption.

"Nothing," he said, quickly, anxious to avoid the appearance of good; "I got it all back at the bar."

COLORING EGGS.

Christian Union.

Our custom of coloring eggs for Easter Day had its birth among the pagans, who used to present each other with these colored eggs to show their joy at the return of spring. Even in Africa and South America eggs have this significance, for they are presented to the idols to celebrate the coming of spring. The use of the colored eggs among Christians was to signify the shedding of the blood of Christ, the eggs being always colored red. St. Augustine used the egg as a type of hope, a new life coming from an apparently dead thing. This idea took such a hold on the minds of men that even in the fourth century the use of eggs as an article of food was prohibited during Lent. This did not prevent the hens from laying, so the accumulated eggs were colored and given to the children on Easter Day.

WOMEN IN POLITICS.

New Earth.

Women have been so persistently excluded from general deliberative and judicial councils that such councils have naturally assumed a purely masculine character. But is it quite fair to turn around and assume that the masculinity is a necessary quality, and that therefore women are necessarily excluded? Councils composed of men and women would be quite different from councils composed of men only; but it has yet to be proved that that they would not be broader, more perfectly representative, more adaptive to exigencies, and more generally efficient.

THE GOLD-BUG.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

What ho! what ho! this fellow is dancing mad
He hath been bitten by the Tarantula.

—ALL IN THE WRONG.

[Continued from last issue]—The chest had been full to the brim, and we spent the whole day and the greater part of the next night, in a scrutiny of its contents. There had been nothing like order or arrangement. Every thing had been heaped in promiscuously. Having assorted all with care, we found ourselves possessed of even vaster wealth than we had at first supposed. In coin there was rather more than four hundred and fifty thousand dollars—estimating the value of the pieces, as accurately as we could, by the tables of the period. There was not a particle of silver. All was gold of antique date and of great variety—French, Spanish, and German money, with a few English guineas, and some counters, of which we had never seen specimens before. There were several very large and heavy coins, so worn that we could make nothing of their

inscriptions. There was no American money. The value of the jewels we found more difficult in estimating. There were diamonds—some of them exceedingly large and fine—a hundred and ten in all, and not one of them small; eighteen rubies of remarkable brilliancy;—three hundred and ten emeralds, all very beautiful; and twenty-one sapphires, with an opal. These stones had all been broken from their settings and thrown loose in the chest. The settings themselves, which we had picked out from among the other gold, appeared to have been beaten up with hammers as if to prevent identification. Besides all this, there was a vast quantity of solid gold ornaments;—nearly two hundred massive finger and ear rings;—rich chains—thirty of these, if I remember;—eighty-three very large and heavy crucifixes;—five gold censers of great value;—a prodigious golden punch-bowl, ornamented with richly chased vine-leaves, and Bacchanalian figures, with two sword-handles exquisitely embossed, and many other smaller articles which I cannot recollect. The weight of these valuables exceeded three hundred and fifty pounds avoirdupois; and in this estimate I have not included one hundred and ninety-seven superb gold watches—three of the number being worth each five hundred dollars, if one. Many of them were very old, and as time-keepers valueless; the works having suffered, more or less, from corrosion—but all were richly jewelled and in cases of great worth. We estimated the entire contents of the chest, that night, at a million and a half of dollars; and, upon the subsequent disposal of the trinkets and jewels (a few being retained for our own use), it was found that we had greatly undervalued the treasure.

When, at length, we had concluded our examination, and the intense excitement of the time had, in some measure, subsided, Legrand, who saw that I was dying with impatience for a solution of this most extraordinary riddle, entered into a full detail of all the circumstances connected with it.

"You remember," said he, "the night when I handed you the rough sketch I had made of the scarabæus. You recollect also, that I became quite vexed at you for insisting that my drawing resembled a death's-head. When you first made this assertion I thought you were jesting; but afterwards I called to mind the peculiar spots on the back of the insect, and admitted to myself that your remark had some little foundation in fact. Still, the sneer at my graphic powers irritated me—for I am considered a good artist—and, therefore, when you handed me the scrap of parchment I was about to crumple it up and throw it angrily into the fire."

"The scrap of paper, you mean," said I.

"No; it had much of the appearance of paper, and at first I supposed it to be such, but when I came to draw upon it, I discovered it at once to be a piece of very thin parchment. It was quite dirty, you remember. Well, as I was in the very act of crumpling it up, my glance fell upon the sketch at which you had been looking, and you may imagine my astonishment when I perceived, in fact, the figure of a death's-head just where, it seemed to me, I had made the drawing of the beetle. For a moment I was too much amazed to think with accuracy. I knew that my design was very different in detail from this—although there was a certain similarity in general outline. Presently I took a candle, and seating myself at the other end of the room, proceeded to scrutinize the parchment more closely. Upon turning it over, I saw my own sketch upon the reverse, just as I had made it. My first idea now was mere surprise at the really remarkable similarity of outline—at the singular coincidence involved in the fact, that unknown to me, there should have been a skull upon the other side of the parchment, immediately beneath my figure of the scarabæus, and that this skull, not only in outline, but in size, should so closely resemble my drawing. I say the singularity of this coincidence absolutely stupefied me for a time. This is the usual effect of such coincidences. The mind struggles to establish a connection—a sequence of cause and effect—and, being unable to do so, suffers a species of temporary paralysis. But, when I recovered from this stupor, there dawned upon me gradually a conviction which startled me even far more than the coincidence. I began distinctly, positively, to remember that there had been no drawing upon

the parchment when I made my sketch of the scarabæus. I became perfectly certain of this; for I recollected turning up first one side and then the other, in search of the cleanest spot. Had the skull been there, then of course I could not have failed to notice it. Here was indeed a mystery which I felt it impossible to explain; but, even at that early moment, there seemed to glimmer, faintly, within the most remote and secret chambers of my intellect, a glow-worm like conception of that truth which last night's adventure brought to so magnificent a demonstration. I arose at once, and putting the parchment securely away, dismissed all further reflection until I should be alone.

"When you had gone and when Jupiter was fast asleep, I betook myself to a more methodical investigation of the affair. In the first place I considered the manner in which the parchment had come into my possession. The spot where we discovered the scarabæus was on the coast of the mainland, about a mile eastward of the island, and but a short distance above high-water mark. Upon my taking hold of it, it gave me a sharp bite, which caused me to let it drop. Jupiter, with his accustomed caution, before seizing the insect, which had flown toward him, looked about him for a leaf or something of that nature, by which to take hold of it. It was at this moment that his eyes, and mine also, fell upon the scrap of parchment, which I then supposed to be paper. It was lying half buried in the sand, a corner sticking up. Near the spot where we found it, I observed the remnants of the hull of what appeared to have been a ship's long boat. The wreck seemed to have been there for a very great while; for the resemblance to boat timbers could scarcely be traced.

"Well, Jupiter picked up the parchment, wrapped the beetle in it, and gave it to me. Soon afterward we turned to go home, and on the way met Lieutenant G—. I showed him the insect, and he begged me to let him take it to the fort. Upon my consenting, he thrust it forthwith into his waistcoat pocket, without the parchment in which it had been wrapped, and which I had continued to hold in my hand during his inspection. Perhaps he dreaded my changing my mind, and thought it best to make sure of the prize at once—you know how enthusiastic he is on all subjects connected with natural history. At the same time, without being conscious of it, I must have deposited the parchment in my own pocket.

"You remember that when I went to the table, for the purpose of making a sketch of the beetle, I found no paper where it was usually kept. I looked in the drawer and found none there. I searched my pockets, hoping to find an old letter, when my hand fell upon the parchment. I thus detail the precise mode in which it came into my possession; for the circumstances impressed me with peculiar force.

"No doubt you will think me fanciful—but I had already established a kind of connection. I had put together two links of a great chain. There was a boat lying upon a seacoast, and not far from the boat was a parchment—not a paper—with a skull depicted upon it. You will, of course, ask 'where is the connection?' I reply that the skull, or death's-head, is the well-known emblem of the pirate. The flag of the death's-head is hoisted in all engagements.

"I have said that the scrap was parchment, and not paper. Parchment is durable—almost imperishable. Matters of little moment are rarely consigned to parchment: since, for the mere ordinary purposes of drawing or writing, it is not nearly so well adapted as paper. This reflection suggested some meaning—some relevancy—in the death's-head. I did not fail to observe, also, the form of the parchment. Although one of its corners had been, by some accident, destroyed, it could be seen that the original form was oblong. It was just such a slip, indeed, as might have been chosen for a memorandum—for a record of something to be long remembered and carefully preserved."

"But," I interposed, "you say that the skull was not upon the parchment when you made the drawing of the beetle. How then do you trace any connection between the boat and the skull—since this latter, according to your own admission, must have been designed (God only knows how or by whom) at some period subsequent to your sketching the scarabæus?"

"Ah, hereupon turns the whole mystery; although the secret, at this point, I had comparatively little difficulty in solving. My steps were sure, and could afford but a single result. I reasoned, for example, thus: When I drew the scarabæus there was no skull apparent upon the parchment. When I had completed the drawing I gave it to you, and observed you narrowly until you returned it. You, therefore, did not design the skull, and no one else was present to do it. Then it was not done by human agency. And, nevertheless, it was done.

"At this stage of my reflections I endeavored to remember, and did remember with entire distinctness, every incident which occurred about the period in question. The weather was chilly (oh rare and happy accident!), and a fire was blazing upon the hearth. I was heated with exercise and sat near the table. You, however, had drawn a chair close to the chimney. Just as I placed the parchment in your hand, and as you were in the act of inspecting it Wolf, the Newfoundland, entered and leaped upon your shoulders. With your left hand you caressed him and kept him off, while your right, holding the parchment, was permitted to fall listlessly between your knees, and in close proximity to the fire. At one moment I thought the blaze had caught it, and was about to caution you, but before I could speak you had withdrawn it and were engaged in its examination. When I considered all these particulars, I doubted not for a moment that heat had been the agent in bringing to light, upon the parchment, the skull which I saw designed upon it. You are well aware that chemical preparations exist, and have existed time out of mind, by means of which it is possible to write upon either paper or vellum so that the characters shall become visible only when subjected to the action of fire. Zaffre, digested in aqua regia, and diluted with four times its weight of water, is sometimes employed; a green tint results. The regulus of cobalt, dissolved in spirit of nitre, gives a red. These colors disappear at longer or shorter intervals after the material written upon cools, but again become apparent upon the re-application of heat.

"I now scrutinized the death's head with care. Its outer edges—the edges of the drawing nearest the edge of the vellum—were far more distinct than the others. It was clear that the action of the caloric had been imperfect or unequal. I immediately kindled a fire, and subjected every portion of the parchment to a glowing heat. At first the only effect was the strengthening of the faint lines in the skull, but upon persevering in the experiment, there became visible, at the corner of the slip, diagonally opposite to the spot in which the death's-head was delineated, the figure of what I at first supposed to be a goat. A closer scrutiny, however, satisfied me that it was intended for a kid.

"Ha! ha!" said I, "to be sure I have no right to laugh at you—a million and a half of money is too serious a matter for mirth—but you are not about to establish a third link in your chain—you will not find any especial connection between your pirates and a goat—pirates, you know, have nothing to do with goats; they appertain to the farming interest."

"But I have just said that the figure was not that of a goat."

"Well, a kid then—pretty much the same thing."

"Pretty much, but not altogether," said Legrand. "You may have heard of one Captain Kidd. I at once looked upon the figure of the animal as a kind of punning or hieroglyphical signature. I say signature, because its position upon the vellum suggested this idea. The death's-head at the corner diagonally opposite had, in the same manner, the air of a stamp or seal. But I was sorely put out by the absence of all else—of the body to my imagined instrument—of the text for my context."

"I presume you expected to find a letter between the stamp and the signature."

"Something of that kind. The fact is, I felt irresistibly impressed with a presentiment of some vast good fortune impending. I can scarcely say why. Perhaps, after all, it was rather a desire than an actual belief; but do you know that Jupiter's silly words about the bug being of solid gold had a remarkable effect upon my fancy? And then the series of accidents and coincidences—these were so very extraordinary. Do you observe how mere an accident it was that these

events should have occurred upon the sole day of all the year in which it has been, or may be, sufficiently cool for fire, and that without the fire, or without the intervention of the dog at the precise moment in which he appeared, I should never have become aware of the death's-head, and so never the possessor of the treasure?"

"But proceed—I am all impatience." [Continued in next issue.]

SUNSET CLUB

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

ADDRESS ON THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE

MEMORY

To introduce a series of valuable educational works the above will be sent to all applicants

FREE

JAMES P. DOWNS, PUBLISHER.
242 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

ELY'S CATARRH CREAM BALM

when applied into the nostrils, will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the head of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretion. It allays inflammation, protects the membrane from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores sense of taste and smell.

TRY THE CURE. HAY-FEVER

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Drugists or by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York.

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, and 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 land idle as for putting it to its fullest use.

The single tax, therefore, would—

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

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

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

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

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

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

ADVERTISEMENTS OF ORGANIZATIONS THAT HAVE ADOPTED THE DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES MADE BY NATIONAL CONFERENCE AT NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 3, 1890.

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

CONNECTICUT.

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

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

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

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

IOWA.

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

ILLINOIS.

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

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

MASSACHUSETTS.

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

MINNESOTA.

MINNEAPOLIS.—Minneapolis single tax league. Every Tuesday evening, at the West Hotel. Pres., H. B. Martin, Woods' block; sec., Oliver T. Erickson, 2203 Lyndale av., N.

MISSOURI.

STATE.—Missouri single tax committee. Henry H. Hoffman, chairman. This committee is pushing a State single tax petition. Blanks sent on application. It is also forming syndicate for publication of local single tax papers throughout the United States at little or no expense. Write for circulars to Percy Pepon, sec., 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.—Eastern District single tax club. Monthly meetings on the first Monday of each month, at 94 South Third street, Brooklyn. Pres., Joseph McGuinness, 133 9th st., Brooklyn, E. D.; sec., Emily A. Deverall.

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

OHIO.

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

PENNSYLVANIA.

GERMANTOWN.—Single tax club. Cor. Sec., E. D. Bur-

leigh, 13 Willow av. Meets first and third Tuesdays of each month at 4633 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 Weltzenkorn's hall. Pres., D. L. Haws; sec., Geo. Auchy, Pottstown, Pa.

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

TEXAS.

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

PUBLICATIONS FOR SALE BY THE STANDARD.

WORKS OF HENRY GEORGE.

Open Letter to Pope Leo XIII. on "The Condition of Labor." Cloth, 75 cents; paper, 30 cents.
Progress and Poverty. 520 pages. Half calf or morocco \$3.00; cloth, \$1.50; paper (George edition, large type), 50 cents; Lovell edition, 35 cents.
Social Problems. Paper (George edition, large type), 50 cents; Lovell edition, 30 cents.
Protection or Free Trade? 12mo. cloth, \$1.50; paper 35 cents.
The Land Question. 87 pages. Paper, 20 cents.
Property in Land. 77 pages. Paper, 20 cents.
Protection or Free Trade? Special edition. Single copies, 25 cents. Ten copies \$1.00.
Sent postage paid on receipt of price. Liberal discount to the trade.

THE STANDARD will supply any regular publications whether periodicals or books, at publishers' prices.

STANDARD EXTRAS.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

Subscription Price, \$1.00 per year.

- How the Single Tax Would Fall. By James R. Carter. 4 pages.
- Free Coinage or Free Trade. By Thomas G. Shearman. 8 pages.
- Unearned Increment, Shifting Taxes. By H. J. Chase. 4 pages.
- How the Single Tax will Raise Wages. By Wm. B. Scott. 4 pages.
- A Shop Full of Free Traders. By Wm. McCabe. 4 pages.
- Taxation of Women. By Thomas G. Shearman. 4 pages.
- Justice not Charity. By Eliza Stowe Twitchell. 8 pages.
- The Detroit News on the Single Tax. By Judson G. Gannell. 8 pages.
- How the Working Farmer is Crushed. By Wm. T. Croasdale. 4 pages.
- Two Popular Delusions. By Thomas G. Shearman. 2 pages.
- Imports of Wool and Prices. By J. Alex. Linquist. 2 pages.
- Reciprocity. By Henry George. 8 pages.
- The Single Tax. By Edward Osgood Brown. 16 pages.
- The New Abolition. By Wm. Lloyd Garrison. 8 pages.
- The Single Tax First. By H. Martin Williams. 4 pages.
- Balance of Trade. By Thomas G. Shearman. 4 pages.
- Modern Exchanges. By Edward J. Shriver. 4 pages.
- The Single Tax Platform. 2 pages.
- A Woman to Women. Sarah Milfin Gay. 2 pages.
- A Huge Spider Web. John W. Kramer. 4 pages.
- A Short Tariff History. Thos. G. Shearman. 8 pages.
- New England's Demand for Farm Labor. David L. Thompson. 8 pages.
- Dollar's Worth for Dollar's Worth. E. Stillman Doubleday. 2 pages.
- Incidence of the Single Tax. Henry George. 4 pages.
- About Competition. Henry George. 2 pages.
- Society and the Baby. Charlotte Perkins. 2 pages.
- A Single Tax Woman. Leonora Beck. 8 pages.
- Chas. B. Spahr on the Single Tax. By Louis F. Post. 4 pages.
- Equalizing Wealth. By Louis F. Post. 2 pages.
- The Drama of Life. 4 pages.
- Special Assessments and Single Tax. By Wm. M. Hathaway. 4 pages.
- Party Nominations by Popular Vote. By D. C. McMillan. 4 pages.
- Land Values Without Labor. By John Filmer. 4 pages.
- The Single Tax in Detroit. (From Detroit News). 4 pages.
- Home Rule in Taxation. By Thos. G. Shearman. 4 pages.
- Justice. By Genevieve M. Sharp. 2 pages.
- Ownership of American Homes. By Henry George, Jr. 4 pages.
- The Nature of Money. By E. J. Shriver. 8 pages.
- Lessons for Economic Reading Circles. I.—What is Wealth? 2 pages.
- The Ethics of Free Trade. By Wm. Lloyd Garrison. 8 pages.
- Single Tax Investigation in Washington. By Henry George, Jr. 8 pages.
- Lessons for Economic Reading Circles. II.—What is Labor? 2 pages.
- Personal Property Taxation. By Benjamin Doblin. 4 pages.
- Lessons for Economic Reading Circles. III.—What is Land? 2 pages.

Two page—40 copies, 10 cents; 100 copies, 20 cents
1,000 copies, \$1.50.
Four page—20 copies, 10 cents; 100 copies, 40 cents
1,000 copies, \$1.00.
Eight page—10 copies, 10 cents; 100 copies, 80 cents
1,000 copies, \$6.00.
Sixteen page—5 copies, 10 cents; 100 copies, \$1.40; 1,000 copies, \$12.00.
No extra charge by mail

PHOTOGRAPHS OF HENRY GEORGE.

Price, 50 cents.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF WM. T. CROASDALE

From latest negative by Fredericks, of New York
Price, 50 cent

CONFERENCE PHOTOGRAPH.

An 11x16 inch picture, containing nearly 250 delegates to the Single Tax National Conference. Numbered and indexed.
Price by mail \$1.00.

HANDY BINDERS FOR THE STANDARD.
This binder is especially made for filing THE STANDARD and is a perfect binder.
Mailed to any address for \$1.50.

Address all communications to
THE STANDARD,
42 University Place, New York.

Agreeable soap for the hands is one that dissolves quickly, washes quickly, rinses quickly, and leaves the skin soft and comfortable. It is Pears'.

Wholesome soap is one that attacks the dirt, but not the living skin. It is Pears'.

Economical soap is one that a touch of cleanses. And this is Pears'.

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

Box "Worth a Guinea a Box." 125c.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Dislodge Bile,
Stir up the Liver,
Cure Sick-Headache,
Female Ailments,
Remove Disease and
Promote Good Health.

Covered with a Tasteless & Soluble Coating.

Famous the world over.

Ask for Beecham's and take no others.

Of all druggists. Price 25 cents a Box.

New York Depot, 315 Canal St.

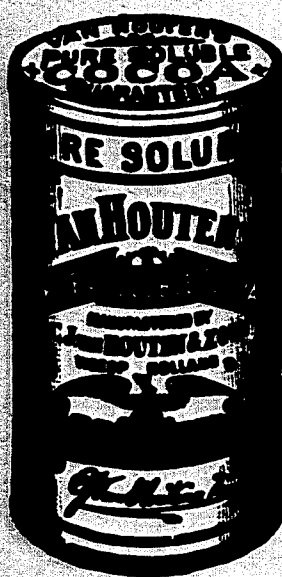
A CAN CONTAINING SUFFICIENT FOR
25 TO 40 CUPS OF

VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA

WILL BE SENT,
Prepaid, to all who will mention this publication and send 25 Cents with their names and addresses to

VAN HOUTEN & ZOON, 106 Reade St., New York; or,
45 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

The Standard Cocoa of the World.



**"Best and Goes Farthest."
"Once tried, Used always."**

**Perfectly Pure.
Easily Digested.
Made Instantly.**

**A Delicious Substitute
for Tea and Coffee,
and Better for the
Stomach and Nerves.
Cheaper and More**

Satisfying.

There are cocoas and cocoas, but pure and easily digestible cocoa in powder was invented and patented by C. J. Van Houten in Holland, the process being still a secret of the firm. Travel where you will in Europe, you are sure to find Van Houten's Cocoa, and in America it is acquiring a national reputation and rapidly increasing sale. A comparison will quickly prove the great superiority of VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA. Take no substitutes. Sold in one-eighth, one-quarter, one-half, and one pound cans. Prepared only by the inventors, VAN HOUTEN & ZOON, Weesp, Holland.

ONLY A PART

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

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

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

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

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

A book on CAREFUL LIVING will be sent free to those who write for it to Scott & Bowne, Chemists, 125 South Fifth Avenue, New York.
Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil, at any druggist's, etc.