

THE COMING EXCOMMUNICATION.

The Roman machine has acted promptly and boldly. Before midnight on the Fourth of July the American press were informed by cable that orders had been sent to the archbishop of New York to excommunicate Dr. McGlynn and to publish the decree of excommunication in the journals.

Details have at this writing not yet been given to the public, but private information to the effect that Archbishop Corrigan has been authorized by cable to excommunicate his "rebellious subject" with the major excommunication, declaring him to be whom the faithful must avoid, that he is a major excommunication is to be declared against all Dr. McGlynn's "sympathizers and abettors," while the minor excommunication is to be denounced against all who communicate with either Dr. McGlynn or those "sympathizers and abettors."

In taking this straightforward course Cardinal Simeoni and his associates of the propaganda have acted in much more manly fashion than if they had adopted the sneaking suggestion that has been made here—to pretend that Dr. McGlynn had excommunicated himself *ipse facto*. It will be well if Archbishop Corrigan will carry out his instructions in the same spirit. The occasion is important enough to justify the most solemn and impressive ceremony that the resources of the cathedral will enable him to get up. Long after all else that he has yet done shall be forgotten the name of Corrigan will be remembered as that of the archbishop who excommunicated McGlynn.

The decision of Rome draws the line and makes clear the issue between the Roman hierarchy and the spirit of freedom. It is suggestive coincidence that it should have been promulgated on the anniversary of the day made memorable by the great declaration, not merely of American independence, but of the rights of man.

The immediate cause of Dr. McGlynn's excommunication is his refusal to take his official orders from his archbishop, his assertion that in becoming a priest he did not evade the duties nor surrender the rights of a man and a citizen, and his denial of the authority of bishop, propaganda pope to order him to Italy to answer for his acts in American politics or his opinions on political economy. It is virtually a declaration, not from the highest authority of the Catholic church, but from the conflicting power in the ecclesiastical machine, that even in the United States the archbishop must be the political serf of superior who owes his appointment to a self-perpetuating Italian ring, constantly engaged in schemes for selling out the people whom they thus control to their oppressors.

There is nothing in this ecclesiastical glawry of the best known and best loved of American priests to shake the belief of Catholics in the true essentials of the Catholic faith, but there is in it decisive proof to the intelligent and devout Catholic that the organization of his church has been alienated into the hands of a machine which is determined to use it for base and selfish purposes. There is nothing in it to show the non-Catholic that the Catholic religion is in itself inconsistent with political liberty and human progress, but it is the strongest demonstration that the ecclesiasticism which, in the name of religion, imposes its sterner upon ignorance and superstition, and which in this country seeks the alliance of bosses, as in Europe does that of kings, is the deadly foe of civil and religious liberty.

Archbishop Corrigan, in insisting upon the implicit political obedience of his priests, had probably at first nothing larger in view than the use of his ecclesiastical power as his allies, the Tammany bosses, use political patronage; and in sustaining him by excommunicating Dr. McGlynn the Italian cardinals have doubtless had primarily in view the maintenance of the political control of their "subjects," as necessary to the game they are playing in European diplomacy. But beyond all, this excommunication is the culminating proof that I was right when, in the first issue of this paper, I said that American workingmen might as well make up their minds that in their fight for the enfranchisement of labor they must meet the opposition of the Catholic hierarchy.

The pro-poverty papers and especially those which have been previously noted for their bitter hostility to everything Catholic, are chuckling with delight over the impending excommunication. The very depth of their contempt for "ignorant and superstitious Catholics" gives them firm faith in the efficacy of excommunication as a political weapon. Just as they predicted that suspension would utterly destroy the influence of the priest who insisted on declaring that God made this earth for all His children, so, with renewed faith in Catholic slavishness, they are now predicting that, threatened with the "curse of Rome," every Catholic will flee from Dr. McGlynn as from a leper, and his non-Catholic followers will then desert him from fear of exciting the animosity of Catholics. The spectacle which their fancy presents of the open-handed minister of Christ whose whole life has been one succession of deeds of charity, who has never spared himself to feed the hungry and clothe the naked and comfort

the distressed, being actually reduced to want for the very necessities of life, fills them with a delight that washes away all the hatred they have ever felt toward "popery," and substitutes for fear of "Romish aggression" the warmest admiration of Rome's power.

The *Post* has at last found a boycott of which it thoroughly approves, and thus it rejoices:

The formal excommunication of McGlynn has been ordered from Rome, and will in due time be published by the archbishop. It will be interesting from this date to watch the sure and rapid disappearance of McGlynn as a "force" in politics. Nobody ought to be better able to calculate the time required for this than McGlynn, but he seems not to have been able to realize what he was calling down upon his own head. So long as he was merely in dispute with the local church authorities he was able to have followers and sympathizers, both in and out of his own church, but from the moment he is excommunicated all will be changed. No good Catholic can follow him after that, and as his following which is not Catholic is political, that, too, will drop away from him, for no political organization can afford to have him for a member. He may go on for a while abolishing poverty, but it will not be long before his own poverty will be the most serious problem confronting him.

And thus does the *Times* conclude a long tirade of misrepresentation and insult:

Whatever pity may be felt for Dr. McGlynn by any right minded person must be felt in spite of the knowledge that his fate is deserved. He has not only deserted, but invited it, and he has nobody but himself to blame that his career is closed and his life ruined.

Let these pro-poverty prophets wait a while, and they will see these predictions prove as false as those they made when Dr. McGlynn was suspended, and again, when he was evicted. They count too much on "Catholic superstition."

The truth is, that if there are in the United States any Catholics so ignorant and superstitious as journals like the *Post* and *Times* fondly imagine all Catholics to be, they are already on the side of Corrigan, and not of McGlynn. Upon the Catholics who have supported Dr. McGlynn, and who have resented the attempt to control their politics through their religion, the excommunication upon which Tammany hall and the pro-poverty press are counting so much will have no more effect than the apocryphal "bull against the comet," unless it be to make them take a more determined stand.

The Catholic faith, in which so many wise and just and true men have believed and yet believe; the Catholic faith which has numbered so many sages and heroes and martyrs, is, no matter how much craft may have sought to use it to impose on ignorance, something more than an "African" voodooism varnished with a gloss of Christian names and phrases. And whatever may have been the beliefs entertained in places or times of general ignorance and superstition, the intelligent American Catholics who are standing side by side with Dr. McGlynn do not believe that it is within the power of archbishop, propaganda or pope, to really cut either him or them off from the church because they refuse to take their politics from Tammany or from Italy, or to consign them to everlasting flames in another world because they refuse to give up the belief that God intends some portion in this world for every child that He brings into it.

But this the excommunication will do: It will convince such Catholics that a system of church government which deprives the people of all choice of their priest, and deprives the priests of all choice of their bishop, and concentrates all the power of the organization in the hands of a self-perpetuating ring of Italians, is a disgrace to the church and a scandal and injury to true religion.

Edward McGlynn is to be excommunicated. So far as a forty thousand dollar archbishop and a triple crowned pope and a ring of money grabbing Italian cardinals can do it, he is to be while living cut off from the communion of the church he has loved and served, and after death consigned to eternal torments. What for? Because he has been negligent of his priestly duty? Because he has been unseemly in his life or impure in his conversation? Because he has denied any article of faith taught by the church? There are no such charges. His real offense, for it is out of this that even his getting into the way of Tammany grew, is that he has refused to regard poverty as a divine institution—that he has held and taught that if we would only apply the Golden Rule to the making of our laws; if we would only consent to treat each other as brethren equally entitled to share in the bounty of a common Father, we could find on this earth which He has provided; enough and more than enough for us all—and that no one need go hungry, and no one want for clothing, and no one be crowded into unwholesome lodgings, and no one be oppressed by long toil, and all have an opportunity to develop body and mind in due symmetry. And for seeing this revelation of God's justice and beneficence, as Galileo saw the revelation of the solar system—for seeing this, and refusing to deny it, a man whose twenty-five years of priesthood have been unmarked by stain or blemish; a man who stands to-day the best known and best loved of all the Catholic priests of America, is to be cut off from the Catholic church, so far as archbishop, propaganda and pope can cut him off.

Well may "his grace," the archbishop of New York, make the excommunication of such a man at the command of "his

UNDER THE BAN.

Rome, July 4.—Orders have been sent to the archbishop of New York to excommunicate the Rev. Dr. McGlynn and to publish the decree of excommunication in the journals.

(Air—"Old Hundred.")

The heaven of heavens, is Thine, O Lord,
The earth thou gavest to feed our race;
We follow fast Thy faithful word,
We preach Thy truth in every place.

The poor, oppressed by man's despite,
Have cursed in rage Thy holy name;
Forgive them, Father, let the light
Of our bright Cross Thy truth proclaim.

Of old, men stoned Thy chosen priests,
Who sought their fellow-men to bless;
They robbed the poor for sumptuous feasts,
And dwelt in marble palaces.

So now in Christ's dear name they curse
The Christ-like man, who told Thy love;
Thou wilt their angry doom reverse,
And Balaam's curse a blessing prove.

Bless from Thy shining sapphire throne
The just, who reverence Thy laws;
Though scribe and pharisee disown,
Bless Thou Thy priest, and bless our cause.

We follow where Thy footsteps trod;
We preach, though under Pilate's ban,
The glorious fatherhood of God—
The holy brotherhood of man!

J. ANKETELL.

eminence Cardinal Simeoni, by authority of "his holiness," the wearer of three crowns, in a cathedral dedicated to the carpenter's son, and hung around with pictures of his passion and cruel death, an occasion for display and ceremony. If he decides to treat the society saviors of New York to a spectacle that will delight them as greatly as did Nero's illuminated gardens delight the society saviors of ancient Rome, he should have not only twelve priests, but all who signed his memorial, to extinguish their lighted candles and throw them on the floor as they echo "Fiat! fiat! fiat!" to his curse.

Consider the conditions of society here in New York as there in Italy and yonder in Ireland, and wherever in short our so-called Christian civilization is reaching anything approaching full development. Consider the armies, the fleets, the policemen, the prisons, the workhouses. Consider the wanton luxury of the rich, gorged to satiety, and morally rotting amid profusion; consider the squalid want of the poor, and the vices and the crimes bred of it; consider the tramps, the prostitutes, the thieves, the gamblers, the courts, the swindlers; consider the long and scant fare of those on whom the hard work of all other classes is thrown; consider the corruption of government; the morals of trade, the ideals of success that are set before the young. Consider that in human society such as this it is utterly impossible for any one to follow the bidding of Christ and to do to others as he would have them do unto him. Consider how the workman must oft-times snatch employment and the poor bread it brings, from another to support his own; how the manufacturer must grind others' children lest his own come to want; how the trader must drive a sharp bargain or fail himself; how the rich man must steal his heart or become a pauper; how the trustful must learn to look on all men as rogues; how the good Samaritan must pass by on the other side if he would ever reach his journey's end. If this be the only possible human society, was not Christ a fool when he told men to love one another, and trust one another, and to treat one another as they would have others treat them—when he told them that they need no more worry and fret about what they should eat, and what they should drink, and wherewithal they should be clothed than do the lilies of the field?

Consider who is to be excommunicated, and what he is to be excommunicated for, and who is to do the excommunicating?

The man who is to be excommunicated is a man who all his life has been known as a friend of the poor; who is followed by the oppressed and loved by the heavy burdened. He is to be excommunicated for saying and insisting that human society as it exists to-day is not the human society that God intended; for declaring that the poverty, the vice, the greed and the crime that exist to-day are not due to the Creator's bungling, but to the fact that we have founded our social structure on a fundamental injustice, and make the bounties and opportunities that the All-Father has provided for all His children the absolute property of a few. And the man who is to do the excommunicating—he is called by a name of honor; he lives in a marble palace, and is clothed in purple and fine linen, and people kneel down to kiss his hand. He holds that society as it is to-day is the divinely appointed and only proper society; he holds that the want and greed and vice and crime that spring from poverty are divinely ordained that the scripture may be fulfilled, "The poor ye have always with you."

Consider these things. Read the gospel that tells of a certain proceeding had before another high priest eighteen centuries ago, and say, as between what is represented by archbishop, propaganda and pope on the one side and what is represented by the simple priest whom they propose to excommunicate on the other side, which stands for the Christianity of Christ?

It would be well for the archbishop to

provide good accommodations for reporters when he excommunicates Dr. McGlynn. People far and near will on the next day like to read full details of it, and how everybody looked. And perhaps some one might like to refer to these accounts some years thereafter.

The state convention called by the united labor party to meet in Syracuse on the 17th of August, promises to be a large and notable gathering. Already in 101 out of the 128 assembly districts of the state of New York the united labor party is organized or in the process of organization, and the Syracuse convention will embrace delegates from almost, if not quite every assembly district in the state. Those men will be delegates, chosen by citizens who believe in the principles set forth in the call for the convention, and prepared to vote for its nominees—not, as have been the components of so many of the conventions that have essayed to manufacture new parties, mere self-appointed representatives of conflicting views and crochets.

The importance of this convention is that it will make the first formal state organization upon a principle on which the political contests of the immediate future in the United States are certain to be waged—a principle which will ultimately sweep the country as surely as to-morrow's sun will rise. This the politicians of the two old parties do not yet understand. They have been so long accustomed to regard politics as a mere struggle for office; so long accustomed to see attempts to manufacture third parties come to naught, and efforts to concentrate for political action the discontent of the working masses miserably fail, that they are blind to all the signs of the times. They still imagine that the movement to abolish poverty and bring to an end industrial slavery by securing equal rights to land, which entered the stage of practical politics in last fall's municipal election in New York is as evanescent as have been the sporadic labor movements which during the last ten or fifteen years have now and again carried a local election only to subside again.

They will discover their mistake only when they shall have been driven together or overwhelmed. The party which holds its first state convention on the 17th of August is yet in its infancy, but while the two old parties that have hitherto struggled for supremacy are dead and disintegrating, it is alive and growing. It is crystallizing around a great principle; it has a definite policy. It knows just what it wants, and how to get it. Every day adds to its members; every day heightens its enthusiasm; every day increases its confidence in itself and its faith in its destiny, and every day the issue which it presents becomes more and more clearly the issue on one side or the other of which every American must ere long take his stand.

What is called the union labor party amounts in New York to nothing whatever, except a skeleton organization such as those of the humbug labor parties that were started here during the last municipal election to bleed politicians and resolute for publication. In the west it amounts, in some places, to a respectable body, composed, however, of incongruous materials, without any real bond of union, and engineered mostly by professional "labor politician." Its fate, however, is everywhere to melt away before the party of a definite idea, or to come over to it bodily by adopting its principles. A compromise milk-and-water platform, such as was adopted by the conference of all sorts of people who manufactured the union labor party in Cincinnati in February, or such as was adopted at the union labor convention in Ohio on Tuesday will neither provoke opposition nor invite support. The union labor or anti-poverty men are organizing through the west as they organized a state executive in Cincinnati on the Fourth, and very shortly after the Syracuse convention the nucleus of a national organization will be formed. Between the party organized to carry out an idea and the party organized

for the sake of forming a party, there is no question which will swallow the other.

For a party of aggression the shorter platform and the fewer ideas brought forward the better. Political issues are joined at one point, and the tool cuts best that has the sharpest edge. When a central and inclusive idea furnishes a rallying point, anything more weakens instead of strengthening it.

The talk that has suddenly sprung up about restricting or prohibiting European immigration is significant of two or three things. It is significant of the consciousness on the part of the protected rings that the old style of "protecting American labor" by shutting out foreign goods has lost its charm for the American laborer, and that he must be offered the whole Chinese system as the only hope of getting him to agree to continue the half of it. It is significant also of the fact that the conditions of labor are steadily becoming harder in the United States in spite of all the pleasant statistics of the Atkinsons. And it is significant, moreover, of a growing consciousness on the part of the propertied classes that something must be done if the rapid growth of radical ideas on the land question is not to speedily sweep everything before it.

But what is T. V. Powderly, master workman of the Knights of Labor, doing in advocating the restriction of immigration as a panacea for the ills of labor?

Mr. Powderly, according to the reports, devoted his Fourth of July address to this subject, and in a letter to the *Scranton Truth* claims that "no laborer who lands on American soil from a foreign country under existing conditions, without visible means of support, will own a home of his own within the next fifty years." He further says:

The conditions which surrounded the immigrant of fifty, twenty-five or even ten years ago were far different from those surrounding the poor fellow who lands to-day, and among the men who cry out against immigration to-day are thousands who landed no longer ago than ten years. Improved machinery and new inventions have within the last twenty-five years made it possible for one man to do the work of three, and in many instances the work of ten. In every case where the machine has made it possible for a man to do in a day what it required three men to do before, two out of every three must look elsewhere for a means of earning a livelihood. Twenty-five years have witnessed the absorption of our public lands by syndicates, native and alien. Bonanza farming on the one hand and land speculation on the other have made it impossible for the two men who have been displaced by the machine to go upon the land and earn a living. They must remain in the town or city. To-day we witness a marvelous increase in the population of our cities and an alarming decrease in the population of our farming districts—that is, the agricultural population does not by any means keep proportionate pace with the population of mining, manufacturing and mechanical centers. All this tends to show that something must be done to equalize our population.

Of course it does. But that "something" ought to be done to remove the cause, and that cause Mr. Powderly sees with evident clearness is land monopoly. Land monopoly, and not any scarcity of land, is the reason why the immigrant cannot find a home of his own, and why it "is impossible for the two men who have been displaced by the machine to go upon the land and earn a living." Why should not Mr. Powderly lend his great influence to urge on the movement for throwing land open to labor by concentrating taxes on its values, rather than aid in "drawing a red herring across the trail" of true reform by advocating a policy opposed both to the genius of American institutions and the Catholic spirit of the Knights of Labor?

HENRY GEORGE.

The "Isolated" Priest in Milwaukee.

The Catholic clergy of Milwaukee were active last week in warning their parishioners to stay away from the meeting of July 4, which was to be addressed by Dr. McGlynn. Their admonitions, however, had but little effect, for when the doctor presented himself on the platform in the Shooting park fully 10,000 people were present, very many of whom were Catholics.

Dr. McGlynn spoke for nearly an hour and a half, and the frequent outbursts of applause among the audience were a tribute to his eloquence. On July 5 he addressed a meeting in Racine, Wis., and was to return to Milwaukee to deliver a lecture on July 6.

A Right Divine.

PAWTUCKET, R. I.—I have been a reader of THE STANDARD from its first issue, and I must say it suits me well. I have made several converts, and intend making more. Some of our clergymen are cracking their brains perusing the Bible for something to bolster up land monopoly. But the rights of so-called property are insignificant when compared with the right of human beings to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. CATHOLIC.

Earnest Men in Lancaster, Pa.

LANCASTER, Pa., June 26.—Seven of us in earnest to spread the light of the doctrines of "the land for the people" held a conference on Sunday, and will form an organization next Sunday. The new gospel is taking hold of men and making them terribly in earnest. We shall push the work by means of THE STANDARD and tracts and by speeches. HENRY W. STEIN.

Perpetuating Slavery in Africa.

The explorer, Henry M. Stanley, is said to have acquired by purchase of the native chiefs several of the most commanding sites and large tracts of the richest territory in Africa, which he intends to hold by title, trusting to time to make it remunerative. He took the precaution to have white witnesses to all his transactions, which were verified by written instruments. The consideration given was, of course, comparatively trifling.

The McGlynn Fund.

THE STANDARD acknowledges the receipt of \$2 for the Dr. McGlynn fund from H. H. Bryant, homerville, Mass.

ST. BERNARD AND EDWARD M'GLYNN.

A Thoughtful Letter from a Catholic Priest—An Illustration from the History of St. Bernard.

In putting himself on the side of the oppressed against the oppressor, on the side of the slave against the master, of the poor against the rich, the right against the wrong, Dr. McGlynn has brought down upon himself the thunder of his ecclesiastical superior and the abuse and hostility of a class of individuals who have grown fat from the toil of their fellows.

It is said that he has been condemned because he heretically taught the equal right of all to land! But when has this subject been defined as a point of Catholic dogma? A future council and a future pope have yet to do that.

Was there not a time when the doctrine of the immaculate conception of the Blessed Virgin was a matter of free discussion and of bitter controversy between the schools? Who does not know how strenuously the great St. Bernard contended against that doctrine? Did he make shipwreck in the faith? Whoever dared call him a heretic! Every divine in the church, from the day of the first Pentecost till December, 1859, was free to take issue on the score when, where and with whomsoever he pleased. Were they heretics? So it was also in regard to the doctrine of the infallibility of the pope. Every man had his free say about it until the doctrine was defined as an article of faith. Now, has Dr. McGlynn done anything more than St. Bernard did? Why has he been degraded then from his position and set adrift as a heretic or something of the kind? The land question is yet as free as the air we breathe. The Catholic church has never sealed off final judgment upon it. Not only that; she has never brought the subject into her council chambers for discussion. And until Rome shall have set her seal against it Dr. McGlynn should not be condemned.

God in His merciful wisdom never intended that one man or one set of men should possess the earth to the exclusion of all the rest. The Heavenly Father disinherits none of His children. They are all equally the object of His tender love and compassion. What other doctrine than this has Dr. McGlynn taught? What other doctrine than this have the illustrious bishop of Meath and the great archbishop of Cashel taught? These great pillars of the church have not been condemned.

But the sentence of decanation has been pronounced, and now is heard the cry: "Go to Rome, go to Rome. Go to Rome after decanation! Go to Rome to be treated to sackcloth and ashes!" "But?" it is said, "the pope might deal more favorably and condone the crime." But I answer, there has been no crime. Suppose there had been a crime. Was Dr. McGlynn not entitled to trial before sentence?

The archbishop of New York has set himself up as an absolute dictator. The voice of justice and the voice of mankind are to go for naught.

There was once a great French revolution. It bore down everything before it like a mighty flood tumbling down to the sea. In a brief moment, the sins, the iniquities, the injustices and the abominations of a century were washed out of existence. Rulers of the church of God, take heed! The cup is nearly full. A French revolution may burst forth again. We pray an end of Caesarism in this country before the flood gates of wrath and outraged justice may burst open upon you. We have said superque of your revealed and unrevealed acts of tyranny and injustice. I, a simple priest, give this advice as "an ounce of prevention."

For over one hundred years the Catholic church has enjoyed supreme peace in these United States. The misdeeds of its rulers have been hidden. No storms or tempests reached them. Imperialism, Caesarism, flourished in all its brazen effrontery. Vengeance and extinction pursued the refractory. "Open your mouth, sir, and we crush the life out of you. Our arrows of death will go with you to the extremities of the earth. Anathemas will be your last requiem. Starvation and a pauper's grave will be your final inheritance." Who was here enough to resist this dread decree? None, until the great soul, Edward McGlynn, stepped forward into the arena. But, oh, the odds are terrible. A most powerful enemy a hundred years old, an enemy well fortified, admirably skilled in the tactics of war, abundantly supplied with pecuniary resources, animated with great courage and flushed with the halo of a myriad victories. Let the guilty ones take heed. They have sown the wind; they may reap the whirlwind.

The Catholic people of this republic of the United States want to see their church purged of its Caesarism; purged of the worldliness, the royalty and the splendor of its rulers. Jesus Christ, the Son of the eternal Father, had not a place to lay his head.

A CATHOLIC PRIEST.

Give Capital and Labor a Chance.

EVANSVILLE, Ind.—Probably no city in the United States has more need to study the science of taxation than tax-ridden Evansville. At one of the citizens' meetings last spring, a citizen urged the land owners not to frighten capital out of the city by running up the price of land. But he might as well have carried his strong statements and clear logic down to the levee and appealed to the Ohio river, begging it not to run into the Mississippi. Of course he was right. We need capital, we need manufacturers. The manufacturers need our coal, our gas, our convenient means of transport, our fertile outlying country, and all our natural advantages. But the land owners control the situation. What a boom there would be in Evansville if the taxes which bear so heavily upon every form of useful investment were shifted upon land values. How rapidly houses would go up. And workingmen would not have to wait so long to save money to build a little home.

The man who builds a good house is as much a benefactor to his race as the man who makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before. He ought not to be punished by a tax from which his neighbor, who will neither build himself nor allow any one else to build, is exempt. N. D.

Can't Keep a Copy of "The Standard" Long.

EXETER, Neb., June 10.—Inclosed find one dollar for the Anti-poverty society. You can put me down as a member. I want to be enrolled under the banner of Rev. Dr. McGlynn's crusade. He is the teacher of truth and the friend of humanity. God bless him! Please send me some information to start a labor organization here. I take THE STANDARD, but I can't keep a copy long, because many others want to read it. EDWARD COSTELLO.

ANTI-POVERTY.

AN ENTHUSIASTIC MEETING, NOTWITH-
STANDING THE HOT WEATHER.

A stirring address by Rev. C. M. Winchester of Middletown, N. Y.—Thoughtful words on the Pope-Corrigian situation by Michael Clarke—John MacKinnon speaks for the United Labor Party—"Let Them Excommunicate If They Dare."

The excessive heat and the fact that a vast number of people left the city on Saturday for the Fourth of July, would have rendered it impossible to get together any considerable number of people on Sunday evening for any ordinary purpose; but the purposes of the Anti-poverty society are far from ordinary or commonplace, and the throng at the Academy of Music on Sunday night showed how effectively the gospel of the new crusade has taken hold of the hearts of the people.

Mr. Michael Clarke acted as chairman, and the Concordia chorus, under the leadership of Miss Munier, was present in almost undiminished numbers.

Mr. T. L. McCready, the chairman of the executive committee, made a few remarks, explaining the urgent need of the society for funds, and appealing to the audience to do all in their power to help the cause along. "The sphere of work of the Anti-poverty society," he said, "is widening day by day. We have constant appeals to us from other places for tracts and information. Three clerks are already employed, and there is work for more. But tracts and clerk hire and postage require money, and unless the good people who attend the public meetings of the society will furnish the money, the work of the society must be curtailed."

The chairman then introduced the Rev. C. M. Winchester of Middletown, N. Y., who was welcomed with prolonged applause. In his opening remarks Mr. Winchester alluded to the recent visit of Dr. McGlynn to the city where he lived, and spoke of the immense interest the Anti-poverty society was exciting throughout the country.

"This cause," he said, "is gaining, growing—gaining the land. That is what we are after. Now, we are in poverty. Let us begin at the bottom. Let us see what poverty is. Some people think that poverty is what this illustrated newspaper (showing a page of the New York World) makes it out. If you noticed it to-day, you will have seen a picture of one of your tenement houses, and somebody putting a lot of second-hand furniture in the rain, while a poor woman and her children are weeping that they are obliged to vacate a place that a beast ought not to live in. That is not the only kind of poverty. I look upon this audience to-night, and I hope you will not be offended if I say that the greater part of you are in poverty (applause). I know I am in poverty, and I am not ashamed to own it, as long as it is true; but I am ashamed to own it, considering all the natural resources God has given to the people. Poverty is the want of any necessity of life or of any luxury that the Creator has given to his children."

"I met a judge last evening who has been our county judge in the past. He is now a lawyer, comes down and spends the week in our city and then returns home on Friday or Saturday to spend the time with his children. He is a very able lawyer, and—were there any lawyers here?—he is as near an honest lawyer as any could be and live. (Uproarious laughter.) He has a pleasant, comfortable home, just about a medium home, and he just about makes a comfortable living. If he should die he has perhaps a small policy of life insurance. I don't know whether it would pay off the mortgage on his house or not. What can he do toward setting his children out in life? He is in actual poverty, as I understand poverty. He has not the necessary conveniences to bring up his children in the sort of life that everybody has a right to be comfortable, and nobody has a right to make anybody else less than comfortable. (Applause.)"

"The Lord bless the rich; the poor can beg." (Laughter.) That is about the prevailing idea—that the Lord is peculiarly favorable to the rich and the poor may beg or live the best they can. There are some people who think that God took of the dust of the earth and screened it, and out of the best part of it made some men, and out of the rest made the poor. (Laughter.) So it has got to be a reality, a true in this world that God wants a part of the people to be poor so that the rich can show their bowels of mercy and be charitable. (Laughter.)

"That is about the height that the Christian sentiment of this century has risen to—that God wants people to be poor. (Applause.) And I am glad that that wonderful Catholic church, from which have come some of the best men the world ever saw, has brought to the front a man who is willing to bear the reproach of the world in order to proclaim the truth that all men are brothers, and that God is the Father of them all. (Tumultuous applause.) Now, I ought to be the last man, and I will be the last man, to say anything against the church; against any church. Every church in this land is needed. In my mind I have no opposition to any church. I am not a Protestant, I am not a Catholic, but I am trying to be a human being (wild applause); and I shall stand, I trust, firm and true to that God who made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on all the face of this glorious earth. (Applause.) And means there to have us love the earth while they dwell on it. (Applause.)"

"Now the churches, and I say it with all kindness, have been too much taken up with what men call theology, and they have had so much to do to sharpen their swords and their spears to fight one another about doctrines and creeds and isms, that they haven't had time to talk about the things that pertain to humanity. (Applause.) The religion of the churches of to-day is well typified by their call scriptures. Their religion, like the steeple, is so lofty that it is of very little practical use. (Laughter and applause.) You would think, to hear them, that when our Heavenly Father brought into being these millions on the face of the earth, it was only that they might finally get into heaven some way—squeeze in somehow. I protest against that as the most terrible humbug. (Applause.) God made the earth for the solid enjoyment of the people as long as they can stay upon it, and after that He has promised them a new heaven and a new earth on which the righteous can dwell. (Applause.) I am glad to see so many young men and young maidens raising the cry of 'The land for the people.' It was God who gave the land for the people, and I hope that they will continue to shout that chorus until the glorious stars and stripes shall wave over a land where every man, woman and child shall have a share of the common bounty. (Applause.)"

"The fertility of the soil, the productiveness of the soil, teaches me that our heavenly father never intended to have poverty. Take one good ear of corn. Just look at it, rich and golden! What are the possibilities of one ear of corn? Does it bring forth an ear? Does it increase as slowly as the human race? Does it

increase? No indeed. One ear, well planted and with simple cultivation, brings a rich reward of ripe, waving corn. So with all production. God has implanted the life principle that seems to say with the waving of every blade of grain, with the waving of every field of wheat, let there be no poverty in this world of yours, my children, for the land God gave to the children of men. (Applause.)"

"Now, in the midst of plenty, in the midst of the provisions that God has made, the most amazing thing for a Christian to look upon is the intense suffering and poverty that everywhere stares us in the face. What makes all this poverty? There are some lazy people. Yes, that is so. I have nothing to say for the lazy man. (Applause.) Another says, so many are intemperate. Well, I suppose that is so. But I am bound to say that if you should do away with all the intemperance in the land, the same evils of poverty that afflict us now would still continue to exist. (Applause.) People would be just as badly off as they are now. They are able to live now, to support their wives and children, and at the same time to help support the liquor dealer's wife and children; and if the expense of the liquor dealer's family should be lifted from them, the employers would simply say: 'These fellows can get along on less money than we are now paying them. Cut their wages down. They can live on less money now than when they were drinking.' That is what would happen."

"The measure of a man's wages is what the majority of the people of the same occupation can live on, for the plain reason that if he tries to get more some other fellow who is out of a job will come forward and offer to work for just the sum that will enable him to live without saving anything. The slave gets his food, and clothing, and house room, and an allowance for beer and whisky. If all the slaves should stop using beer and whisky they would simply get no allowance for it."

Now, the Anti-poverty society steps in and says, 'No more of this robbery.' (Applause.) And let the robbery of the land stop at the first thing. (Applause.) We say to-night that no man living has a title to the land that runs back to the original owner of the land. The time is coming when the citizens will rise up and say to the man who is holding a great tract of land, Show us your title to the land. They will say, 'My title dates back to the Dutch who first came over.' 'Where did they get it?' 'They got a patent,' or, 'My title it runs back to Roger Williams or his friends.' 'Where did they get it?' 'They bought it from the Indians for a chew of tobacco.' (Laughter.) How did they get the title? They turn over the Bible, and they are so pious about, and the Bible says that the land belongs to God. (Applause.)"

"I am thankful that this tide of public opinion is rising higher and higher. You couldn't get in any church in this city half as many people as are here to-night. (Applause.) I was really astonished when I saw this audience. If the preachers of this city want to fill up all their churches and crowd them full, let them talk of the burning question of the hour—the land for the people." (Long continued applause.)

"Mr. Winchester closed his address with a stirring peroration, hailing the advent of the hour when the moving principle of society should be 'Peace on earth, good will to men,' and the earth should witness the fulfillment of the Savior's prayer—'Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.' The chairman then arose, and in a few well considered words reminded the audience that the date set by the ecclesiastical authorities of the Catholic church for the excommunication of the president of the Anti-poverty society had arrived."

"They may," said Mr. Clarke, "commit the folly and the outrage of excommunicating Dr. McGlynn (hisses), for it seems that there is no limit to their capabilities in the direction of folly and injustice and contempt for the feelings and rights of the people. (Applause.) In view of such a contingency, it is well for us to keep clearly before our minds the true facts of the case, and to have a clear understanding of the real position."

"If we excommunicate Dr. McGlynn they will excommunicate him for teaching certain doctrines upon the land question. Now, what are those doctrines that Dr. McGlynn has been preaching? I don't propose detaining you for many minutes; but as this is a question of some importance, I repeat it is well for us to keep clearly before our minds the real facts of the case. What are the doctrines that Dr. McGlynn has been teaching, and for the teaching of which he has been threatened with excommunication? (A voice: 'He has been teaching the truth.') I will give you a brief statement of those doctrines, not in my words, but in the words of a very able, a very learned and very eminent theologian of the Catholic church, whose name I shall mention to you presently."

"This is the statement: The land of every country is the common property of the people of that country, because its real owner, the Creator who made it, has transferred it as a voluntary gift to them. The land He has given to the children of men. Now, as every individual is a creature and a child of God, and as all His creatures are equal in His sight, any settlement of the land of a country that would exclude the humblest man in that country from his share of the common inheritance would be not only an injustice and a wrong to that man, but, moreover, would be an impious resistance to the benevolent intentions of the Creator. (Great applause.)"

"This is precisely the doctrine that Dr. McGlynn has been teaching; no more and no less. And who was it that wrote those words that I have read? They were written by Dr. Thomas Nulty, the present Catholic bishop of the diocese of Meath in Ireland. (Great applause.) They were written by Dr. Nulty in a letter addressed by him in 1881 to the clergy and laity of that diocese. And what, ladies gentlemen, is the position of our case in the light of those remarkable words? The position is this: That a Catholic priest in New York has been suspended, and is threatened with excommunication, for teaching the very same doctrines that a Catholic bishop in Ireland has taught without a word of censure. (Applause.)"

"Now, I would ask the editors of the New York papers who have been so zealous in their defense of Archbishop Corrigan (hisses and groans long drawn out) and the pope (a voice: 'They are jealous of him!') I would ask those defenders of Archbishop Corrigan and the pope to explain to us the gross inconsistency to which I now direct their attention. They have been saying that Dr. McGlynn has been teaching doctrines condemned by the Catholic church, and that, therefore, he deserves the punishment he has got. Will they tell us why it is that Dr. Nulty was not excommunicated in 1881?"

"Surely it cannot be wrong for a Catholic priest in New York to preach doctrines which it is not wrong for a Catholic bishop in Ireland to preach. (A voice: 'There is no Tammany hall in Ireland.') There is a good deal of great applause. The Catholic church, as we all know, claims that her teaching is one and the same in all countries and at all times."

"The catechism, from which, when I was a boy, I learned the rudiments of the Catholic religion, contained this question: 'What are the marks and signs of the true church?' And the answer was: 'The true church is one, holy, Catholic, apostolic.' (The same voice: 'There is a revised edition by Tammany hall.') Applause and merriment. And

in explanation of the marked oneness the catechism told us that the church was one, inasmuch as her teaching throughout all the ages and in all nations was one and the same."

"Now, I would ask Archbishop Corrigan (hisses and groans) and his defenders to tell us why this oneness comes in in the case of Dr. McGlynn as contrasted with case of Dr. Nulty. I do not suppose that they will answer the question. I do not suppose that they will tell us why Dr. Nulty was not censured for preaching what Dr. McGlynn is now censured for preaching."

"But we can tell them why. We can tell them why Dr. Nulty was not excommunicated in 1881. The gentlemen at the Vatican dared not do it, because they knew that Dr. Nulty had the Irish race at his back. (Applause.) They knew that if they were to excommunicate Dr. Nulty for giving expression to his opinions on the land question, they would have a schism in the Irish church."

"Now, I think that we in America ought to be able to teach those gentlemen at the Vatican a lesson on that point, that taught them six years ago in Ireland. (Applause.) And I think that we are at present in a proper spirit and in a proper frame of mind to teach them a very stern lesson upon that question. (Applause.) I think that if they excommunicate Dr. McGlynn, they will have to excommunicate one or two more of us. (Great applause.) I believe that they will have to excommunicate millions of American Catholics if they excommunicate Dr. McGlynn. (Tumultuous applause.)"

"What monstrous claim it is that they make upon us. They claim that we Catholics should have less liberty in political affairs than our non-Catholic fellow citizens; that while men of other creeds should have full liberty to think and act and speak as they please on public questions, we Catholics should have only that measure of freedom which Archbishop Corrigan and the pope may choose to accord to us. (Hisses and groans.) I refuse, as a Catholic, to occupy such a humiliating position. I should be ashamed to look in the face of my non-Catholic fellow citizen with such a brand of inferiority stamped upon my brow. (Great applause.) I could not expect my non-Catholic fellow citizen to respect me as a man were I such a slave and a recreant as to render up to the keeping of any ignorant pretenders to political superiority my God-given liberty of conscience and judgment on the political affairs of my country. (Applause.) I shall never be such a slave. The Catholics of America will never be such slaves. (Great applause.)"

"I speak for Catholics—I think I may venture to say I speak for thousands and millions of Catholics when I say this: That so long as the breath of life is in our bodies we will never yield up to pope, propaganda or bishop one jot or tittle of our full rights as American citizens. (Great and long continued applause.)"

"This is our answer to the threat of excommunication. This is the vow that from this Anti-poverty society platform we send up to heaven to-night. We are resolved, excommunicated or not, to stand firmly and steadfastly by Dr. McGlynn. (A moment's silence, followed by shouts of applause and cheers.)"

"Ladies and gentlemen, they cannot put us out of the church. There are as good and as true and devoted Catholics in this Anti-poverty society as any of those who are among the friends and defenders of Archbishop Corrigan. (Hisses and groans.) We claim a right in the Catholic church as strong and as well founded as their right. (A voice: 'We are not entitled to it than they are.') The Catholic church was founded to be a monopoly of archbishops and cardinals. (A voice: 'We want a democratic pope.') (Applause.) It was instituted for the people, and the people have a right to its benefits. We claim the sacraments of the Catholic church—we who are Catholics—not as a privilege or a favor, but as a God-given right which no cardinal archbishop can, upon a flimsy pretext, deprive us of."

"Once for all, then, fellow Catholics, our answer and our ultimatum upon this matter of excommunication is this: Let them excommunicate if they dare! (Great applause.) If they put Dr. McGlynn out of the church, they put us out of the church. (Great applause.) Wherever Dr. McGlynn takes his stand, we take our stand. (Applause.) I have heard, we have all heard, ever since the formation of this Anti-poverty society, that people in all parts of the United States are declaring themselves McGlynn Catholics. (Applause.) Well, I fancy that if they proceed with this excommunication, they will discover very quickly and in a very disagreeable and unpleasant form that the McGlynn Catholic congregation will be the biggest congregation on this continent." (Great applause.)

Mr. Clarke then announced John MacKinnon, chairman of the county committee of the United Labor party, who said:

"We are approaching the anniversary of American independence. Our United Labor party intends to celebrate it, to show that in struggling to lift humanity out of the depths of poverty we are the best friends of those stars and stripes that ought to float over a free and good, a generous people. (Applause.) Might I not say that it is well, too, that those people across the water who have fixed that day for the consummation of an outrage should be told to-morrow in plain language, in unmistakable tones, that while we are true to this flag, while we are law-abiding citizens, we are determined that no power, no matter from whence it comes, shall circumscribe the rights of a Catholic citizen in America. (Great applause.)"

"We have got through boasting. It is a question of fight to-day. (Applause.) It is a question in our country to-day not only of citizenship, but whether the same outrageous, tyrannical, unjustifiable conduct that has characterized the church in Europe shall be allowed in America to bring the Catholic church into that disreputable state that makes its followers the mere tools of corrupt men."

"They may say that we in New York are forgetting the church, are forgetting catholicity. Let no man or woman be mistaken. We say that we believe that Christ came upon earth to save men; but that does not make it necessary that we should become stones to crush our fellow men. (Applause.) And when, my friends, our churches and our bishops can divest themselves of this idea, it will be a great deal better for Christianity."

"But let me tell them something further. Outside of this religious fight, with which I have nothing to do, but in the political fight, I can tell Corrigan—(hisses and groans)—I can tell the man who made Corrigan a bishop, that there is a power in New York city that will vindicate the priest, Edward McGlynn. (Great applause.) A voice: 'Give it to them, John.' Let them wait till November. My advice is something like Cromwell's—'Keep your powder dry.' There is a lesson to be taught, and it will be taught. It will be the greatest lesson perhaps the Catholic church ever got, and that is to know that it is not necessary to be a good Catholic to wear a Roman collar. There is a good deal of meaning in that. The Catholic church to-day throughout the United States stands under better conditions than it does in any other country in the world. And why? Simply because the church is free from corrupt alliances with men who seek to control the government. (Applause.)"

"And so it will be with this fight of Edward

McGlynn. (Applause.) It looks a small matter to some men to-day, but it is the beginning of a new era in the Catholic church throughout the whole world. If ever a man tried to preach Christ's gospel on earth to mankind, that man is Edward McGlynn. (Applause.)"

"As Dr. McGlynn said, when these meetings opened at Chickering hall, we are not starting a new church, we are not opening a new gospel shop, but we are trying to bring men back to that love of God that makes man love his fellow men. (Applause.) Men of all creeds—the heathen Chinese even—can meet upon this platform of ours and applaud God's name."

"If I thought that at this stage it were necessary to say anything as to what is likely to occur, I should say it very plainly, very distinctly. But I think we need no more than to say in plain, simple English that we are determined that as Americans we shall exercise our rights without interference. (Applause.) And if at this moment there is in that marble palace an order for the excommunication of Dr. McGlynn, suffice it to state that that order was issued from the Vatican Roman propaganda that could fall with less effect than will that intended for Edward McGlynn. (Applause.) It is the most peculiar thing in the world. Corrigan said, when he suspended McGlynn, to a friend, a good friend of ours, 'You won't hear tell of him three days after I suspend him.' (Hisses and groans.) They did suspend him, and they did hear tell of him. (A voice: 'And they will hear tell of him!') Aye, and other people are hearing tell of him! He is doing a great deal of good every day, and the minute he exercised his power of bell, book and candle, that would be the last of Edward McGlynn. A very good friend of ours said, 'Don't you think you are bringing the whole church into disgrace? You told me when you suspended him that we would not hear of him three days after.' 'Well,' he said, 'these labor men made such a racket.' 'Suppose you excommunicate him, what will the labor men do then? They will drive away the whole lot of them; Central labor union and district 49, and all the rest. (Applause.) The fact of it is they have played the same game in the past. (Great applause and laughter.) A voice: 'Hold the joker! You may rest assured that they have no more power to excommunicate McGlynn than they have to fire off this platform. Let me tell the Catholics of New York once for all, as Dr. Burtzell (great applause, long continued) put it, they haven't the power to excommunicate Edward McGlynn.'"

"Looking at the subject calmly and dispassionately, I say that if this struggle is to end in the triumph of the ecclesiastical machinery, then this American republic is not worth the struggle cost to establish it. If men who take the oath of allegiance to this government, and young men born here are compelled to vote as an archbishop may dictate, then I say this American republic has very little to stand upon. And, indeed, it were well that thinking men, the men who have the interests of the Catholic church at heart, should stop and consider the disgrace that threatens the Catholic population of the United States."

"This movement of ours is a menace to the corrupt power that has attained to authority both in church and in state. There is something unnatural in this struggle for existence that comes to the people in a fellow man in order that he may obtain an advantage. This is the lot of men, then, indeed might we blaspheme that God who made it possible for me or for you to take advantage of our fellow men. But such is not our view of life. We believe that all these inequalities that exist to-day are the result of the unjust measures used by men themselves, and that even the church itself has winked at—at this crime of poverty. Any man, I care not whether he be priest, bishop or mayor, that will say to me that this is the natural condition of God's children, that he lies most damnable. (Applause.) There is, my friends, a condition of life to be obtained from just laws, not for the lazy, not for the indolent, but for those who desire to honestly toil. There should be a living for them, which there is not to-day. But while Mr. Hewitt establishes his one man anti-poverty society, let us go on with this crusade, take up the cross, carry it because it is the cross of Christ, carry it as men and women. As I told you before, the greatest salvation of the human family, the greatest vindication of Edward McGlynn will be to add to the vote of the United Labor party next November. (Applause.)"

A Knife Grinder's Story.

REYNOLDS BRIDGE, Conn.—As a simple grinder in the pocketknife trade I came to this country in 1848 from Sheffield, England. The trade was then in its infancy. I could always see that the cause of the material prosperity in this country was the abundance of good land which could be easily and cheaply had by any who wanted it. At that time we had in our trade the 'Sheffield state' price. We could get in wages from \$4 to \$5 a day and we paid \$1.50 a week for board at factory boarding houses. Now this abundance of free land is gone and we have the land speculator and the tramp, and wages have dropped. I thoroughly believe in the doctrine that you advocate. All that men want is the raw material to work up into products. With equal opportunities to obtain this raw material each might take off his coat and go to work with a fair field and no favor.

JOHN CARREER.

The People Are Thinking.

BROOKLYN, Md., June 27.—I do not see how any intelligent persons can fail to comprehend the doctrine of the land for the people after the clear and explicit definitions given by you to the queries of the students of the Packard college. The benefits derivable from such a system of taxation are as clear as the noonday sun.

The STRAMP is doing noble work in educating the tolling masses as is evident from the numerous Henry George and anti-poverty clubs that are being formed throughout the country. This shows beyond a doubt that the people only want instruction in the proper means to be adopted to relieve them of the heavy burden under which they are struggling.

EDWARD MCGARRITY.

A Brother in the North.

PARKHILL, Ont., July 2.—I heard your lecture on 'Land and Labor,' given in Toronto some few months ago. Since then I have read your great work, 'Progress and Poverty.' I am thoroughly convinced of the correctness of your theory. It appears so to common sense that I cannot see how any reasonable person can deny its truth. The magnitude of the projected reform is startling, but that such a reform is necessary no one who has enough intelligence to determine the sum of two and two can doubt. I am quite willing to do so to anything I can for the furtherance of this great cause, though my sphere be humble.

VICTOR MCGUFFIN.

Rev. J. B. Barnhill on the Cross of the New Crusade.

During the next three months Rev. John B. Barnhill of Xenia, Ill., will be open to engagements to deliver his lecture on 'The Cross of the New Crusade' to audiences in his own and adjacent states.

THE APPEAL TO ROME.

A Priestly Correspondent Gives Some Important Points in Canon Law.

A Catholic priest in Pennsylvania sends the following statement of the canon law with regard to appeals to the high ecclesiastical court of Rome, showing how helpless are the rank and file of the clergy in the hands of their superiors:

"THE STANDARD's most intelligent and manly discussion of the case of the Rev. Dr. McGlynn has, I hope, led many Catholics to perceive that there are important defects in the exercising of the authority of their church. It is now manifest to all the world by the prominence of this case that a man may be condemned and visited with severest penalties in the American hierarchy, without a hearing or any opportunity of defense; but it is a further fact, not as well known, that when a man is so condemned, he can hardly ever obtain any adequate redress for the injury done to him. This will surprise the average Catholic, who is ready on all occasions with the advice to appeal to Rome. For the feeling has been almost universal among us that for every wrong and grievance a journey to Rome would produce an unfailing remedy."

"The people generally do not comprehend the idea that an appeal proper within the church cannot be taken except from a judicial sentence and that there can be no appeal where there has been no trial and consequently no record on which to ground an appeal."

"The Catholic mind is, naturally enough, misled by the confusion of two things which are widely different. The canon system of the church admits what is termed a 'recourse' to Rome in all cases where the proceedings below have been extrajudicial or irregular, and it is this recourse which the Catholic press and people so often misapprehend for an appeal. The essential difference is that when a priest is compelled to take the method of a recourse instead of a regular appeal he is heard at the Roman tribunal by petition as of grace and informally without argument; whereas, if the processes of the canon law had been observed below, in the ecclesiastical court of the diocese or archdiocese, the priest could then take a record of the evidence and transactions, and be entitled to present the same to Rome as of right and to offer argument touching all the questions involved and to get an adjudication of the main issue in the accustomed form of a decision by review. In short an appeal is had of right from judicial pronouncements; a recourse is had of grace from arbitrary acts."

"Obviously a recourse is a very imperfect method of procuring justice. In the canon system of the church it is regarded as an exception; but under our American regime a recourse has necessarily become the rule, because the bishops rarely afford a hearing on trial, but usually inflict summary and arbitrary punishment. The appeal proper is thus destroyed at the root, and a suspended or deposed priest has no alternative but the recourse—within the lines of the church."

"What benefit, however, this recourse might ordinarily supply, its value was much impaired in the case of Father McGlynn, for the reason that the appellate court of propaganda seemed committed in advance by the action of the cardinal, president, who unfortunately allowed himself to be moved in the matter by an extra party correspondence."

"But the worst of the business is that no provision is made in behalf of the parochial clergy for carrying a recourse into effect. There is no diocesan fund to be drawn upon, no plan of assessment or contribution. And thus we have in the great Roman church, notwithstanding the boasted perfection of its discipline, what in a civil government would be deemed an anomaly of juridical practice—namely, a law without any provision for its enforcement. In a state we would attribute such a defect to incompetence or corruption on the part of the legislature. In the church it may be fairly ascribed to neglect or oversight on the part of the Roman administration. Assuredly the recourse to Rome, in nine cases out of ten, remains a mere abstraction, if not a mere mockery, for want of ways and means to carry it out. Witness the more than a thousand priests—called in classic language *sacerdotes vagabundi*—who are wandering about in America, deprived of honors and even of their livelihood. These men were thrown on the street by the arbitrary acts of bishops—that is, without a hearing or trial of any sort. It is in this respect that Rome! It is in this respect that Rome has said in reference to another subject, it is like throwing a man overboard in mid-ocean and telling him he is at liberty to swim ashore. And the reflection is sad, indeed, that the more unselfish and faithful the priest the worse he finds his condition when placed under ban and censure. If he has served God and hated Mammon; if he has not hoarded the filthy lucre, but has kindly shared his possessions with the fatherless and the afflicted, he is for that the worse off when difficulties and misfortunes are put upon him. This result is teaching a terrible lesson to the priesthood—the lesson, namely, to be wise in their generation, like the unjust steward, and not to trust in the equities of their sacred profession."

"But if the canons of the church were enjoined by the propaganda on the American episcopate, then it would follow that men could not be deprived of their vocation and professional support by arbitrary acts of other men. On the contrary, even if a regular decision was rendered against a priest after a fair trial before his peers, he would still be entitled to sufficient income from his parish to enable him to prosecute an appeal at the court of Rome."

"The right to a trial before punishment; the right to a proportion of the parochial revenues—pending an appeal, and the election of their own bishop by the priests of the several dioceses—these, among other things, are the rights ordained in the council of Trent and other ecumenical councils for the protection of the priesthood."

"Alas! the priests of America, despite our frequent protests and exertions, have hitherto failed of securing at Rome any respectable recognition of their parochial privileges. It is, therefore, high time that they should co-operate with them and unite throughout the country in demanding a full measure of justice for their devoted clergy."

It Was a Lazy Man's Paradise, But That Time Has Gone.

The profit in San Diego ranches and government lands has so far been made by the owners, not from their products, but from the extraordinary rise in value of their lands. Any one in fair health and out of debt must have a poor excuse if unable to make a living easily on a government claim under such peculiar conditions as above. The average settler in Mr. Wade's section has not only made a living, but the land, which cost him nothing, or next to nothing, has a fixed value, which is a large profit on a few years' holding. Two claims entered by ex-soldiers a few years ago, on which the value of improvements have been about a hundred dollars, were sold just before Mr. Wade came east, one for \$3,100, the other for \$5,000. In each case nearly every dollar is clear profit; the reward of going out claim for three or four years. Other claims on which more time and money for fruit have

been expended have sold for \$12,000 to \$15,000. Still other ranches, and by far the greater number, are being held and further improved by the men who are homesteaders or pre-emptors. These last will probably do better than those who sold and realized their average of \$5,000 profit."

The unoccupied government land has about all been taken up, so that the experiment cannot be repeated, and no one needs to start for southern California expecting to find a lazy man's paradise, with land for the taking, as he could have done a few years ago."

New Figure Out the Profit on That Purchase, and Remember that Somebody Has Made It All.

Only seventy years ago a large portion of the territory comprising the state of Wisconsin, with a section of Minnesota, was sold for \$100,000, and the deed is recorded in the New York register's office. The sale was made by Samuel Peters to a syndicate, for there were syndicates in those days as well as in this. The sale was made in January, 1817, and the syndicate was composed of Lewis Ayres and ninety-nine others. It is described as a large tract of land in the northwestern territory, containing 5,000,000 acres and more. It comprised the greater portion of the land held in 1727 to Jonathan Carver by the Naudawessies tribe of Indians. Carver received 160,000 acres. The description is as follows: Running from the falls of St. Anthony from the east bank of the Mississippi nearly east as far as the south end of Lake Pepin, where the Chippewa river joins the Mississippi; and from there eastward five days' travel, accounting twenty English miles a day; and from thence north six days' travel, at twenty English miles per day; and from thence again to the falls of St. Anthony. There is reserved to the Indians the sole right to fish and hunt on unimproved land."

There is a population of 1,315,497 in Wisconsin at this date, and the value of the farm products is \$727,779,496.

No Public Land to Be Had.

Springfield, Mass., Republican.

All of the land grant railroads of the country have returned answers to Secretary of the Interior's order, requiring them to show why the several orders of withdrawal from settlement of the lands within their indemnity limit should not be revoked and the lands thrown out to settlement. With but few exceptions the roads simply say that if they had their due they would receive more land than they now have, as much of the land granted them has been pre-empted, and there is no land from which to make selections. The St. Paul and Northern Pacific company take the ground that this matter is beyond the jurisdiction of the secretary of the interior. The St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba road states that it now has a case pending in the supreme court of the United States which will, when decided, determine the status of that road before the law in regard to its land grant. The Atlantic and Pacific railroad state that they have earned 1,000,000 acres more land than they have received."

There is a Better Blessing Than That in Store for Them.

San Francisco Argonaut.

This (the Colorado desert) is a marvelous and wonderful land, and nothing caused the writer greater surprise than the soil and water discoveries constantly being made in these deserts. Places that are very inaccessible, that lie embedded in mountain canons and away from civilization are becoming the luxurious homes of industrious and enterprising people who have the nerve to go somewhat beyond the confines and boundaries of present 'genteel' life. What a God's blessing it would be to the members of Henry George's anti-poverty party if some kind, powerful genie would clothe them all in shirts and breeches, and then lift them up by the back of their necks, and garland them with city slugs, tenement houses, and the like, idleness and crime, into these mountain and desert homes where poverty is only known and destitution only felt by those who are unable or unwilling to toil."

Emigration from Italy.

Philadelphian Telegram.

Italian emigration, especially from the old Neapolitan provinces, in 1883 had risen to 160,000, and it is rising by 10,000 or 15,000 a year. Of this outpouring more than half reaches South America, where it is believed more than 70,000 Italians are now settled in the valley of the Platte alone, toward whose schools the Roman government, with a wise foresight, contributes \$50,000 a year. Sir Horace Rimbob, in his work on the Silver river, just published, describes Buenos Ayres as filled with Italians, who, though poor and orderly and peaceable, every now and then manifest in one gathering or festival their overwhelming strength. It is by no means impossible that the states of the Platte may become, without violence, by the natural operation of emigration and a full birth rate, Italian colonies. Political power as yet, however, still remains in the hands of the Spaniards."

The Wisdom of Foresight.

New York Cor. Philadelphia Record.

A new railway station has just been built at Mott avenue, formerly a suburb of this city, but now within the corporation limits. This station was built at a cost of \$70,000, and is the prettiest anywhere in this neighborhood, and its appearance has really a signal for sending up the price of real estate in its neighborhood. Every train that goes out of or comes into the Grand Central station is obliged to stop at Mott avenue, so inhabitants of that end of the town can go to and from their places of business as readily as though they lived

THE STANDARD.

HENRY GEORGE, Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1887.

THE STANDARD is forwarded to subscribers by the early morning mails each Friday. Subscribers who do not receive the paper promptly will confer a favor by communicating with the publisher.

JACOB SHARP.

Jacob Sharp has been convicted, and unquestionably justly convicted. And yet it is impossible to resist a feeling of something like sympathy for him, since the crime for which he must now go to the state prison is simply what in hundreds of cases brings wealth, ease and honor.

Jacob Sharp is in truth more a victim than a criminal—a victim of that rotten condition of society which the anti-poverty movement seeks to abolish—a victim of that greed of gain born of the fear of want, which sanctifies the getting of wealth by any means, provided the successful man can only keep out of the penitentiary. That he will not be able to keep out of the penitentiary is owing to what doubtless seems to him like a series of accidents, and not that he is in reality a sinner above other men who are to-day accounted our "first citizens."

Jacob Sharp was an enterprising man who had set his heart on making a public improvement in which he saw an advantage to the public and fortune to himself. Thanks to that corrupt political system so dear to the hearts of our respectable "saviors of society," neither he nor any one else could obtain a franchise for a Broadway railroad without bribing a majority of the board of aldermen. Jacob Sharp bribed them. In this he doubtless knew that he was doing something morally wrong; but it was a moral wrong acquiesced in, if not justified, by the code of the society in which he moved. He "took the world as he found it," as "practical men" do, and had he refused to take the opportunity that was offered him, on the ground that it was wicked to bribe aldermen, he would have been laughed at as a "milkop" by his associates and backers, and might at once have abandoned any idea of ever being trusted by moneyed men as the promoter and manager of a great financial enterprise.

Jacob Sharp doubtless felt that what he was doing was wrong if judged by a strict code of morality; but it was just such a wrong as the rich men of New York do every day without any one seeming to think any the worse of them; just such a thing as he himself had done before without losing one scintilla of the respect of those for whose respect he cared. Jacob Sharp's view of the case was doubtless that which attains in railroad offices and bank parlors and among the respectable congregations of pro-poverty churches—that the crime attaches to the briber rather than to the bribed. He may have looked upon the aldermen who took his thousand dollar bills as a set of corrupt scoundrels; but if they chose to fill their pockets by prostituting their official positions, what business was that of his? The idea that he was doing anything personally dishonorable probably never entered his mind.

Why should it? He was aided in the transaction by a legal firm of high standing and eminent respectability, who would have kicked out of their office any client who should have dared invite them to aid him in planning a burglary. His associates, who knew his plans and helped to carry them out, were gentlemen of unblemished commercial honor and social repute, who would have exploded with righteous wrath had any receiver of stolen goods invited them to share in a picaresque robbery. His purchase of the franchise from the aldermen was matter of common fame, yet no man among his business or social acquaintances uttered a word of condemnation or reproach, or gave him any whit less cordial greeting; and no investor hesitated to buy from him at retail what he had bought from the aldermen at wholesale. The same sort of thing has been notoriously done on even larger scale by men who sit in the front pews of churches and are looked up to as successful men.

As he sits in his prison parlor to-day with the shadow of the state prison upon him, it is but natural that Jacob Sharp should regard himself rather as unfortunate than as a criminal. It is well that Jacob Sharp should go to prison, even though a thousand men as guilty as he be left outside. But it is idle to hope to cure corruption by such means. Judges from the bench may utter condemnation and reproof; preachers from the pulpit may thunder warnings and appeals; the press may deliver its platitudes, and the politicians vociferate their outcries for reform, and even an occasional hoodler be sent to prison, but still where the carcass is there will the eagles be gathered to.

gether, and the only study of the unclean feasters will be to avoid, not publicity, but legal detection.

Consider how we train our boys for the business of life. Consider the ideals we hold up to our young girls. How carefully we point our children to the examples of men who have succeeded, and warn them against the examples of men who have failed. Succeeded and failed—in what? In carrying out that golden rule which underlies all true morality and is the basis of true social economy? No! The examples we uphold for their imitation and admiration are of men who have succeeded in eluding poverty and grasping wealth; the failures against which we warn them are of men who have been thrust backward in the hustle for existence, who have literally failed to get ahead of their fellows, who have neglected the motto, "Each for himself, and the devil take the hindmost." To a generation trained in such a school the fate of Jacob Sharp conveys no warning, save the warning not to be found out. To them the lesson of the Sharp trial is that thousand dollar bills should not be used in bribing aldermen.

And while the fundamental law of justice is disregarded in our social organization it is useless to hope for any change for the better. In a society founded on theft, greed and lawlessness must still hold sway. Our social system is so arranged that the vast majority of men and women must, of absolute necessity, be sunk in poverty. On whom the awful lot shall fall—on us or on our neighbors—is, for many of us, a question still undecided; but on them or on us we know the curse must surely come, and a remnant only shall be saved. What wonder is it, then, that like panic-stricken men upon a sinking ship, who know of a surety that there is room in the boats for but one in a hundred, we should struggle and fight and crowd? What wonder that we should fling to the winds honor, and fair dealing, and loving kindness, and all the Christ-like virtues? What wonder that Jacob Sharp should have bribed the aldermen, and thought it but the purchase of an honorable provision for his children?

Our courts and newspapers and preachers may make an end of Jacob Sharp, the individual. They can never, by their present methods, make an end of the class to which Jacob Sharp belongs. To put an end to stealing we must dig up stealing at the root.

THE NEW FOURTH OF JULY.

Never since the war that abolished chattel slavery has a celebration of the Fourth of July been so significant and hopeful as the celebration of the present year. The Declaration of Independence has acquired a new meaning to scores of thousands of people in the past twelve months. They had often read its assertion that all men are created equal and endowed with certain inalienable rights, including life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; but they had read them as "cushioned-pew Christians" read the Lord's prayer. The words sounded well, but there was no life in them. They had no relation to us, no application to the present. They were only rhetorical flourishes to the record of an old quarrel. Historically they were interesting, but for present use they were as impracticable as Christ's golden rule.

But there is a great awakening. The Declaration of Independence is no longer a string of phrases. It contains a living truth which "heart's wide open on the Godward side" are welcoming and proclaiming. In several of the great cities of the union, and in many a country town and village, the Knights of Labor celebrated this anniversary as one of peculiar interest to men who work for a living. The orations to which they listened were not platitudes about the past, but exhortations to duty in the present. If all men are created equal, it is our duty to see to it that this natural equality is not impaired by human laws and institutions. If life is an inalienable endowment, then water, sunlight, air, soil and all other forces and substances of nature necessary to sustain life are also inalienable endowments, which, if lost, may be at any time reclaimed. If liberty is an inalienable endowment, then laws that force men into servitude by shutting them out from natural opportunities are an unwarrantable interference with natural right, as well as laws that force them into the servitude of chattel slavery, and, like the latter, may be repealed at once and without compensation. This was the drift of thought that met with enthusiastic responses at the various celebrations of our national birthday this week.

The Fourth day of July is the anniversary of the birth of our political liberties. To the work of that day we trace our possession of the most powerful weapon ever put into the hands of men—the ballot. But political liberty is a mockery and the ballot will be a plaything where industrial slavery prevails. We must have more than political liberty. We must also have back for the use and enjoyment of all those bounties of nature without which a man can neither work nor live, save by submitting to the charity or ministering to the cupidity of a fellow man. And in aiming at this the Declaration of Independence is an all-sufficient authority to Americans. Its assertion of equality is as fresh as when it was penned. It is a truth that can never be obsolete, but will grow in brilliancy as time goes on. It was the guiding star of the revolution, and to its magic power, at a later date, vested rights of property in man gave way; but still it points to further advance along the line of liberty. We are as yet far from realizing the full measure of its promise.

A PHILADELPHIA paper congratulates

the workmen of that city who live in whole houses upon the difference between their condition and that of the New York workmen who live in crowded tenements. If the editor of that paper would calmly reflect, with the aid of a fan and a glass of ice water, upon the disparity of condition to which his attention has been casually directed, he might be able to write on the land question with more intelligence than he has thus far done.

CO-OPERATION under the prevailing system of land tenure is and must be a failure; but with the land free its possibilities are beyond calculation.

A WRITER in a recent number of *Harper's Magazine*, telling of a tenement house in which mechanics live, says that the rent of rooms on lower floors is so much a month, and if the tenant wants better air and light, he may take a room on one of the upper floors for a few shillings additional. And yet the writer of that article does not see that those extra shillings are nothing but the price of air and sunlight, for which one man charges and another pays. Private ownership of land is equivalent to private ownership of air and sunlight. "God is good to the landlord," said the Scottish crofter, and the well-fed parson responded "amen!"

MR. BENJAMIN URNER, the treasurer of the Anti-poverty society, asks us to state that the certificates of membership in the society are now coming from the press, and will be sent to members so soon as they can be signed by the officers of the society, probably within two weeks.

HERE is another suggestion for Archbishop Corrigan's next pastoral. In the coal regions of Pennsylvania the surface of the earth caves in at different places, making deep basin-like holes into which water collects and forms ponds. Last winter the miners of Mahanoy Plane, in Schuylkill county, Pennsylvania, undertook to gather ice from these places for summer use, but the owner of the land forbade them unless they would pay so much a ton for all the ice they gathered. The owner of the land, by the way, made neither the land, the water, the ice, nor the holes.

FOURTH OF JULY AT SUMMIT HILL.

The Sort of Independence They Have in the Lehigh Valley—Miners Paying \$3.50 a Ton for Coal—Poverty in the Midst of Unbounded Natural Opportunities—The Mysteries of Overproduction.

SUMMIT HILL, Carbon Co., Pa.—Our coal miners celebrated the Fourth of July by having a parade, speechmaking and a picnic in a grove near the town. Over a thousand men marched in the parade, the speeches were fair to middling, and the picnic a great success.

It was at Summit Hill that the first body of coal was discovered and developed in Pennsylvania; and by paying a quarter to a more or less ragged urchin a person can have the enjoyment of looking down into the hole from which the first coal was taken, can have pointed out to him the track of "the burning mine," can go into any one of the mines to see the coal in its natural state, see the mules that are used down in the bowels of the earth, and can have pointed out to him how well fed they are and how sleek they appear. Then, after coming to the earth's surface, the visitor will have an opportunity, for the same quarter, of enjoying the beautiful views on every hand. Well may this region be called the Switzerland of America. The boy has earned his quarter, and the average visitor is satisfied.

But there are other things to be seen and learned free of charge, if the visitor is of an investigating turn of mind. Two miners can mine on an average sixty tons of coal a day, for which they receive \$3.75, with a deduction of five cents a day for oil, cotton, etc. A cent on the dollar is kept back by the company a miner works for, for hospital purposes. The entire average expense of digging out, cleaning and placing a ton of coal in a car ready to be delivered to the consumer is, at the outside, forty cents. By the time that coal reaches the consumer, say in New York, it costs the very poor, who buy it by the bucket, about \$11 a ton. Those who purchase a ton at a time have to pay between \$6 and \$6.50. The coal is on the surface at Summit Hill, but the miners are not allowed to touch it for their own use. If they want coal, the companies sell it to them at a reduced rate—\$3.50 per ton. There is no middle man in this case, and the cost for transportation is but a trifle, yet we have to face this problem: We get about forty cents for doing all the work necessary to produce a ton of coal, yet if we want to use that very same ton of coal we have to pay back to the men who paid us the forty cents for our work, nearly nine times the price, and for that \$3.10 extra they have charged us they have not even turned their hands.

All the land, the woods and water on Summit Hill and adjacent hills are owned by the Lehigh company. In the village of Summit Hill the houses belong to the occupants, but the land on which the houses stand belongs to the Lehigh company. The tenant has a right only to use the surface. Whatever may be discovered under the surface belongs to the Lehigh company. The village taxes must be paid by the house owner. The lease is a long one—namely, ninety-nine years—but most of the miners are under the mistaken impression that they have a perpetual title to the land they live on. It is gratifying to note, however, that none of them will live long enough to find out their mistake. Their children will be the sufferers, and the Lehigh company will be the gainer when these leases fall in. While the Lehigh company own such a tremendous domain, stocked with coal, they pay no taxes on it; the land which is being mined pays taxes, but the taxes are paid by the lessees, and the land which is not being worked pays no taxes. Yet no one can go on that land and work without settling affairs at the Lehigh company's office.

Last winter, when the production of coal was stopped and the price increased to the consumer, there were hard times on Summit Hill; and yet, while the miners here were suffering for want of work—or, in other words, for want of permission to dig coal out of the ground and sell it to New York—the poor of New York were shivering in their tenement houses for want of coal. A few coal barons met together in a New York office and decided that coal mining should cease for a time, and it ceased accordingly. This was euphemistically called an overproduction of coal. It is noticeable that there was

at the same time an over production of flannel, shoes, sugar, coffee, etc., which things lay unsold in the Lehigh valley stores, waiting till the miners should be allowed to earn money to buy them with, the miners' wives and children being meantime barefooted, poorly clothed and hungry.

Some of the speeches made here on the Fourth have set people thinking. Our miners are beginning to understand what overproduction means, and to see that life is rendered hard for them, not because they have to mine coal, but because they are not allowed to mine it.

The Fourth in the Coal Region.

LANSDOWN, Pa., July 5.—The Fourth was observed here by the local labor organizations in the old-fashioned way. A grand picnic was held by local associates 5,605, 5,373, 6,329 and 8,187. Their parade to the picnic grounds was participated in by post 177, G. A. R., and St. Joseph cadets, an organization composed of young men of the local Catholic congregation. About 2,000 men were in line, and four bands and two drum corps enlivened the march with their music. The opening speech was made by William Lester, L. A., No. 1, of Philadelphia, his subject being "Organization." He was followed by James Degnan of New York, who spoke on the Declaration of Independence, and outlined the logical results of a full interpretation of its principles. The speaker's assertion that the claim of the land for the people found its basis in the Declaration of Independence was warmly applauded. The marshals of the day were C. C. McHugh, W. D. Boyle and John Nevins. The crowd attending the picnic was orderly, and no liquors were for sale on the grounds. Mr. Degnan, after closing his remarks, was taken to Nesquehoning, where another large picnic was being held, and there spoke again. Land and labor clubs are being formed in this part of the state, and the demand for THE STANDARD is increasing weekly.

They Want It Right Here, and as Soon as Possible, Too.

ST. PAUL, Neb.—Professor Swing of Chicago thinks that for those who want free land there is enough in Africa or South America. But we don't want to go there. We want the land right here in the United States. Fifty-five millions of people give the land its value, which is a small fraction of its value. Professor Swing may go to Africa if he pleases, but the rest of us prefer to stay here, and mean soon to enjoy our equal share in the value of the land.

The United Labor Party on Independence Day.

The united labor party of New York city celebrated the one hundred and eleventh anniversary of American independence by a mass meeting at the Academy of Music, which was attended by a large and enthusiastic assemblage of voters. Professor William B. Clarke presided, and speeches were delivered by John McQuinn, Rev. C. M. Winchester of Middletown, N. Y.; Frank Ferrall and James P. Archibald.

The Declaration of Independence was read by Mrs. Clara Hackett, the audience pointing by their applause the paragraph which cites, among the grievances complained of by our forefathers, the "transporting us beyond seas to be tried for our offenses."

The speakers all strongly emphasized the truth that the principles of the united labor party are simply those announced in the immortal declaration, and the audience evinced a keen appreciation of the fact that the party of labor emancipation is striving only to obtain a recognition of the truths to the maintenance of which their ancestors pledged their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor.

Miss Munier's Concordia chorus was in attendance, and sang several patriotic songs, chief among which was the "Song for the Fourth" published in last week's STANDARD.

The New Wine in the Old Bottle.

NEW YORK, June 25.—It is refreshing to read your wholesome criticism of the "jubilee." I am an Englishman, but not one who has bent the knee to that very useless person dubbed "queen" on the fiftieth anniversary of her accession; and I am disgusted at the hypocritical praise which has filled the representative journals of this country for some days back. In one sense the jubilee was consistent. The oppressors, paupers and social enemies of Europe and of the east vied with each other in doing homage to the figurehead of oppression, and to the mythical being whom they set up as vindicator of their wrongs. If these things have made England great and English people free, then, indeed, was the ceremony praiseworthy.

Failures in the First Half of 1886.

A recent issue of *Bradstreet's* contained the statistics of failures in the United States for the six months ending July 1, 1886. The total was 5,072, with liabilities of \$53,359,829; in the same period of 1886 the number was 5,461, with liabilities of \$53,341,431. In New York city there were 94 failures in the first half of 1887, with liabilities of \$1,785,713. *Bradstreet's* regards the "failure scare" as pointing to the healthful underlying conditions in the business world. The proportion is, on the whole, no greater nor less than the running average. It is a settled conclusion that, under the prevailing system, many business men must fail. If the average is not swollen largely it is cause for congratulation—to the solvent.

How to Dispose of the Ludlow, Vt., Farms.

ALLEGHENY, Pa.—Not long ago the New York Nation referred to a rich valley in the town of Ludlow, Vt., which had gone out of cultivation, and which, on that account, the legislature had been asked to exempt from taxation for a term of years.

If the farms are abandoned by their owners (as the Nation implies, but which I doubt, for who then is asking for a remission of the taxes) let the state throw them open for occupancy to whomsoever will take them and pay such a rental as the land will afford. If no one can make a living on them they will, of course, lie fallow. If there is competition for them this will serve to fix the tax or rent.

The Movement in Pennsylvania.

The Knights of Labor of Dauphin county, Pa., held a convention on last Saturday at Millersburg, and nominated a full ticket. The candidates are pledged to accept the nomination of no other party. The platform adopted declares that the land belongs to the people, and expresses sympathy with Dr. McGinn.

At the Fourth of July celebration of the Knights of Labor at Pottstown, Pa., a preamble and resolutions were passed declaring that all born into the world have an absolute right to the products of their labor, and also a right in the land, from which their subsistence must be gained.

No Hope in Political Churchianity.

WILMINGTON, Del., June 26.—I am a reader of THE STANDARD. I believe that this crusade is a political Christianity that embraces the purposes and promises of God to men; and that it must bring order out of chaos, light out of darkness, and peace out of discord and confusion. You cannot hope for anything from a "political churchianity." A great political movement must be on a level with Christianity.

The Land Question in Alabama.

CALERA, Ala., June 27.—I have read your "Social Problems," "Progress and Poverty," "The Land Question" and THE STANDARD, and am satisfied that the theories you advocate are correct. The time is not far distant when every fair, unprejudiced mind in Alabama

will believe as I do. Your "Land Question" is telling the tale. Our people are reading it attentively. The prejudices that have kept them back since the war are fast dying out. New men with new ideas and liberal views are coming to the front. God send the day when your works will be in every house in the land.

As Manufacturers They Lacked Brains to Succeed, as Land Owners They Didn't Need Any Brains.

PATERSON, N. J.—The "society for establishing useful manufactures" of New Jersey was organized in 1791. Its charter exempted it from state taxes for ten years and from local taxes forever. The founders located at Paterson, and purchased seven hundred acres of land for \$8,250, or \$12 an acre. They started in to manufacture cotton goods on a grand scale, but failed ignominiously, and the charter passed into the hands of the Colt family. The society retained its lands, however, and to-day is drawing an income of \$70,000 per annum in rents, having already sold \$600,000 worth of lots. They control the water rights, which ought ere this to have made Paterson the greatest manufacturing center in the east, and can easily double the power used in the manufacturing concerns of the city by simply allowing the power supplied by the Passaic to be utilized.

The land they purchased for \$12 per acre is now worth \$275,000 per acre. They failed in all attempts to do what their name implied they should do, and it was not until other manufacturers located here that the society made money. They began to make it then, and have continued ever since, although it was all earned by some one else.

E. W. NELLIS.

They Want It Right Here, and as Soon as Possible, Too.

ST. PAUL, Neb.—Professor Swing of Chicago thinks that for those who want free land there is enough in Africa or South America. But we don't want to go there. We want the land right here in the United States. Fifty-five millions of people give the land its value, which is a small fraction of its value. Professor Swing may go to Africa if he pleases, but the rest of us prefer to stay here, and mean soon to enjoy our equal share in the value of the land.

The Railroads and Real Estate.

Speaking of booming real estate brings to mind the interest and excitement of late in the neighborhood of the Union depot. All that section bounded by Fulton street on the north, Ellsworth avenue on the west, and Albany street on the east, and any distance south, has suddenly become very valuable. Mr. Woodcock has been the main purchaser and has raised the rents of many of his tenants. He has purchased not far from a dozen houses inside of a few blocks and is now considerable of a landlord, and although he may be a better opponent of English landlordism he will quite likely do some evicting if they don't come to time. Many amusing things are related in the neighborhood of his negotiations and purchases. A certain physician owns a place on Calder street, and in giving his price to Mr. Woodcock in making out the bill of sale the buyer's hand trembled in his anxiety lest the physician should back out, so the gentleman said, and the M. D. was very angry with himself when he discovered the purpose of the purchase. A grass widow sold two places at the maximum price; she also became very excited when she made the discovery. A widow woman on Almy street asked \$30,000. Mr. Woodcock, in order to make the bargain more binding, made it \$35,000 of his own volition. The widow then backed out and now asks \$50,000. It is a sure thing that in selling to railroad companies you must strike while the iron is hot. After the company gets enough territory to cut up with their tracks then they will fence you in with smoke and sulphurated hydrogen, and you can give away your home. It now looks as though it was only a question of a short time when the whole country that has been so much talked of in the papers lately will be completely depopulated so far as residents are concerned.

Not Born Free and Equal.

Correspondence Providence People.

How can there be noble aspirations when there is no discontent with present surroundings? The discontented masses are the surest sign of healthy life and hope. Why shut our eyes and plant the heavy foot of power on this spirit struggling to formulate itself into shape? Liberty and justice are not won by giving away your rights. It is now looking as though it was only a question of a short time when the whole country that has been so much talked of in the papers lately will be completely depopulated so far as residents are concerned.

The Riverside Rest Association, of which the

Rev. Dr. Wendell Prime, president and W. M. F. Round, secretary, of the Riverside Rest Association, has opened its house, 341 East Twenty-sixth street, for the reception of inmates. The association extends a helping hand to women discharged from the various hospitals and correctional institutions, supported by the city, giving them lodging, clothing and assisting them to find places. In order to preserve the self-respect of the women it requires that they shall do something to earn their board and to their end has opened a laundry and a sewing room. The association is prepared to take in plain sewing and to communicate with persons in the country needing servants.—(New York Times.)

Mrs. Langtry has declared her intention to become a citizen of the United States. Her chief reason for doing this, she told a *New York World* reporter, is that she "has invested in real estate, and intends to invest more." Mrs. Langtry apparently thinks it is the custom for American citizens to own real estate.

During the six months from Jan. 1 to July 1, 1887, 212,655 immigrants were landed at Castle garden.

The prince of Wales originated the idea of the jubilee jugs which, to the number of 35,000, were distributed to the children in Hyde park last week. His royal highness was much struck by the distribution of the rough brown cups bearing the imperial cipher in relief, with which the czar commemorated the marriage of the czarowitz, and the production of Messrs. Doulton, which cost nearly sixpence each, are great imitations of the original. The ground is of polished cream-colored earthenware, and the two portraits of the queen (1837 and 1857) are artistically executed in neutral tints.

E. L. Harper and Benjamin E. Hopkins of the broken Fidelity bank in Cincinnati have been committed to prison in default of bail.

Fourth of July will be a busy day for Secretary and Mrs. Whitney. The clerks and employees of the navy department have been invited to a picnic at "Grasslands." On the Whitney grounds at "Lay Farm," about two miles from "Grasslands," from a thousand to fifteen hundred poor children from Washington will be entertained. Between Secretary Whitney and Senator Cameron the children of the capital will remember July 4, 1887.—(New York World.)

The wife of the high sheriff of Galway, Ireland, has invented and patented jubilee brooch and a jubilee bangle, both of which the queen has examined and commended.

An Admission to be Noted.

New York World.

It is true that no direct issue has been a great principle now exists between the democratic and republican parties.

How many of the old settlers of Ramsey county look back on lost opportunities? A few hundred dollars wisely invested in land five, ten or fifteen years ago would make the happy possessor a millionaire to-day.

And They Need Not Have Worked Either.

St. Paul Dispatch.

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11

GANSEVOORT MARKET.

It is not in the west alone that one may grow up with the country. The annual increase of land values in New York city is greater than the value of the wheat crop of Kansas. The annual tax imposed by New York's land owners in rent on the labor and active capital of the city exceeds the assessed valuation of all Dakota. Forestland in New York city pays better to-day than dealing in St. Paul lots or Nebraska farms. But the New York speculator must generally command a large share of wealth in order to enrich himself out of the ever-advancing land values of the city. As a matter of fact, most of the increase goes to estates already large.

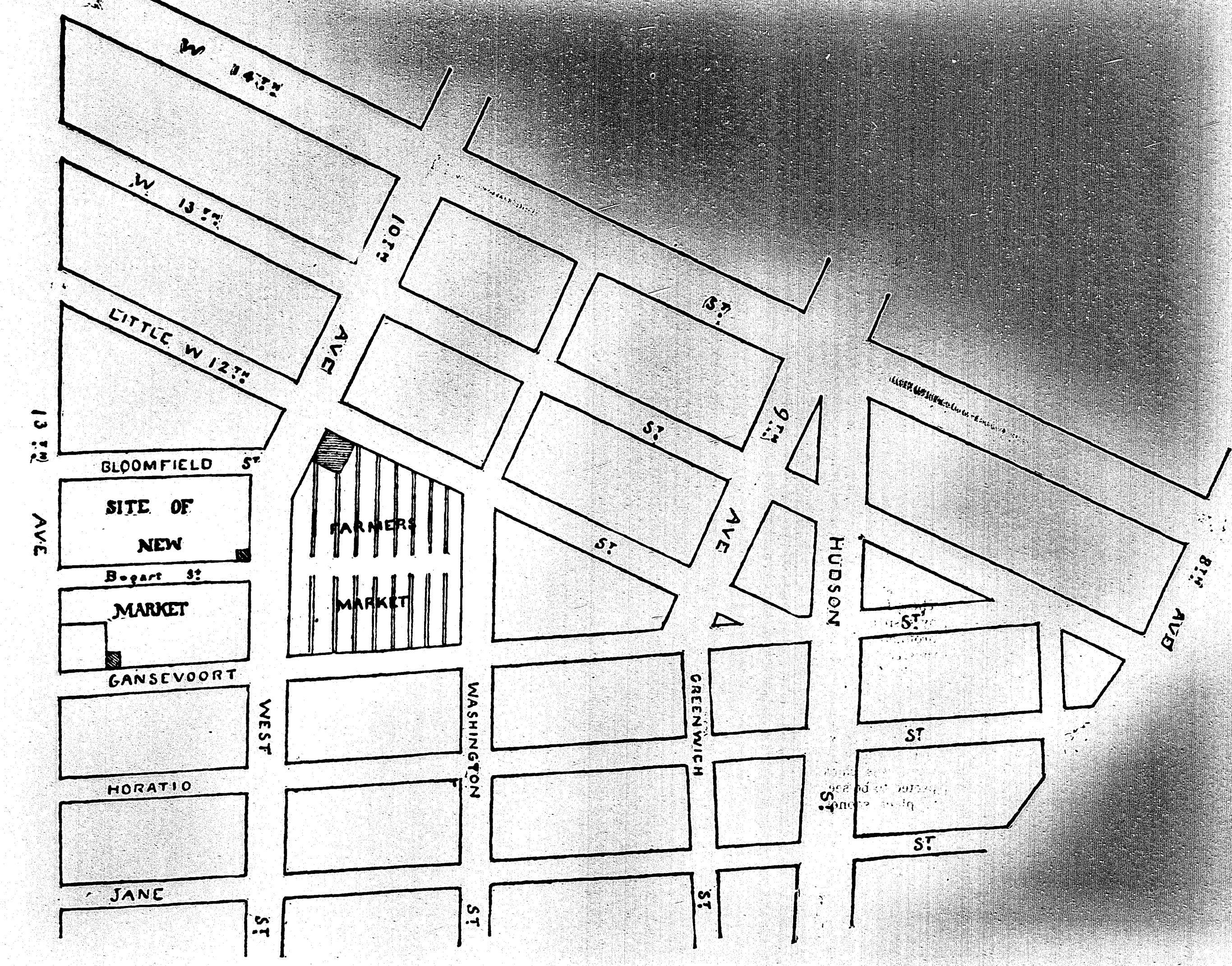
Loud as has been the condemnation of land monopoly in California, of alien land ownership in Texas and of railroad land grabbing in the public domain, the most signal examples of the evils of land monopoly to be found in America may be witnessed in New York, if its people will but see them. In the west the outcry against the first barriers raised between settlers and free land is because they are often placed there illegally. In New York city the barriers between land and the poor have long been impassable, if they are raised higher from year to year, it is done legally, and, though their height and strength have evoked comment, it has seemed absurd, in the face of law and tradition, to endeavor to break them down.

But men of this generation are thinking. They are seeking the emancipation of labor and the unfettering of productive capital. They will not rest with the knowledge that the times are out of joint. They are bent on righting what is amiss, and, in order to find the fundamental wrong, they are scrutinizing the various ways in which the worker is being deprived of much of what he produces. That wrong found and destroyed, the abolition of lesser wrongs will follow.

It is not difficult in New York to detect the operation of the greatest legalized wrong—the one through which the larger share of the wealth created by business men and wage workers passes into the hands of toll gatherers, who ever stand by ready to grasp that which they have not exerted themselves in producing. A marked improvement, public or private, in any part of the city is invariably followed by an advance in the price of real estate—in the locality. Rapid transit, a new bridge, a new park, each gives additional rent to the owners of the land. All things considered, the rest of the community remains much in the same condition as it was before the improvement was made. The volume of New York's business may expand at a rate far greater than that in which its population increases, yet the average percentage of profits for its business men—and especially its smaller business men—does not increase. It decreases. Wages do not increase on the average. They fall. But rents are ever rising in nearly every part of the city. Elevated roads may take thousands of people miles away from the business centers, but rents quickly rise in every newly built up quarter, until, with car fares and time lost in travel, they are on a level with rents in the older parts of the city. Increased activity in the business of a locality may arise from such a cause as the opening of the Brooklyn bridge, and as a consequence rents be doubled, and as they were in Park row when that bridge was finished. Every phase of the city's development adds to the wealth and power of its landlords. The privileges they possess exceed those of the feudal nobility, for untidily they may tax New York's labor and active capital to the last cent that can be borne. If the reader desires proof that it is the land holder who is the real oppressor of the worker, whether business man or laborer, he is invited to look into the facts in connection with the rise in real estate values in that dismal part of New York round about Gansevoort market.

That section of the city lying between West Fourteenth street, Thirteenth avenue (the river front), Jane street and Eighth avenue forms a four-sided figure that needs its upper and lower boundaries to be extended but a single block eastward to become a triangle—that is, if Jane street, running northeast from the river, were cut through, it would strike Fourteenth street at Seventh avenue. Within the quadrilateral mentioned are twenty-seven city blocks, hardly two of them the same size, however, as a number of lateral streets diverge from Eighth avenue to the west and southwest like the ribs of a fan, and while the flat-topped blocks near Eighth avenue are small, those near the river are larger than the average city block. The uses to which one of the larger of these twenty-seven blocks has of late years been put, and to which two more adjoining it are to be put, have caused land values to rise in the other twenty-four, and, indeed, to a slight extent, in even a larger area, the gradual rise in values toward the highest point resembling a hill having its culminating ridge centering among the three blocks in question, and tapering off until it is indistinguishable from the lay of the land in general.

Let the reader look over this district with us. Three blocks south of the foot of West Fourteenth street is Bloomfield street, which is but a single block in length, and two blocks further down is Gansevoort street. On the northeast corner of the latter is the corporation yard, about an acre of ground inclosed by a high-fenced board fence. It is the depository of worn out materials belonging to the city department. If we walk up Gansevoort street and stand beyond the eastern end of the corporation yard, we will see to the east and north an almost entirely open area, about twice the size of Union square. West street runs north and south through it as far as Bloomfield, and there, veering a little to the east, it becomes Tenth avenue. The great open block lying to the east of West street has five sides. It faces on Tenth avenue, Little Twelfth, Washington, Gansevoort and West streets. The farmers' wagons standing about it indicate its use. It is a country produce market. The two blocks between West street and the river, Gansevoort and Bloomfield, are uninclosed, save as to the part taken up by the corporation yard. But there stands on them what looks like a squatter's stable—an old, tumble-down, one story affair—and a blacksmith's shop that apparently dates from the time of Tubal Cain, the rest of the space being an unsightly receptacle for rubbish and worn-out wagons. The scene in all directions is the uninviting presentation of a neglected quarter of a great city. There is not a tree in sight. Nearly all the buildings bordering on the open area are battered and weather worn. Many are old stables, one story shanties, and shabby two and three-story old fashioned brick or frame houses. The colors prevailing in the picture are the finger marks of time, soot from adjacent lead smelting works, dust from the streets and from rag warehouses near the river, and smoke from a cluster of blackened pottery chimneys standing back of Little Twelfth street. Its monuments are the dirty and dreary neighborhood. There are, it is true, two or three rather imposing new warehouses facing the open square, and two large new style tenement houses. But the only other clean and fresh objects that strike the eye are numerous new signs, which are



hung out over every shanty and basement and ground floor. They advertise the business of dealers in butter, cheese and eggs, hay, grain and feed, and fruits and provisions. When, a few years ago, these new signs were swung out on those old buildings, the real estate facing the market place trebled in price, and rents went up in proportion. It was when the farmers' market was established here and the provision dealers followed in their wake to the locality.

A walk of four blocks up Gansevoort street brings us to the small triangular block at Gansevoort, Hudson and Little Twelfth streets. There is a decided change in the scene here, for men are at work on new buildings in all directions. Gansevoort, from the market place to Eighth avenue, a block east of where we stand, has been widened fifteen feet, and new brick business houses are going up where old tenement dwellings were torn away. Off on Eighth avenue and Hudson and Fourteenth streets are houses newly painted and having new stores on the ground floor.

Gansevoort and Little Twelfth streets are two of those mentioned which join like the sticks of a fan, and so, turning down Little Twelfth, a walk of four blocks takes us back to the river. Little Twelfth, with its bad pavement, miserable tenement houses and foul stables, is indescribably mean. But in walking through it toward the river one may see new houses being erected in adjoining thoroughfares. The improvements in some quarters, and the lack of them in others, have their significance when all the facts are known. Let us stop a moment and get an outline of the history of the locality.

During the war of 1812 a fort was built near what is now the foot of Gansevoort street, the purpose being to prevent British ships from passing up the river. It was named Fort Gansevoort, in honor of General Peter Gansevoort, U. S. A., a native of Albany. After the war the city acquired a part of the fort grounds, which was in later years sold or granted to Joseph B. Varian. In 1863 it was repurchased for market purposes for \$534,437, since that time it has been regarded by real estate dealers as the future site of a great market. It possesses many advantages for the purpose. It borders on the North river, is two miles north of Washington market, and is rendered easy of access by the many streets leading to it. It was not until 1873, however, that the Bleeker street car company's stables, which had stood on part of the grounds, were demolished and the farmers' market established upon it. By act of the legislature the use of the new market was restricted to farmers bringing their produce to the city, and they were forbidden to carry on their trade in any other place. Formerly they had on market days lined Washington, West and Greenwich streets, from Washington market northward a long distance.

The Farmers' market, paved, but uncovered, extends 290 feet on West street, 187.6 on Tenth avenue, 317 on Little Twelfth, 302.8 on Washington, and 366 on Gansevoort. It has room for 350 wagons. In March, 1880, a bill was presented to the legislature providing for the removal of Washington and West Washington market to the two blocks lying between the Farmers' market and the river. The West Washington market men—the wholesale butchers—thereupon held a meeting and unanimously voted to move to the Gansevoort site. It was at first proposed by them to erect their own market house. But Comptroller Hugh J. Grant, in 1884, gave it as his opinion that it was best for the interests of the city that it should itself build the market. The required plans for the structure, with the estimate of its cost, which was \$468,050, were pigeon-holed for two years, when the sinking fund commissioners authorized Comptroller E. V. Loew to issue \$500,000 in bonds to pay for the work. The contract was given for \$477,443. The new market, the finest in the city, must be finished by May, 1888. It will be of brick and about 400 feet square.

So much for the history of the three blocks belonging to the city which are pushing upward the prices of real estate everywhere in sight of them. Something can be told of the ownership of adjacent property. About one-third of the twenty-four blocks spoken of belong to the Astor estate. With the exception of a few lots, all the land lying between Ninth avenue and the river and Fourteenth and Little Twelfth streets is Astor property. The block lying opposite the farmers' market on Washington street, most of the lots on Little Twelfth as far east as Hudson and a num-

ber on the north side of Gansevoort street, all belong to the Astors. Let us ascertain what is the number of owners of property facing the three market blocks. Beginning at the river on the north side, the great block lying between Bloomfield and Little Twelfth streets, the river and Tenth avenue, is owned by John Glass. Mr. Glass has just put up ten five-story tenement houses midway in the block, the ground floors being fitted up as immense warehouses. As we have seen, the north and east sides of the farmers' market are faced by property belonging to the Astors. The only building erected of late years on these blocks is a five-story tenement house at the corner of Washington and Gansevoort streets, built by a lessee of the lots. Of the two remaining blocks, those south of the market, the one nearest the river is owned by G. B. Lawton, while the other is the property of four persons. Here are but nine parties standing close by a hint that for many years to come will continue coming dollars in rent. It seems that the selection of this site for a market was not simply an act of our city fathers unaided by suggestions from interested citizens. The Market Journal in its issue of May 21, says:

"To secure the necessary legislation, overcome narrow and prejudiced self interest and bring about the building of this great and much needed market, has been a work of no small magnitude, and there are many who deserve honorable mention in connection with it."

Then follows praise for him who was unquestionably "the most diligent, untiring and effective worker in the cause," and of those who "stood shoulder to shoulder with him in its advocacy"—all prominent real estate owners of the neighborhood. And then is given a list of lawyers "enlisted at different stages" in the cause. One may imagine the strictly legal methods adopted by these land owners and lawyers in furthering the worthy cause when bills were clogged in their passage through the legislature or while the scheme was slumbering for two years in the sinking fund commissioner's office. But the paucity of names is constrained to speak of turpitude where it ought not to have been expected. Hear the Market Journal:

"During all these long years of public spirited effort to bestow upon the locality the advantages and benefits of a great wholesale market, the Astors, though repeatedly appealed to, have never, so far as is known, contributed one cent from their plethoric resources to advance the issue. But that they are keenly alive to the progress made is shown in the recently advanced rentals of all their property in the vicinity. It is reported that the coming of the new market has already increased their annual revenue a hundred thousand dollars. They buy and lease, but never sell."

We see there is not always the honor among money gathering men that people have a right to expect.

Suppose we inquire a little as to the rewards of the landlords hereabout—of those who were wickedly idle during the progress of "the cause," alike with those others who had the merit of diligence and persistence in the duty of putting themselves in a position in which they could gather something while doing nothing. The information is not difficult to gather, for the tenant of the neighborhood finds doleful comfort in showing the gaping wounds that the landlord has inflicted in his bank account.

The gore, 204 by 199 feet, at Bloomfield street, Tenth avenue and Little Twelfth street, was bought a few months ago for \$150,000. It was offered for sale three years ago at \$90,000. On it stands a rookery unrivaled in New York in dirt and rickety-ness. On the corner opposite, on the market square, stands a building owned by the city and leased by a politician for \$1,200 per annum. The lessee sublets part of the building, the side yard, the back yard and the sidewalks to market men at a total sum which common rumor sets down from \$5,000 to \$5,000 a year. On the corner of Washington and Little Twelfth streets the proprietor of the pottery, a lessee of Astor land, has partitioned off what was formerly its front yard, a space about thirty feet in depth and eighty feet facing on the street, and erected on it four marketmen's one-story cribs. The tenants pay \$700 a year apiece for them. The four lots were offered a few years ago at \$700 a year. Nos. 57 and 59 Little Twelfth street are now let at \$1,300 a year, while not long ago they brought but \$30 a month. Looking up Washington street we see new

five story tenements going up between Thirteenth and Fourteenth streets that occupy the full block on each side. The Astors, quick to seize upon a certainty, say other real estate men lugubriously, are running up these buildings. On the next block of Little Twelfth street as we move eastward are basements renting at \$30 to \$45 a month, which formerly were empty or drew \$3 a month. The basement of No. 26 lots at \$35. Nos. 14, 16, 18 and 20, one story market cribs, bring in \$2,000 a year. Before the market opened the lot on which they stand was vacant and unproductive. At Thirteenth street and Ninth avenue, on a little flat-roofed block, is Herring's old safe factory, the ground floor transformed into a dozen marketmen's stores, all but one or two occupied. Across the way on Hudson street another building is being similarly altered. Back in Gansevoort street the story of greatly increased rents is the same. Places that were \$40 are now \$60 and \$80. A liquor store that in the old day brought the landlord \$40 a month now brings \$1,500. A tenant of one of the heroes of "the cause" on this street now pays \$65 for rooms that he once got for \$40. The small stores between Greenwich and Washington that formerly let for \$10 and \$12 are now \$25 and \$30.

There is not much real estate for sale in the district now. Several lots, however, are pointed out to the curious and their old prices and the present ones told. A lot on Gansevoort street, old price, \$5,000; present price, \$11,000; four lots on the same street, facing the market, old price, less than \$20,000; present price, \$50,000.

Rents in tenement houses as far away as Fifteenth street and Greenwich were increased the present spring one dollar on every floor, the building of the new market bringing laborers to the neighborhood. Small houses on Jane street now rent higher than formerly, because of the large number of salesmen the new market is to bring with it. The rent of stables down near the river was advanced so that truckmen's horses were driven out of them and higher toned horses put in.

It is to be observed that the lessee from the great estates on hand. He is the entrepreneur, taking risks and putting life into business, as becomes his character. A great estate leases a few lots to him for a term of years, getting from him a sure return on the best market rates of its land. He improves it to suit the customer, the improvement for a marketman being but little better than a chicken coop, and lets out his structure by the month or the single year, and if his tenant does a good business the live entrepreneur sees to it that the rent is promptly increased. If he can avoid it the lessee neither improves nor repairs the property, but shifts all such burdens on the monthly or yearly occupant. The resultant "life" in business is a transfer to the fortunate lessee of the fruits of the hard work and business talents of his tenant. The total lack of improvements at many points near the market may be traced to the avarice of the middlemen between the new market and the active business men.

Before ending our walk, let us have an interview or two with some of the residents here. We see well enough what the real estate business is. Do these workaday folks here look on it in the same light as we? Let us speak to this workman with his coat off and wearing a blue woolen shirt. He smiles at our question knowingly. He points out this house on the market square which, six years ago, sold for a third of its present value, and that one, which the owner will not sell for any price that a buyer might mention. He tells us a story. A man owning a small house in the old days wanted to sell it and move to the country. His price was \$4,500. A buyer was haggling with him about it from week to week. The buyer one day received a pointer from the inside ring that the market was surely coming. He at once called on the seller and offered his check for the \$4,500. No, the seller had had news himself. His price was now \$20,000. And the workman smiles as does one who enjoys seeing a fine game, but regrets that he is not in it.

Here is a business man seated in front of his store. A word with him. Yes, real estate has gone up, indeed. His opinion, profoundly worked out in our presence, is that in some cases it has been doubled; in some again, advanced fifty per cent; in others, thirty-three per cent. Rents were stiff, especially on Astor property. There was a restaurant over there renting at \$100 a month. It had had five proprietors eaten up in it in five years by that time. A smart, well-dressed, middle

aged Irishman. He discovers himself as a landlord. Yes, yes. Real estate is lively. He and the other real estate owners have generally done much for the neighborhood in stirring up things. But those Astors do nothing. They are unpopular with the rest of the landlords. They do no more now than "Crazy" Astor did when he owned the end of the ward. He had seen him many a time, a man of unsound intellect going out riding with his physician. While he lived in a great house that stood in the middle of the block at Ninth avenue and Fourteenth street, a being that could not count, nor know values, nor attend to any business, his real estate was rolling up wealth for him. What was the total increased value of the locality since the farmers' market came? No one could reckon it exactly. Somewhere between five and ten millions.

Our walk is ended; a good deal has been learned. If the Astors alone are richer by a hundred thousand dollars a year through the increase of rents near the Gansevoort markets, it is safe to assume that all the land owners there are drawing a total of three hundred thousand dollars annually—six per cent of five million dollars. In addition, the lessees are receiving a large amount from the farmers, laborers, truck drivers, market porters, and salesmen are making only current wages, and the business men are struggling against advancing rents, which leaves them, on the average, with about what they could get from their labor and capital wherever else they could apply these means of obtaining a livelihood. The class that possesses the sites of the stores holds a taxing power over the rest that is limited only at the point at which the tenants may be driven away. Not a hand's turn need be done by the landlord class in producing the wealth from which it deducts so large a percentage for itself. When the new markets are built, the landlord's tax will surely go far higher than now, and will continue to rise with the earning power due to better facilities and the concentration of trade.

In the light of these facts, let us consider the "land" question for a moment. Somehow, when land is mentioned, men see in their mind's eye a plowed field. They ought rather to see a city lot, for the land question is a question of values. While nearly all land is in the country, land values are mostly in the cities. Men figure to themselves to battle for land as between a frenzied farmer, defending his acres with firearms unto the death, and a mob of reckless wretches pouring out of the alleys of town and city. The real land issue lies in the main between the owners of business sites and residence lots on the one hand and the men ready, willing and able to use them, if vacant, or who do use them and pay rent for them on the other.

Assuming that the Gansevoort section of New York has increased five millions in value during the past six or seven years, we may make some comparisons between city and country land values. In the state of New York there are twelve agricultural counties, in each of which the value of the farms, including land, fences and buildings, is less than \$10,000,000. If the improvements represent one-half the value, all the farming land of each of these counties is worth about as much money as the citizens of New York have put to the bank account of the Gansevoort land owners in a few years. The total value of the farms of the state of New York, land, fences and buildings, was in 1880 less than eleven hundred million dollars; the assessed valuation of New York city real estate was more than nine hundred millions.

Would it not seem reasonable and just, if, instead of presenting to the Gansevoort land owners the premium arising from the growth of business in that district, society should take it for the benefit of those who created it—all the people? A like premium arises wherever men are competing for business sites or residence lots, for mines or farm lands. The vantage points best situated are something for which men are willing to pay if the vantage places are open to them. Why are some men permitted to close them off? No reply can be given founded on morals or expediency. This power to close the highways to wealth is the underlying social wrong.

In Gansevoort we have seen the evils of land ownership. There is a remedy for it. If in Gansevoort, and throughout the country, a tax on land values were imposed that would consume the rents for land, the results, on a little reflection, can be seen. No land of any value could be held unproductive. Landlords could not raise impassable barriers between

labor and land. Business men could not be blackmailed of their good will. Every worker could find land, at least, to labor upon. Homes would be possible to all. No other taxes than the land tax need be imposed, and all articles of consumption could be bought without their price being increased by taxes. Men could start in life without a handicap being put upon them by landlords. One man could not long profit by another's labor.

Is This Anarchy, or Only Common Sense?
Hamilton, Ont., Times.

In a speech at St. Hyacinthe Mr. Mercier touched the key to a solution of the whole financial difficulty. We quote from the report:

We had under timber license on the 30th of June, 1886, 46,078 square miles of forest; that is to say, that speculators in lumber merchants held them under lease at the rate of two dollars per square mile, and in consideration of certain money payments on each log cut.

We have increased the rate of rent, and we have fixed it at five dollars per square mile. The Ontario government has followed our example and increased the ground rent, though to a less extent.

Mr. Mercier finds it possible to increase the ground rents of the forest land, leased by the lumbermen and speculators, because the value has increased. He sees nothing immoral in taking this unearned increment for the public revenue. Now, why should Mr. Mercier confine his operations to timber lands? All the land in the province is really held in lease from the "crown," that is, the provincial legislature. The legislature delegates to the municipal councils authority to collect a rental for the use of the land, but the amount collected is by no means equal to the full rental value. The legislature has full power and right to increase the ground rent when additional municipal or provincial revenue is needed. Here is a source from which all the provinces can obtain plenty of revenue without any dickerings with the federal government. The abolition of the subsidies can then be agreed upon, and the votes of the people can compel the Dominion parliament to reduce federal (indirect) taxation to a mere fraction of what it is at present. A result of the change might be that land speculators would have to go to some productive work to make a living, but that change need not be generally resented. Keep right on, Mr. Mercier. An addition of \$138,000 to the provincial revenue is not enough. Ground rents can be drawn upon for many times that sum, not only without injustice, but with great advantage to the working masses, who produce the wealth of the community.

"Out of Debt."
Burlington, Ia., Justice.

"No, sir, I owe no man a dollar. I buy everything for cash. Ever since I commenced business I have kept out of debt." So, the other day, spoke out a Jefferson street dealer. "Well," we said, "but you have borrowed your store building and the ground on which it stands, have you not?" "Oh, yes; I don't own them." "What rent do you pay?" "One thousand dollars a year." "How much of that is ground rent?" "About \$700, I should think." "Well, you are a logical man to assert that you are quite out of debt! One thousand dollars a year is the interest at seven per cent of about \$15,000; besides, as population grows so will that rent, for which your landlord has a lien (a first lien, mind you, that precedes all other claims, mortgages or even your own funeral expenses) upon your stock, and this is not all. In addition, you are borrowing at so high a rate a piece of the earth's surface, you are taxed upon your stock, a tax that is a second lien, taking precedence of all claims but the landlord's!"

What do they assess you at? Two thousand dollars. Tax levy about fifty-five mills makes your annual payment \$105. But more, as you can't control the careless actions of the men occupying the offices above you, or the incalculable intentions of your financially troubled neighbors, your stock must be insured or you can't sleep at night. Here's more debt, is it not? You are insured on \$8,000 the rate is one per cent or \$80 a year. For watering the street you pay again \$1.50 a month for eight months or \$12 for the season. Out of debt not much, my hard working friend; and there are yet many liabilities you have quite overlooked, but I will name only one more—the constant payments you are forced to make under the name of benevolence to excursions, public exhibitions, bands in the public square, missionaries and churches. You know, as we do, that the lawyers and doctors assuage the bankers, the manufacturers, or clerks cannot easily be coerced, but you must buy, under fear of boycott, almost everything that is offered. Out of debt are you? Not much, Mary Ann!"

Creating Wealth by Labor.
Faraway Mores writes from Pensacola to the Toledo News:

I took a stroll among the tenderfoot and club gentry of our city some time ago, and found them busy looking over some new maps and big rolls of paper, with black and colored streaks and lines and dots all over them. Being a little puzzled I asked them what they were doing. They told me they were drawing off cities for future generations to live in. They also asked me to help them out by buying some lots. Being a dealer in all kinds of lots myself, but sand lots, I naturally inquired what market value they had. They told me they had no market value except what they (the agency) would create by advertising in newspapers and railroad circulars, which would induce people to come there to build. Then they (the speculators) would raise the value of the lots to what the people could afford to pay. Not being very anxious to speculate in that kind of lots, nor understanding fully how to discount the future, I left them, and so the conversation ended.

Presbyterianism and Anti-Poverty.

A correspondent who signs himself "A True Blue Presbyterian and a George Man," writes to the Presbyterian Observer:

Clergymen are constantly wondering why the mass of the people take so little interest in the affairs of the church. An answer to their query in this regard is very easy—simply, that there is abroad an opinion that the church is out of sympathy with the masses, and I am sorry to say that I believe this myself.

Dr. McGlynn is spoken of as a revolutionist. What good man is not a revolutionist in the present state of society? Will any one go so far as to state that mankind has reached that acme of civilization, and that the millennium has already arrived? I would like to make the acquaintance of that man who is so bold as to say that. "I come not to send peace, but a sword," says Christ.

A Philanthropist Who Provides Work.

The Springfield Republican names a man in Northampton, Mass., who, as asserted, has for several years been supplying New England farmers with ignorant foreigners whom he picks up through agents as soon as they land, and induces them to sign cast-iron contracts to work for a certain length of time for about half the usual wages or forfeit everything due them. He "sells" these unfortunate to farmers at \$10 a head and clears about \$400 a month. It is asserted that he has placed 5,000 of them in the agricultural districts of the east.

For Pitt's Sake! Aren't They Doing So?
Patterson Guardian.

The tenement houses of New York are a disgrace to American civilization. A writer in a July magazine, who describes graphically the disease, vice and crime resulting from overcrowded dwellings, states that the most densely inhabited portion of London contains 170,000 people to the square mile, while in New York there are similar areas containing 200,000. If Henry George and Dr. McGlynn would grapple with this monstrous evil, instead of advocating abstract economic theories, they might accomplish some practical good.

The Masque of Life.

The poor are growing poorer,
And the rich are growing richer;
The gambler cloths fattens upon
The lean and hungry sticher.

The mountains of gold which some have rolled
From above, around and under,
Burn gloomy bright as a comet at night,
And should make men weep and wonder.

Ghastly is the dance of death,
Ghastlier the dance of being—
A masque fantastical and strange
To the hearing and the seeing.

One man lies on pulpy down,
Another lacks a bed;
One man eats and drinks his fill,
Another hath not bread.

The pale women in the factories,
The children dwarfed and ugly,
Dives, within his counting house
Secure, surveyeth smugly.

They cry, "We rot in these dark dens,"
He carth not a little.
They cry, "We swoon with toil," but he
Thinks ten hours' work too little.

Ghastly is the dance of death,
Ghastlier the dance of being—
A masque fantastical and strange
To the hearing and the seeing.

Lo! here comes a reverend doctor,
In the midst of all our troubles,
Wrangling and grinning wildly
Over his own learned bubbles.

And he mingles with the masquers,
And he dances and he sings,
Scribbling on the eternal heavens
His grotesque imaginings.

Meanwhile, in the lanes and alleys,
Souls are slain for want of teaching,
Which might all have sung one tone
Of round music had they known
More of love and less of preaching.

Ghastly is the dance of death,
Ghastlier the dance of being—
A masque fantastical and strange
To the hearing and the seeing.

Here's a woman decked with pearls,
As with stars the midnight sky,
Clad in smooth and warm excess
And soft superfluity.

Here's another, hung with rags
As with weeds of shabby motion,
That clasp some mouldering palace wall
On a deserted shore, or crawl
Idly on the ocean.

Here's a thing that's half a saint,
Half a soldier, all a monarch,
Weighing down a people's life,
Yet a most embodied anarch.

Like a bloodhound lean and fierce
He gnaws Europe; yet his curship
Talks of God in every act,
And blasphemers him by such worship.

Here's a lord with Sunday club,
Bright and light to lounge and lurch in,
Closing up the wayside shop
Where the poor man used to stop
To drink his beer and eat his lunch in.

Doth this see this man? The morning
Of his life was hard, stern work,
And the evening closes round him
Desolate and bare and dark.

All the toil and sore endeavor—
The sharp fight fought every day
Leaves him still the same grim foe
Now that he is old and gray.

Seest this other man? Birds dancing
In the heavenward flash of spring,
Perfumed flowers in sheltered gardens,
Brooks that leap and laugh and sing.

Butterflies within the sunshine,
Living in one smile of fate,
Knowing but the world's adorning,
Are the symbols of his state.

Let both mingle with the masquers
And dance on these sharp extremes
Are the miserable nightmares
That beag our waking dreams.

Ghastly is the dance of death,
Ghastlier the dance of being—
A masque fantastical and strange
To the hearing and the seeing.

But the earth is slowly ripening,
Like a great fruit in the sun,
And will learn some better dancing
Ere the centuries are done.

THE POOR, POORER?

I have been working out a puzzle. It is not one performed with blocks, or rings, or strings, or figures. It is solved in the mind alone—when solved at all. It has baffled many good, earnest people. It is started by a question, and until a satisfactory answer is reached, one is haunted by it. The question is, Are the poor growing poorer?

There you are, plunged right into the intricacies of the puzzle. You are recalling your own experience. You are thinking of the sermons you have heard on the topic. You are trying in vain to reconcile the Atkinsonian statistics. You are weighing some of the countless assertions that people have made in your presence in reply to that question.

Now, I want to bring you gradually to the point at which the debate rested with me. When we say "the poor," we do not refer to the poor Indian or any poor savage. Neither do we mean the poor Hindoo, the poor Chinaman, nor the poor Russian. You did not mean any of these, did you? No, nor very likely the peasantry of Italy, or Spain, or South America, or, to come nearer our range of personal acquaintance, of Ireland. Eliminate these poor from the problem, and there are, comparatively, not many poor left. Say only those in England, France and Germany. In those countries the cities are growing rapidly, much as they are in America, though France keeps a larger proportion of her population in the rural districts than do the rest of us. If we glance at a few statistical tables relating to the laboring classes of England, France and Germany, we are apt to wonder how the poor get along over there at all, and we see that it will require a great change to make any noticeable improvement in their condition. They cannot have grown very much better off, for there is only the shadow of a line between the large masses of the poor and pauperism.

And so we are brought home to America to work out our puzzle here.

I suppose you have gone all through the mill on this question. I dare say you have consumed all the facts that could be imparted to you by the daily newspapers, the

magazines and the solid tomes of the libraries. At one time you were convinced that the poor were not so badly off as they were a quarter of a century ago—and you happened to walk through a crowded quarter of the city and the appalling evidences of poverty there staggered your belief. Hence you failed to detect the first streaks of the millennial sun in the eastern sky. At another time your newspaper contained the quarterly mortality tables, and you saw that the poor, and especially the children of the poor, were dying off like flies in early frost time, and you were about forming the opinion that the lot of the poor of this country was never more dreadful—when you were recalled to a happier frame of mind by seeing a washerwoman in a silk dress.

A silk dress! That brings up the sermons. How they are cast in one mold! The poor nowadays enjoy what kings in the old days could not—and all that. Then the enumeration of the things of luxury that the poor have now occasionally and that the kings could not have had because these modern fine things existed not in their day. Did Prince Hal have a locomotive? Never. Did Henry VIII have a pipe of tobacco, a lucifer match, a Waterbury watch, or a chromo? He had none of these. Yet the poorest of our poor enjoy them all. Our poor are richer than were the old-time kings!

Well, fellow sufferer, I, too, have imbibed all the benefit I could from the sermons, the editorial builders, the figure paraders, and still I have been asking myself, Are the poor growing poorer? Accident lately threw a flood of satisfying light on the subject for me.

I was seated in the office of a coal yard down near the river front, chatting with the bookkeeper. The topic was, "Are the poor growing poorer?" The bookkeeper believed they were not. I was taking the other side of the argument, either because he was so positive in his opinion, or because the facts latest coming to my observation had acted on my mind like the varying wind on a weather vane, and had directed my attention to the extreme poverty of the many.

The office door leading to the coal yard was open, and on the steps sat a dirty, ragged fellow. Unknown to us he was listening to our talk. Presently, when a lull occurred in the conversation, he looked in on us. I saw he was a hard-faced, middle-aged tramp. The expression of his face was at once humorous, careless and defiant. I glanced at the bookkeeper and saw he was in a mood to tolerate the vagrant's talk, since something we had said related to his class. The tramp saw it, too, and began a monologue, which he was allowed to proceed with. I shall not attempt to reproduce in type his thieves' lingo. His manner showed the outcast. He began by assuring me that I was "dead wrong." He would prove it.

He had two professions. In summer he was a tramp; in winter a pauper. He had sworn off hard work thirty years ago. He was English. The best friend he ever had was a tramp who had been thirty years on the road when he himself began the practice of his professions in England. So he was familiar with tramp life for a period of sixty years. And to hear now that the poor were growing poorer!

Why, sixty years ago tramps in England were liable to arrest for doing nothing but tramping, and the prisons were horrible. He had come to this country before the war, and there were mighty few tramps in America then. During the war everybody had money, of course, and he made some himself bounty jumping. But it all went soon. What did he want with money? All his relatives were low down social outcasts, and he felt that he never could get above them. They were bound to find him out and pull him down if he happened to grow respectable. They did not have the foolish pride that some poor people possess, those that work and starve themselves to death trying to be called honest and thinking they did great things in holding themselves above begging. His family never had notions of that kind. When he landed, a stowaway, at New York, long years ago, he found hardly any people who shared his views about shifting along without work. What a fine time he had! Begging was easy, for folks thought it such a pity that an able-bodied young fellow like him should have to beg his way to find work, as he used to say he was doing, and they would often give him food and money. But of late years tramps seemed to be growing right out of the ground, and it cost more effort to get a crust at a basement door of a cook or waitress than it once did to pull a dollar out of a kindly-disposed gentleman's pocketbook. Tramps were so numerous now in New York that the parks were filled with them. Just for fun, one day he counted the idlers hanging around the Battery pretending they wanted work, and there were nearly three hundred of them. Lots of men were finding out that a fellow could live as a tramp until he died. That's about all the fellows who work can do—live until they die. Astor only got his board and clothes, you know.

Well, but about the poor growing poorer. He was "dead sure" they were not. He was certain the poor had many things now that they did not have thirty years ago. Now, look here. He was a consistent representative of the poorest class. He had nothing, not even a character. Even the clothes on his back he had begged or "swiped." Now, he ought to know, by personal observation, whether he was poorer than he was thirty years ago. He wasn't a bit. He could enjoy more, see more, travel easier and partake of the benefits of civilization as would have been absolutely impossible for him when he came to America. Now, take traveling, for example. Thirty years ago he would have been obliged to "leg it" in many parts of the country where he could now hang onto a brake beam and make quick time. It would have been impossible then for him to visit California, but he had been there twice in the last five years. He could make San Francisco in from two to three weeks from New York, stealing rides on railroad trains. How was that for growing poorer? Then newspapers. They are cheap, and people throw away a great many. He never bought a newspaper in his life, but he would bet he

knew everything that was going on. And household goods. Why, he could remember when the tableware in the almshouses and jails were made of wood. Now they were made of stoneware, and the knives and forks were of better material. These residences of his class were comfortably heated now with steam; in old times one big wood stove was expected to heat a whole jail. There were more counties now in every state than there were thirty years ago, and all of them had prisons and poor houses. The paupers had more and better accommodations. He had traveled through the south, and had seen how the colored people lived. They did not as a class have the conveniences of life that the northern pauper enjoyed. But when they were slaves they had not owned even themselves; now they had an opportunity to save whatever they could after paying their rent. Look out west. There were many out there who had grown from poverty to wealth. Of course, though, the chances for everybody doing well were less than they used to be, but that must be expected as a country settles up, and some get rich enough to own the farms and the town lots. But if any one wanted to be convinced that the poor were not growing poorer, let him look at any factory town. See the fine clothes both the men and women wear. Did that not prove that the poor were growing better off? Those fine clothes could not have been worn by any but the rich fifty years ago. It was just like the steam heat in jails and the quick traveling of the tramps. Everybody gets some share of improvement in the arts. These factory people, of course, lost time by suspensions of work on account of over-production and strikes and lockouts, and they could not aspire to self-employment or think of changing their employment, but they had in their houses what their grandfathers never had—chromos, dollar newspapers, Bayside libraries, cheap silk dresses, chinaware and carpets. See what chances there were to "tramp it" when work was slack! Factory people all expected to be seeking for work from place to place sooner or later, and instead of walking they could journey by rail for nothing, as tramps do. Another thing, factory people and others like them, employed irregularly and nowhere permanently, incurred no expenses in maintaining homes for themselves. So they were enabled to buy good clothes.

Our tramp wound up his curious talk by declaring that he lived in the city because he could enjoy more things here than could the hard working men in the country. Poor as he was he was better off than the lonely farmer who hoed his own acres.

As I have said, I had light enough given me in response to the question, Are the poor growing poorer? The tramp gave it to me.

An Open Letter to Professor David Swing. W. H. Van Ornum of Ravenswood, Ill., has addressed a letter to Professor David Swing of Chicago in answer to his recent sermon on "Henry George's Dream." Space forbids the publication of more than one or two points:

"You lay great stress upon the fact that in the two 'streams of eloquence' under consideration neither Dr. McGlynn nor Mr. Pentecost 'make any approach toward explaining the free landism of their chief claimant, Henry George; nor did either intimate in any manner how the poor could all be made comfortable by any new plan.' These explanations have been made so often and so distinctly that there remains not the slightest excuse for any man who lays claim to being at all well informed to plead ignorance; nor in the speeches of Rev. Dr. McGlynn or Mr. Pentecost can one fail to get a clear idea of what free land means or how it is to be obtained. Its necessary effect upon the masses of poor people who are now shut out from participation in God's bounties is also clearly pointed out. There is no need of the least reservation or evasion, a fact which you ought to know if you do not. We might with as much reason expect you to explain fully the plan of salvation in every sermon you preach, as for you to cavil at them for not fully and exhaustively explaining the remedy in addresses intended to awaken the hearts and consciences of men to this great injustice. . . . But the most surprising statement is the one that it would be a matter of great joy for many of our millionaires if all taxes should be exacted from land investments.' Perhaps that is the reason so many of our millionaires are so enthusiastically supporting Henry George!"

When Mr. Warder Retires Will He Talk About How He Worked for His Money? Springfield, Ohio, Republic.

Mr. B. H. Warder of this city spent the winter in Washington, and when he returned he was amusing himself with buying and selling real estate. He has had wonderful success, and it is said that the crowd of speculators at the capital watch his investments closely and buy as near as they can what he buys. Mr. Warder buys a piece of property owned of adjacent property immediately after the price so that his profit is assured. The following special gives an account of Mr. Warder's success. It is clipped from a Philadelphia paper and his address is given as Chicago instead of Springfield:

"Capitalists from all sections of the country continue to flock to Washington, apparently holding real estate investments in that city in higher esteem than in any other. The late Senator Cameron, who is said to have added \$250,000 to his vast fortune by shrewd purchases here, B. H. Warder of Chicago is understood to have made the most out of recent real estate speculation here. Mr. Warder does not buy for the purpose of holding his purchases for any considerable time. His rule is to sell quickly, always at a profit, of course, but never to wait for enormous gains. Less than a year ago he bought a tract of land on Sixteenth street at \$1.50 per foot, which he held for a short time and then disposed of it at an advance of fifty cents. The same property has been sold three times since, and the estimate is that in a year more it will be held at \$3 a foot."

It's a Very Simple Question. The question requires no complex reasoning; in its entirety it is simplicity itself. So simple is it that the natural instinct of the most ignorant man that ever existed (providing that his reason was not impaired) would easily lead him to a correct understanding of the fundamental principles of this most pertinent of all questions. It is in brief: Are the whole people of the world equally entitled to a footing upon it, or are some people specially blessed with privileges not enjoyed by the rest of humanity?

The Bodyke Tenants. In the case of forty-nine of these Bodyke tenants, so far as I could ascertain, the government valuation of their holdings was \$300; the rent in 1850 amounted to \$365; when the present agitation broke out, these had been "racked up" on the tenants' own improvements and the supposed rise in the value of land to \$1,294, which was reduced by the land court to \$200.

Land and Labor. The following are extracts from correspondence received by Secretary Barnes at 28 Cooper union:

Lockport, N. Y.—Dr. McGlynn's lecture has done a world of good here. It has stopped the cry of "anarchy," etc. Several of our most intelligent citizens have said since the lecture that they do not know but the single tax is right. On our side will be found true religion, morality, intelligence, charity, justice, philanthropy; arrayed against us only selfishness, avarice and ignorance. The old racial feuds must be blotted out, and this can only be done by preaching the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of men.

Buffalo, N. Y.—Dr. McGlynn had an audience here of earnest, thoughtful faces, old men and young, maids and matrons, and every seat filled, and the aisles as far as was permitted. Scores could not get near the doors and were turned away; all this in an orderly manner as any church gathering. The doctor spoke two hours and a half and many remained standing the entire time. We find a growing sentiment here in favor of the single tax. The Tammany politicians at the O'Brien meeting. Think of a paper calling itself the organ of labor (Buffalo Truth) heading a five-line notice of Dr. McGlynn as "The Priestly Politician." No wonder people distrust the "professional" labor reformers of this city.

F. W. Morgan, Troy, N. Y.—Land and labor club No. 19 has elected the following officers: President, H. C. Romaine; vice-president, A. J. Nugent; financial secretary, James Chambers; treasurer, George L. Storer, with myself as recording secretary.

John Daly, secretary land and labor club, Iron Mountain, Mich.—It is astonishing the amount of attention that is paid in this place to the doctrines advocated by our organization, and the secret of it is that we don't need to dwell very long on the theoretical part of it, because it is so easy to deny with it in the practical way. We have only to point out of our window and ask who they are that own this land of the upper peninsula, and the answer is plain: the great corporations, not the hardy pioneers who, by their skill and endurance have opened the resources of the country. This is the hot-bed of monopoly, the paradise of land pirates, and real estate men speak about it in veneration. This county is labor in politics from dog catcher to legislator.

F. M. Crosby, Wakefield, Mass.—Our club has elected the following officers: President, George B. Sinclair; vice-president, J. N. Ryder; financial secretary, J. S. Cooper; treasurer, S. H. Higgins; recording and corresponding secretary, myself.

Bernard W. Doyle, register of deeds, Milwaukee, Wis.—The content of the lecture of the labor party has done, but by reason of its practical way, to deliver his address at the great picnic on the Fourth of July. He can speak at Racine on the 5th, and we have engaged one of the largest halls here for the evening of the 6th, and expect to pack it with people from parquette to dome.

C. H. Fuller, Middletown, N. Y.—There was an excellent audience to hear Dr. McGlynn here, and on the day following hundreds regretted the fact that they also had not attended. The lecture created a profound impression.

D. L. Munro, Altoona, Pa.—Not 200 yards from where I sit writing this, in what is known as the valley of Altoona, Pa., eastern side, is a block of unimproved vacant land—enough to make happy homes for fifty families, made valuable not by reason of anything the holder has done, but by reason of its proximity to the center of business. Although building lots are much sought after, yet the occupant of this block will not dispose of any part of it. Here is a property which blocks development of the city. Should not this and land alike situated be more heavily taxed to choke off such and all similar dogs in the manger? Those who give opposition advance no sufficient reason for doing so, but simply that it partakes of "socialism." It strikes me as novel to hear such parties prate of robbery and religion. The movement has many friends and cannot be set aside. The picnic here on the Fourth of July under the auspices of the K. of L. proved to be a big demonstration of the cause.

From New York, Richmond, Va. and Hollidaysburg, Pa., have been secured.

—We attended the conference at Elmira last week, with the result that we are dissatisfied with its leaders. We do not believe they are honest in their undertaking. For this reason we come to the united labor party, believing that the land doctrine is the one to follow. I shall from this forward do all I can to advance the interests of the united labor party of New York.

Finlay A. Grant, Merricourt, Dak.—The dearth of settlers here is not due to the fact that unimproved land is scarce, or that land seekers are few. There is land in plenty, and intending settlers come daily, but pass further on, for, though not a tenth of the land is improved, it is not to be had for less than \$100 an acre. It is hard, in a disfranchised region like this, to brook the thought of waiting for a share in the fight until the battle has been half won. I am now doing for land reform all that my time and opportunity will permit.

W. H. Ryan, Louisville, Ky.—There are a number here who are friends of the movement, but who hesitate publicly to proclaim the fact lest by so doing they should be injured in business. You are doing a grand work in New York, and THE STANDARD is doing grand work all over the country. We need more Standardes. We can only have one George and one McGlynn. Shearman's essay on "The Single Tax" is a home thrust.

D. T. M. Crowe, Buffalo, N. Y.—The O'Brien incident is an event portending the absolute destruction of landlordism and proclaiming with powerful effectiveness the principles of equity and justice. Coming events cast their shadow before. That the event in this case will be greater than its shadow is already apparent.

Auburn, N. Y.—Dr. McGlynn's lecture accomplished more than the most sanguine could have hoped for. People who have hitherto been bitterly opposed both to the doctor and to Mr. George are now willing to be classed as disciples of both.

John J. Kelleher, Boston, Mass.—We are now thoroughly organized, with president, A. Barbut, treasurer, T. Collins, and myself as secretary, and we are having very spirited discussions on land reform every night.

William H. Coughlin, Groversville, N. Y.—Our club organized on Friday, June 3, and our membership is increasing rapidly in this stronghold of the grand old party. We have now forty members on the roll.

John H. McCormick, Tampa, Fla.—Our land and labor club here is organized with thirty members on the roll and officers elected. We have distributed several thousand tracts and have some good men reading THE STANDARD. Groversville, N. Y.—This town, containing the villages of Groversville and Johnston, with 20,000 people, nearly all wage earners, is the very place where the land and labor doctrines should get a strong hold. Some of our people have heard Mr. Redpath and would like to have him come here and give us a lecture.

William E. Morgan, Syracuse, N. Y.—Dr. McGlynn's lecture is the principal topic in the city to-day. He sounded an alarm, the echo of which has reverberated into the homes and workshops of the people in this vicinity.

W. W. Bailey, state organizer of Indiana, writes: H. Martin Williams, the gifted Missouri orator, was here in Vincennes recently under the auspices of land and labor club No. 3, and had a large, intelligent audience. Some who came to scoff remained to pray, and such was the general effect of his speech that if he were to come again he would draw a very much larger audience. Preparations are being made by the local club to organize the country, which will be done just as soon as harvest is over. I am satisfied that the sentiment here is rapidly changing in our favor. Everybody is giving more or less thought to the question. Vincennes will send a good delegation to the Fourth of July conference and celebration at Cincinnati, where Henry George is to speak. The demand for THE STANDARD is steadily growing.

Organizing in Philadelphia. PHILADELPHIA, June 30.—The Nineteenth ward land and labor club was formed last evening in the hall of the Textile workers progressive union, 2418 North Front street. Isaac B. Miller was chosen president; Joseph Lawson, vice-president; John Key, secretary; and Edward McCullity, treasurer. Meetings will be held at the same place every Wednesday evening. This is the first ward organization of the party in this city, and starts under encouraging auspices. The Henry George club is taking an active interest in the movement. J. H. M.

Work in Minneapolis. MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., June 27.—Our city has been quietly organizing. We have seven out of the thirteen wards organized, with one more to be added this week. Our progress is steady and the whole movement harmonious. Our greatest lack has been a few good, popular speakers. We hold a big picnic on the Fourth, at which the "land question" will be the theme for orations. At a meeting held on Sunday afternoon it was unanimously decided to organize an anti-poverty society. THE STANDARD is doing good work here. A. DOLLENMAYER.

Tampa, Fla.—We have organized a Henry George land and labor club here. The following officers have been elected: F. M. Myers, president; W. A. McArthur, M. D. first vice-president; S. M. Loomer, second vice-president; John H. McCormick, secretary; G. W. Carter, treasurer.

We are going to work with our sleeves rolled up, and in a few months we will, I hope, have a few hundred members. The night we organized some thirty signed their names on our books. We have a splendid field to work in, and we expect to make good use of our time. We shall endeavor to put as many copies of THE STANDARD in circulation as we can, as we believe it is doing a good work wherever read. God speed Dr. McGlynn and Henry George and the Rev. Hugh Pentecost. They are doing a grand and noble work. Would to God we had thousands of such men and less Corrigans, Hewitts, Goulds, and such stock, then this world would be better off. Corrigan cannot stem the tide of public opinion that is rising in his church, and the sooner he learns this the better for the Catholic church. JOHN H. MCCORMICK.

This Sort of Thing Passes for Argument With the Pro-Poverty Press. New York Sun.

We suppose that Mr. Henry George would willingly confess that the last two months of his life have been the happiest he has ever experienced. He has started a paper of which he is the sole proprietor, and its weekly balance sheet, we believe, shows a comfortable sum to his credit.

Yet his satisfaction over the week's work cannot be half so intense as the pleasure which he gets every Sunday evening at the meeting of the Anti-poverty society in the Academy of Music. That is the culminating moment of the week in Mr. George's happiness and might well fill the heart of any man with a glow of pleasure. He then appears as the idol of a band of enthusiastic and emotional philosophers, and it is not too much to say that they regard him as the first of living men. He is the pioneer, if not the inventor, of a system of taxation which they hope will relieve the human race of all the economic ills with which it struggles.

On Sunday night last Mr. George said that one thing gave him even greater pleasure than the demonstration for which his weekly entrance on the Academy stage was always the signal. This was the applause bestowed upon Dr. McGlynn. "This week," said Mr. George, "Dr. McGlynn is to be excommunicated."

The crowning triumph of the editor of THE STANDARD's brief career as a political and economic agitator in this city is this fact of excommunication.

Mr. George's effort to put all taxes on land is no nearer to success than it was when he ran for mayor. But upon the issue raised between him and the Roman Catholic church he has unquestionably had a smashing victory. It has been like a contest for the possession of a priest. Should he cleave to his church or to Mr. George? He has chosen George. No wonder that the latter was gratified by the excommunication. It was the proof of his own victory, whatever effect it may eventually have upon the priest.

Anti-Poverty Societies of One. The Kansas City Star recently published this interview with a prominent real estate speculator:

About three months ago we received from a party in Worcester, Mass., \$10,000 to invest in Kansas City real estate, which we did in that delightful suburb of Argentine, which at that time was comparatively quiet and uninteresting. The "boom" had not yet struck there. We went in with him and bought an eighty-acre piece at \$500 per acre, one-half cash. Since that time the Burton stock car company, the Meigs elevated road and various other smaller manufacturing have located there, and in just six weeks we sold those eighty acres at \$1,500 an acre, clearing just \$50,000 on the deal. Of course this made him feel pretty good, and he came again, bringing some money with him that belonged to a young widow of his town, and we invested it for him at Argentine, in several pieces of acre property; this time at much higher figures than at first paid, and in some instances was obliged to go in with them to give them confidence. Well, during the past ten days we have sold them out clear and clean of everything, at a net profit of \$45,000, part of which they desire to invest again at Argentine this week or next.

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NEW PUBLICATIONS. HENRY GEORGE'S SOLUTION OF THE LABOR PROBLEM. WHY I PREACHED ON IT.

by HUGH O. PENTECOST, Minister to the Belleville Union Congregational Church in Newark, N. J.

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NEW PUBLICATIONS. HENRY GEORGE'S NEW BOOK, PROTECTION OR FREE TRADE? AN EXAMINATION OF THE TARIFF QUESTION WITH SPECIAL REGARD TO THE INTERESTS OF LABOR.

12mo. Cloth. Price, \$1.50.

(From Preface.) I have not only gone over the ground generally traversed, and examined the arguments commonly used, but, carrying the inquiry further than the controversialists on either side have yet ventured to go, I have sought to discover why protection retains so popular strength in spite of all exposures of its fallacies; to trace the connection between the tariff question and those still more important social questions, now rapidly becoming the "burning questions" of our times; and to show to what radical measures the principle of free trade logically leads. While pointing out the fallacy of

PUBLISHER'S NOTES.

How goes the war? Are we gaining on the enemy or are we losing ground? Through the press and turmoil of this glorious battle for human rights, through the heat and dust and clashing of this continental struggle for freedom, is the anti-poverty banner advancing, and are the anti-poverty hosts pressing harder and yet harder on their foes?

Yes, friends, the banner is advancing—the hosts of truth are gaining ground. We have forced the outposts of the enemy; we have compelled them to muster their battalions, to form their forces into line, to summon all their energies to withstand the onset that they see is surely coming before long. See how their cohorts are gathering. Every misrepresentation of our objects, every insinuation against our leaders, every depreciation of our strength, is a sure and certain sign that the supporters of monopoly and greed and poverty are bracing themselves for a life and death struggle with our advancing army. Pick up any journal, religious, secular or comic, no matter where published, and in its pages you will surely find some reference to the anti-poverty crusade—a sneer, a jest, a labored argument, a studied falsehood, an advocacy of some other remedy than ours. Read the utterances of men in public life—Fourth of July orations, their after-dinner speeches—and see how few of them are able to avoid a little fling at anti-poverty. The preachers are discussing the matter, the college forums are debating it, the little children talk about it.

There is no mistaking these signs of the times. The anti-poverty cause is gaining. The poverty-folks are scared.

And now, you readers of THE STANDARD, you men and women—aye, and children, too,—whose hearts are glad within you as you see these signs of progress, and who long with all your souls for the coming of that thrice-blessed day when poverty shall be plucked up by the roots and the last vestige of it destroyed forevermore, remember that every thing that makes you hopeful should spur you on to fresh endeavors. When the poverty-bugles are sounding all along the line, and the poverty hosts are waking from their fancied security and mustering from every direction, is not time for you to be sitting idly in your tents? Up and be doing! Let the stern shout of your defiance answer the sneers and falsehoods of your foes. You love your cause; you long with all your souls for its triumph. Let your love and longing find expression in your deeds. To work! To work! To work!

Our cause wants men. Truth we have on our side; but truth without men to voice it and enforce it is like land without labor. This battle must be decided by votes; and every ballot counts just one on either side. To get these votes—to persuade men to see the truth—is the task before us. It's a very simple one, a very easy one, if only we go at it with our whole hearts. And take this thought along with you, you men and women who read these lines, that if every one of us would go earnestly to work to spread this anti-poverty gospel, our cause would triumph within two years or less. Think of that, and then stand aside if you dare! Go out among your friends and talk the truth to them with all the earnestness and fire of men who really believe. Get them to take THE STANDARD—don't merely ask them to take it and go off with "no" for an answer; but read it to them; force them to see that it's a live paper, discussing a question that must be considered; make them know that you really want their subscriptions, that you really mean to have them, and you'll get them, sure.

BUFFALO, N. Y.—I have quite a number of friends in various parts of the country, chiefly in the western states and territories, who want to bring into the anti-poverty army. I don't know any better way to do it than by sending them THE STANDARD; but I really am not able to send a three months' subscription for one who writes me to do anything to help me? I am sure that if they got the paper for just a few weeks they would understand the matter and become subscribers.

ELIZABETH F. B.—We have received several letters of this sort lately, and have done a heap of thinking over them. And the outcome of our thinking is a system of "anti-poverty" subscriptions, which will enable THE STANDARD to do a million work upon their friends at a distance, or upon persons whom they don't know personally, but want to see brought into the fold nevertheless. We will send THE STANDARD for six weeks.

To any two addresses for fifty cents.
To any five addresses for \$1.
To any twelve addresses for \$2.

Now, friends, here's a fresh chance for you. There's mighty little doubt that any man who reads THE STANDARD for six weeks will at least get to thinking hard enough to induce him to subscribe for the paper, even if it doesn't become an out and out convert; and if each one of you will send us only two of these subscriptions, we can gather in recruits by the hundred. What do you say? A car fare saved now and again, a few pennies put by when you can spare them, will enable you to give six weeks of THE STANDARD to at least two people of the many who need it. See to it that the clergymen in your neighborhood get the benefit of these recruit subscriptions. They are the most valuable allies we can have; and when they see the truth, they labor for the cause with an energy, and a fearlessness, and a self-devotion worthy of all praise. Look out for the farmers, too; they need a course of STANDARDS badly to disabuse their minds of the poverty press slanders. Your storekeepers, too, also want looking after; your school teachers are good folks to work on; mechanics, laborers, who is there who can read and think to whom THE STANDARD cannot point the way of hope? Go for them all, good friends, and do it soon, that they, in turn, may carry the tidings on to others.

And now for a look into our mail bag. If we gave up the whole STANDARD to "Publisher's Notes" we shouldn't have room for half the letters that ought to be published, but here are some of them:

LOS ANGELES, Cal.—Inclosed is money order of \$15 for three subscriptions to THE STANDARD, and the balance for 1000 tracts for the land and labor club of this city. Clubs are now being organized in Pasadena, Monrovia, Colton, Sierra Madre, Santa Barbara, Long Beach and Riverside. The real estate boom still continues, and the fabulous profits are being realized from the increase of land values, and professional gamblers are quitting "roulette and faro" to take a hand in "lots." Louisiana lottery is at a discount and "rummy" and "big game" has lost its charms. Church societies have adopted the simple and effective method of "raising the wind," and the city of angels bids fair to rival Brooklyn in the number of her spires. Every day we are treated to an auction sale of lots, with brass band and free lunch and companions, and the erstwhile stock craze over Gould and Curry and Consolidated Virginia is totally eclipsed. The fair sex take a hand in the game, and our local "Chataqua" has resolved itself into a co-operative land speculation society. The latest phase which the boom has assumed is an auction sale of Los Angeles property, held in San Francisco on the 19th inst. Twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of lots were sold in a few hours. There are about one hundred boomers more or less magnificently throughout the country, all of which are rival claimants to the best water, the best climate and the best society. Inasmuch as the climate is an essential

item of valuation, it may truthfully be said of us that we are "selling the air." The moral tone of the community, however, is maintained by occasional raids on a faro bank or a "chicken" game. The players put up \$10 bail for their appearance in court, which event never occurs, and thus "society is saved." The country is swarming with tramps, and these are of two species. One is the tramp philosopher, the "brake beam" immigrant, with a penchant for stale beer and bayliffs. He has discovered that a multitude of people are traveling to the pearly gates on the "charity route," and he is effective to disabuse them of the "brake beam" work. He has no capital to gamble at "land faro," and he finds climate a very thin diet to subsist on. He has reached the jumping off place on his western journey, and he wanders about looking for the benevolent master who will give him "employment." He is "for sale" on the auction block, but there has been seemingly an over production of the merchandise and he is "not wanted."

In the midst of these anomalies of nature we have planted the "Cross of the New Crusade," never to be uprooted, and we earnestly hope that the day is not far distant when the fruits of mankind will be recognized in its fully-ripe season.

DEPUTY ORGANIZER FOR SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA. NEW YORK CITY.—On Sunday evening, June 19, I attended the meeting of the Anti-poverty society, faintly interested, but somewhat skeptical as to the practicality of such an organization. But under the calm, dispassionate utterances of Dr. McGlynn, the magnetic eloquence of Mr. Pentecost, and the terse, merciless, crushing logic of Henry George, I surrendered, and enrolled myself as a member of the glorious society. As I walked home, I felt that I had found a cause and an intense longing to do something, however humble, to advance it. And I venture to suggest that a great deal of good could be done, and a vast number of recruits added to the ranks by members going personally among their friends, acquaintances and neighbors and setting forth the gospel and aims of the society in such a manner as personal knowledge may suggest to be the most effective. We must not show that we would have this movement succeed. Every member ought to feel that upon his individual and unceasing efforts depends the success of the undertaking.

HENRY C. POWER. RINGWOOD, N. J.—You speak of "Progress and Poverty," I have read it, and it has been a labor question. I am with you heart and soul. I have begun the warfare, and am going to carry it into Africa. There are several I have made uncomfortable and set to thinking, as the saying is, "at the tail of the tail." If there is anything I can do, I am ready.

E. B. CRANE. NEW ORLEANS.—Inclosed please find \$10, which you will please apply as you deem best. It does not belong to me. I found it about two months ago, and have not found the owner. I cut it out of any better paper than the one you are engaged in to apply to it. If you think it will do any good you might use it toward sending a copy of "Social Problems" and "Progress and Poverty" to some one. Sam J. May, Jr., is a very small, or any others that you may think honest enough to be convinced by facts. A half dozen more like yourself and Father McGlynn and the day is won. We are away behind down here. As soon as I am able to contribute to your cause, I will do so. Very respectfully,

H. J. CLAVIER. MONROE, Mich.—I shall advocate the claims of THE STANDARD to the attention of thinking men at any and all times, though my duties will not permit me to make an arduous campaign. I shall be on the alert to spread the light.

Like the Tammany hall man in a recent number, my present position is such that a strong advocacy of what I believe might injure the bread for my wife and babies, but I am waiting for a day when I can openly advocate the land doctrine. Ten years ago I said to some friends that the day of a great change was coming, how or when I knew not, but I believed I should live to see it. They called me a crank. They have stopped calling names now, and begin to believe that "Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin" has been written on the wall.

One word more. I used to believe that the Catholic priesthood were the buttresses of bigotry. But when I read of Dr. McGlynn, and the thoughtful Catholics who are standing by him in his resistance to Italian dictation in American affairs; when I read his creed in his lecture to the Anti-poverty society, I find I am in error, and think that possibly the light may come from the Nazareth I had despised. God speed the day of its dawning.

Yours truly, A. B. DUNKIRK, N. Y.—About two years ago I sent to New York for a copy of "Progress and Poverty," and I have read it every day since. I handed it to a friend, and sent for the rest of your works; but I did not stop there. I commenced to talk about the doctrines taught in these books in the shop where I worked, in the stores where I traded, and in the street; in fact, whenever I had five minutes to spare, I devoted them to what I considered my duty to my fellow man. The next step I took was in reading a chapter every day from "Free Trade, or Protection?" in my workshop. In this way I have done what I could to "spread the light."

MINN.—My husband's subscription to THE STANDARD has expired and unluckily he has not the money to renew it. Will you please to continue it and he will send you a car fare after the 8th of July, as we will be getting money then. The house is lonesome without THE STANDARD. This is a terrible hard place; we've lost our crops so often last year by hail storms.

ASPER, Cal.—Inclosed find postal note for subscription to THE STANDARD. I have been a reader of your paper since the first issue for twenty-five years and expected the democratic party, to which I belonged, to be the party of the future. But I find there is no difference between the republican party and them, therefore let my voice swell the chorus, "The people must and shall have their inheritance." All hail to the noble Dr. McGlynn! May the Lord take a liking to him!

CHAS. A. CHAPMAN. PORTLAND, Ore.—I send you my subscription for the balance of the year. I don't want to be left without my paper, as there are about twenty others eager to read it after I get through, and after that it even goes for me with Alaska, with a friend on the steamer.

WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT. LOWELL, Mass.—Inclosed please find \$1 initiation fee to the Anti-poverty society. I wish to have my name enrolled among the names of those who love their fellow men. I am doing all I can in every way I can to forward the principles of justice and land reform, and I have made some converts. My talents are humble, but as much as I can that I will do to hasten the great emancipation, for

There comes a better day, When right shall over might prevail, And truth like heroes armed in mail, The host of tyrants, wrong, assail, And hold eternal sway.

GEORGE H. BROWN. PHILADELPHIA.—I take this method to give vent to my feelings, for I feel that at last a cause has arisen in this world that a person can live and die for. And as I have taken THE STANDARD for the first issue, I wish now to say that I like it better and better of late. That part of it called "Publisher's Notes" is very good indeed, for while I wish the cause well and talk "Georgism" and contribute something for literature, lectures, etc., those notes make me feel as though I ought to do something more, so as in the past I contributed a certain amount each month, I will double it for the future; and if you keep adding to the fire you have kindled within me, perhaps I will do myself an injury—that is, some people might think so.

The suggestion in this week's STANDARD that the New York society is going to arrange us into groups and send each one of us the address of some one in our locality I like with joy, for at times, if it wasn't for receiving THE STANDARD every week, I should feel very much isolated. And now please find inclosed two dollars

for sending THE STANDARD wherever you think it will do the most good. I remain, very much devoted to the cause.

CHIHUAHUA, Mexico.—I send a check for subscription to THE STANDARD and fee for membership in the Anti-poverty society. I have a number of your tracts which I distribute with pleasure, and I keep your books circulated.

SACRAMENTO, Cal.—I bought a copy of "Progress and Poverty" when it first came out, read it, and was convinced. I am a constant reader of THE STANDARD, and have prevailed upon my assembly of the V. of L. to subscribe for five copies. Workmen are doing a great deal of thinking nowadays.

N. D. ALMA. LOS ANGELES, Cal.—Here is a place where a poor man has no chance at all. Land is boomed so high that a man who wants a home for himself and family has to leave. Even the ministers are preaching of the great success of the country, and of the blessed boom they are having. It is enough to make any man a socialist or an anarchist. I must have some of those tracts sent to us, our people think. I am a new agent on the railway, and will do all I can for THE STANDARD along my route.

ELMIRA, N. Y.—I can't do much at writing, but money talks. Here is \$5 to speak for me. Put it to the recruiting fund.

BISHOP. ASBURY PARK, N. J.—Dear STANDARDS: My man has been telling me about that poor Chet who lives in the Tenement house. She says you win there will be no more. I cried when she told me. We are here by the sea side, and it is nice. My papa gave me a quarter. Please take it so there will be no more tears. I am Eight years old. Your loving little friend, BESSIE.

PITTSBURGH, Pa.—Long may THE STANDARD wave. Here's a dollar to help wave it.

G. S. P. There! Isn't that a lovely batch of letters? Doesn't it quicken the pulse and moisten the eye to read them? East and west and north and south the seed is springing up and ripening. Isn't there encouragement for work in all this? Ah! friends, it needs but steady effort on our part, a long pull, a strong pull and a pull together, to secure the victory. And when that happy day shall come, when poverty and greed and degrading, embroiling toil shall be once and forever swept away, and the world made clean and pure for the coming of the kingdom, three happy will be he who can say: "I also did my share of work toward the earth's redemption." Courage, friends! The eastern sky is golden with the coming dawn. Yet a little longer—a little patience—a little earnest work—and your eyes shall see the glory of the coming of the Lord. For truth demands it, justice wills it, and heaven itself has promised it.

The recruiting fund is doing fairly well, mind, we are fairly well, and that means as well as it ought to be. If this crusade of ours were a movement for sending moral pocket handkerchiefs to the heathen or something of that sort, we should say the fund was a big success; but as an aid to such an object as the extirpation of poverty, it is rather inadequate. STANDARDS readers, this ought not to be. The work of this fund is your work, done for your benefit, and by your wishes, and you ought to support it. It costs money to spread the knowledge of the truth, and that money you ought to find. We have a right to ask it, and you should regard it as a privilege to give it. Now, let us see the recruiting fund up next week. Meantime, here is how it stands at present:

Previously acknowledged.....	\$116 46
B. Bishop, Elmira, N. Y.....	5 00
Bessie, Asbury Park.....	25 00
G. S. P., Pittsburgh.....	1 00
H. J. Clavier, New Orleans.....	10 00
Frank Scanlan, Philadelphia.....	2 00
Two citizens.....	1 50
Land and labor club.....	1 00
I and another.....	5 00
Annie Mac, New York.....	50 00
John Marsden, Gouldsville, Vt.....	50 00
Total.....	\$142 21

The Testimony of a Protestant Religious Journal.

New York Independent. It is little less than astounding to see what is the extent of the following Dr. McGlynn has in his rebellion against the interference of the ecclesiastical machine with his political liberty.

That wonderful meeting and parade in his honor, which was held on June 18, was something to open the eyes of Protestants and Catholics. That scores of leading Irish Catholics should not hesitate even to defy the pope is wonderful. A dozen declare in interviews for the press that "if all the popes in heaven and earth should condemn Dr. McGlynn's land theories they will stand by him." We print from a private letter written by a well educated Irishman who went out to see that parade:

Saturday night I passed up Union square and stopped at several places where I saw two or three men in conversation. I tried to know what the sentiments were of those who came to look on. They were all on the McGlynn side. One man said: "I would like to give that man Corrihan six months on the island, and if I had my way about it, I would not let him out." This same man said: "There is nowhere in the Bible that Jesus Christ addressed his disciples as 'My Lord Peter,' or 'My Lord John, James, etc.' Great guns! if our Lord Jesus Christ came now to address his representatives in Rome, or elsewhere, he would not know how to begin with the great string of titles these fellows have stuck before their names. Religion must be simple and free. No one can or must look up another person's mind and keep him from thinking until it suits him. As Hugh O. Pentecost said: 'If a man has an idea his theories are right he will preach them to the elements if there is no one else to preach to.' Everywhere I stopped I heard the most forcible language. Even the police had nothing to do but discuss the matter. I heard more and more intelligent looking men, old and young, say they had done with the church. After this business it was only a humbug, only a money business."

It is the Machine, and Not the Faith, that Protestants Object To. New York Independent. Excommunication does not mean so much as it did. It will not hurt the good, if misguided, priest much to be excommunicated. His faith toward God will be just the same, only he will be free of the "machine." It is just that machine, and not the faith, however imperfect that may be, in which Protestants think they see an anti-Christ. Take away the machine, and we could be in the same fellow with the Catholic church as with a number of Protestant churches. And we fully believe, with Dr. McGlynn, that the noblest part of the Catholic church's history will come when her chief bishop sits humble and simple as Peter, when bishops concern themselves only with the propagation of the gospel and the conversion of the world.

Is This Our Country or the English Nobility's? Kansas City Star.

The earl of Aberdeen, who was in 'the city' yesterday, is a man of large wealth and part of it is in this country. The earl and a lord own a vast amount of land in the United States, and belong to that unsavory class known as alien land owners. The earl is a pleasantly disposed person and may be bent upon improving his ranch, but he is part of a system which is no longer popular with the people of America. Foreign and land speculators composed of men, who like the earl, intend to remain absentees, should not be encouraged or permitted. The public domain is rapidly getting smaller and should be held for those who wish to make permanent settlements thereon. Men who live in other countries should not by the fact of their money be allowed to buy and hold American land.

The Land Belongs To All.

(After "Uncle Sam's Farm.")

Have you heard the great commotion Which this mighty truth has made, Sweeping over land and ocean? Have you joined the New Crusade—Where the people all are learning, Like a revelation grand, God's eternal truth concerning This great question of the land?

CHORUS. Then swell the song, loud and long! Land must be free; Join the crusade! right this wrong! Down with poverty! Hear the truth by prophets told, Then heed the call, "Land shall not be forever sold."

For it belongs to all.

Grand, indeed, that revolution, In the days of Washington; But the law of evolution Shows the battle then begun—Must be waged in every nation, Till all people understand, Every man, whatever his station, Has an equal right to land.

CHORUS.

We have had emancipation Proclamations for the slave, And a temperance reformation By true women, grand and brave; But a greater curse than slavery Stalks abroad on every hand, Foster father of all knavery— This monopoly of land.

CHORUS.

Soldiers, then, from every station, Come and join our grand brigade; Forward march, let every nation Rally round the new crusade. Hoist the standard; truth and justice Are most mighty—they must win; Rally, then, for peace and progress, Hail our chiefs, George and McGlynn.

CHORUS.

Then swell the song, loud and long, Land must be free. Join the crusade, right this wrong, Down with poverty. This good old truth is grand enough; When thieves disgorge, Then we shall all have land enough; All hail McGlynn and George.

B. M. LAWRENCE, M. D.

29 West Twenty-seventh street.

Rumors in the Enemy's Camp.

New York World. The word has been quickly passed around among local politicians that, in the next city elections, the labor party will not endorse any candidate of the democratic or republican factions, but will insist that its nominees shall stand squarely upon the George platform and disavow former connections or present relations with partisan organizations.

In the plainest possible words, no one who claims to be either a democrat or a republican can be supported by the labor vote. This information is so important if true—and it comes from the best authority—that all the politicians are disturbed by it. To renounce their affiliations with the great national parties might cut them off from future promotion as certainly as opposition to the labor party might defeat them in this city next autumn. Besides, there is the land theory of Dr. McGlynn, and the religious idiosyncrasy of Dr. McGlynn. Altogether, the lot of a New York politician this summer is not a happy one.

In Selfishness the Cause? New Jersey Unionist.

Two things are passing strange to us. One is the apparent inability of educated men, supposed to be trained thinkers, to understand Mr. George's theory, which is really very simple. The other is the disposition to discuss it, not with reference to its rightness or wrongness, but with regard to what would happen to the world in general should it prevail, and particularly what would happen to "me and my family."

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People's Patent Improved CROCHERON EAR DRUMS. Perfectly Restore the Hearing, and perform all the functions of the natural drum. Invisible, comfortable and always in position. All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. Sent illustrated book with testimonials, FREE. Address F. H. BISCOX, 333 Broadway, N. Y. Please mention this paper.

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REV. EDWARD MCGLYNN, D. D., PRESIDENT.

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ACADEMY OF MUSIC

SUNDAY EVENING, JULY

Address by

REV. EDWARD MCGLYNN, D. D.

Singing by

CONCORDIA CHORUS,

Under the direction of

MISS AGATHA MUNIER.

Admission free to all parts of the house, except the boxes.

Tr. in circle boxes, 25 cents each; in proscenium boxes, 50 cents.

Box office open Saturday and Sunday.

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DRESS SUITS TO MEASURE, FROM..... 20.00

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OVERCOATS, QUILTED SILK OR SATIN LINED THROUGHOUT, TO MEASURE, FROM..... 20.00

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THE PATENT DUST PROOF MATCHES PERFECTLY PROTECT THE MATCHES FROM DIRT AND DAMPNESS.

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