

THE STANDARD

NO. 139---VOL. VI, NO. 9.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1889.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

THE STANDARD advocates the abolition of all taxes upon industry and the products of industry, and the taking, by taxation upon land values irrespective of improvements, of the annual rental value of all those various forms of natural opportunities embraced under the general term, Land.

We hold that to tax labor or its products is to discourage industry.

We hold that to tax land values to their full amount will render it impossible for any man to exact from others a price for the privilege of using those bounties of nature in which all living men have an equal right of use; that it will compel every individual controlling natural opportunities to either utilize them by the employment of labor, or abandon them to others; that it will thus provide opportunities of work for all men, and secure to each the full reward of his labor; and that as a result involuntary poverty will be abolished, and the greed, intemperance and vice that spring from poverty and the dread of poverty will be swept away.

The single tax club of Cleveland, Ohio, whose resolutions of July 19 were two weeks ago commented on in this column, passed at their last meeting, on August 20, an explanatory resolution, affirming their position in favor of carrying the single tax to the utmost extent, and going on to declare that

We cordially welcome the co-operation and assistance of all who are willing to unite with us in securing any measure of reform in our present iniquitous system of taxation.

As there seems to be some little misapprehension of my comments on the previous resolution, let me state my view.

I would not have any one who believes in going to the ultimate of the single tax and taking the full value of land, refrain in the slightest degree from advocating his principles and declaring his opinions. But I do not think it wise that the single tax clubs should formally and officially do anything to so emphasize the difference, as yet purely speculative, between those who would go to the ultimate and those who would simply substitute the single tax for other taxes now levied. The line in the single tax clubs ought, it seems to me, to be simply the single tax—the one tax on land values in place of the many taxes now levied on labor and the products of labor. Whoever is in favor of this is a single tax man, and ought to be welcomed to the clubs and made to feel at home there, irrespective of what his further opinions may be.

But it seems to me that the Roxbury single tax club have made a mistake in the opposite direction in inviting to membership "all tariff reformers and all others interested in the cause of the abolition of industrial slavery." For this, if the invitation were accepted, would bring into the club socialists, anarchists and the class of "tariff reformers" who are at bottom protectionists and as bitterly opposed to us as men can be.

It is a mistake to divide because of non-practical differences and to scatter strength and effort that might be united. But it is even a worse mistake to seek to gain apparent strength by bringing incongruous elements into an organization intended for more than a debating society. It seems to me that our Roxbury friends ought to keep their single tax club for single tax men, and that when they wish to convert tariff reformers or others who are not single tax men they should invite them to their meetings, not to their membership, or should themselves join or even start, where that is expedient, other organizations. Substantial agree-

ment on the point of practical issue is all that ought to be demanded in any organization intended for effective work, but that ought to be demanded. A house divided against itself cannot stand. And if the other single tax clubs were to follow the example of the Roxbury club, and their invitation were accepted to any extent, the result would be that the single tax clubs would cease to exist as completely as if they had formally disbanded.

1. That the federal government establish and operate a national system of railroads and telegraphs.

2. That municipal government own and operate street railways, gas, electric lights and water works, telephone and kindred public utilities.

3. That state, county and city governments be supported by a tax levied on land values, exclusive of improvements.

4. That bank issues be abolished, and the federal government issue all money, which shall be sufficient in quantity, stable in volume, and legal tender for all debt.

5. That no public work shall be done by contract.

This is the platform on which J. W. Considine, secretary of Nationalists' club No. 2, of Washington, D. C., asks: "Is it possible to unite the intelligent and active members of the Knights of Labor, trade unions, farmers' organizations, single tax leagues, nationalist clubs, and kindred societies, into one aggressive political party?" The answer is as clear as it is short—No!

To go no further, Mr. Considine himself indicates the hopelessness of such a union, by the avoidance in the third of his planks. In this he leaves out reference to the national government, because to propose to support it by the single tax would be to take the ultra free trade side of the tariff question. And Mr. Considine knows that on the tariff question the elements he proposes to unite, must inevitably split. The only assumption on which he himself can entertain his own question is that of ignoring the tariff question. But to ask travelers over the Sahara not to notice the sun, to ask landmen in their first ocean storm to pay no attention to the waves, to suggest to people caught by a blizzard on the plains of Dakota that they should give no heed to the wind, would be as hopeful as to ask American voters at the present time to ignore the tariff question.

The tariff question is here and it is here to stay until the principle of free trade wins. On this line the real parties must form and the real political battles must be fought until the question is settled, unless, indeed—which may Heaven avert—some such convulsion as the civil war should overwhelm the nation.

Mr. Considine's question is but a form of the dream dreamed by so many reformers of a certain class—that of getting together all the "reform elements," and thus constructing a great party. But great parties are not thus to be made to order; they must grow. And they can only grow around some principle or purpose, aggressive or defensive, which for the time so comes to the front and so engages attention as to cast other issues into the shade. It is true that once organized a party may for awhile live without principle, and by the cohesive strength of mere organization and tradition. But great parties cannot come into being in that way. A chicken may run around a little after its head is gone. But no chicken without a head ever

breaks the shell and begins to run around.

That to carry a reform into effect it is necessary to form a party is the thought of men who look on parties as they do on individuals—this is a bad one and that a good one; or, neither are any better than they ought to be! But parties are composed of individuals, and to get a majority party that shall be any better or any wiser than the mass of the people at any given time, a great body of individuals must be inclined to purer methods and wiser aims. The only real thing that can be effected for principle in politics is by affecting thought and propagating ideas. And to affect thought and propagate ideas it is not necessary to start new parties. On the contrary the starting of new parties is far more likely to subordinate principle to the exigencies of organization and personal ends. There may be cases in which peculiar contingencies may make independent political action for a time the best way of promulgating principle. But even then there are apt to be after effects that we do not at the time foresee. There is a serious lesson in what the united labor party finally degenerated into.

While in endeavoring to propagate a principle all unnecessary dissensions and divisions between those who are agreed on the main line ought to be avoided, it is foolish to imagine that strength can be gained by any pooling of issues with those who hold conflicting principles. Brotherly love is a good thing, and the man is in a bad way who imagines that his eye exactly measures all truth. But while we can regard socialists, anarchists and honest protectionists as men whose aim is, like ours, the noble one of making this world a better place for those who live in it, how can we go on our road in the company of those who travel by divergent roads? The honest protectionist, for instance, desires to make the world richer and to raise wages—desires which are also ours. But his way of accomplishing his aim is by putting up walls to restrain human intercourse and prevent men from following their innocent and instinctive impulses. Our way is that of breaking such walls down and giving full freedom to production and exchange. How can such differences be reconciled?

The Rev. W. D. P. Bliss, believes "that different divisions of the one great army of reform should move in different directions, each having its clearly defined objective point and working in a sense together and always in perfect harmony, but not demanding that the whole army should march in single file." What various divisions Mr. Bliss includes in the one great army of reform it is hard to say; but as he casually mentions the single tax movement, the temperance movement, the nationalist movement, Mr. Gimán's profit sharing scheme, and state socialism, we may at least include these. And if every one who claims to be a reformer is to be assigned a place in the great army of reform, we must include the high license people, the no license people, the prohibitionists, the anarchists—both ideal and revolutionary—the communists the land limitationists, the no title-to-vacant-landists, the protectionists, the republican party, the democratic party, and all religious sects. Such an army of reform, moving in different direc-

tions while working together suggests a picture worthy of Bengough's pencil.

Mr. Considine cannot form the union he is thinking of, and he is wasting time in doing so. The best thing he can do would be to put the word national where it properly belongs in his third plank—it is rather a strange word by the bye, for a nationalist to eliminate—cut down to the very root of protection, and do his best in any ways that may open to him to get not merely the farmers, Knights of Labor, trade unions, single tax leagues, and nationalist clubs, but all other kinds and conditions of men, to see its reasonableness and promise.

A correspondent asks my opinion of "Looking Backward." A full and acute review of the book will be found in THE STANDARD of June 2, 1888, which, though published without signature, was from the pen of Mr. McCready, who admirably pointed out both its strength and weakness. But, to answer my correspondent directly, my opinion is, that "Looking Backward" is a castle in the air, with clouds for its foundation. Looked at from afar off by those who are weary of the heat and dust of daily life on the earth's surface, it seems exceedingly cool and tempting. How they might really like it if they were there is another matter. But no way of getting there is shown. "Looking Backward" is, in short, a popular presentation of the dream of state socialism, and in its failure to indicate any way of "getting there," does not differ from the more serious socialistic works which have supplied its suggestion.

Nevertheless it is doing, and will do, great good. Reaching large numbers of people who would find it hard work to read anything more argumentative than a love story, it is breaking up in their minds the notion that things as they are are things as they must always be. To thousands and thousands of the men and women who read it, it has never before occurred to think of as possible a state of society in which stunting and embruting poverty should be unknown, and a whole people, not merely a favored few, should have leisure and opportunity to develop their finer tastes and higher powers. Such an idea is to those who first grasp it a revelation, and even if it is encumbered with all the wild impossibilities of state socialism, it is likely to do them permanent good, and to put many of them upon more careful inquiry.

The good that has been done by "Looking Backward" is indeed already evident in the formation of Nationalist clubs, the starting of periodicals like the Dawn of Boston, and the quickened impulse that has been given to thought on social subjects in circles that would have been hard to reach by anything less imaginative and more logical. That it is giving a strong impulse to socialism—the idea of effecting social improvement by governmental paternalism—is probably true. But socialism is far better than the contented acquiescence in suffering and wrong without thought of improvement in general conditions. And "Looking Backward" has already set many people to thinking who will not stop until they have seen in the simple plan of the single tax—that of assuring equal rights to natural opportunities and removing all obstructions to the freedom of pro-

duction and exchange; of giving full scope to competition where competition is possible, and of resorting to government control only where competition is impossible—a practical and easy, because a natural road, to a far higher state of society than that of which Mr. Bellamy has dreamed.

Here is what the Evening Post has to say editorially about "Looking Backward." Even it, it will be seen, is glad:

Henry George announces his intention of soon opening a single tax campaign, which is to extend all over the country. But Henry George is already, in the slang of the day, "a back number." His little single tax hobby sinks into utter insignificance beside Edward Bellamy's scheme for introducing the millennium, as represented by the "nationalist" movement. Henry George and his forgotten book—let's see, what was the name of it?—are away behind the times in a day when "Looking Backward" sells at the rate of many thousands every week.

Henry Villard, by the bye, does not edit his own paper, and probably never interferes with the gentlemen he has put in charge, except occasionally, when a single tax speech of William Lloyd Garrison's appears in the Evening Post. Villard himself is a man of a good deal of public spirit. Where he lives—on the Hudson near Dobbs Ferry, he has been making some splendid macadam roads, which he throws open to the public. He has recently bought at a high price a piece of ground which commands the finest view in that vicinity. This he has also thrown open to the public and is erecting an iron summer house on it for their shelter.

This part of the bank of the Hudson is millionaire's row. Between Dobbs Ferry and Tarrytown live in the summer time sixty men, the lowest estimate of whose aggregate fortunes is five hundred millions of dollars. The true figure is probably nearer a thousand millions.

I had a glimpse of one of them—probably the richest of the lot—on Saturday afternoon, as August Lewis drove me along this road on my way to the Peace meeting near Poughkeepsie. He looked pretty miserable. But then most anyone would rather be a millionaire than a tramp, and as Thomas G. Shearman has been clearly showing, it will not be long, at the rate we are going, before American citizens can be little else than one or the other.

The meeting of the Dutchess county peace society on Sunday at Wiley's grove, near Poughkeepsie, was a good illustration of how our ideas are quietly leavening the lump. To all intents and purposes it was a single tax meeting, as indeed a Peace society meeting ought to be. This annual meeting is of Quaker origin and has been held for many years. It is a pleasure to meet with men who oppose standing armies and denounce the worse than extravagance supported by both political parties in building war ships, even if they should go no further. But one of the resolutions adopted, as reported by the Poughkeepsie Enterprise, "recommends the equal distribution of property and the serious study of Henry George's land theory!"

This is the real resolution:

That land is the gift of the Creator to all mankind, and that the deprivation of any one of his equal right to the enjoyment of that gift is an injustice, and that the serious study of Henry George's land theory, and his proposed remedy, is timely and important.

The whole affair was in fact redolent of single tax. Edward Crummev presided in the morning and Professor L. F. Gardner spoke. W. C. Albro presided in the afternoon and I spoke at length, followed by Frederick Arnold in a ringing little exposition of the connection between free trade and peace. About three thousand people were present, mainly farmers

who came from long distances in their wagons.

Professor Hjalman H. Boyesen writes to say that the glass experience told of him in these columns some weeks ago was not his, but that of a friend of his, a well-known man of letters.

Professor Boyesen says that he took warning from his friend's case, and when he bought some glass in Europe wrote to the collector of the port of New York asking to have his glass remain in bond until he himself could see to its unpacking. This permission was accorded, and Professor Boyesen rejoicingly declares:

My Venetian glass is yet intact—a circumstance which I owe largely to the disastrous experience of my friend, who had exactly the experience which in your article you attributed to me.

Professor Boyesen asks that the journalists who have reprinted this story should make the correction as to him.

The following resolutions, proposed by Dr. W. N. Hill, have been adopted by the Crescent democratic society of Baltimore. They follow in the line of those adopted by the St. Louis single tax club, but go further in calling for the proportion of payers of direct local taxes. This would be most suggestive information:

Whereas, There exists a widespread belief among the people of the United States that the present economic conditions of society tend toward the concentration of wealth in the hands of the few to the great detriment of the many by compelling the majority of the people to become and remain debtors.

And Whereas, The public good demands that accurate information giving official statistics bearing upon the relative distribution of wealth among the citizens of the republic should be easily accessible. Therefore be it

Resolved, By the Crescent democratic society of Baltimore that its secretary be and is hereby instructed to forward a copy of this preamble and the resolutions to the superintendent of the census and the secretary of the interior at Washington, D. C.

Resolved, That the superintendent of the census be urgently requested to collect the data to show in the next census what percentage of the people of this country occupy their own homes and farms and what proportion are tenants, and of those who occupy their own homes and farms what proportion have their property free from debt, whether in the form of mortgages or ground rents; and of the homes and farms, which are under mortgages and ground rent, what percentage of the value is so mortgaged or held subject to ground rent.

Resolved, That the superintendent of the census be also requested to have a special investigation made into the proportion which the number of payers of direct taxes to city, town and county governments bears to the whole adult population of each city, town and county, and in order that comparisons may be made with previous decades it is advisable that this special investigation be made to cover the years 1860, 1870, 1880 and 1890, if possible.

The Joint committee of single tax clubs in the vicinity of New York have, it appears, called a conference to meet September 26. I have only heard of this as THE STANDARD goes to press, and am pretty much in the dark about it. But it seems rather short notice to expect much of a gathering.

It has been stated in a number of the daily papers that I intend to speak through this country this fall as I did through Great Britain in the spring and early summer. This is a mistake. I shall not do much lecturing for some time to come, not because I would not like to, but because I am anxious to devote what leisure I can get to the preparation of the primer of political economy which I announced at the time of the publication of "Protection or Free Trade," but which I have never since found time to write. I have received many urgent requests for this book, which our friends on the other side of the Atlantic are very anxious to have, thinking that they can introduce it into many of the schools. I promised them that I would try and get it out before the year closes. This is, I think, the most effective work to which I can devote any time I may have to spare. I have not yet fixed

any date for going to Australia, but will endeavor go in the coming year.

HENRY GEORGE.

PUBLIC OWNERSHIP OF HIGHWAYS.

In a former issue of THE STANDARD I gave a brief and necessarily imperfect sketch of Mr. James F. Hudson's proposed solution of the railway problem. I hope that no one will attempt to judge Mr. Hudson's carefully thought out scheme by my hasty summary of it. No one who wishes to form a definite opinion on the subject should fail to read his book, "The Railways and the Republic." It is a pity that Harper Brothers, who publish the work, have not before this brought out a cheaper edition. Mr. Hudson makes plain the enormity of the existing monopoly of transportation, and shows how its evil effects extend through all the ramifications of trade. No one who reads the book can fail to see that the monopoly of transportation hinders and cripples the domestic free trade guaranteed to us by the federal constitution almost as much as our protective tariff cripples and obstructs that free trade with the world which is "the international law of God," dependent on no written constitution for its sanction.

Mr. Hudson also shows that railway companies only obtained their charters and the privilege of using the power of eminent domain by the claim that they proposed to make public highways, using those words as they were then understood. He cites numerous legal decisions showing that it was only the assumption that these roads would be highways open to the public that enabled them to obtain the favorable judicial decisions without which they could not have been built. It was clearly the understanding, in the early days of railway building, that the companies would charge tolls, and that people would run their own vehicles over them. He shows how the companies were naturally led into constructing cars and locomotives themselves, in order that business should be done on their tracks, and how the discovery of the advantage of controlling that business led them to exclude all others from their roads through adherence to statutory tolls that appeared reasonable in the early days of railway charters, but which almost immediately became prohibitory. The charter of the Reading company to-day contains a provision compelling it to receive all cars offered it for transportation over its road, but the tolls it is authorized to charge effectually prevent any outsiders from taking advantage of the provision. Mr. Hudson shows how gradual has been the process by which the companies throw off their obligation to maintain public highways, and by systematic and stealthy encroachment on the rights of the people, built up the present monopoly of the business of transporting passengers and freight.

Furthermore, Mr. Hudson absolutely demonstrates the falsity of the pretense that the existing method is a necessity. He cites numerous instances in which one roadway has been simultaneously used by two companies, and he by no means covers all such cases in his citations. It is within my own knowledge that up to a very few years ago all the through traffic of the Baltimore and Ohio and the Pennsylvania companies between Washington and Philadelphia was carried on over the tracks of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore railroad company. It was only when the ambition of Robert Garrett to obtain a through route of his own to New York brought him into open conflict with the Pennsylvania company that an attempt was made to build a new line between Baltimore and Philadelphia. That work, even then, would not have been necessary but for the fact that the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore company had years before obtained possession of a partly constructed road parallel with its own. The result of the quarrel was the purchase of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore road by the Pennsylvania company and the construction of a new parallel road between Baltimore and Philadelphia, at a cost that nearly bankrupted the Baltimore and Ohio company and worried Mr. Garrett into insanity. There was no need for such a road, and had the Pennsylvania and the Baltimore and Ohio companies been engaged solely in the business of transportation they could both easily be now running more trains than they now run over the tracks of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore road. Mr. Hudson cites numerous instances that have come under his own observation showing sim-

ilar waste of capital and labor in constructing needless railroads because of the unusual and unnecessary system that makes it necessary for any one engaging in the business of transportation to own a railroad of his own. No one can understand Mr. Hudson's proposed solution of the problem, nor intelligently consider the alternative remedy that I am urging in these articles, without first becoming in some way familiar with facts succinctly set forth in Mr. Hudson's work.

Where it seems to me that Mr. Hudson makes his mistake is in proposing that we shall seek to find a precedent in the old fashioned, privately owned turnpike instead of in the more modern free public road for a plan for restoring the railways to their proper position as public highways. The era of turnpikes has gone by. They never were anything more than a temporary expedient for meeting a general demand which it was supposed the public could not meet because of a paucity of revenue. The duty of town, county or state to maintain good public roads was always recognized, but the idea prevailed that the public funds derivable from taxation were not sufficient for the purpose, and hence individuals were loaned public powers to enable them to construct such roads, and they were permitted to reimburse themselves and make a profit by charging tolls. This system is dying out, however, and in all thrifty communities it has become manifest that the increased public revenue directly traceable to the construction of good public roads makes it worth while for the local authorities to build as good roads as were constructed by the old turnpike companies.

The same will probably be found to be true as to all necessary railroads. Single tax people cannot doubt that it will be so, but fortunately it is not necessary that we should bring the majority to see this in order that they shall favor the construction, acquisition and maintenance of railways by the state. The multiple tax men can advocate this idea as heartily as we can. In this, as in other things, we shall have to go step by step, instead of jumping to ultimates, as we are asked to do by the men who expect to gather crops without cultivating the soil or considering seasons and farming circumstances. There is no objection, so long as the existing confusion concerning taxation remains, why the public should not levy sufficient taxes in the shape of tolls on vehicles to meet the necessary expense of acquiring, maintaining and policing these public iron highways. The obvious necessities of the case would soon cause the public authorities concerned to begin to largely meet the first cost of the new roads by increasing the assessment of the land values augmented by their construction. But such considerations ought not to be necessary to induce single tax men to join hands with all who are willing to assist in any practical amelioration of the wrongs wrought by the existing monopoly of transportation. The contemplation of our own ultimate aim ought to make us good citizens, ever willing and anxious to help every effort for good government or the reform of evil economic conditions. If those who advocate publicly owned highways are not yet able to see the possibility of making such highways free when they are paved with iron, that offers no reason why those of us who do see, or think we see, that, should fail to work with all who are seeking to bring about public ownership, with taxes levied in the shape of tolls. It will be time enough to cross that bridge when we come to it.

Doubtless one reason why Mr. Hudson favored the turnpike rather than the common road precedent was a feeling that his own plan would be the one most easily established, because it would conflict less with public opinion and prejudice. At first sight this would appear to be true, but on more careful consideration it is doubtful. Let us reckon the powers that will fight with us and those that will fight against us. The latter are powerful and much better organized than we can ever become. They are not merely the comparatively few who now enjoy a monopoly of the transportation business, but the vast business interests, like the Standard oil company, that are the interested allies of the railway magnates. These people command a vast army largely composed of men whose immediate interests are apparently advanced by the maintenance of the present system, and who certainly cannot be depended on to openly oppose their employers while the latter are engaged in a

life and death struggle to maintain a profitable monopoly. The disciplined power of the railway companies has been able to control caucuses, sway the politics of states and make the United States senate a club of monopolists and their attorneys, and this power will be exerted as vigorously and as viciously against Mr. Hudson's proposal as it will against state ownership. In fact, the transportation companies would probably fight Mr. Hudson's plan more bitterly than the other, for if these men are once deprived of their monopoly their legitimate interests as capitalists with large investments in rolling stock would naturally cause them to look to a continuation in the business of transportation under the new conditions, and they would probably prefer that the state, rather than some new companies, should own the highways.

On the other hand, consider the effect of the two different proposals on the public mind. The people whose anger has been aroused by the injuries that they or their communities have suffered under the present system are violently prejudiced against all railway companies. They would distrust any company, no matter how binding its pledges to receive all cars and engines offering to use its tracks might be. No legal guarantees would give them confidence, for there is a growing feeling that the combined railways are more powerful than all our legislatures and courts. The people have had bitter experiences with laws that, somehow, cannot be enforced, and with companies that evade all obligations and promises through the convenient death of bankruptcy, and leave no successor bound to redeem their broken pledges.

I am writing this article at Merriewold park, within two and a half miles of a railroad, to reach which over any decent road I must drive over six miles. This town (Forestburg) and the adjoining one of Thomson in Sullivan county, and several towns in Orange county, are burdened with heavy debts incurred to raise money to build the Port Jervis and Monticello railroad. The road once made connection with the Erie, and it now connects with the Ontario and Western. It is entirely proper that it should connect with both, and it would have been vastly better if it could have connected with the Ontario and Western west of Monticello, its present terminus. Private interests, however, have caused its connection with the Erie (much the shorter route to New York) to be practically destroyed, and now one must go several miles beyond Monticello, to Summitville, on the Ontario and Western, run back to Huguenot (nearly to Port Jervis) on a new road that ought never to have been built, and then go westward over the old road for several miles to Monticello. The money expended in building the connection between Huguenot and Summitville would have extended the old road to a good junction with the Ontario and Western road considerably west of Summitville; but this, though better in every way for the people whose money largely helped build the road, would not suit the antagonistic private interests respectively controlling the Erie or the Ontario and Western, and hence we are practically put thirty miles further from New York than we need be, and owe so much for building the railroad that we cannot afford to build public roads to convenient points.

This is a good object lesson and I would have no difficulty in making our neighbors here see that these roads, largely built by the public, ought to be owned by the public, and that if they were really public highways such nonsensical arrangements would not be necessary. On the other hand, it would be difficult to make men who have seen a road built with their own money successively swallowed by two other corporations, each of which is, in turn, the successor of a bankrupt corporation, look with any other feeling than one of distrust on any proposal for a reform that was to begin by forming a new railway company, no matter how clear it might be that the new plan would be an improvement on the existing system. Again, there is a widespread, though perhaps not well defined, feeling that public highways ought to belong to the people, and a natural feeling of repugnance against allowing the power of the state to be farmed out to a few men, to be used for their own private profit. In all these things combined can be found the elements for the kind of popular uprising that will be necessary to overcome the disciplined and well directed forces

of the banded corporations. Hence, it seems to me, that the proposal that our iron highways shall be owned by the public and operated under free competition by individuals, firms or voluntary associations is more practicable than Mr. Hudson's plan.

I reserve for another and final paper a statement of reasons that seem to me conclusive in favor of the plan I am urging as against the plan of governmental ownership and operation, to which I was, with many of our friends, committed so long as I was under the delusion that operation was a necessary incident to the ownership of a railroad.

WM. T. CROSDALE.

AN AFTERNOON'S RIDE.

HERMON, N. Y.—Being at the residence of a friend in the outskirts of the village a few days ago, we observed a dense smoke rising, apparently four or five miles away, and thought someone's farm buildings were burning. At my friend's suggestion, we hitched up his horse and drove out toward the smoke. We had gone but a short distance when the smoke entirely disappeared. But being out, we resolved to have a drive whether or no.

The roads over which we drove formed a triangle, and we enjoyed twelve miles of the roughest kind of a ride. Save perhaps two, every man living along this twelve miles of bad road is a protectionist and republican, and there are two out of five in the whole lot that make any pretensions of owning the farms they till. Over the four miles that form the first side of the triangle, and the three miles that form the third side, I have frequently traveled for the last thirty years. In those early years nearly everyone owned the land he worked and lived upon, but none of the next generation, where there was more than one heir, have been able to keep the farms in the family, and the lands have largely gone into the hands of loan companies and speculators. There were two places where different tenants had tried to live and pay the rent demanded, but had failed, and now the doors and windows are boarded up. Thanks to our system of taxation it doesn't cost much to keep the farms idle, as there is no stock and will soon be no improvements to tax, and the hay they get pays good interest and makes it a safe investment.

On the road that was comparatively new to me, the first man I saw I concluded placed his whole dependence on the tariff and his suspenders. He was standing by the side of the barnway, which was near the house in which he lived, which was about 12x16, one story high, without an attic; letting the cows into the road. He had neither hat nor hair on his head, only the tariff to protect his massive brow from the rays of the sun. I know he would have sat down on a log that was behind him only for the fact that the leather straps attached to his pants and passing over his shoulders were so short that he was like the contrary hen, sitting standing up.

As we passed he saluted us with an air that seemed to say, "I have lived for twenty-five years under high protection, and I think it is a pretty good thing to live under."

Nature has done as much for this country as it has for any part of the world, but this is a fair description of almost any part of St. Lawrence county. E.T.C.

Organized in Syracuse—The Seed Among the Farmers.

SYRACUSE, Aug. 24.—The Syracuse Single tax club has been organized in this city with the following named gentlemen as officers: President, F. A. Paul; corresponding secretary, H. R. Perry; treasurer, J. D. Drawbridge; secretary, Pardon Potter.

Careful observers of expressed public opinion can see that tax reform is making decided progress in this part of the state.

Singularly enough, men of both political parties will agree that indirect taxation is the unpardonable sin, and yet I think half of them haven't the slightest idea that indirect taxation has anything to do with the tariff. It is amusing to see their awakening after being shown the analogy between the two. The truth that the tariff is a great robber is really taking a firm hold of the farmers. I spoke in a village west of this city one Sunday a short time since on the religious side of the single tax idea. As usual in central New York, Sunday audiences are made up largely of republicans, and yet I found not a single sign of disfavor. On the contrary, the deepest interest was manifested, and at the close the leading members of the church, known and avowed republicans, declared their cordial assent to all that had been said. Wherever I speak, after the service I usually hear this remark, "Well, I always thought there was some-

thing the matter with this taxing business, but I never knew exactly what it was before to-day."

The farmers are slow, but, to use a slang phrase, they are "getting there," and they are coming in crowds. The complaint concerning unjust taxation is growing loud along the line of the New York Central railroad. I heard it in Madison county two weeks ago. Among my audience was an old farmer, the best esteemed in the church, where I was speaking. His eyes glistened as I told of the injustice of taxing farmers to the full value of land and personal property, and permitting the great monopolies and monopolists to escape with but a fraction of taxation on their values. I felt sure some recent injustice had been done him. So it proved. He called me one side, as I was leaving the chapel, and said: "I am a farmer in the town of Sullivan. The assessor was over to my house a short time since and said he guessed he'd have to raise my taxes a little this year. I told him I couldn't stand it; that my little farm of sixty acres had been flooded half the time this summer, and I wasn't going to get half a crop of anything. I pointed him to my hay cocked up out in the meadow, and the water so deep around it, that you couldn't drive a wagon near it without getting wet. And it was the same way with my potato field and corn field—covered with water. The crops were well nigh ruined. Then I asked him why he was going to raise my taxes? He replied that the New York Central railroad authorities had informed him that they could not pay dividends to their stockholders unless the assessors along the line of the railroad lowered their assessments. He had therefore concluded to lower the Central railroad assessment, and raise the assessment of the farmers, and my farm must go up with the rest. "And that just made me mad!" said the farmer. "Why should the weight of taxes be taken off Vanderbilt's shoulders, who is worth \$110,000,000, and put upon my shoulders, when my farm is mortgaged for half its value?"

Quite a little crowd had gathered about to hear what was being said. Of course their sympathies were with their friend and neighbor, and it is in this way that the single tax is getting "into the air." People are becoming desperate, and are ready for any remedy. PARDON POTTER.

The Taxes on Cigars.

NEW YORK, Aug. 24.—In your last week's issue of THE STANDARD I see that you have found fault with my not mentioning or pointing out to consumers of the Single tax cigar the amount paid on same for taxation. You also remark that from importer to retailer they rather favor the tax than oppose it, because the effect of enhancing prices also concentrates business. I fully agree with you as to the tax enhancing prices and thereby stimulating monopoly, but beg to differ with you as to our approval of same. I can safely state, that there are hundreds of small manufacturers and storekeepers in this very city who would hail with delight the day of relief from this most oppressive burden. The writer of this has written no less than six letters on this subject to the New York World, of which but one appeared in print, and that was on the subject of giving Harlem a branch revenue office, so as to avoid the vexatious delays to small manufacturers who cannot afford to purchase large quantities of stamps. I have been summoned from my workshop on 104th street to the collector's office on Fourteenth street, a long distance, no less than three times for no other reason than a little error, which might have been corrected by any assistant in the office without my presence.

I will now take up the label subject. I intend by the 25th of next month to have my label altered so that my consumers of single tax cigars will know the cost of cigars without taxation, which I have no doubt will surprise many not informed upon the subject. I sincerely thank you for your most practical suggestion. SIMON VAN VEEN.

A Conference in New York.

The meeting of the joint committee, appointed to arrange for an informal single tax conference, which took place at the rooms of the Manhattan single tax club on Saturday evening, August 24, was thinly attended. Dr. M. R. Levenson was in the chair. It was decided to hold the conference in New York city, on Thursday, September 26, and William A. Curley was authorized to draft a call. It was concluded to permit each single tax club wishing to take part in the conference to be represented by as many delegates as it might choose to send, such delegates to sit together and to cast three votes, with one additional vote for every fifty members of such club.

The joint committee adjourned to meet at the same place on Saturday, August 31.

A State Conference in Indiana.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Aug. 25.—The movement to hold a conference of Indiana single tax men in this city seems to meet with considerable favor, and a majority favor September 26 as the time for holding it—as a reduction in railroad fares can be obtained on account of the state fair, which will be in progress. I would like to hear from single tax men in Indiana in regard to this matter. THOMAS J. HUDSON, Secretary S. T. League, 155 Elm street.

TARIFF NOTES.

Bruce, the traveller, describes the wonderful magnificence of the ruins of Baulbee; he finds them in a beautiful valley, admirable for cultivation, but with fields uncultivated, and around them a population of paupers. He asks himself the reason, and in these words he says he finds it: "Industry being here always followed by oppression." Taxation of the laborer is the fundamental "protective" principle in the United States. In what terms so fitting can the laborer be described. He is crushed beneath the upper and the nether millstone—the upper millstone being his employer, and the nether millstone that legislature which his employer subsidizes. The ruins of Baulbee are being reproduced in New England.—[Providence, R. I., Book Notes.

Another woolen mill in Rhode Island has failed—"protected" to death by a stupid tax upon its raw materials. The United States is the only nation in the civilized world which handicaps its manufacturers in this barbarous fashion.—[New York World.

The threatened ruin of New England industries is rapidly waking up the great body of producers. The earth is beginning to tremble about the feet of the high protection delegations in congress elected to defend the stricken industries of their constituencies. What do they propose to do about it?—[Boston Globe.

The whole argument in behalf of the tariff is reduced to an absurdity by the proposition that we must now have subsidized ocean steamers in order to encourage foreign commerce.—[Louisville Courier-Journal.

The general reduction in wages throughout the protected industries gives support to the belief that the tariff barons are simply reimbursing themselves for their big contributions to the republican boodle committee during the recent presidential campaign.—[San Francisco Argus.

While the operators and laborers of the United States, under our ruinously high tariff, are thrown out of employment or having their wages cut down by the iron makers, coal miners, glass workers and other protected monopolists, the workmen of England are finding more employment and better wages. The "pauper labor" of Great Britain is becoming depauperized to an extent which must be very gratifying to American protectionists.—[Springfield, Mass., Republican.

It is discouraging to have a New Englander oppose reducing duties on iron, steel and lead, as our interests demand, because he is so wedded to "protection" that he would consent to see it ruin his friends and starve his neighbors. Here we are, and here we've got to earn a living. To compete with the other parts of the country we must have cheaper duties on the above items. It is a question of self-preservation for New England.—[Brookton, Mass., Gazette.

A quiet, peaceful little community, where the male citizens have been obliged to arm themselves with Winchester and patrol the streets at night to protect their families from the ravages of anarchists and murderous Huns is one of the pictures that comes to us from the Connellsville coke regions. And these Huns have been imported in lots of thousands by Pennsylvania's high protection magnates, to save the expense of hiring honest, intelligent labor.—[Boston Globe.

In practice, just in the degree that a high tariff tends to secure independence, the independence is abused to the selfish interests of a class. The abuse is expressed in the word trusts. Are they patriotic? Are they formed for the public benefit or for private advantage? Are the prices which, like all monopolies, they can command, the price of greater national independence or a tribute paid to monopolists? Yet are they not in this country the simple, natural, and inevitable result of the industrial situation produced by a high tariff?—[Harper's Weekly.

The calm and trustful way in which the war tariff organs are speaking of the power of protection to crush trusts and monopolies is leading a good many to wonder why the crushing process does not begin.—[Omaha World-Herald.

When the production of any staple commodity can be so restricted, by less than a dozen men, as to raise the price of the same in the open markets of the world there is something radically wrong.—[Kansas City Commercial News.

Under our present tariff laws we do not need to increase our manufacturing industries. We have as many now as our home markets will profitably sustain. Before we multiply them we must have free raw materials, such as enter into the manufacture of staple American products, so that we can go into and successfully compete in the markets of the world with our surplus products.—[Havre de Grace, Md., Republican.

That the people in the near future will demand national legislation to protect them from the organization of great trusts is certain. The toiling millions in America will not submit to being ridden like pack horses.—[Northfield, Minn., News.

"Protection to American industry" may be well enough for a catch phrase, but it will not fatten hogs, or raise the price of agricultural products.—[Sheboygan County, Wis., News.

A Freedom Club.

At the conclusion of Mr. Pentecost's address before the Unity congregation in Niles hall, this city, last Sunday evening, Mr. J. W. Sullivan organized a Freedom Club.

A MAGNIFICENT PLAN.

Forty-three Newspapers in Missouri, Kansas, Illinois and Arkansas Want Single Tax Articles—And the St. Louis League Proposes to Supply Them—But It Wants All the Help It Can Get.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Aug. 18.—The only thing that keeps me from giving voice to the Macedonian cry is a doubt of my ability to correctly quote it.

We are in need of help. A little scheme I sought to work for the good of the cause has developed into such proportions that the country at large must "lend a hand." I address this particularly to the number of single tax men who have asked, and to the greater number who have wished, "for something to do."

In an interview held with the editor of an influential weekly paper published in central Missouri, I convinced him that a series of letters from some single tax man, explaining in full the theory, would be matter of such deep and general interest that it should easily find a place in his columns, even to the exclusion of a press report of Sullivan's trial. "Say ten letters of a column and one-half, each letter to exhaust some one phase of the question, the ten to cover the question entirely. And would it not add to the interest if, instead of one man writing the series, each article was by a different author?" "Why, of course." "Each letter signed by the writer of it, and all coming through the St. Louis league, would put the matter in the form of volunteered communications to your valued paper from widely separated correspondents, and at the same time be a guarantee that the expressed were pure 'Georgeism,' would it not?" "Certainly." "And by relieving you of all responsibility, would open the way for comment and discussion?" "Surely."

To prove that interest in the question exists, and to see that the way was open for comment and discussion, I have engaged some particular friends to question and criticize anything and everything appearing. This in the hope that simulated interest may stimulate it.

But behold my plight! Returning last night from my somewhat extended trip I find "on my list" the names of forty-three country papers in Missouri, Kansas, Illinois and Arkansas that have agreed to publish an outline of "Georgeism, or the Theory of a Single Tax." Articles to be presented within sixty days. Four hundred and thirty letters? No, not quite so bad as that. A paper in northwest Missouri will not object to publishing the same matter with one in southeast Missouri. Two papers in adjoining towns would object, and besides, it would indicate a paucity of brains in our ranks. This last would never do. By a little figuring I have arranged that a total of one hundred and twenty letters, each copied from three to five times will do it. But that is more than our one league can accomplish in the time given—two months. Help us; yank the heart from a book in "Progress and Poverty" and weave around it a simple dress of your own words. All you say will be new to these people, as "tracts" do not reach them. A letter upon "Free Trade; The Remedy and the Justice of It;" "Wages, Interest and Capital;" "Effects of a Single Tax on the Farmer, on the Laborer, on the Business Man;" an opening paper "Clearing the Ground;" "The Problem;" a closing one upon the "Law of Human Progress." Give us a book from "Progress and Poverty" in your own words.

Please, friends, we need these letters and must have them. If you can write a complete series, do so; if not, write nine, eight, seven, or even one, letter. We will place one before and one behind it that will lead the reader on without a break in the argument from the opening to the last paper.

I would like to hear at once from all who expect to aid in this work. None need be ashamed of the country paper as a vehicle in which to air his views. Nothing printed is so thoroughly and devoutly read as this same country weekly. This is a field for a great work, and the fence is down. Virtually, the democratic and independent papers over the territory mentioned have thrown their columns open to us, and we must take full advantage of it. If this plan is carried through in the manner it can and should be carried, there will very shortly be more people with correct ideas of our principles within the states named than any like portion, of the Union.

Select your subjects to-night, and drop a line informing me of it to-morrow.

HENRY H. HOFFMAN,
Pres. S. T. League, 419 N. 6th street.

Ideas of a Practical Miner.

GALENA, Mo., Aug. 12.—In your issue of August 10 appears an article from the pen of G. C. Rhode of Aspen, Colorado, entitled "Taxation of Mines." Mr. Rhode thinks that it would not be just or right to tax the mineral lands at first, as their discovery involves much risk and the expenditure of much money.

Now, I am a miner, and have had sixteen years' experience in mining in Colorado, and it is my judgment that there is no country or section of country under the sun where, to tax land to the full rental value, would be so just as in the mining districts of Colorado. It is true that, occasionally, a proprietor would be compelled to pay a rent and receive but a small compensation for his labor.

However, the mountain sides and mountain tops have no rent value until mineral is discovered. There are thousands of miners willing to risk their fortunes in prospecting who now deprived of that privilege by speculators having government patents, covering hundreds of acres of the best mineral lands of Colorado. Those lands are exempt from taxation, under the law of Colorado. The speculator will not develop the mines himself. He simply plays "dog in the manger." A prospector can get a lease of those mines, not by paying the rental value, but by paying from one-fourth to three-fourths of the entire product of the mine, whether great or small, and giving the mine owner all his improvements at the expiration of the lease. I have seen, as a result of this system, miles tunnels, drifts and shops constructed in Colorado, when the workers knew that of every dollar's worth of work done a very large part would go the man that owned the mine, whether they got an ounce of mineral or not.

I say, let us have the single tax on mines as well as every other foot of land.

M. KENNEDY.

A Suggestion to the Single Tax Men of Illinois.

CHICAGO, Ill., August 21.—It has occurred to me that the holding of a state conference in this city some time during the coming exposition, when railroad fares will be reduced, would be advisable. I have had some correspondence on the subject, and it has been considered approvingly in every instance. The time is ripe for such work as that which is being so admirably prosecuted in Texas and South Dakota, and if we in Illinois could get together and form some light organization we might be able to do much good, especially in the line of circulating a petition to the legislature for an amendment to the constitution on the subject of taxation.

I merely venture to suggest this, inviting those who think it worthy of consideration to communicate their views and desires to me. If it should appear that such a conference would be attended by any considerable number, some steps might then be taken by those interested for authorizing it to be called. It may not be advisable at this time to attempt a state organization, but the question is worth considering at least, so I suggest it in the hope that others will take it up and act upon it according to its merits.

W. W. BAILEY.

491 Cleveland avenue.

Wants a State Conference in Illinois.

QUINCY, Ill.—I heartily approve of the suggestion of Warren Worth Bailey of Chicago that a state conference of Illinois single tax men be held in that city some time during the exposition. The magnificent work accomplished by the general enrollment committee is excellent proof, were any needed, of the value of co-operative efforts on specific lines of action.

To do any effectual work with our next legislature we must first educate the people, and until we do educate the people, no matter how enthusiastic the few may be, there will be no substantial results.

The present need, then, is the enlightenment of the people, and that this can be accomplished far more quickly and thoroughly by concerted action than by individual or locally organized efforts seems to me self-evident. It is not of so much importance what the form of the organization may be, although I think single tax men would, as a rule, not favor anything cumbersome, as it is to have something from which will result effective work based on exchange of thought and concert of action.

Should the conference be agreed upon, it strikes me it would be best to have it during the last week of the exposition.

C. F. PERRY.

The Manhattan Single Tax Club Will Help Our Assessors to Make Up Their Tax Lists.

The Manhattan single tax club decided at its last meeting to make an aggressive attack upon the assessors of New York city for failure to comply with the law, which compels the taxation of real estate at its full selling value. A committee of three was appointed, who propose to compare the values of real estate as indicated by sales on the Real estate exchange—the surest criterion of selling value, and a value which the assessors could not mistake—with the assessor's valuations. It can be clearly demonstrated that the assessments are uniformly unfair and illegal, taxing some citizens a greater proportion than others. They expect the metropolitan newspapers to take up the matter and create a public sentiment which will demand a consideration of the whole subject of local taxation. The committee expect the single tax to come out on the top of the heap. The committee would carefully consider all suggestions submitted to them, and request single tax men who have any special knowledge to send same to the special committee on local taxation, Manhattan single tax club, 36 Clinton place.

PUSHING AHEAD IN BOSTON.

Open Air Meetings That Are Making Lots of Converts.

BOSTON, Mass.—The single tax men of Boston and vicinity are not making a showy and expensive campaign, but are reaching all sorts and conditions of men by means of outdoor mass meetings.

These meetings, in spite of the large attendances and enthusiasm of the audiences, receive little but offensive attention from the daily newspapers (the Daily Globe excepted).

With them the outdoor agitator is, like the "mother-in-law," an inexhaustible theme, and some people, even of our own partisans, are bullied into the idea that there may be something vulgar and low bred about our truly apostolic methods of agitation. Public opinion, however, is gradually coming around to approve our methods as well as our principles. Two years ago the Land and labor club fought alone for the opening of other parks and squares beside the Boston Common for the holding of public meetings, and last month the Evangelical alliance, the Single tax league, the Central labor union, and all its affiliated labor organizations, assembled in a great meeting at Faneuil hall to denounce the action of the park commissioners in denying the right of free speech and assembly in the parks under their jurisdiction. At the present time four meetings a week are held by our active single tax workers. Every Thursday evening a single tax mass meeting is held at the band stand on Lynn Common. Every Saturday evening, from 7.30 to 11 p. m., a free trade mass meeting is held at Flagstaff hall, Boston Common, and every Sunday evening, from 6 to 11 p. m., a single tax mass meeting, also at the latter place.

Every Sunday forenoon at 10.30, at 616 Washington street, Boston, is held a meeting of the Question club, which is devoted to the entertainment in debate of opponents of single tax and free trade.

To the organization of question clubs, so-called, more than anything else is due the fact that tariff discussion is as rife in Boston newspapers and public meetings as in the middle of the last political campaign. When the personality of the ex-secretary of these organizations was made known, Mr. Samuel W. Mendum (a level-headed young man, by the way, and one of a progressive and enterprising family), he became at once the target for newspaper attentions of a very peculiar kind. Baby talk, doggerel, advice to "little Sammy" to go back to his school books, notices to congressmen to pay no attention to his interpellating, filled columns of protection organs, but it proved another serious case of sitting upon a very robust alligator under the impression that it was nothing but a log. At the present time protection organs have no room for baby talk. Good republicans have answered burning questions in a way which has scared thoroughgoing partisans of protection, and all their strength is required to whip and discipline and repair their broken lines.

One of the best purposes secured by our outdoor meeting is the great extension of the literature of the movement. Attention is always called to the works of Henry George, and the testimony of the book trade is that the sale increases greatly during the season of our meetings.

EDWIN M. WHITE.

A Short Interview With a Boston Man.

Mr. A. Jamieson of Boston, who visited New York during the week and called in at THE STANDARD office, corroborates the statement of Mr. White regarding the advance of public thought toward single tax and free trade ideas. This he very largely ascribes to the quiet work that is going on among individuals elsewhere as well as in Boston. But of the open factors he attaches no small importance to the open air meetings on the Common, where he says, a large assembly of attentive listeners, among them lawyers, doctors, clergymen and a number of well dressed ladies, can always be had. It not infrequently happens that persons come from out of town places to hear the preaching of the new gospel and get the literature which is distributed free. For twenty-five cents any person may obtain a copy of "Progress and Poverty" and become a member of the single tax league.

Mr. Jamieson expressed surprise that nothing had been done in New York in the way of regular outdoor lectures. He pointed out the effectiveness such meetings would have in Central park on Sunday afternoon near the band stand, before and after the musical programme had been rendered. As to getting a permit, he did not think that would be any more difficult than it had been to get permission to hold meetings in the Boston common—and what Boston single tax men had done certainly New York single tax men could do.

Mr. Jamieson pronounced E. M. White, L. H. Turner, W. Merrill, W. Hanneford and W. Ford, secretary of the Henry George club of Cambridge, to be among the most effective speakers and workers at the Hub. Theodore P. Perkins of Lynn, he also said, was indefatigable in his labors.

One of the best of the numerous stories which Mr. Jamieson tells was about a protectionist, who was strongly opposed to what he termed "Henry George fustian." On one occasion, for the sake of discussion, he undertook to defend the single tax, but it gave

him such a clear idea of true free trade and of the falsity of protection, that he afterward admitted to Mr. Jamieson his inability to resume his old lines and support a protection position.

An Opportunity for Work.

BOSTON, Mass.—One cannot complain of lack of opportunities to work in the field of usefulness, and those of our single tax friends who are wide awake can find "sermons in stones, lessons in the running brooks and wisdom in all things." The other day in riding home I began a conversation with a gentleman who sat beside me in the train. I was reading that wonderful contribution to recent literature, "The Story of an African Farm," and I used it as an introduction to my then unknown friend. Our conversation broadened, and it was not long before it turned upon the single tax. My friend had been reading "Progress and Poverty," but he said it was rather too abstruse for him and too weighty. He would, however, like to see the theories put into practical operation and be given a fair trial. He was a real estate agent, and, of course, could not look with any great degree of kindness upon this single tax scheme. I presented the subject as well as I knew how, and I think made some impression, at least we parted friends, and I in pursuance of my promise write you for a copy of Mr. Post's pamphlet, Syllabus of "Progress and Poverty." I will send this to my friend, and not neglect to write him when I forward it, for I think the seed of truth sown then will bear a rich harvest if carefully attended to.

I find a great many who are reading or who have read "Progress and Poverty"—business men who cannot give the time and thought necessary to so large and important a subject as presented in that volume, but who gladly read Mr. Post's syllabus, when they are fortunate enough to get hold of it.

GEORGE EDGAR FRYE.

It Don't Seem to Work.

PUEBLO, Col., Aug. 14.—The recent resolutions of the chamber of commerce, board of trade of Denver, and the meetings of mine owners of Colorado, relative to the imposition of a tariff upon lead ores from Mexico, with a view to protecting the interests of the American owners of silver mines, in which a portion of their product is galena, has occasioned a vigorous protest from the South-western mining association in which the protectionists of Colorado are denounced in unmeasured terms. No better showing of the evils of this pernicious system is needed than is given in the following resolutions, which we commend to the careful consideration of those who contend that protection extends its benefactions to all alike:

Whereas, At the instance of the lead monopolists of Colorado, a meeting of citizens was recently held in the city of Denver, the object of which was to protest against the free importation of lead ores from Mexico and other countries, and certain resolutions to that end were adopted; and,

Whereas, It is the manifest aim of these monopolists by means of false statements to encourage the rise of public opinion demanding the repeal of the law now in force on the subject of such importations and a reversal of the rulings heretofore made by different secretaries of the treasury, by which the introduction of such ores from Mexico has made the exchange of commodities with that country a source of profit and advantage in almost every branch of trade to western Texas, New Mexico and Arizona, and especially to the infant industries of these communities; and,

Whereas, Such resolutions seek to break down and destroy the smelting interests of the southwest by denying the importation of the fluxing ores essential to the smelting of the dry and refractory ores which are the products of Texas, New Mexico and Arizona, thus forcing such dry and refractory ores to pass into the hands of these monopolists; and

Whereas, The further growth and prosperity of the southwest, already well advanced, has been, is now, and will continue to be mainly dependent on the commercial relations hitherto and now subsisting between Mexico and the United States; therefore,

Resolved, To insure the continuance of this prosperity, and to encourage the growth of that section, every channel of trade for the importation of Mexican ores to be employed in payment for the exportation of American products and manufactures, should be kept open and constantly widened and deepened by the legislation of congress.

J. W. BRENTLINGER.

The Cleveland Single Tax Club.

At its meeting August 20 the Cleveland single tax club passed the following resolution:

Inasmuch as a resolution passed by this club on July 15 has resulted in some misapprehension of the motives and spirit of said resolution,

Resolved, That while we, the Central single tax club of Cleveland, Ohio, reaffirm our adherence to the principle that the land is the property of the whole people; that private property in it is contrary to right and justice; and that the only way to secure to the people their right to the land is by abolishing all forms of taxation save that upon land values and by increasing said tax on land values until it shall equal "as near as might be" the entire rent,

Be it further resolved, That we cordially welcome the co-operation and assistance of all who are willing to unite with us in securing any measure of reform in our present iniquitous system of taxation.

THE PETITION.

SINGLE TAX ENROLLMENT COMMITTEE,
36 CLINTON PLACE,
NEW YORK, Aug. 27.

The enrollment now stands as follows:

Reported last week 63,251
Received during week ending Aug. 27 553

Total 63,809

Contributions received during the past week have been as follows:

Paterson Single tax club \$2 25
A. Sagan, Jersey City, N. J. 2 00
F. McIntosh, Kansas City, Mo. 50
W. H. Messenger, Oakland, Cal. 2 00
Sundry stamps 23

Total \$6 98

Contributions previously acknowledged in THE STANDARD 1,651 67

Total \$1,658 65

WM. T. CROASDALE, Chairman.

The following are some extracts from letters received by the committee during the week:

W. M. Martin, Goldfield, Iowa.—We must turn the democrats of Iowa from mere negative opponents of protection into positive advocates of real truth. Republicans are sorely perplexed to explain away the effects of protection. The union of democrats and prohibitionists would snuff them under, even this fall, but if the democrats hold to the liquor men they will stay down.

A. R. Paul, North Adams, Mass.—We expect to organize a large single tax club here in a few weeks.

J. N. Symons, Benton, St. Louis.—We have no formal organization here yet, but we are doing what is even more essential—making converts, who are going forth preaching the gospel to those about them.

H. P. Moyer, Oberlin, Ohio.—This town was thoroughly shaken up last week by that irrepressible, "Billy Radcliffe, S. T." I know of two positive converts by his speech, and others have been led to ask for more information. He is doing a good work. Give us more Billy Radcliffes with plenty of sound sense and good literature.

W. H. Van Ornum, Chicago, Ill.—Everything looks well. I am more and more encouraged every day. The tide is visibly rising higher and higher. Surely our triumph cannot be long delayed.

Walter Kleinsorge, Helena, Mont.—Inclosed find my signature to the petition. I think the single tax, as you assert and prove conclusively, is the only method by which the labor problem can be solved. I became a convert through the reading of THE STANDARD and George's works. Having often thought about the horrid mistake in our protective policy, it did not take me long to see the cat, and I know now where the remedy lies.

Thomas Watson, San Francisco, Cal.—We had a well received lecture by Judge Maguire last night on the single tax as a means of exterminating poverty. It is by such plain matter of fact statements as these that the people are coming to see the cat.

George McGee, Upper Lehigh, Pa.—The most encouraging sign of the times in the Keystone state is to be seen in the free trade tone of the local press and the continual shower of hot shot being poured into the sinking hulk of protection.

W. L. Crosman, Boston, Mass.—The M. D. whose signature is among the enclosed was an active worker for the republican candidates last fall. In writing to him recently I enclosed a blank petition and asked him to sign. In reply he says, "I like the enclosed petition very much and am only too glad to have the pleasure of signing. While I always have been a protectionist, I think the present way of raising public revenues could be improved to the betterment of the whole people, and I do hope that congress will appoint such a committee." Every signature that I procure is proving beyond doubt that a better means of introducing the single tax could not have been adopted.

L. T. Brown, Seattle, Wash.—We have just secured a place, for the first time since the fire, to hold club meetings, and we have hopes of having an interesting club soon. Please send me 500 petitions, as we want to go to work.

H. G. Moulder, Kansas City, Mo.—Our club is flourishing. We very much desire to have Mr. George stop here on his way to Australia.

W. Johnson, Troy, N. Y.—Troy has been taking a very peaceful sleep, but the fury of battle must soon bring her to the front. An army has gone forth to preach the glad tidings to a landlord and monopoly ridden country and the heat of battle cannot grow cold until we are freed. You may expect some good work from Troy in the near future.

J. T. Schimpf, Sacramento, Cal.—Everything looks very panicky here. Twelve hundred men have been laid off from the railroad shops. You can see hunger in the faces of the children on the streets. Don't you think it is time to act? I enclose 100 signatures, making 800. Will send you 200 more in a day or so, which will complete my 1,000. Please send me another thousand blanks.

Robert Baker, Albany, N. Y.—The inclosed petitions bring my total up to 1,730. Although I am not getting a large number of signatures now, I am still keeping up the agitation all

along the line, and can daily evidence how the truths we are advocating are spreading.

Louis Lesaulnier, Red Bud, Ill.—In my neighborhood conversions to the single tax are occurring daily. Discussions at my store are as frequent, if not more frequent, than during the presidential campaign. I am fully convinced that hereafter primary conventions will have to take sides for or against us.

M. E. Atkins, San Francisco, Cal.—I have obtained fifty-eight signatures in the Examiner composing room out of a total of ninety-one men employed. I have been preaching single tax in the Examiner office for three years, yet I never thought I would be able to get so many signatures there.

J. H. Hall, McGregor, Texas.—I feel encouraged at the progress the single tax idea is making in this part of the country.

Just Across the Street.

ALBANY, N. Y.—As an instance of one of many advantages to be derived from a persistent presentation of the petition to all with whom single tax men come in contact, I think the following experience is instructive:

Having occasion recently while visiting a city where the single tax men are quite numerous, and have a club house in a very central location, to call upon a gentleman living immediately opposite said club, I thought the occasion was a propitious one for presenting the petition and endeavoring to discover what influence the presence of a large club of single tax men had upon him. I was surprised to find that he was a thorough believer, although apparently totally unacquainted with any member of the club, or, so far as I could discover, with any active supporter of the single tax. He said he had frequently thought he would like to join the club and take an active part in its work, but a feeling of diffidence had always restrained him from pushing himself forward among total strangers. As my stay in that vicinity was very brief, I could do nothing more than assure him that he would be cordially welcomed on the other side of the street, and urge him to lose no time in joining the club.

How many are there in the same position as this one it is of course impossible to say, but I am confident from the number of passive single tax men whom I have discovered by means of the petition that their numbers are by no means inconsiderable, and if the active members of our clubs all over the country would only seek them out I think they would be surprised at the way the membership would swell. The harvest is indeed ripe; it needs but the laborers to gather it in.

SINGLE TAX.

Lo! the Poor Indian.

The federal commissioners have finally succeeded in persuading the poor Indians of Dakota to sell a large portion of their lands, and President Harrison thanks the commissioners for their success in fooling the Indians into selling their right to live upon the earth for a mess of porridge.

The next thing the government is expected to do is to sell those lands or give them away to certain white people. They will be "opened up," as it is called, for actual settlement. Then rich men living in the large cities will rush in and take up land for their eighty-year old grandmothers, fit up one-room houses and take the old ladies out to actually settle the land. They will live in these houses, prove up, get their titles to the land, and then leave that part of the country forever. This is the way a great deal of the actual settling is done all through this country. An old grandmother is a valuable piece of property for actual settling purposes.

After all, what a fine thing it is to be an Indian! The Indian, after he is deprived of his land, gets a pension from the government. That is one of the chief differences between an Indian and a white man. When the Indian is deprived of his right to the land he gets a pension, but when the white man is deprived of his right to the land he gets no pension. A large majority of the white people of this country are as thoroughly deprived of their rights to land as any Indian, but they get no pension on this account. Uncle Sam seems to think an Indian has a better right to life than a white man!

The government need not appoint commissioners to visit the white man and get him to sign away his right to the land. It is expected that white men will submit peaceably to be robbed of all right to live on the earth for the benefit of a few landlords.

Really, it seems to be a blessed thing to be a poor Indian in this country and accursed thing to be a poor white man.

J. G. MALCOLM.

Opening Its Columns to the Single Tax.

MEMPHIS, Tenn.—The Sunday Times has opened its columns "to a discussion of the George theory." Mr. Gratz Brown has taken the "George" side and Major George B. Fleece the opposite, and each are given space in alternate issues of the Times. The Times says "the George movement is growing steadily," and that its advocates must be heard. "If," says the Times, "there is an underlying fallacy to it [the single tax] the sooner it is exposed the better. If it is simply a splendid illusion, it should be dispelled before the propaganda has gone too far."

NOTES OF PROGRESS FROM JERSEY.

The Labor Congress Favors Exempting Labor Products From Taxation—A Non-Partisan Ballot Reform Organization Formed.

The past week in Jersey City has been a notable one. Notable in more than one way. In the early part of the week a state labor congress was held, the first gun was fired for ballot reform, and a large single tax meeting was held on Sunday at Salter's Woodbine grove.

All the labor unions throughout the state of New Jersey were represented at the labor congress. It was a body of intellectual men. A vast number of them had "seen the cat" and were enthusiastic single taxers who were not ashamed to acknowledge their allegiance. Several single tax resolutions were passed by a unanimous vote. John W. Jakeway the president of the Standard single tax club was the author of most of these. He worked hard in the convention and in spite of a strong opposition was elected a member of the legislative committee which has charge of the presentation to the legislature of bills for the benefit of the laboring classes.

The single tax resolution passed by the labor congress was as follows:

Resolved, That we favor a constitutional amendment to be submitted to the people at the next election giving tax commissioners the power, when making a levy to pay for public improvements, such as public parks, public works, court houses, etc., to exempt from taxation all improvements such as houses, barns, farming implements, fencing, added value to land by clearing, standing crops, etc., since these things, being produced by the labor of the individual, are not increased in value by reason of public improvements.

After the meeting of the labor congress the preliminary steps were taken toward forming a permanent non-partisan ballot reform association in Hudson county without regard to party affiliations, for the purpose of agitating by all legitimate means the passage of a genuine ballot reform bill. The permanent organization will be formed in a few days, when officers will be elected and work will be commenced. Petitions are to be circulated throughout the state asking for the appointment of a committee by the legislature to consider the question of ballot reform. The candidates of both political parties are to be asked to pledge themselves in writing for ballot reform, and those who refuse to give such a pledge will find that the influence of the association will be thrown against them.

J. R. Abarbanell is the temporary chairman and J. T. Altemus is the temporary secretary. Already over one hundred people have signed the roll. This association will work independently of the labor ballot reform committee. No one will be elected an officer of the organization who is an office holder, or who is a candidate for any office, and no other question will be discussed by the members.

The secretary has received a large number of letters from prominent people in the state offering their aid and asking to have their names enrolled. Among the many letters is an excellent one from Mayor Orestes Cleveland of Jersey City. He is a democrat—an old style Jeffersonian democrat. It has been said that ballot reform can only be obtained through the republican party, but I am certain that the democracy of New Jersey will vote for it. My belief is strengthened when I read such letters as this one from Mayor Cleveland:

MAYOR'S OFFICE, CITY HALL,
JERSEY CITY, Aug. 21, 1889.

Mr. J. T. Altemus—Dear Sir: Your invitation is received to attend a meeting in the board of trade rooms for the purpose of organizing a non-partisan Ballot reform association. I shall be in Morristown on that evening. A true ballot reform will be one that will give to the honest voter the privilege of casting his vote in secret and free from any interference whatever, and that shall make it difficult, if not impossible, for votes to be bought and sold. The danger through the ballot to the perpetuation of the free institutions of this country lies in the power of money to control it in the first place and in the power of intimidation in the second place. These can be controlled by law. It would be a great advance, also, if falsehood to persuade voters could be punished. Very respectfully,
ORESTES CLEVELAND.

The meeting of the Standard single tax club at Salter's Woodbine cottage on Sunday was a large one. W. B. DuBois of Bayonne presided and George White, the president of the Brooklyn central club, delivered an address upon John C. Calhoun and the tariff question. Mr. White gave a biographical sketch of Calhoun and a detailed account of that statesman's work for the reduction of taxation. It was listened to with close attention and an animated debate followed. Next Sunday an experience meeting will be held at the grove and people will be invited to tell how they first came to "see the cat." Speeches will be limited to five minutes so that a large number can speak. In other words it is to be similar to an old fashioned Methodist love feast, and if the hallelujahs and amens are thrown in by the converted no objection will be raised. There may be some camp meeting songs to enliven the proceedings.

It would help the cause along wonderfully if all the single tax clubs would hold camp meetings on Sundays. I have found since the Standard club has been holding the meet-

ings in the grove, that hundreds of people for the first time in their lives heard what the single tax doctrine is, and I feel confident that the truth has taken root in some hearts.
J. T. ALTEMUS.

Activity in the Eastern District, Brooklyn, Club.

BROOKLYN, Aug. 15.—I would like to call THE STANDARD's attention to the reverse side of the letter sheet upon which this communication is written. It reads as follows:

WHAT SINGLE TAX MEN BELIEVE.

"That all men are created free and equal, and are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; among which is, the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

"That to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men."—[Declaration of Independence.]

WHAT SINGLE TAX MEN ADVOCATE.

We advocate the abolition of every form of restriction that in any way abridges the free and equal rights of all to sustain life, by having free access to all the common bounties of nature; without the use of which life cannot be sustained.

Those natural bounties are air, water, sunshine and land!

HOW WE PROPOSE TO SECURE THESE RIGHTS.

As all the natural elements essential to sustaining life are—with the exception of land—now free to all—we propose, by a simple tax that will absorb the rental value of bare land, to, in effect, free all unused land to those who wish to use it.

At the same time, by abolishing all other forms of taxation, the unjust burdens which now oppress and discourage industry will disappear.

WOULD THIS BE JUST?

It would! 1. Because the rental value of land is a value which is due to the concentration of people and to competition for its use! And as government is for the whole people, it is not only just, but proper, that its necessary expenses should be defrayed from a value which the whole people collectively contribute to create.

2. The system of taxing improvements and all labor products tends to diminish production and discourage industry, inasmuch as the improver of land, and he that produces that which other people desire, are fined, and in reality treated as public nuisances, needing suppression.

By our present system of taxation we discourage the industrious, and encourage the monopolist and land speculator.

This is flagrantly unjust, and should be swept away!

ARE YOU WITH US OR AGAINST US?

We hold weekly meetings for the discussion of questions bearing on this pressing subject, and for the propagation of those truths we believe in. If you see the light as we do, we would be happy to have your active co-operation. If you oppose us, and believe you see a fallacy in our position, we likewise extend you a welcome, and will at any time courteously grant you the privilege to expose it. We have neither love nor respect for passive people. Those who deem themselves finished, with nothing left to learn, belong to a prehistoric age, and have no business in this pushing, driving present.

COME AND SEE US!

Our club has had one thousand of these printed. Several volunteers are now dashing off suitable letters on the face, which we intend mailing to every single tax man within reach, in the hope of stirring them into activity. We shall likewise use them on others than single tax men. Many members also intend using them in private correspondence.

I may add that we have had this printed matter electrotyped so that any single tax clubs wishing to use this kind of official letter paper may obtain duplicate plates at small cost.

JOSEPH MCGUINNESS, Cor. Sec.

215 Ross street.

The eastern district single tax club of Brooklyn has issued a card for local distribution bearing on one side this:

ADMIT THE BEARER

to any

LUNATIC ASYLUM

in the State.

The bearer does not know how the single tax will raise his wages.

On the other side of the card is printed this advertisement:

"The eastern district single tax club meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock, at Oriental hall 316 Bedford avenue. You can there learn how and why the single tax would raise wages. Come."

Inviting Tariff Reformers to Help in the Work.

BOSTON, Mass., Aug. 23.—The following clipping from one of the newspapers will show you that this club, of which I am a member, is determined to have all persons interested in the question of taxation join us:

At a meeting of the Roxbury single tax club, held last night, it was voted to invite to membership all tariff reformers who may wish to join, and all others interested in the cause of the abolition of industrial slavery.

The Young men's democratic club of Massachusetts has THE STANDARD among the newspapers on its reading table.

W. L. CROSMAN.

"Law and Constitutional Reform."

NEW YORK, Aug. 21.—The extended notice of a pamphlet by Dr. Levenson which you published in your issue of the 17th, led me to send fifteen cents to that gentleman for a copy, and I never laid out fifteen cents to greater advantage. I advise every single tax man (and every one else) to read it, and let us write "Law and Constitutional Reform" upon our banners along with "Single Tax."

THEO. E. FRANCOIS.

209 West Thirty-second street.

HENRY GEORGE'S MISTAKES.

Thomas G. Shearman in the Forum for September.

Since the mistakes of Moses were so triumphantly demolished by Colonel Ingersoll, his example has been followed by numerous writers, who, possibly because they concluded that the Mosaic field has been sufficiently occupied, have devoted themselves to an equally triumphant demonstration of the mistakes of Henry George. Space could not be afforded for even an abstract of these brilliant productions. Crushed by the duke of Argyll, refuted by Mr. Mallock, extinguished by Mayor Hewitt, undermined by Mr. Edward Atkinson, exploded by Professor Harris, excommunicated by archbishops, consigned to eternal damnation by countless doctors of divinity, put outside the pale of the constitution by numberless legal pundits, waved out of existence by a million Podsnaps, and finally annihilated by Mr. George Gunton, still Henry George's theories seem to have a miraculous faculty of rising from the dead. For it is certain that his general doctrines are more widely believed in to-day than ever before; while the one practical measure which he advocates for present and immediate enactment is accepted by a vast number of intelligent men on both sides of the Atlantic. It is, therefore, still worth while to look into this terrible delusion, and to inquire seriously what are these fatal mistakes which, being so often slain, nevertheless live.

Mr. George has devoted a large portion of his famous book, "Progress and Poverty," to the assertion and illustration of his belief that, all over the civilized world, the rich are growing richer and the poor relatively poorer. He undertakes to trace the cause of the assumed evil to the private ownership of land and the steady increase of economic rent. He insists, with admitted eloquence and earnestness, that private ownership of land must be abolished; but he proposes one remedy and only one, the concentration of all taxes upon ground rent alone. He urges that these taxes should be increased to such an amount as will absorb ground rent. This, in view of statements made by all Mr. George's opponents, would seem to be really only a matter of detail, concerning which any one might be at liberty to entertain, as Mr. Disraeli used to say, a "pious opinion." For they all, with one voice, maintain that ground rent would never be sufficient to meet the existing taxes; and so this question, if any of Mr. George's critics are correct, could never arise.

To a practical mind there are only two important questions involved in this controversy. First, is there any undesirable tendency toward the concentration of wealth in the hands of a few? Secondly, is the concentration of all taxes upon ground rent alone a real, just and effective remedy?

Let us look into facts. As lately as 1847, there was but one man in this country who was reputed to be worth more than \$5,000,000; and though some estimated his wealth at \$20,000,000, there is no good reason for believing it to have been so great. The wealth of his lineal descendants is estimated at \$250,000,000, or \$50,000,000 each. In 1867, in the New York constitutional convention, one of the most prominent delegates stated that he could name thirty men, residing in that state, whose wealth averaged \$15,000,000 each. The St. Louis Globe recently published a list of seventy-two persons who were worth, collectively, the whole amount of our national debt, averaging \$18,000,000 each. The wealthiest railroad manager in America, in 1865, was worth \$40,000,000, but not more. His heir died recently, leaving an estate of nearly \$200,000,000; and there are several gentlemen now living who are worth over \$100,000,000 each. Within a short period a number of quiet, unobtrusive men, of no national fame, have died in Pennsylvania, leaving estates of over \$20,000,000 each. Twenty living persons, in the oil business, are reputed to be as rich. Forty persons could be easily named, none of them worth less than \$20,000,000, and averaging \$40,000,000 each. At the lowest reasonable estimate, there must now be more than two hundred and fifty persons in this country whose wealth averages over \$20,000,000 for each. But let us call the number only two hundred. Income tax returns in Great Britain and in the United States show that, in general, the number of in-

comes, when arranged in large classes, multiplies by from three to five-fold for every reduction in the amount of one-half. . . . For extreme caution, however, we estimate the increase in the number of incomes at a very much lower rate than this. At this reduced rate, the amount of wealth in the hands of persons worth over \$500,000 each in the United States would be about as follows:

200 persons at \$20,000,000 . . .	\$4,000,000,000
400 persons at \$10,000,000 . . .	4,000,000,000
1,000 persons at \$5,000,000 . . .	5,000,000,000
2,000 persons at \$2,500,000 . . .	5,000,000,000
6,000 persons at \$1,000,000 . . .	6,000,000,000
15,000 persons at \$500,000 . . .	7,500,000,000
	\$31,500,000,000

This estimate is very far below the actual truth. Yet, even upon this basis, we are confronted with the startling result that 25,000 persons now possess more than half the whole national wealth, real and personal, according to the highest estimate (\$60,000,000,000) which any one has yet ventured to make of the aggregate amount. Nor is this conclusion at all improbable.

Let us test the question in another way. Eastern savings banks show an average deposit of \$365. This sum represents the extreme savings of the average thrifty workingman of the east. But even estimating that 20,000,000 workers of 1889, earning an average of less than \$400 each, of whom 5,000,000 are women and children, have saved, on the average, \$600, still their aggregate savings would not amount to \$12,000,000,000, or \$1,100 for each average family. Let us suppose that the 1,000,000 workers of superior class, earning an average of \$1,000 each, have saved \$3,000—a monstrous exaggeration. This would make their total possessions \$3,000,000,000. The result would be to show that 21,000,000 persons had saved up in the whole course of their lives \$15,000,000,000, leaving \$45,000,000,000 in the possession of not more than 400,000 persons.

Look again. Excluding churches, public buildings, etc., from the items of wealth enumerated in the census estimate for 1880, it is reduced to \$41,000,000,000. Railroads, telegraphs, shipping, mines, quarries, canals, merchandise, and specie count for \$13,500,000,000. These certainly do not belong to \$400 workingmen. \$5,000,000,000 is charged to household furniture, paintings, and jewelry. Two-thirds of this would be an extreme allowance for the 9,700,000 families of the poorer class; but let us allow them more, and estimate the furniture of the 300,000 richer families at only \$5,000 each. Farms stand for \$10,000,000,000, of which more than one-fourth were owned by landlords and leased to tenants, while one-fifth were so large as to imply wealthy owners; and mortgages were certainly outstanding for more than one-fifth of the rest. Business and residential real estate, water power, etc., were estimated at about the same value. Of this, at least three-fourths was owned by the wealthy class, either absolutely or by mortgages. On this basis we arrive at the following estimate of the possessions, in 1880, of not more than 300,000 persons:

Railroads, shipping, mines, merchandise, specie, etc. . . .	\$13,500,000,000
Farms, 45 per cent . . .	4,500,000,000
Mortgages on farms, 20 per cent . . .	1,000,000,000
Other real estate . . .	7,500,000,000
Furniture, etc. . . .	1,500,000,000
	\$28,000,000,000

The total national wealth held as private property being \$41,000,000,000, this estimate confirms the previous one, that a small minority of the people own two-thirds of the national wealth. Is Mr. George so very much mistaken, in view of these figures, when he asserts that the rich are growing richer and the poor relatively poorer?

A sufficient cause for the immense and growing chasm between the rich and the poor of this country is to be found in indirect taxation. The population of the United States has increased in 25 years from 35,000,000 to 60,000,000. Let us call the average 45,000,000. The average annual taxes for the same period have been about \$175,000,000 on imports, \$136,000,000 on domestic productions, \$14,000,000 on incomes, \$25,000,000 miscellaneous, and \$300,000,000 state and local taxes, mostly on houses and improvements and personal property. Duties on imports have entailed an average increase of prices on domestic goods to the amount of fully thrice the duties! say \$525,000,000. Excise duties, by promoting monopolies, have largely increased prices, as in the well known case of matches, where a du-

ty of one cent caused an increase in price of two cents. Let us, however, call this increase only one-fifth of the excise, or \$27,000,000. But upon these taxes there are three profits, made by the importers or manufacturers, the jobbers, and the retailers, amounting to not less than 20 per cent in all, or \$172,600,000. Two-thirds of the state and local taxes are paid by middlemen, who of course add a profit; but this may be put as low as 5 per cent, or about \$10,000,000. The grand total now comes to \$1,384,000,000 per annum, as the average annual burden borne by the people for twenty-five years past. Of this all was indirect taxation, except something over \$100,000,000; leaving the average annual burden imposed by direct taxation at \$1,280,000,000.

This burden was distributed as equally as possible by natural laws, in proportion to the expenditure of each income receiver in the support of his family. As each worker supported, on the average, three persons, including himself, the people may be divided into 15,000,000 families, or rather groups of three(1). On the basis of the careful estimate of Mr. Atkinson, 14,000,000 of these must have been supported upon incomes of less than \$400 (in my judgment less than \$350), 700,000 on less than \$1,000, and the other 300,000 on larger incomes. The average annual earnings of the nation during twenty-five years cannot have exceeded \$7,500,000,000. Allowing fifteen per cent as savings, destruction, and cost of replacement, and adding to this the tax burdens, which must be paid out of savings, there would remain, as the sum expended in the support of the people, an average of less than \$5,100,000,000 per annum. On this the burden of indirect taxation has averaged 25 per cent. We are now prepared to calculate the effect.

Supposing them exempt from taxes, still it would be unreasonable to expect the mass of the laborers to support their groups of three on less than \$300 a year. Their burden of taxation, then, has averaged 25 per cent on this, or \$75 a year. Contrast with this the case of men who enjoyed an income of \$1,000,000, which a fortune of \$15,000,000 would on an average easily have produced in simple interest during this period. Allow them \$100,000 each, for a modest living; on which their tax would be \$25,000 each. From what fund would these taxes be paid? Obviously, from what would have been saved, but for taxation, not from what was spent. This fund, in the case of the masses, would amount to \$100 each; tax, \$75. In the case of the great millionaires, \$900,000; tax, \$25,000. Tax on the property of the very rich, less than 3 per cent. Tax on the property of the masses, more than 75 per cent.

What would be the result, at the end of a year, on these two classes? Assume only two hundred such very wealthy men; yet their savings would be, under such taxation, \$175,000,000. Assume only six hundred more, with incomes of \$500,000 each, spending \$50,000, and taxed therefore \$12,500; their net savings would be \$437,500 each, or \$262,500,000 in all. Thus eight hundred rich men would save \$437,500,000. The savings of the 14,000,000 laborers could not exceed \$25 each, or \$350,000,000. But if taxes could be dispensed with, the savings of the millions of poor men would have reached \$1,400,000,000, while those of the eight hundred rich would not have exceeded \$450,000,000.

Here is a mathematical demonstration that the mere fact of indirect taxation is sufficient to strip the poor of three-fourths of their natural savings, and to concentrate a majority of the wealth of the community in the hands of an infinitesimally small part of its number.

What, then, is the remedy proposed by the wild fanatic whose blunders we are considering? It is threefold. First, the total abolition of indirect taxation. Secondly, the substitution of a single tax on ground rent, the only sufficient form of strictly direct taxation which has ever been invented. Thirdly, the gradual increase of this direct tax, if necessary to that end, to an amount sufficient to absorb ground rents. This is all.

The third branch of this proposition is the only one which has brought the penalties of everlasting damnation upon Mr. George's head from the hand of Dr. Van Dyke. But Prof. Harris and Mr. Atkinson are sure that they have saved his soul, at the expense of his arithmetic, by demonstrating that rent is a very insignificant item, which would not suffice to meet the

(1) The actual number of real families was much less. It was under 10,000,000 in 1880, averaging five persons each.

present necessary taxes. Assuming for the moment, that Mr. George's arithmetical critics have delivered his soul from sheol, let us try to rescue his body from the lunatic asylum.

Every form of tax upon personal property or improvements upon land, whether in the form of a tariff, an excise, a license, or a so-called "direct tax" upon their value, is, in the inherent nature of things, an indirect tax. It is and always must be shifted from the original tax payer to the final consumer. In many individual cases the original taxpayer is unable thus to shift the tax; but in that event he is crippled in business, and, if the difficulty is permanent, he is ruined and driven out of business, to give place to a shrewder man, who makes the customer pay the tax in the end, with a bigger profit than would have contented the weaker man.

There are no direct taxes worth discussing, except the income tax, the succession tax, and the tax on land, valued without reference to its improvements. The income tax opens the door to innumerable frauds, and puts a premium upon perjury and corruption. If adopted in this country as the sole method of taxation, it will open the way to such plunder of the honest rich as will make them sigh for Henry George and his tax on rent. Poor folk and rascals will escape from all taxation whatever. The succession tax will fall exclusively upon the rich. If made high enough to support the cost of all government, it will fail, because it will be evaded. There remains only the tax on land values, or the natural rent of land, irrespective of improvements.

This tax is absolutely direct. It cannot be evaded. It cannot be shifted by the original taxpayer. That is an axiom of economic science. If it were not so, there would not be a particle of the clamor which is raised against it. The thunders of the pulpit would have slept forever, if the land owner could make poor folk pay his land tax with a little profit. The adoption of this tax would therefore put an end to all the unnatural impoverishment of the poor and enrichment of the rich, which take place under the present system. It would amount to a total abolition of taxation, as to that vast majority of the poor who own no land. Whereas now they pay both rent and taxes, then they would pay rent alone! This simple fact is a complete answer to the inquiry: "How are the masses to get the benefit of taxing rent?" As to such of the poor as own land, they would be relieved from the taxes which they now pay on personal property and improvements, that is, from more tax than would be added to their land tax. For we need reckon none among the poor who own more than \$3,000 worth of land clear, that being more than the average value of improved farms; and those who own less than \$6,000 worth of improved real estate are now paying more taxes indirectly than they could ever be required to pay under the single tax system.

Let us briefly consider "Henry George's Mistake about Land," as set forth by Prof. W. T. Harris, in the Forum for July, 1887. That "mistake" lies in his assumption that ground rent would be sufficient to defray all the expenses of government, national, state, and local. Prof. Harris finding that the official assessment of real estate in this country, in 1880, was about \$13,000,000,000, and estimating that this was two-thirds of the market value, and the value of the land alone about one-half of the whole, or somewhat less than \$10,000,000,000, calculates the ground rent at four per cent on this sum, or \$400,000,000 per annum; which of course is wholly insufficient to meet the taxes of \$700,000,000 levied in 1880. He then refers to Great Britain and Ireland, where, he says, land forms only one-fifth of the total wealth, with an annual rental of £65,442,000. As British taxes altogether amount to about £118,500,000, it is clear that if this estimate is correct, the single tax would not suffice to meet British taxes.

Taking first the case of the United States, the census report of 1880 shows conclusively that assessments are worthless as a means of estimating real values. They vary from 10 per cent to 70 per cent of the true value of real estate; and no average can be estimated from them. The census of 1880, upon which Professor Harris relies to show the proportion of land to the aggregate wealth, and which he must not therefore desert for local assessment tables, contains items of real estate, including all privileges over land, aggregating over \$28,000,000,000. Adopt-

Glauversville, N. Y.—Wm C Wood, M. D.
Grand View on the Hudson, N. Y.—Henry L Hinton.
Harrison, Texas.—I J McCollum.
Hartington, Neb.—John H Feiber.
Haverhill, Mass.—Arthur P Black.
Helena, Mont.—Judge M Clements, secretary Montana single tax association.
Hornellsville, N. Y.—George H Van Winkle.
Holtton, Kan.—J J Avery.
Hot Springs, Ark.—Alfred Chapman.
Hudson Falls, N. Y.—F S Hammond.
Houston, Tex.—H F Ring, incorporation attorney.
Hutchinson, Kas.—J G Malcom, M. D.
Illion, N. Y.—George Smith, P O box 502.
Indianapolis, Ind.—L F Foster, president Single tax league; Fred L H. Meridian; Chas H Kruse, bookkeeper; V. C. Negut's hardware store; E Wash st.
Ithaca, N. Y.—C P Platt, druggist, 75 East State street.
Janvier, N. Y.—J B Walsh.
Jesse City, N. J.—Joseph Dana Miller, secretary Standard Tax League, 100 1/2 N. 13th street.
Kansas City, Mo.—Chas E Beld, 2124 Highland avenue.
Kenosha, Wis.—W D Quigley.
Kentsburgh, Ill.—M McDonald.
Kingston, N. Y.—Theodore M Romeyn.
Lansingburg, N. Y.—Wm H McMan, 21 Eighteenth st.
Lonsdale, Ill.—Dr L F. Garvin.
Lexington, Mo.—F D Lyford, 3 Cottage street.
Lexington, Ky.—James Edwin.
Little Rock, Ark.—Sol T Clark.
London, England.—William Saunders, 177 Palace Chambers, Westminster.
Los Angeles, Cal.—W H Dodge, 30 North Alameda street; W A Cole, 149 South Hill; or A Vnette, P O Station F.
Lowell, Mass.—Henry Robertson, 5 Metcalf block, Kidder block.
Lytle, Minn.—C F Venham.
Lynchburg, Va.—Thos Williamson, cor Fifth and Church streets.
Lynn, Mass.—Theodore P Perkins, 14 South Common street.
Madison, Dak.—The Lake S T club, E H Evenson.
Mahanoy City, Pa.—J N Becker, president Free trade club; Robert Richardson, secretary.
Middle, Mass.—George W Cox, G. W. Wood street.
Miami, Mich.—A. L. Wainey, or W. H. Hall.
Mansfield, O.—W J Higgins, manager Western union telegraph office.
Mariboro, Mass.—Geo A E Reynolds.
Marion, Ind.—J C H Baildon.
Marion, N. J.—J Caldwell, chairman Ninth congressional district organizer.
Marysville, Mont.—S F Ralston, Br., president Montana single tax association.
Massillon, O.—Victor Burnett, 78 East South street.
Maunabo, Hawaii.—Oceano—Robert A Robian, 8 Pump street, Fort Louis.
Memphis, Tenn.—R G Brown, secretary Tariff reform club, 59 Madison street; Bolton Smith, 23 Alabama street.
Middletown, Conn.—John G Hopkins, P O box 590.
Middletown, N. Y.—Chas H Fuller, P O box 115.
Milwaukee, Wis.—Peter McGill, 147 Fourth street.
Minneapolis, Minn.—C J Buell, president Single tax league, 402 W Franklin avenue; E L Ryder, secretary.
Mion, A. A.—E Q Norton, 23 South Royal street.
Mt Pleasant, Iowa.—A O Pitcher, M. D.
Mt Vernon, N. Y.—J B Luttag.
Murrayville, Ill.—William Camm, president Democratic club.
Nashville, Tenn.—Mrs Wm Man, 212 N High street.
Newport, Mass.—Q A Lottrup, member Henry George club, 43 Walnut street.
Newark, N. J.—Rev Hugh O Pentecost, 54 Oriental street.
New Brighton, Pa.—John Beltz, 1 North Broadway.
Newburg, N. Y.—D J McKay, secretary Single tax club, 238 Broadway.
Newburyport, Mass.—Wm R Whitmore, secretary Merrimack assembly, Herald office.
New Castle, Pa.—J. H. Warren, room 11, 102 Orange street; Alfred Smith, 105 Day street.
New Orleans, La.—John S Walters, Maritime association.
Newport, Ky.—Joseph L Scherer, secretary Single tax league, 247 Southgate street; Will C James, 59 Taylor street.
New Westminster, Brit Col.—Alex Hamilton, member Tax reform association.
Norfolk, Va.—Edward K Robertson, secretary Alpha club, 200 N. 10th street.
North Adams, Mass.—Willard M Browne, 13 Marshall street; B S Myers, P O box 337.
North Springfield, Mo.—K P Alexander, 1926 North Booneville street.
Northampton, Mass.—H Babcock, lock box 52.
Oberlin, O.—Edw B Hall.
Olean, N. Y.—George Hall, pres Single tax association.
Timothy Horan, sec, 85 Railroad street.
Olympia, Wash Ter.—Alexander Farquhar, Adam street.
Omaha, Neb.—John G Emery, 422 Virginia avenue; Percy S. Smith, 1001 N. 10th street.
Orangethorpe, N. Y.—C. W. Warren, secretary Single tax club, 1512 S 5th street.
Orford, N. Y.—Wm C. 77th and Mondo streets.
Ordway, Dak.—R H Garland, member Tax reform association.
Oswego, N. Y.—Alex Skillen, 160 West First street.
Owosso, N. Y.—M. L. Murray, 18 Main st.
Passaic, N. J.—J J Barnard, 181 Washington place.
Paterson, N. J.—E W Nellis, chairman Passaic county Single tax Cleveland campaign committee, 89 North Main street.
Pawcatuck, W Va.—W I Boreman, member of Single tax league.
Pawtucket, R I.—Edward Barker, 23 Gooding street.
Peabody, Me.—C S Jackson.
Peoria, Ill.—J W Avery.
Perry, Pa.—Wm J. Atkinson, 928 Chestnut street.
Perryville, Pa.—A. H. Stephenson, 214 Chestnut street, secretary Henry George club.
Piermont, N. Y.—Charles R Hood, P O box 13.
Pittsburg, Pa.—Mark F Roberts, 177 24th street.
Portland, Ore.—S B Higgin, 48 Stark street; R H Thompson.
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—William C Albra.
Providence, R I.—Robert Grieve, 32 Button street.
Dr Wm Barker, pres, Rhode Island single tax association.
Pulaski, N. Y.—C V Harbottle.
Havenswood, Ill.—W H Van Ornum.
Reading, Pa.—Chas S Prizer, 1913 Penn street; Charles Corkhill, 15 S 6th street.
Richfield, Ind.—John J. Carrner, box 20.
Richmond, Ind.—M Ritchie, 913 South A street; J. E. Thiff, 136 South Third street.
Ridgeway, N. Y.—D C Sullivan.
Rivers Falls, Wis.—George H Bates.
Rocheater, N. Y.—Chas A Sarril, 7 Morrill street.
Roselle, N. Y.—Read Gordon.
Rutland, Vt.—T H Brown, 11 Cherry street.
San Diego, Cal.—A. Ha, veg, 139 10th street.
San Francisco, Cal.—Jauge James G McGuire, Superio court.
San Luis Obispo, Cal.—Mrs Frances M Maure.
Seattle, Wash Ter.—Alexander Wall.
Seneca Falls, N. Y.—Wm H Adkinson, P O box 54.
Sharon, Conn.—A. Westwick, librarian Single tax club.
Shelton, Conn.—J. H. Marsh, president Single tax club; Thos Potts, secretary.
Southboro, Mass.—S H Howes.
South Gaston, N. C.—W M Perkins.
Sparrow Bush, Orange county, N. Y.—C L Dedrick, president Progressive association; John Stuehan, secretary.
Spirit Lake, Iowa.—J W Schrimpf, secretary Tariff reform club.
Springfield, Ill.—James H McGree, secretary Sangamon association, 523 Black avenue.
Springfield, Mo.—H W Junceman, 665 Nichols street.
St. Louis, Mo.—H Hoffman, 119 N 6th street, president Single tax league; J W Stevie, 2213 Eugenia street, secretary.
Stockton, Cal.—D Learned.
Sunderland, Mass.—Dr W Symington Brown.
Streator, Ill.—George G Guenther.
Byracuse, N. Y.—H R Perry, 149 South Clinton street; or F A Platt, Walton street; or James K McGuire, 100 West 1st street, tax club 58 Greene street.
Seaboard, Wash Ter.—F R Morrow.
Toledo, O.—J P Travers, secretary Single tax club, No 1, 112 Summit street.
Tacoma, Wash Ter.—F C Clarke, 1304 K st.
Troy, Ore.—S. E. 523 Black avenue.
Trenton, N. J.—H R Matuewa, 9 Howell street.
Troy, N. Y.—B B Martis.
Tuckahoe, N. Y.—Albert O Young.
Unionville, Conn.—John McAuliffe.
Utica, N. Y.—Thomas H McEwen, 108 Elizabeth street, or A. M Buckley, grocer, southwest corner First and Catharine.
Victoria, B. C.—W L Sinton, E and N R R Co.
Vincennes, Ind.—Hon Samuel W Williams, rooms 3 and 4 Opera block.
Waco, Tex.—Frank Grady, lawyer, 163 south 4th street.
Wakefield, R I.—David Harrower.
Washington, D. C.—Dr. William Geddes, 1719 G street, E. W. secretary single tax league.
Weatherford, Tex.—Wm H Russell.
Westport, Brighton, Mass.—John N. Y.—A B Standard.
Wheeling, W Va.—John L Frank, 237 East street.
Whitestone, Long Island, N. Y.—George Harwell.
Whitman, Mass.—C P Bolin, cigar store; Thos Douglass, president Single tax league.
Woodstock, Ill.—W C Page.
Worcester, Mass.—E K Page, Lake View.
Yonkers, N. Y.—Joseph Butterland.
Youngstown, O.—Billy Radcliffe, Radcliffe house.
Zanesville, Ohio.—W H Langford, 27 Van Huron street;

THE STANDARD.

HENRY GEORGE, Editor and Proprietor.
Published weekly at
12 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY.

Entered at the post office, New York, as second class matter.

TERMS, POSTAGE FREE.

One year, \$2.50, six months, \$1.25; single copies, 5 cents.

A CLUB of three or more yearly subscriptions, sent in at one time, will be received at \$2.00 each.

ADVERTISING rate thirty cents per agate line each insertion.

COMMUNICATIONS and contributions are invited, and will be attentively considered. Manuscripts not found suitable for publication will be returned if sufficient stamps are sent for return postage. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

CONTRIBUTIONS and letters on editorial matters should be addressed to THE EDITOR OF THE STANDARD, and all communications on business to THE PUBLISHER OF THE STANDARD, and not at any time to individuals.

REMITTANCES should be made payable to THE PUBLISHER OF THE STANDARD.

SIGNATURES should be in full, with full address on every communication, to prevent errors.

RECEIPTS.—The correct filling of orders is evidence of receipt of remittance.

ERRORS.—Notice should be promptly given of undue delay or incorrect filling of orders.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.—When changing address send old as well as new address.

Sample copies sent free on application.

Our protection contemporary the Press has undertaken to attack the trusts which Mr. Blaine declared to be largely private affairs. Admitting frankly that trusts cannot be broken up by direct legislation, it proposes to destroy them by abolishing the tariff on trust products, and it is just here that it gets into trouble. It first assures its reader that trusts are not fostered by the tariff, but originate in "free trade" England, and would be much stronger here if we had free trade; it then proposes to slaughter them by putting on the free list all articles the American producers of which have formed a trust. This is free trade as to such articles, and to the uninitiated it seems a little queer that free trade should be both a way of strengthening trusts and abolishing them. If free trade in trust products will abolish trusts, why will not free trade in all products abolish them more effectually? And if free trade in all things fosters trusts, how can free trade in trust products abolish trusts? The Press will find it hard to answer; but we do not care very much whether it answers or not. It is enough that the Press is becoming a free trade journal, no matter how irregular its logical processes nor how slight the free trade it proposes. We cannot expect much free trade sentiment all at once from such a source, nor great regularity of logic in a paper that has fallen into the habit and labored under the necessity of advocating tariff protection. But if the Press leads the republican party in the future as it has in the past, the democrats will have to move along the lines of tariff reform much faster than they have done, or free traders will be tempted to go over to the opposition. That the Press has already influenced its party would appear from the declaration of the Iowa republicans in their platform, in which they demand "protection of American industry when it does not foster trusts or trade conspiracies." By all means let us congratulate these Iowa republicans on their proposition for abolishing so much of "protection to American industry" as fosters trusts and trade conspiracies. Strictly the proposition would do away with all protection, but let us be content to accept the narrow interpretation which would do away with so much as the republicans agree has the effect of fostering trusts. That done we may depend on the effect to help us to do more. It is now in order for the Press to specify the duties which in its opinion fosters trusts, so that we may know definitely what duties it proposes to abolish.

A correspondent of the Individualist has discovered an infallible test of true reform. He says that "true reform was never popular and never will be." It is by an application of this test that he proves the single tax movement erroneous, for that it is becoming popular he says is not denied. This makes a bad outlook for "true reform" in this country, where a reform must become popular before it can be adopted; but it has the merit of ex-

plaining why "true reformers," who never reform anything, reject the single tax as too practical for warm hearts and yearning souls.

The Journal of United Labor undertakes to apply the term "unearned increment" to other things than land. It would include in the term all accumulations of whatever character above and beyond a fair return for actual work of brain or muscle in their production. Who is to measure fair returns for actual work of brain or muscle? The only fair return is the whole product. We know of nothing short of this. But who can say what is the whole product of one's labor of brain or muscle, when many men of different skill, capability and industry, are employed in producing any complete article and bringing it to the consumer? How is the value of that article to be divided among its producers? It is beyond human ingenuity to devise a plan that will even approximate to justice. But no human plan is necessary. Natural law will do the work, and do it with substantial accuracy in any stage of material progress, if natural law be not trammelled by human legislation. The aggregate of production is divisible into two parts. One part is due to the labor of individuals as such, and the other to the power of association. The latter is measured by the land values of the community; the remainder belongs to individuals according to their several contributions. Rent and wages are the two parts of a whole. As the power of association increases, rent as a proportion also increases and wages diminish. And, since that to which rent attaches, the land, belongs equally to all, justice is done in respect to so much of the product, if it be equally enjoyed. But wages cannot in justice be equally enjoyed, for each individual is entitled to share in proportion to the value of what he does. To arrive at that value he must compete with his co-laborers for those advantages which are measured by the value of land. Thus his individual wages are measured; and though the more he gives for rent the less he will have for wages; yet, since he shares equally in the common fund created by rent, no injustice is done him, and a fair measure of individual wages is secured.

There is no such thing as an "unearned increment" of property that is not derived from a special privilege. Products of labor of a kind that are freely produced and freely exchanged are incapable of attracting an increment not earned by their owner. All increments in such cases are, in the last analysis, wages.

The Detroit Advance makes a good suggestion at an opportune time. It calls for a cessation of the clamor about politicians, demanding that it either cease or become more discriminating. "There are politicians," it says, "who are faithful to the trusts reposed in them, and there may be others who are the contrary." This clamor about politicians is a senselessly indiscriminating one. Most corrupt politicians are more the victims of vicious conditions than willing subjects of bad motives, and many politicians are, as the Advance says, faithful to their trusts. To attach odium to the name is not likely to augment the latter class nor to encourage reform in the former. It is well, also, to consider that the politician is usually a fair representative of the average sentiment of his community, and that when he is corrupt it is his constituency quite as much as himself that needs purification.

In saying that socialism means the suppression of the individual, the Commercial Advertiser is right; but when it declares that in this country class distinctions are unknown, and that the workingman's welfare depends upon a fair field and no favor, it states what it ought to know to be untrue. It is true that class distinctions are not specified in our laws, but like the drummer's overcoat in his bill of traveling expenses, though not specified, they are there all the same. Great wealth in the midst of poverty makes class distinctions as well defined and as hard to break

through as any that are directly created by royal patent: and great wealth in the midst of poverty is possible only through special privileges. When the law gives to some an absolute right of property in the only natural opportunities of making a living, which in justice belong to all, it diverts the wealth that labor perennially produces from the laborer to the privileged, and makes class distinctions here where only a little while ago they were so confidently supposed to be impossible, that the supposition survives with the Commercial long after the distinctions are a generally recognized fact. And how can the Commercial, a free trade paper, utter such an absurdity as that the workingman's welfare depends upon a fair field and no favor? Has it forgotten the protective tariff, has it been hiring a protectionist to write its editorials?

The increase of all values in Cook county, Illinois, in the past year, according to the assessors, is less than \$4,000,000. Chicago is in Cook county, and according to this exhibit Chicago is rather a slow going town after all.

Nor does Illinois seem to be a very enterprising state. In that state they tax nearly all kinds of personal property. If a man owns so much as a pair of shoe strings it is the constitutional duty of the assessor to consider his case with judicial care, as that of a man who probably ought to pay a tax. Illinois aims to tax everything; and therefore it is that the tax returns of that state may be presumed to give with substantial fullness the property that her citizens own. And so we learn that the total amount of personal property in the whole state of Illinois is less than \$143,000,000. Poor Illinois! Or poor constitution. Which is it?

The Phonograph, of Garden City, South Dakota, in replying to a letter from W. E. Brokaw, thinks it hits the single tax idea a deadly blow when it says that "under the single tax system a man might own a lot worth \$200, which would be taxed, of course; but he might have a building thereon worth \$2,000, and goods therein worth \$5,000, yet nothing would be taxed but the lot." This, according to the Phonograph, does not seem in harmony with common sense. The Phonograph is quite right, if the kind of sense that prevails in Garden City prefers vacant lots to stores and goods. Nothing is so discouraging to vacant lots, buildings, goods, dogs, and so on, as heavy taxation. People always get along with just as little as possible of anything that comes under the shadow of a high tax. It is wise, therefore, for the people of every locality to exempt what they want and lay taxes heavily on what they do not want. Thus, if it is vacant lots they want in Garden City, and not goods and buildings, let the good people of that locality by all means make taxes light on lots and heavy on goods and buildings. But if they prefer buildings and goods to vacant lots, let them make land values bear the burdens of taxation so that buildings and goods may go free. Of course they cannot get rid of land by taxing it. What there is of the land will remain just where the Almighty placed it, taxes or no taxes. But they can get rid of vacant land by taxing land values. That is to say, the vacancy will disappear though the land will remain. The Phonograph would do well to think the matter over, and decide whether it prefers vacant land to buildings and goods before deciding that the single tax is contrary to common sense.

THE SECRET BALLOT IN KENTUCKY.

At its last session the legislature of Kentucky passed a secret ballot law which in its essential features is in accordance with the Australian system. Subjected twice to a practical test it proved entirely satisfactory—so satisfactory that its constitutionality was attacked by the machine manipulators in the pretended interest of illiterate voters. The law required the voter to go alone into one of the compartments and prepare an official ballot according to his choice,

unaided except by the previous official publication in the press or by hand bills of the names of nominated candidates. This provision the court of appeals of the state held to be unconstitutional on the ground that the illiterate voter was deprived of reasonable means of voting intelligently, and therefore was denied that freedom and equality at elections which the constitution of the state guarantees.

The clause of the constitution of which this provision of the Kentucky ballot law is held to be an infringement requires that "all elections shall be free and equal." That a law which really impedes the voter would be in conflict with this clause no one doubts. To require ballots to be printed in a foreign language, for example, would constitute such an impediment. But a reasonable regulation for the greater security of the ballot cannot be regarded as an impediment because it may put some people to an inconvenience. And the most that can be said of the Kentucky ballot law is, that out of the necessities of the case it compels illiterate voters to go to the trouble, by no means a great one, of learning to distinguish, on the ballot he receives, the names of candidates printed in the language of the country. This is no more an interference with equality of suffrage, nor indeed so much, as the imposition of a poll tax, which the same court that holds the Kentucky ballot law to be unconstitutional has sustained. Or, to select an instance in closer analogy, suppose the ordinary mode of voting to be viva voce, would a law requiring a printed ballot interfere with the freedom and equality of the suffrage? It cannot be supposed that it would, and it has been held that it would not. It would be no argument against such a law that it impeded the illiterate. Improvements in the mode of voting cannot be rejected on constitutional grounds because they happen to require incidentally of an illiterate class some effort to enable them to understand a ballot plainly printed in the language of the country. As it is now, the illiterate are at a disadvantage in point of secrecy as well as of convenience, for before they can vote they must expose their ballots and take risks of deception. It is difficult to avoid the inference that the judges of the Kentucky court of appeals have given the benefit of a doubt as to the reasonableness of a regulation to people who thrive by manipulating elections through the purchase and intimidation of voters.

But it is useless to kick against the pricks. The highest court of Kentucky has decided that the convenience of its illiterate citizens is superior to secrecy of the ballot, and some means must be devised of securing the greatest secrecy consistent with that decision. The second Saxton bill, passed in New York last winter, met the objections that seem to have weighed with the Kentucky court, by providing for a fac simile ballot. This ballot was to be in all respects the same as the official ballot, except that it was to be printed on paper of a different color, and was not to be voted. Any voter was allowed to take a fac simile ballot into the booth with him, having previously marked it to suit his wishes, and from that to copy the marks upon the official ballot. This was at once a convenience to the intelligent voter and an aid to the illiterate. The intelligent voter could prepare his vote at home on a fac simile ballot, and when in the booth could copy the marks rapidly upon the official ballot which he received there and which alone he could deposit as his vote; while the illiterate voter could have the fac simile ballot prepared for him before going to the polls with at least as much security against deception as he has now, and with an opportunity to make enough inquiries of friends before voting, to enable him to change it.

Another device, adopted we believe by one of the western states, is to print the names of candidates in a different color for each political party. But a court that could solemnly declare the Kentucky law unconstitutional would have no difficulty in disposing of the color device in a sim-

ilar manner; and on the whole we are inclined to think that the Saxton device is the best so far proposed for aiding illiterate voters without impairing the secrecy of the ballot.

For a time we must expect to be bothered with pettifogging objections to details of the secret ballot law, but as the law goes into use in different states under the protection of courts constituted of intelligent judges who appreciate the sacredness of the ballot in a republic, pettifoggers will disappear and the ballot law will crystallize throughout the Union into the form best adapted for accomplishing its object.

SOCIETY NOTES.

On Tuesday evening the first grand ball of the summer at Newport was given by Mrs. R. T. Wilson, and was a beautiful affair. Tapestries of the richest colors, silks, satins, carpets, rugs, and embroideries combined with a profusion of hot-house plants and flowers to make the ballroom a bower of beauty; and when the Maypole figure was danced, and its flying ribbons were caught by the pretty and graceful dancers, the effect was indescribably picturesque. From the opening of the ball—when Mrs. Wilson stood with her three beautiful daughters—Mrs. Golet, Mrs. Herbert and Miss Wilson—grouped around her to receive her guests, until the final breaking up at 4 a. m., nothing was done or left undone that could detract from or add to its success.—[N. Y. Sun, Aug. 25.]

The house is filled with a mass of humanity all anxious as to the means of a livelihood, and careworn, haggard and prematurely aged by strain of a ceaseless battle for life. One flat will suffice to show the circumstances under which human beings can live and still be human. Two rooms; two families, seven persons; one bed, supported by a pair of carpenter's trestles, and on it a hollow cheeked, wild eyed young woman, reduced to the gauntness of a skeleton. Only yesterday a baby was born to her, and fortunately, or unfortunately, according to the view you take of it, the little one yielded up its life after the second gasp of tenement ozone. The woman had neither nurse nor doctor, and when we find her she is in need of food and nursing.—[From a description of the work of the New York World corps of physicians.]

The late William Thaw of Pittsburg, Pa., had \$1,000,000 invested in the Inman steamship line, \$3,500,000 in a 10,000 acre farm and \$1,000,000 in Pennsylvania railroad stock, and a large amount of money invested in other enterprises. It is said that he spent \$200,000 a year in charity.

Cennie Bobbins, the poor mother of four children, was taken to Bellevue hospital last week from the tenement No. 9 Monroe street. Trouble and hard work and the incessant fever of poverty had destroyed her reason. James Bobbins, her husband, is on the island, whence he seldom comes long enough to do an honest day's work. Mrs. Bobbins long had been the sole support of the family, and a week ago began to be "out of her head." Friday night she became violently insane and tried to choke her mother and her children.

John I. Blair, the New Jersey railroad king, who recently testified in a legal proceeding that he was worth from \$40,000,000 to \$60,000,000, says that he laid the foundation of his fortune by traoping when a boy.

John B. Hunt, a young man living in the flat of Mrs. Mary J. Rogers, No. 208 East 120th street, committed suicide last Sunday by shooting himself through the heart. A year ago Hunt, who was then a collector for the Metropolitan insurance company, boarded with Mrs. Rogers. His age was twenty-two years. Soon after he went to Europe, but he returned four weeks ago on the steamship Arizona. He went to Mrs. Rogers and told her that the business upon which he had gone abroad had been a failure, and that he was penniless. She consented to his remaining at her house until he found a situation, but it is supposed that he became despondent over his reverses, and so put an end to his life.

Out of 769 deaths in New York city during the week ending August 24, 493 occurred in tenement houses. There were 253 deaths of children under one year of age.

North Dakota Lands.

Harrisburg Patriot.
The North Dakota constitution provides for a tax assessment upon uncultivated land, making the rate the same for such land as upon land cultivated. This is a partial victory for the Henry George or single tax people, who were ably represented in the constitutional convention. If the provisions of the constitution should be ratified by the people, and there is little possibility of its being disapproved, the speculators in land will seek elsewhere for a field in which to ply their vocation.

There will be no "unearned increment" where the tax assessor levies the tax upon uncultivated land according to what its value would be in the possession of those who would cultivate it; and as there is no reason in justice or equity, why the enterprising citizens of Dakota should pay tribute to a few speculators, who if not for this tax would neither cultivate the land nor sell to those who would, it is hoped the assessors will not fail to do their duty. The strongest point in Henry George's argument for assessing land up to its full rental value is demonstrated every day, and in every town and city of the Union, by men who, holding land available for building sites, neither improve, build upon, nor sell to those who would.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Charles Bosburg, of Charles J. Bosburg & Son, Parkersburg, West Virginia, is in New York for a few days. He gives a glowing account of the results of the missionary work being done by the Single tax club of Parkersburg. They have regular meetings every Saturday, but are far from resting at this, and hold numerous small meetings whenever they can throughout the adjoining country. The Parkersburg Sentinel, a democratic paper, never makes an issue without having something in it about the single tax. W. I. Boreman, a most energetic man, is president of the club.

James A. Herne, the well known actor, intends that the brethren of his profession shall know exactly how he feels about the single tax. He has had printed on his business envelopes, in black type, the following:

RENTS WILL BE LOWER,
and Wages Higher,
UNDER THE SINGLE TAX SYSTEM.

A. J. Wolf, one of the valuable members of the Manhattan club, who has been in the west for some months past, returned to this city last week.

It is said that Mrs. William Waldorf Astor is setting the 400 the example of going to bed nightly at 10 o'clock. Most of her tenants have to go to bed earlier than that, in order that they may be able next day to do the work that pays the rent that enables her to maintain the position that allows her to set the fashions for the 400.

M. H. DeYoung, proprietor of the San Francisco Chronicle, has his eyes on a seat in the United States senate.

Morris Van Veen has returned from his vacation. He was up along the coast of Maine. One of his favorite means of recreation was to turn conversations in the direction of the tariff. He says it is the favorite topic of thought. He was at a social gathering of ladies and gentlemen at Bar Harbor one evening when the subject came up, and soon all other gossip was dropped and the people present gathered around him and a Canadian friend, who was a thoroughgoing protectionist. Mr. Van Veen argued from the single tax free trade standpoint, and succeeded in vanquishing his opponent. At the conclusion of the discussion Mr. Van Veen apologized to the ladies for having introduced a topic usually tabooed at social gatherings. The ladies with one voice asked him to withdraw all apologies, and assured him that the discussion had been an unexpected treat, and that they had been greatly interested. They complimented him by saying they had learned something they never knew before as to the real truth contained in the doctrine of absolute free trade. Bar Harbor at the time of Mr. Van Veen's visit entertained President Harrison as a guest, and was therefore overflowing with protectionists.

Edison, the electrician, has received from King Humbert the insignia of a grand officer of the crown of Italy. This makes Edison a count and Mrs. Edison a countess. Who knows but this may be a starter for an American nobility.

Frank Mayo, the actor, is going to Australia this winter. He is very much interested in the single tax movement, while not one of its supporters. He has been unable so far to see why it is wrong to tax a man on all his possessions, real and personal. But he does good work, for in four cases out of five he converts men to the single tax by the arguments he uses in opposition to it. He is a good actor, and will meet with success among the antipodeans.

Edward Bellamy, the author of "Looking Backward," is a native and resident of Chicopee Falls, a quiet village near Springfield, Mass. He is thirty-nine years of age, though his face, which is strong and earnest, hardly looks it. He has an attractive personality, is cordial in his manners, and talks easily and well. He was married seven or eight years ago, and has two children.

General W. T. Sherman had a hard time of it in the Catskills. Whenever he went near where a brass band was playing they insisted on playing "Marching Through Georgia."

J. K. McGuire is stirring things in Syracuse. A day or two after the "farmers'" convention, held in Syracuse three weeks ago, the Courier printed an address on taxation which Mr. McGuire had intended to deliver to the convention, but which was shut out by the chairman. The publication of this address has attracted wide attention up the state, and Mr. McGuire has received numerous approving letters. But he has also received others which, while not of disapproval, have shown that some of his points were not clear to their minds. So last week the Courier printed a second letter from Mr. McGuire (giving it a position of honor on the first page), in which he answers these friends. The Courier headed it "Cracking Hard Nuts." The reading of the questions and the answers showed that the "nuts" were not so very hard, after all. Mr. McGuire is a young man, just turned twenty-one. A correspondent in Syracuse, speaking of him, says that his two letters—the one on the single tax and the answers to doubters—have created a pro-

found impression, and, what is better still, that "Mr. McGuire has made hundreds of converts to the single tax in Syracuse during the past month."

Henri Labouchere is coming to this country this fall.

Wilkie Collins is short and delicate looking, with very small hands and feet.

On England's civil pension list are the names of two ladies directly descended from Daniel DeFoe, author of "Robinson Crusoe," who receive \$75 a year each.

Single Tax Johnson is a cat who would delight Judge Maguire. He has four white feet and a white tip to his tail, so that if he were not named Single Tax he might be named Tip. He is very large and very handsome, and belongs to Tom L. Johnson's mother. His lines have fallen in pleasant places in the new house which Colonel Johnson is finishing at Fort Hamilton. This house, a one-storied cottage from the bay. Its back yard stretches out into the water and furnishes a fine swimming ground. Its ample verandas command a magnificent panorama, and every vessel that passes in or out New York harbor passes before them. Colonel Johnson, who commanded the Third trans-Mississippi (confederate) regiment during the war, was for many years superintendent of a large Christian Sunday school in Indianapolis. Since his removal to Fort Hamilton he goes to Brooklyn every Sunday to teach a class in the Christian Sunday school there. Next year, in company with several ministers of the Christian denomination, he proposes to visit Egypt, Turkey and the Holy Land.

A. J. Moxham of the Johnson steel rail works and president of the Johnstown single tax club, who so distinguished himself by organizing order and relief in the great disaster, has been in New York for a few days during the week. He says that land in Johnstown has increased in value since the flood, while land in Moxham has gone up in value even more.

Thomas Ritchie, president of the board of trade of Belleville, Ontario, recently delivered a lecture before the Knights of Labor in the Opera house at Belleville, which has been published and is being largely circulated. It is a well considered inquiry into the question of the unequal distribution of wealth, and a clear and concise exposition of the single tax both as a fiscal measure and a social reform.

Mr. James A. Herne starts on the road soon, appearing at Troy, September 2, in "Drifting Apart." This is not the drama spoken of in THE STANDARD as touching upon the single tax, but it is a very touching story of New England coast life, very life-like, full of humor and pathos. Mrs. Herne, an artist of great delicacy and power, is fully in sympathy with her husband on the land question, and understands the problem thoroughly. They will aid Professor Garland in producing his play as soon as the time is ripe for it. Mr. Herne brings "Drifting Apart" to Brooklyn on the 16th of September.

The Secret.

W. R. Thayer in The Atlantic.
I have heard a fearful secret:
To the Shah I will not tell it;
I will hide it from my sweetheart,
From my merry, dear companions,
When they ask.

This is it: The clod I trample
Was the skull of Alexander,
And the waters of the ocean
In the veins of haughty princes
Once ran red.

And the dust-clouds of the desert
Where the lips of lovely women:
Where are they, and they who kissed them?
Power dies, and beauty passes—
Naught abides.

Where is Jamshyd, and his beaker?
Solomon, and where his mirror?
Which of all the wise professors
Knows when Kaus and Jamshyd flourished—
Who can tell?

They were mighty, yet they vanished;
Names are all they left behind them;
Glory first, and then an echo;
Then the very echo hushes—
All is still.

O my Shah, ask not my secret!
Sweetheart, I must hide it from you!
They who hear it are not merry:
Power dies, and beauty passes—
Naught abides.

What Protection has Done in One Instance.

New York Post.

John Lees & Son of Philadelphia have made an assignment. The firm has been in the cotton manufacturing business for nine years. About two years ago it began the manufacture of fine gingham and cotton goods, and up to the time of the assignment gave employment to 100 hands. "Our failure," said the senior member last night, is due directly to an overstocked market, but I must admit that it is indirectly due to the tariff on raw material. With the raw material free, we could have reached out in other directions, and I am fully convinced there would be a general diversification of industries. Unless congress removes the tariff on wool, it won't be long before some of the largest factories in this country will be compelled to close their doors."

Father Huntington Among the Illinois Mill-men.

New York World.

A dispatch from Streator, Ill., on Saturday says, the appearance of Father James O. S. Huntington, of this city, on the streets of that town, clad in his black cassock, caused a sensation, which was heightened by his admission to the secret meetings of the striking miners. The dispatch also states that he prevailed on the strikers to rescind the violent resolutions adopted at a previous meeting and to consent to more moderate measures.

This is not the first time Father Huntington has identified himself with a strike. During the ostrich feather workers' lock-out in this city last winter he raised \$2,000 for the girls. Since then the Father has been in the vicinity of Syracuse, taking part in the discussion of labor questions in the Knights of Labor local assemblies, and some of his friends here stated that he was going to give up his priestly office and devote his time and ability to the labor cause.

Father Huntington, who is a member of the Protestant Episcopal order of the holy cross, first came into public notice by making several speeches during the mayoralty campaign when Henry George was a candidate.

Father Huntington is the son of Bishop Huntington, of the diocese of central New York, and had he been worldly-minded and ambitious to rank high in the Episcopal church, or preferred an easy and fat living, could have obtained either place. He became early attached to the extreme High church party, and took the vows of celibacy when he entered the order of which he is a member. He has devoted his life thus far to the work of the Holy Cross mission on Avenue C and Fourth street. He has made the habits and mode of life of the workers his special study, residing in their tenement houses and partaking of their food. A few years ago Father Huntington began to study the labor question, and found he could be of service as a Knight of Labor, and even the radicals of District assembly 49, who look upon clergymen, doctors and newspaper men who desire to enter that order with suspicion, have only the warmest expressions of admiration for the young father's unselfishness and religious zeal.

It was as a Knight of Labor that he gained entrance to the Miners' assembly in Streator, and his counsel as a fellow knight, seeking the welfare of the workers, has no doubt had its effect.

Early Land Laws of Rhode Island.

Sidney S. Rider in Providence Book Notes.

Recently while on some investigation relating to the settlement of Showmet, or Warwick, my attention was arrested by various orders relating to land tenure made by these pioneers as disclosed in their earliest records.

No man could hold land for speculative purposes. No man could by his individual ownership of land prevent another man from using that same land in case the first owner did not put it to immediate use. A man might buy and be assigned land, but if he did not at once occupy, it was taken away from him and given to some one who would do so. No man could control the earth in Showmet, to the detriment of him who actually desired to use it, as its Creator designed that it should be used. There could be no holding for a rise. No writer of Rhode Island history has ever noted this curious fact. It was the foundation law of the land at its settlement, and yet when men to-day advocate a return to it, they are denounced as enemies to all good government.

Workers Here and There.

New York World.

A western protection journal notes, as though it were a new concession for that brainy free-trader, Henry George's observation, since his return from Europe, that "on the whole the condition of the working people in this country is better than in any part of the old world."

This has been true for the past hundred years, alike under low tariffs and high tariffs, and it would still be true if we had no tariff. Why should it not be the case? Where in the old world is land so plentiful and cheap, the actual resources of the country so rich and varied, the opportunities for labor so abundant, and the government and institutions of the country so favorable to the rights and privileges of man, as here?

The only American industries in which the condition of the working people approximates to that of the same class in England or in Europe are those which are "protected"—for their proprietors. The coal-miners in northern Illinois and in many other parts of the bituminous region are no better off at any time, and just now are in a much worse plight, than the miners of England. The same is true of the cotton-mill operatives at Fall River. They work more hours, produce a third more cloth, and have less to show for it at the end of a year than the mill hands in England. The condition of the "protected" clothing-makers in this city, as recently discovered and portrayed by a delegation of their competitors from Boston, cannot be surpassed for slavishness and squalor in the worst sweat-shops of London.

The fact that the employers of this labor are more favored than they are abroad is pretty clearly indicated by the present anxiety of "British gold" to seek investment here for the purpose of sharing the tariff bounty.

HEAD OF GOLD AND FEET OF CLAY.

Sermon by Rev. E. P. Foster, of Cincinnati, In the Adams Memorial Presbyterian Church, New York City, Aug. 11, 1889.

Prov. xxx, 8-9—Give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me; lest I be full and deny Thee, and say who is the Lord, or lest I be poor and steal and take the name of my Lord in vain.

We are living in that period of the world's history which has afforded the sharpest contrasts between wealth and poverty. The books of knowledge have been opened, revealing hitherto undreamed of riches in the great storehouse of nature. The discovery of a new world by Columbus has been paralleled by other eager explorers in other domains. Fire and water have been regarded as mortal enemies ready to destroy one another when brought into contact. Lo! from their union there has sprung not annihilation of each other but the colossal power of steam, working more wondrous marvels than the fabled genii of the Arabian Nights in their thousand and one creations. The myriad-genius, Shakespeare, did not dare to go beyond the thought of girdling the earth in forty minutes, and with him it was but a fanciful fairy's midsummer night's dream, not to be wrought out with any human powers. That now would be lagging travel, for the lightning winged messenger that has entered into the service of man. A book was formerly a luxurious treasure beyond not only the hope or the expectation of the great multitude, but beyond their desire also, for it would have been to them a sealed mystery. A Bible was worth as much as a house or a farm. But the clicking types with magical effect have brought the treasures of antiquity and of modern thought to every doorstep freely as the sunlight streams from the unclouded sky.

Riches, we have been warned, were in danger of taking to themselves wings and flying away. But in modern days riches seem to have taken to themselves wings in order that they might fly, not away from, but to, the nations of Christendom. The fortunes of fifty years ago of which men heard or read with amazement, have dwindled into insignificant ridges beside the mountain ranges, Andes and Himalayas of accumulation, which since that time have lifted themselves toward the clouds. According to the census of 1860, the national wealth of the United States amounted to \$16,163,000,000. In 1880, in spite of the fact that one of the most tremendous wars of the world had been waged within our boundaries, with wide wasting destruction on every hand, yet the national wealth had increased to the sum of \$43,642,000,000, an increase in those twenty years of 170 per cent. On the other hand the tremendous fact confronts us, that as the mountain ranges are cleft by gloomy valleys, so the greater part of this vast addition of wealth has concentrated itself into a comparatively few hands, and wherever there is boundless wealth there is to be found also fathomless destitution.

It is admittedly a fact that the disparity of fortunes is rapidly increasing. The rich are getting richer, and the poor, comparatively at any rate, are getting poorer. There is undoubtedly some cause in the constitution of modern society that is working out that result. Wider and wider grows the gulf that yawns between the high plateaus upon which the rich have their homes and the lowland flats upon which are huddled the tenements of the poor. It requires no superhuman gift of prophecy to tell that this tendency of affairs cannot continue to work uninterruptedly for very much longer. Either there must be some remedy set to work, some counterbalancing cause that will turn the stream of tendency toward an equalization of possessions, or the fretting waters at the base of the height will undermine them at length, and the upper crust of society will break through to the lower, with an awful convulsion that will almost crush the fabric of civilization and religion.

The lessons of past history if glanced at, will show us that the nations that plunged into the seething whirlpool of anarchy and revolution, and fiery disruption, stood upon just such a brink as the one upon which the foremost nations of modern civilization are now standing. When the head of society becomes a head of gold, and the feet of society become feet of clay, then comes overthrow. Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, in the pride

of dominion said, "is not this great Babylon, that I have built for the house of my kingdom, by the might of my power and for the honor of my majesty?" "While the word was in the king's mouth, there fell a voice from heaven, saying, O king Nebuchadnezzar, to thee it is spoken, thy kingdom is departed from thee."

It was in the midst of the luxurious drunken feasting of King Belshazzar that a mysterious hand traced the letters on the wall, while up from the drained bed of the river Euphrates, crept the Persian army, and with wild uproar touched the torch to the palaces, and in smoke and blood, they tumbled in confusion.

The proud Roman walked the streets of that city on the Tiber that he boastfully called "the eternal city," and exulted in the thought that to be a Roman was greater than a king. Deluded pride. Just as in our day, enormous estates were gathering to themselves the wealth, the splendor, the power, but also the luxury and the corruption of a world. Haughty patrician against the despised plebeian. Revelings in the palaces, and the streets of Rome becoming one vast almshouse, where bread was thrown to the ragged, hungry multitudes, as if they were wild dogs howling for bread or for blood. Rottenness seized upon the heart of Rome. Over the palaces of the rich and over the rookeries of the beggar poured the tide of incoming barbarians. Do you say that there are now no unexplored regions from which can march the barbarian hosts to desolate and destroy civilization and religion? Be not too sure of that. The storm center of our modern civilization is the city. In its alleys and slums and drinking places there gather the froth and the blackness of the rising tide.

A taste of what is possible was given a hundred years ago. Rome had gone down, and upon its ruins was built up modern Europe. Against its walls dashed the raging hosts of Mohammedanism. They were fronted by the Hammer, Charles Martel, and with tremendous strokes he crushed them backward, bruised and bleeding. Foes now showed themselves, not from without but from within. The great estates of France in the time of the Bourbons began to draw to themselves like mighty maelstroms all the resources of the land. There was corresponding destitution among the peasantry, and in the city among the rabble, the despised poor people or "proletarians." Pile heavy weights on the top of a wheel and nothing on the bottom. It quickly revolves. Pile all the wealth of society on the top, and nothing at the bottom, and there will speedily be a revolution. So it was in France. The wheel revolved. The bloody triumvirate, Robespierre, Danton and Marat rode to the top. The guillotine was set up, and all day long its reeking knife went chop, chop, upon the necks of the choicest citizens of France. The gulf that yawned between the top of society and the bottom, between the aristocrat and the proletariat was filled by the corpses.

Human nature remains now the same that it has ever been. What history has shown us as taking place is thereby proved as possible again. The conditions that preceded such violence then, are forming once more. It is luxury on the one hand and destitution on the other—the palace ever against the poorhouse. It is no alarmism that speaks of these things. Christianity is intended to be the conservator of order and righteousness. "Peace on earth" was the song of the angel messenger at the advent of the Redeemer. Jesus taught two commandments as those on which hang all the law and the prophets. Both "love." One of those two is love to man. While the Master said that he came "not to bring peace on earth but a sword," while he teaches us to be good soldiers and to fight the good fight, yet the aim of the soldier is not war, but peace. He who delights in war for war's sake, is a demon. But while the Christian desires peace, he knows that there can be no lasting peace except upon a firm and true basis.

Therefore it is that the bible tells us to prove all things. Religion is not like the foolish ostrich of the desert, that when danger threatens thrusts its head into the sand that it may see nothing. True religion is willing to look dangers in the face that it may remedy or meet them. It feels that to do otherwise would be traitorous to its Lord.

Then comes the question, Has religion anything to say to these great inequalities in the condition of men, that, every thoughtful writer will tell you, hang a threatening mountain over us?

The answer is that if these inequalities are the result of God ordained causes, then religion must hold her peace. Where she cannot comprehend, she can still make no complaint if assured that things are as God has planned and placed them.

But on the other hand, if these things are the result of one-sided selfish human laws, not based on divine truth and righteousness, then religion would no longer be religion if she were not to utter her protest.

Now that there is appalling destitution among men and women, especially in the poorer parts of our great cities, admits of no denial. It is true that much of it is due to the vices of intemperance, indolence and extravagance. If you that are in prosperous circumstances choose to say that it is because you are peculiarly righteous that the Lord has blessed you above your fellows, you have the privilege of doing so, and yet you ought not to be forgetful that sometimes those whom the Lord loves He chastens. It will not do to say that temporal prosperity is always a proof of righteousness, for David says: "I have seen the wicked in great power and spreading himself like a green bay tree." The patriarch Job, we are told, was a perfect man and upright, one that feared God and eschewed evil. His property vanished like the morning dew. "Mark the perfect man," says the Psalmist, "and consider the upright, for the end of that man is peace." Yes, the end of every one who holds fast his integrity will be peace, but that does not disprove the fact that all along his pilgrimage through earth he may be sorely tried of Satan. There is many a gray-haired Dorcas, whose life is fragrant with good, who yet sits in lonely garret or crowded tenement house, while blinding tears make it scarce possible for her to thread her needle. If even the Son of Man had nowhere to lay his head, is it strange if others also who finally obtained a good report, yet here on earth, as the apostle tells us, wandered in deserts, and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth, destitute, afflicted, tormented?

Well, who is to blame for it? Is God to blame? Has he made the earth too narrow? Has he put nothing in the storehouse? Is nature itself niggardly?

Listen to an eloquent Fourth of July orator, and you can scarcely believe after that, that in this country at any rate there is not an abundant supply for all its inhabitants. Here him tell of its three million square miles, superior to all of Europe in broad extent of fertile soil. Hear him describe its yellow oceans of tossing grain, its fields of cotton and of corn, its tremendous reaches of forests, its exhaustless mines of coal and iron, its spouting wells of petroleum or natural gas, its commodious harbors and majestic rivers. He needs not go beyond the truth to draw a picture of unexampled abundance. If any one in these United States is hungry it is not because God has not filled the storehouse of nature, packing it full from cellar to garret.

We have sixty-five millions of people here, a mere handful in comparison with the magnificent natural resources God has given. Rev. Dr. Strong, in his little book entitled "Our Country," calculates that we could not only support but enrich a population of a thousand millions. That is possible even with our known and used methods of production. At any rate, it is an absolute certainty that if there be want in any corner of America, we cannot blame God with not having made provision enough for all.

It is the glaring inequalities in this distribution of wealth that is adding fuel to the fires of the volcano of social discontent, that for the present smolders beneath our feet and occasionally only emits sulphurous smoke or arouses apprehension by ominous rumblings.

But the objection comes readily enough to any communistic division that if to-day all property should be divided equally, in a week or a year there would be as much inequality as ever and a new division would be required, and thus there would be perpetual unsettlement and disorder. Yes, that objection holds good, but there is a still stronger one that the church and religion can urge. That is, it would be a direct violation of the commandment of God; it would be robbery, to take forcibly from the rich to give to the poor. Such a measure would be wild anarchy, not to be thought of for a moment.

The Bible law is that the poor shall not be favored, and that the rich shall not be favored. That is, each must be dealt

with justly. But if it can be shown that our human-made laws favor the rich, and take from the poor man so subtly that he is not aware of it, then the course for religion and justice is plain. It is simply to advocate the change of such one-sided laws.

It has been calculated that the effect of our taxation laws is precisely that. It has been calculated that from what the common laborer, from what the washerwoman, could save above his or her living, the taxation laws take from every dollar some eighty-three cents; similarly from every dollar of the savings of the average rich man thirty cents; from every dollar of the enormously rich railway kings and lords of finance three cents.

What makes inequality in social conditions? Brains has much to do with it, temperance has much to do with it, economy has much to do with it, industry has much to do with it. Godliness, says the word of God, is profitable, for this present life and for the life to come. The church of Christ must advocate with all its might the virtues. But at the same time to tell the poor man, that the cure for financial distress lies wholly in these things, while at the same time when he attempts to exercise economy, the taxation hand of his country, if calculations are correct, secretly abstracts eighty-three cents out of every dollar of his possible savings, and only three cents out of each dollar of the money king's savings, is to mock the poor man with a falsehood. It is to treat him as Tantalus was treated in the fable from which we get the word tantalize. What would you think of the consistency of the burglar who came into your house by night and stole your day's savings, or eighty-three cents out of every dollar of it, and in its place left a tract on the benefits of economy and temperance? You believe in economy and temperance but you would not relish this sermon from such a source.

A most intelligent Christian man, whose father's name has been given to a large district of the city of Cincinnati, said to me that the masses of the people could never be educated up to see this question in its true light; that such education would only come through a terrific revolution of anarchy and bloodshed. Let us hope that he was too fearful. With the law-making power in the hands of the people, as it is in America, there is no need of revolution by force. It rests with the educated and church-going people of the land, however, to say whether or not it shall come. What we in our pride call the "lower classes" of the people, will not revolt if the upper classes will give them justice. Says Rev. Dr. Josiah Strong: "The classes from which we have most to fear are the two extremes of society—the dangerously rich and the dangerously poor—and the rich are much more to be feared than the poor." Says Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby, a leading minister of New York city: "The danger which threatens the uprooting of society, the demolition of civil institutions, the destruction of liberty and the desolation of all is that which comes from the rich and powerful classes in the community."

It is a Christian motto, "Let justice be done though the heavens fall." It is both Christian and prudent to say, "Let justice be done, lest the heavens fall."

About the Pauper Lightning of Canada.

Chicago Leader.
There seems to be a slight difficulty in the way of utilizing the enormous waste forces of Niagara falls. It was proposed to take the power, by the use of dynamos, and carry it to the cities of Buffalo, Rochester and Syracuse, to drive the machinery in those manufacturing centers. But there happens to be in those cities many students of "markets," and they have discovered that the free importation of electricity might have a depressing influence upon the coal they have been keeping stored up in the bowels of certain parts of the earth until some unfortunate man should want to dig it to keep himself warm. To them has come the happy thought that the tariff was made especially for the purpose of enhancing the value of just such stores, and they have hastened to the proper law officers to ascertain if the beneficent arm of protection shall not defend them against the importation of pauper lightning.

Of course the reply must be satisfactory. Lightning is one of the raw materials, and there is probably no poorer paid labor than that of the waters of Niagara. The very idea of allowing any of such pauper products to be brought in to compete with our coal, would stir the heart of McKinley to its deepest depths. Even if it should be discovered that by the utilization of Niagara there could be developed power enough to drive every wheel in the state of New York, still the grand principle of protection must be maintained by keeping out the cheaper product—in order that the protected American may have more work to do. What a grand science the study of markets leads to.

PROFESSIONAL OVERCROWDING AND THE SINGLE TAX.

The Medical Record, August 10.

Sir: In the Record, for June 22, on page 700, is an item stating that a western physician (Dr. Cornick of Mascoutah, Ill.) recently read a paper before the Medical association in which he showed that overcrowding in the profession would be prevented were the single tax on land values, as advocated by Henry George, in operation.

As the connection between the land value tax and overcrowding in the ranks of the medical profession may not seem at all obvious to those whose only knowledge of the theories of Henry George is that obtained through the distorting medium of the daily press, and as any plan for making the struggle for existence more bearable should be received with attention by those to whom it is addressed, and especially by the more recent additions to the ranks, it may not be out of place for one of the many physicians who are earnestly laboring to bring about a realization of Henry George's plans, to try to show where the connection lies.

When we contemplate human society from the economic point of view, we find that the struggle for existence centers around the strife for the material things with which we gratify our necessities and desires, and which collectively we call wealth. Now, nature yields wealth to one thing only, and that is labor. But labor alone is powerless. It must have a field of operation; it must have the raw material to work upon; it must have opportunity. And the opportunity for labor is land.

No matter what particular kind of wealth a man may produce, directly or indirectly, he must go for his materials to the great, and in the last resource the only, storehouse, the earth. (Here let me say, parenthetically, that physicians are, economically speaking, non-productive laborers. They belong in the same category as lawyers, actors, preachers, ballet dancers and the like, and are paid out of the wealth of the community, unlike productive laborers, whose wages consist of the fruits of their labor.)

But, if we allow land—the passive factor in the production of wealth—to become the absolute property of some, and these always a minority of the population (for in all countries, this included, the land is in the hands of the few, while the great mass is landless), it must necessarily follow that, as natural opportunities to labor are fenced in, those who are so unfortunate as to have been born outside the fence will be willing to pay to the owners of the fences a goodly price to be allowed inside. This premium, which is given in exchange, not for anything that the land holder has in his turn produced by labor, but simply for being granted the privilege of employing one's self on God-given opportunities, is called rent. And be it here noted, please, that in economics the term "rent" applies only to natural opportunities, and never to houses, or to anything made by the hand of man.

While the population is sparse the monopolization by the few of the rightful heritage of all produces but little effect. But as soon as all the land is "owned" (which by no means implies that it is used), then trouble begins. The increasing pressure of population continually increases the premium which the landless have to pay for access to natural opportunities for labor, and thus the landlords are enabled to appropriate a continually increasing share of the products of others' labor without further exertion than collecting the rent. And in countries like our own, where not only the land is fenced in, but the ocean is fenced out by a tariff wall, so that men are forbidden, unless they pay a fine, to make the most profitable exchange of the wealth they have produced, of course the impoverishment of the many to the enriching of the few goes on at accelerated speed.

(I have not got to the doctor yet, but I am gradually approaching him, and promise to produce him shortly.)

Well, the increasing pressure of the landless against the parchment fences, called title deeds, forces men to look about them for employment less directly connected with land than the one they have been accustomed to. It drives men from the country to the cities, in the hope that the infinite diversity of desires which is to be found wherever there is a large population may afford employment. Hence the phenomenon at present complained of wherever land is made private property,

of the congestion of population in large cities.

It explains perfectly what our state assessors have reported, namely, the enormous increase in the land values of towns and cities, and the falling off in the value of farm lands. This is due simply to the fluctuation of population. For land value, represented in ground rent, is determined solely by demand, created by density of population.

As men become removed further and further from the means of actually producing wealth, they naturally seek for the means of obtaining wealth from those who have produced it. I have said that, economically speaking, professional men are classed as unproductive workers. The community needs them, and willingly sets aside a certain portion of its wealth for their maintenance. Hence, as an (apparently) easy way of making a living, men crowd not only into the medical, but into nearly all professions, especially into those where the element of success is not so much actual knowing as the art of making people think you know.

The farmer's son, who sees his father and mother slaving from morning to night, with an unpayable mortgage on the farm as his prospective inheritance, and then notes that the country doctor apparently does little else than drive about behind a pair of fast trotters, and in addition that he wears a long-tailed broadcloth coat every day of the week, does not, I know, reason in this way when he decides to go to the nearest town that has a medical college to become a doctor. But though they are not his reasons, yet they are the reasons. He is but the puppet irresistibly controlled by the laws of economics. He is but following the law that impels men to seek to gratify their desires with the least exertion; a law, of which it has been said that it is to political economy what the law of gravitation is to mechanics. I follow it, you follow it, we all follow it. Not because we are lazy, but because it is a natural law. We follow it for the same reason that a brook runs down hill, not up—because we must.

Well, now, my medical brother, who is perhaps wondering how a living is to be made by giving advice free to pauperized patients at a dispensary, you may ask, how is the single tax, the land value tax, going to remedy matters? Pray listen, and think it well over in the solitude of your office hours, for the matter interests you.

Clearly, the way to relieve the overcrowding in our profession, in all professions, and in the ranks of labor generally, is to undo the conditions which have caused the overcrowding, and which we have just traced.

Throw open natural opportunities. Tear down the fences that keep men from the element which is life itself—the land. And the way to do it, the practical way, the feasible way, the just way, the only way, is not by seizing the land and redistributing it, but by exacting from those who now or at any time may occupy it, the full ground rental value, and take nothing else. Take for the uses of the community only the value with which it, in its communal function, has endowed the soil, and to which it is therefore rightfully entitled, and cease confiscating, as is now the custom, the hard-earned wealth of the toilers. Put the tax on monopoly and take it from labor. Where the full ground rent is absorbed by the community in the form of a tax, what man could afford to hold land idle that another man might want to use? He would either have to use it himself, by farming on it, mining on it, building a house or factory on it, or putting it to any other useful purpose for which it was fitted, in order to get the amount of the tax out of it plus a profit, or he would have to stand aside and let the man who would work it occupy it.

In this way all natural opportunities would be forced into the freest, fullest use, and no man would be idle unless he chose to be; the rent that each man paid would but represent the equal rights of all others to what he is monopolizing; and the earth, given as the heritage of God to all His children, and not to a favored few, would return to the people once more.

The spectacles that now meet our eye—of freezing in the midst of unused fuel, of starving in the midst of stores of food, of wretchedness generally while all the means for relieving it are spread by the prodigal hand of nature on every side—would no longer disgrace our boasted civilization.

To you, my recent graduate, thrown so

lately from your Alma Mater into an unappreciative world, the problem of overcrowding in the profession will most pressingly present itself.

Think it over, as you haply trudge up and down foul tenement house stairs, the emissary of some health board, lading out diarrhea mixtures to sickly infants who are being crowded off this fertile earth every year by the thousand, and yet, who are born with rights to life not inferior to those of the richest landlord's child in the city. Ask yourself, why all this herding together of human beings? why all this poverty, hunger and dirt? Don't, in your plenitude of knowledge, be hasty in your judgment and say it is because the people are lazy, drunken and vicious. I think you would be the same were you condemned to such surroundings. I am quite sure I would be.

Go back to your office and wait, day in day out, for the patient that does not appear. Why is it that you have such a hard time to get along? Are you, too, perhaps, lazy, drunken and vicious? Is it not rather because those who now demand your services are debarr'd by unjust social conditions from producing the wealth wherewith to pay you? For that you are needed in the world there is no doubt, else you would not be sent under the guise of charity to relieve the sick poor. Try, my friend, to bring about juster social conditions, conditions that will not condemn thousands of men to stand in enforced idleness in one of the most sparsely settled of countries, like our own; and so by raising others you too will rise. If we would relieve our own overcrowded profession we must begin not with ourselves, but by helping those still more crowded and overburdened to emerge into conditions of freedom, into a better, purer and nobler life.

WALTER MENDELSON, M. D.

The Single Tax Theory and the Doctor.

Extract from letter in Medical Record, Aug. 10.

The destruction of speculative landholding would have two tendencies (apparently at first sight diverse, but really analogous). In our cities it crowds our poorer classes into tenements, while abundant building sites are held out of use on every hand. In preventing this, the reform will settle that evil problem, "the tenement house question." Only physicians can realize the resulting benefits to health and happiness, the lowered mortality, the improved morality, the lessened temptations to intemperance and vice, that would result from a gradual transfer of our tenement populations to smaller family homes of their own. In our rural districts families are separated and isolated, while vast tracts of unused land lie between them. Their lives are thus narrowed, hampered and restricted, while they are deprived of many of the advantages of our advancing civilization that might readily be theirs. In destroying speculative landholding, rural population would tend to at least healthful density; and social pleasures and neighborly co-operation (which make up more than half of life) would begin to brighten the dull tedium of isolated country life.

You speak of "Henry George's land tax theories," and as a physician I wish to protest. I am too proud of my profession to neglect the opportunity of claiming for it the initiative in the greatest movement of modern times. To the famous Quesnay, the court physician to Louis XV, and the intimate friend and adviser of the great minister Turgot, belongs the honor of having first proposed an "impôt unique."

Yours fraternally,

DAVID DEBECK, M.D.,

Assistant to chair of Ophthalmology, medical college of Ohio; librarian Cincinnati single tax club.

Wade Hampton of South Carolina on the Tariff and the South.

Interview in New York World.

"Do you think," was asked, "that there is a growing protective sentiment in the south?" "No," the senator replied. "I think the tendency is more likely to be the other way, especially in the mining and manufacturing districts. The interests of the states of Virginia, Tennessee and Alabama particularly are advanced by low duties. They can produce iron and coal much cheaper than the same articles can be produced in the east. The protection only assists the eastern manufacturers to keep up this rivalry. Without the high protection the rivalry would be greatly lessened. The less protection the more capital will go to develop the industries of the south. Seeing this, I do not think our people will be led off by this question. The efforts of the republicans will be in Virginia, Tennessee, North Carolina and, perhaps Alabama. I do not think they will meet with success in either."

THE FLY AND THE WEB.

Dear Reader: Did you ever help a fly out of a spider's web? Did you never even want to do it? For in the impulse to do that, I take it, lies the sum, basis and substance, the beginning and ending of all the religions. He may have been annoying you, but he is helpless enough now. He lies there entangled, buzzing, and then becomes exhausted.

Those three thousand wonderful eyes, disposed in rows in four directions with a precision that makes the artist despair, are about taking their last look; his fine wings, making a half hundred vibrations while your watch ticks once, will shortly be settled forever. The old spider, half hidden in his den, only waits for his victim to tire a little to devour him.

That fly is ignorant, venturesome, egoistic man.

Entangled in an environment spun by the ignorance and selfishness of himself and other men, prostrate, struggling, well nigh helpless. Denied access to the Creator's land, taxed on every product of his industry, fined if he seeks to exchange his product, stripped, destitute, specter haunted, creed bound, slave to his own appetites, worst of all, selfish.

Regretful of the past, dissatisfied with the present, fearful of the future, I know of no more powerful appeal to you and to me than his helpless despair.

And you can do something to set him free. Brush aside the cobwebs that fetter him; loose him and let him go. Delay not; act now. Say not to yourself, the adversary will spin a stronger web to-morrow.

The present only is yours and for you, to-morrow may not come.

Will you do it? Say rather will you not do it? Who would not act and toil and suffer, if need be, in a work like this?

I care not for your nationality nor the articles or lack of articles in your creed. Begin deep down with yourself. Do you feel enslaved by tobacco or by strong drink, or led captive by selfish lust? Then sever every fetter at a blow. Begin at once to realize and to build that better self you know you ought to be. Displace the selfish love of self and try to do something for that other individual next you, be he neighbor, brother, Chinaman—what you will.

Waste not a moment in regret for the past. The past is already out of reach—absorbed in the eternities.

Try it. Pump out selfishness and know that the water of life will instantly, as by heavenly gravitation, flow in to take its place.

By and by, in the sweetness and the fullness of the inflowing life, you will have time to realize the losses of the past, perhaps to regret the wasted opportunities. But keep on, turn not back.

Know that there is a higher life for you: the altruistic. Do that and be that you know you ought to do and be.

Light your lamp of ten thousand candle or single firefly power and shine among your fellows by word and deed and power of bright example.

Nature is hungry and thirsty for a better mankind.

And when the faintness of death comes stealing over your senses, and eyes grow dim and heart and flesh shall fail, you need know not, fear not; care not, whether your personality shall in some unknown way be preserved intact and self-conscious through all the unknown, unnumbered ages, or be absorbed into the eternal flame of infinite light and life, or "go to mix forever with the elements, to be a brother to the insensible rock and to the sluggish clod," and singing:

"Where is thy victory, O grave!
O death where is thy sting?"

You can pass on—

"Like one who wraps
The drapery of his couch about him
And lies down to pleasant dreams."
Jersey City. A. P. BROWN.

The Way to Advance Property.

Real Estate Record and Guide.

William Buhler, jr., purchased a plot of six lots on the northwest corner of Second avenue and Ninety-ninth street, with tenements thereon, last June, from Builder Henry Chenoweth at \$174,000. During the past week Mr. Buhler transferred the same property to Alex. Hess at \$200,000. Mr. Hess in turn conveyed the property in two parcels to Amanda M. De Graaf at \$208,000. At the same time Henry P. De Graaf transfers to Mr. Hess several parcels on Lexington avenue, West Sixteenth, Sixtieth and Sixty-first streets, for a total of \$251,000, and Mr. Hess simultaneously turns over to Mr. Buhler at \$261,000 the property acquired from Mr. De Graaf at \$251,000. Mr. Hess's name frequently appears in transactions where Mr. Buhler is really the principal, which fact explains the transfers under review.

RED RIVER GULLY.

The Argosy.

The camp fire burnt low one clear summer evening; the full moon had risen, and as she floated through the banks of fleecy clouds, cast her reflection on the lake in a golden path of rays that stretched from shore to shore.

"Tell you a story? Wall, I guess I kin," said the old hunter, looking round the circle with alert, bright eyes. "You boys always does want amusin' at this time o' night. 'Red River Gully,' you say. Wall, I 'spose I'd as soon tell you that as anythin' else."

He cast a keen glance at us, to be sure he should have our attention, and to humor him, we feigned to move closer, that we might not lose a word. His weather-beaten face relaxed into a smile; he was a born narrator, and loved a sympathetic audience.

"I warn't much over twenty, I guess, boys, when I fell in with a crowd as wanted to go out a gold diggin' to 'Red River Gully,' out there to the Black Hill region. Wall, I hadn't no objections to makin' money easy, and we was told as we'd nothin' to do but pull the nuggets out of the earth as fast as we could dig 'em. So off I goes along with the rest of our boys from old Vermont state. We soon found out as we had to work harder than we'd ever done in our lives before; and though there was some as found considerable of gold along there, I warn't one of them; and so I kinder lost heart, and I took up with some fellows as made a better livin' out of huntin' than gold diggin'. I had a good enough time after that."

"The diggers, as a rule, was a pritty rough set—pritty rough they was, and there was some on 'em a sight wuss than t'others. We called 'em, or they called themselves, the 'Devil's Own,' and they lived together—about a dozen they was—in a shanty a mile from where the rest of us herded together at the mouth of the gully. Dick Kent, he was the leader of the gang; folks said as how he'd come of a proud Boston family, and had been a Harvard graduate; and they suspected he'd changed his name. Wall, he was a wild one, was Dick; a big fellow, with fierce black eyes, and a long beard, and a power over t'others as made you almost think folks was right when they said the devil himself had got into Dick Kent. That, sirs, was Dick as I first knowed him in 'Red River Gully.'"

"One day, as I was out huntin', I come on a log cabin, pritty near hidden by the trees as grew on the cliffs, about three miles from the mouth of the gully. I was so curious to know who could be living there that I went up to the door to beg a drink of water. There was no one there, boys, but a little gal of about seven years of age, and very small for that; a purty little gal she was, with hair curlin' all over her head in golden ring. I was used to my prayer book in them days, and, thinks I, 'She's like the cherubim as we sing about at church.' She was a simple, trusting child, and she soon told me all she knew of her own story. Her mother had been dead only a few weeks; father had gone down to the Gully to get gold, and never come back; and brother Ralph took care of her, and was out in the woods huntin'. I met the boy soon after, trying to sell some birds in the village. He was a fine fellow, and he'd never told the child as the father—a drunken ne'er to do well—had fallen over a precipice, and been killed. Ralph, he was trying to make money enough to take his little sister back east."

"Wall, when I got back to camp, I began tellin' of the find I'd made up there on there on the cliff, when a rough voice growled:

"'Git out there—a talkin' about yaller haired gals.'"

"As sure as you're alive, 'twas Black Joe, one of the 'Devil's Own.'"

"Wall, I shet up. I was but young, you know, and as soon and as often as I could, I'd go up to the cliff and take something for the poor lone child. I'd about made up my mind to tell the story round, and get up a pile for the two children, when the Lord see fit to take the matter into his own hand—and this was jest what happened."

"I was a-comin' home one afternoon, when the sky clouded up, and all at once a hurricane struck the valley; 'twas a kind of cloudburst, too, and torrents began to pour down the gully. The river rushed on at flood tide, and trees come crashin' down at such a rate as made me look pretty keen for a place to shelter in. Seeing a

light near at hand, I made a dash for it, but when my foot was on the threshold of the door, I knew I'd got right into the shanty of the 'Devil's Own.'"

"They were civil to me, though, and give me a seat by the fire, but they was a swearin' pretty considerably about the wash out that had driven them from their work. They took little notice of me after the first, and I sat on a long and tried to get myself dry. As soon as it 'twas dark they lit their lamps, pulled out cards and dice, and began gambling and brawling, jest as I'd heard they did. The rain and wind was over by dark; but I got so interested watchin' them fellows that I kept my seat by the fire. I was jest thinkin' what a fierce, wild ruffian that Dick Kent was, and wondering why t'others looked up to him so, when he turns to me an' says:

"'Boy, you'd better go. This is no place for such as you.'"

"There was something in his wonderful eyes as he spoke that went to my heart. I was afraid of him no longer. I wanted to stay with him, somehow. 'Go!' he says again. This time I got up, and strapped on my rifle. Wall, just at that instant I hearn a low tap at the door; so did Dick; he turns round sharp and cocks his revolver."

"The door was gently pushed back, and there on the threshold stood that little, yaller haired gal."

"The men stopped brawlin' as if they'd been struck dumb, and some on 'em hid cards and dice as through the angel of the Lord had come to shame them of their evil ways, and no one spoke a word. She stood there lookin' with her blue eyes from one fierce face to another, her dress all soakin' wet, and her bare feet cut and bleedin', and her curls a-laying all damp on her neck. And while we was all a starin' at her she began and told her story. The wind had blown the trees down on their house, and Ralph was struck down and held somehow by one or the other, and the little creature, finding she could do nothing to help him, had set off down the Gully all alone to find someone who would go to his rescue."

"The angel of the Lord must have led her, boys, for the path was washed away and torrents was pourin' from cliffs, and rocks was fallin' round, displaced by that great cloudburst; but here she was, and a miracle, I say again, as ever that tiny child reached the 'Devil's Own' alive."

"Six of them devils got up and took their rifles."

"'Coyotes,' they said meaningly to Dick, 'we can't get there in time.' But they went all the same, and a terrible time they had of it, climbing them cliffs and carrying that poor lad down afterwards; for they did get there in time, boys, and though Ralph was badly hurt they doctored him up among them, and he's a living man in Boston city to-day."

"Wall, I've kept that little angel standin' a long time at the door, but reely 'twarn't a minute before Dick Kent had her on his knee by the fire, and Black Joe—he brought a tin bowl of warm water, and tenderly bathed the bleeding little feet, and I seen a tear fall into the water as he bent over the child. The rest of the men they crowded round, and there warn't one but tried to do something for her. Dick Kent he kept her in his arms, and she nestled up to him as if she'd known him all her life, and I seen tears in eyes as I shouldn't have thought would ever have shed the tear of pity in this world again."

"One of them Devils went down to the village an' spent his day's earnings a buyin' bread and milk, and the t'others was most jealous when he come back and began feedin' the child. She ate and drank as if she'd been famished, and Dick he took up one of her little hands and held it to the light, and I seen a look come over his face as made all the fierceness die out of it. Somehow I warn't afraid to see that child a clingin' to him; I guessed she'd found a friend in Dick Kent."

"Before the men came back with her brother, she fell asleep with her head on Dick's breast, her yaller hair curlin' in rings over his rough coat. The men sat round starin' at her."

"There ain't no place here fit to lay her down on," said one of them, at last. They looked round the hovel, which had contented them ere this, with supreme disgust."

"And it ain't a fit place for her when she wakes up," said another."

"That's so," said a chorus of voices."

"I've got one 'bout that size, I guess,"

said a voice so husky that the men hardly recognized it."

"Reproachful eyes were turned on him."

"'If I'd got one I shouldn't be here foolin',' growled Kent."

"'Nor I,' said a chorus of voices."

"Them as has women-folk and children to home, ain't no business in Red River Gully," said Black Joe, bending a gloomy look on the fire. I learned afterwards as he'd lost his wife and two purty children before ever he come to the gold diggin's."

"I guess I'll go and see my old mother," said one of the men, with an uneasy look at Dick Kent."

"'Yes! Go,' says he, 'and as God sees you, never come back to this place no more.'"

Soon after this one of the men, as had been a sailor, turned over the table, and made a place there as would do for a bed for the child, and just then the other fellows came in carrying Ralph, and I had to go back to the camp; so I didn't see no more that night."

"Wall, boys, there wasn't no 'Devil's Own' after that. Dick Kent, he'd had good luck, and had made considerable, and as soon as the boy was well enough to travel, he set out with them two children and took 'em to Boston. The relatives there looked pretty shy on them, and wanted to send little Milly to some institution; but Dick he wouldn't hear of it, and he adopted both of 'em."

"I was to Boston some years ago, and I seen Kent one Sunday mornin' a-goin' to church. I follows after and slips in, and takes a good look at him. I seen Milly and a fine fellow, her husband, I suppose, there, and some children; and there was one little, yaller-haired gal as sat close to Kent, and as he seemed to watch over like the apple of his eye. She was but a bit of a creature, and before the service was over she was asleep, with her head on Dick's breast. Her mother, a beautiful woman she'd growed to be, smiled round at her husband, as if 'twas very pleasant to her to see her old friend a carin' for the child. Wall, wall, I seemed to forget I was in church. All as I could see was a little child, sleepin' in those same arms amidst those reckless men as called themselves the 'Devil's Own.'"

"Perhaps 'twas my thinking so much of him as made Dick turn round and take a long look at me with his deep black eyes. I could not tell if he knowed me till we come out of church, and he put his hand on my shoulder and spoke to me. That warn't all; he took me home with him, and I guess I stayed a week in his beautiful house. Long enough, boys, to see that the Lord had done His work in His own way, and the night as brought that little child safe to the door of the 'Devil's Own,' brought also an angel of light to the heart of Dick Kent, and, maybe, others of that gang."

By the River.

Hamlin Garland in Youth's Companion.

A sunlit stream
Flows athwart my dream
With gurgle of laughter in sunny shallows,
Where rounded boulders, white and red,
On a pebbly bed lie wide bespread,
With shoulders and hollows
Smooched down and scooped out
By the swift water's rout.

It comes from the meadow
Where cool and deep
In the elm's dark shadow,
In murmur of dream and of sleep,
It drowsily swept and swirled,
And softly crept and curled
Round the out-thrust knees of the white wood
trees.

And lifted the rustling dripping sedge
In a rhythmic sweep at the outer edge.

There the graceful watersnake rippled across
Through the shimmering dapple the leaves
cast down,

While the swamp bird, perched on the spongy
moss

At the darker side, looked gravely on.
It was there the kingfisher swiftly flew
In the cool, sweet silence from tree to tree;
All silent—save when the vagabond jay
Flashed swiftly by with wild "T-chee!"
Swaggering by in his elfish way.

The hot dust drifts along the street,
Filling the air with a furnace heat,
Scorching and blinding the hurrying men;
But in my dreaming and rippling rhyme,
It is noon in the sultriest summer time,
And I, a bare legged boy again,
Can hear the low, sweet laugh of the river—
See on the bosom the dapples quiver,
Feel on my ankle the lipping lap
Of the sunny ripples, see the snake
Slip silently into the sedgy brake,
And hear the rising pickerel slap
With a rushing leap
Where the lilies sleep!

Dana and Randall Might Think Over This
Question:
Philadelphia Herald (democratic).
Are we democrats or republicans!

IN THE SWIM.

Jeannette H. Walworth in Belford's Magazine for August.

The baby protested!

Its experience of life was limited, but not so limited as to incline it to attempt the impossible feat of accepting nourishment through the bridge of its nose, a nose which was, as yet, the merest sketch of a nose.

The baby's mother looked up from the open book on her lap for an explanation, cooed apologetically, and administered two liberal spoonfuls of health food directly at the orifice from which that plaintive protest had just issued, before once more dropping her eyes upon the book on her knees.

That day promised to point an era in the life of the baby's mother, and for that occasion only she almost wished that that small bundle of lace and muslin, with its eyes of cobalt blue, and its imperative anatomy, was a thing of kid and sawdust, which might be laid away on a shelf and temporarily forgotten.

Yes, it really did begin to look as if the desire of years was about to be gratified, and she admitted within the charmed circle of literary-fashionable, or fashionable-literary, society (she always halted over the proper sequence of those descriptive adjectives) in Gotham.

"Once in the swim, John, and our troubles will be all over."

Young Braintree had heard his "Kitty" iterate that sentiment so often that he had formed a bad mental habit of building all his hopes and expectations, perhaps even directing his prayers—who knows?—toward that vague possibility in the future when he or his clever wife should succeed in steering a somewhat rickety craft into the full, swift, sure current of success. In his own clumsy man-fashion he had been trying for a long time to get "into the swim;" but his methods were old fashioned—"slow," Kitty called them—and he could not acquire the modern art of "tacking" to suit the wind, or of steering "smack-smooth" across some other fellow's bow. He began to suspect Kitty of being the cleverer pilot of the two.

The morning's mail had produced quite a flutter of agitation in the Braintree household. It had brought a big, square, thick, aristocratic envelope addressed to Mrs. John Braintree; and the big, square, thick, aristocratic envelope had contained a card of similar elegance, on which was written, "For Mrs. Braintree, with Mrs. Knogood's compliments. Admit one."

"A complimentary ticket to Mrs. Knogood's parlor reading! A season ticket at that!" the recipient of the honor shrieked across the breakfast table into her husband's ears, sending the card hurling at him.

"Mrs. Knogood! Who is she?"

"John!"

"Well?"

"You are behind the times. Everybody knows Mrs. Knogood."

"Yes? Well I'm nobody, so you will have to enlighten me. That is, if she is one of your friends."

"No—a, not exactly friends—a, you know. I have never spoken to her; but maybe she's heard something about me."

"Heard something about you?" Mr. Braintree looked "wrathy."

"Nothing bad, of course, John, you obsolete old dear. Perhaps she has read my book, or those verses, you know. No one is ever admitted into the Knogood circle unless he has done something, you know."

"Oh! Well, that lets me out."

"Ye—s, but you know, John, dear, once in the swim and we can both command the position we are entitled to by birth—"

"Color, and previous condition. But what has she done, herself?"

"Who? Mrs. Knogood?"

"Yes. How did she get on her pinna-
cle?"

"Oh, she's so very prominent. Everybody goes to hear Mrs. Knogood. She has—a—traveled, you know; and then she is so very, very charitable. And then she has—a—gone through a great deal. Yes," with firmer assertion, "a great deal."

"What has she gone through?"

"Dear me, John, you are positively inquisitorial. I don't know, I am sure. Only I heard Mrs. Fadd say—"

"Who is Mrs. Fadd?"

"She's just lovely. I heard her say that poor, dear Mrs. Knogood had borne enough to have crushed a score of ordinary women. There, John, do take your

lunch and go, dear. I don't know but what I shall be called on to speak."

"Speak!" The hand which Mr. Braintree had stretched across the table for the modest lunch of buttered bread and cheese Kitty had been neatly folding a napkin about remained outstretched stiffly, paralyzed, as it were, at the enormity of this suggestion.

"Well, then, recite, read, render, elocute; call it what you please."

"I please to call it all infernal nonsense," said John, brutally, standing up the better to stuff the bulky parcel into the tail pocket of his coat.

"Don't be rude, John." Mrs. Braintree came around the table to help on the stuffing process. "Never mind; when we are in the swim you can afford to take a lunch down town without taking it down town."

Smiling grimly at this paradoxical pun, Mr. Braintree dropped a kiss diagonally on his wife's lips, and went away, hoping inwardly that Kitty "wouldn't make a fool of herself" that afternoon at Mrs. Knogood's.

Kitty did not stand as usual to see him fairly down the steps, there was so much to do. It was no slight undertaking to prepare for her first appearance in literary fashionable society. She would rather that thick card had conveyed a welcome to John too. She was but recently from the rural districts, where wives were generally supplemented by husbands when they appeared in public, but Mrs. Fadd, who was just perfectly lovely, assured her that it was not merely not necessary, but that Darby-and-Joanism was an offense to good society. It was considered really provincial for a man and his wife to go tagging everywhere together.

Now no one is so afraid of being thought provincial as your true provincial, so Kitty dismissed John from her mind with the reflection that, doubtless, it was better as it was.

Three o'clock was the appointed hour for her to repair to Mrs. Knogood's "salon." Salon was the right word for it. Doubtless, due allowance being made for the enchantment thrown by distance over the De Stael, Seigne, and Lady Blessington reunions, Mrs. Knogood's would bear favorable comparison.

It would never do to go unprepared to make an impression, in case she were called on to say anything. She might be; who knew? Kitty felt the approach of a crisis in every fibre of her being. She was playing for grave stakes. Mrs. Fadd, who was just perfectly lovely, was always assuring her that as soon as she became personally known her books would sell like "hot cakes."

This puzzled her a little, for when she recalled the home life of the Brontës, the studious seclusion of George Eliot, and the mouse-like retirement of Miss Martineau, she could not recall any "boosting" they or their work ever received from spectacular presentations of any sort. But times and tastes had changed, and as it was the swim of to-day Kitty was resolved to get into, she must either accept the notions of to-day or be left behind, a poor old stranded wreck. That was what Mrs. Fadd virtually said to her, and what she virtually said to her, and what she virtually agreed to when she consented to take that first awful plunge into the fashionable literary circle which revolved about Mrs. Knogood and received its mental pap from Mrs. Knogood's cultured mind.

Two points only remained to be settled. A minor and a major point. The minor point—what should she wear? Of course she could not compete! Perhaps she would look absolutely shabby by contrast; but men and women who had reached the intellectual altitude of Mrs. Knogood's associates had doubtless learned to—

"Gently scan their brother man,
Still gentler, sister woman."

It was only shop girls and milliners' apprentices who gauged a woman by what she wore.

Thus Kitty comforted herself, while ungently scanning the black silk dress which was her very bad best.

What should she prepare in case she were called on to read? Something transcendental of course. Parlor readings which commanded such a price and brought together such a class of people must be something altogether above the ordinary intellectual pitch of the day. Swinburne? She wished she had a Swinburne, but she hadn't. John didn't exactly altogether approve of Swinburne. John was so old-fashioned. She was afraid she could not afford such conjugal defer-

ence in the future. It was detrimental to their interests. Schiller? Mightn't he be like John, a trifle old-fashioned in the estimation of the Knogood school? It was with qualified satisfaction that she finally selected Schiller's "Thekla." A spirit voice would be just the thing!—that touch of the psychological which was so very fashionable just now.

And it was Thekla's spirit voice which the baby, seated in his high chair in helpless dignity, had so rudely broken in upon.

The agitated flutter with which Mrs. Braintree handed her card of admission to the elegant usher at Mrs. Knogood's front door, at the appointed hour, was largely due to his calmly inquisitorial stare. Her keen ears caught the explanatory undertone with which he passed her on to another usher of like magnificence:

"Reporter. Give 'er a good place."

Reporter! Was that what they took her for? One of those horrid women newspaper people who went about sticking their noses and lead-pencils into everybody's business? It made her feel hot all over. Perhaps it was because she had come so early, the very first at Mrs. Knogood's, in point of time at least. She wished she might slip out by some side passage and reappear later on, but that being manifestly impossible she composed herself and calmly surveyed the handsome parlors, with their artistic arrangement of lights and flowers, all the while repeating "Thekla" softly under her breath.

"That must be where she is going to sit," young Mrs. Braintree said to herself, gazing with a sort of reverence at a crimson velvet chair, behind a table loaded with great jars of crimson velvet "Jacks," and softly illuminated by lamps overhanging with lace trimmed, rose colored shades. Meg Merrilies herself would look handsome with such an environment! It was a malicious reflection, for which Kitty immediately took herself to task.

There was nothing of Meg Merrilies in that massive form bearing down upon her majestically from the remote end of the long parlors, nothing gypsy-like in the full sweep of that long black satin train, or hag-like in the billows of roseate flesh which soared in solid undulations above the rigid outline of the low corsage, beneath the beetling shelter of which a half bushel of full blown "American beauties" nestled unrestfully—no suggestion of Meg's unkempt tresses in the shining coiffure which crowned Mrs. Knogood's intellectual cranium. It was altogether an imposing Presence which bore down upon Kitty with levelled eyeglass and suave inquiry:

"Mrs.—a—?"

"Braintree," said Kitty, wishing she was quite sure whether to offer a hand or not.

"Mrs.—a—Braintree? Oh—ah—yes—Mrs. Fadd's new friend. I'm sure it's awfully good of you to come so early, especially as Mrs. Fadd tells me your time is so fully occupied with your literary labors and—a—your domestic duties, and—a—your sweet little baby. Mrs. Fadd tells me it's a real nice baby. I adore babies. But, alas, I have so little time for the luxuries of life. My duties, though perhaps not so sweet as yours, are terribly exacting. The poor! Think of the poor, Mrs. Braintree. My heart really bleeds for them; yes, bleeds for them. Now, then, I do hope, dear Mrs. Braintree, you won't be bored to death this afternoon. Dear Mrs. Fadd says you are immensely clever. I adore clever women, I do indeed; the world has need of them, every one. So nice of you to come so early!"

Having thus delivered herself, Mrs. Knogood passed on to take possession of the crimson velvet throne beneath the rose tinted lamps, leaving Kitty somewhat blinded and dazzled and a trifle discouraged. She felt somewhat as if the full blaze of an electric lamp had been suddenly turned directly upon her, bringing into shocking distinctness the shabbiness of her "best" gown, the mended finger tips of her old gloves, and taking all the color out of the meager half dozen carnations she had purchased by the way with such a guilty sense of reckless extravagance.

She was convinced Mrs. Knogood must be awfully clever herself, she had such an assured air about her. Not a muscle trembled at the idea of being the central object of interest to the radiant crowd which was rapidly filling the two long parlors with the soft rustle of silken raiment, the fairy music of bugle and jet, the perfume of flowers, and a general odor of aristocracy, which provincial

Kitty found a trifle oppressive; or it may have been the close proximity of an immense lady, behind whose shining circumference she had gone into total eclipse from the moment that the large lady had elected to share the short fauteuil allotted her by the splendid usher.

But tenacity of purpose was one of young Mrs. Braintree's most positive characteristics. She never once loosened her mental grasp of "Thekla," nor her moral determination to get into the swim. The performance had begun! She and "Thekla" might be called for at any moment! Mrs. Fadd was there. She had seen her come in, but had lost her completely.

She could see nothing very distinctly now, save an occasional glimpse of Mrs. Knogood's aristocratic nose or the agitated swell of the half-bushel of "American Beauties," as they rose and fell with the emotions excited in Mrs. Knogood's cultured breast by the reading of some pages of a diary kept by an "American Abroad."

It must have been a very thrilling sort of diary, for Mrs. Knogood's fervor was perceptible even at that distance, though her voice—a rather fat voice, was Kitty's irreverent conclusion—was somewhat muffled by the accumulation of towering bouquets laid on her altar by the devotees who crowded her parlors, and somewhat deadened by the rustling fans and the tinkle of jet on restless shoulders. But it was very instructive and very fine notwithstanding! Kitty was sure of that, for as soon as Mrs. Knogood laid down the last loose sheet of the "Diary of an American Abroad" there was such a full, well-bred chorus of "Delightful," "How beautifully she reads," "So instructive," "So clever," as could only be accorded to super-excellence by so astute and discriminating an audience as was gathered in those parlors that day.

In the short interim that elapsed before a young man suffering from severe attenuation of the neck limbs and acute elongation of the cervical vertebra took the floor to thrill the pulse of each high-born dame there with a lurid account of how they carried the good news from Ghent to Aix, Mrs. Fadd managed to wind her sinuous way to where Kitty sat pinioned down by the ample elbows of the ample sharer of her fauteuil. Kitty grasped at the friendly hand extended to her as a drowning man grasps at a straw. Mrs. Fadd smiled benignantly on her:

"So glad you came! It will be an enormous help to you, just to be seen at Mrs. Knogood's. How delightfully she does manage everything! Makes everyone feel so perfectly comfortable."

"Ye—s," said Kitty, giving the ample lady's elbow a surreptitious punch, by way of liberating one of her pinioned arms. "Of course everybody here has done something?"

"Oh, yes—that is, some of them. That young lady just going to the piano now, she is the sister-in-law of a gentleman who has written an immensely clever novel. Everybody is reading it. There he is now, leaning against the wall with the single glass in his eye and his arms folded. I hope he won't see me. I'm one of the few that have not read his book, and they say, if you can't talk to him about it he has no use for you—none whatever."

Kitty gave a gasp of delight. Some one had vacated a seat near Mrs. Knogood, and the ample lady had gone to fill it. She breathed once more, and moved her cramped limbs with a delicious sense of recovered freedom. Through the swath thus cut in space Mrs. Knogood's cultured voice meandered persuasively:

"Dear Mrs. Fadd, can't you persuade your young friend to give us something? We should all be so delighted."

There was the rushing sound of many waters coursing through Kitty's brain, the soft murmur of persuasive voices in her ears, a confusion of light, perfume, jet, and waving fans which made her seasick. She was standing by Mrs. Knogood's throne without the slightest knowledge as to how she got there. She was standing there entirely alone. Thekla had basely deserted her, and her most agonized mental cry could not induce the return of that fair spirit-voice. She stood with her pretty head well up, like a hunted thing at bay, terror in her heart, a vacuum in her memory!

Providence directed her gaze to a portly lady, whose ostensible mission in life seemed to be to extract all the fragrance from a big red rose which she held immovably against her nose and in-

haled in long, ecstatic, almost audible whiffs, while her dreamy gaze wandered impersonally over the glittering assemblage. Providence reminded Kitty of some verses which the lady of the rose had inflicted upon an indulgent public. It was a rash thing to do. She and John had pronounced those very same verses—well, John had pronounced them "rot." She flung the ugly memory from her, and, in a spirit of desperation, tumbling precipitately down from her high intellectual standard, she gave the execrable verses in her best style.

It was an inspiration! She did not exactly understand the why or the wherefore of it, but when she got back to John and the baby that afternoon she felt quite warranted in assuring John that it would soon be very, very smooth sailing for them, for "everybody" had said such "exceedingly nice" things about her.

"In the swim, hey?" said John, smiling indulgently, but yawning impressively when Kitty began to repeat for the third time some of the prettiest compliments paid her.

"Not quite; almost though."

But soon—there was no "almost" about it—it was "quite in the swim," with Mrs. Braintree at least, if not with John. She was in constant demand, and no call upon her time and talents was ever made in vain. John looked on with a sort of bitter aloofness. It had never occurred to him that he and Kitty could possibly stem a divided current. But she should never say he compelled her to hide her light under a bushel. "She shall have full swing; perhaps after a while she will tire of the froth of it all."

But it takes a woman, a young and handsome one especially, a long, long time to get tired of nice speeches, and adulatory glances, and sugared compliments—a long, long time to weary of the uncertain eminence called popularity—a long, long time for the hot blood to grow cold and cautious enough for her to weigh the glitter and the tinsel that catch the eye, against the silver and gold of solid worth. And from every "triumph" young Mrs. Braintree would come back to John with eyes more sparkling and cheeks more brilliant than ever before, and brain more giddy with the incense of flattery.

She had long since ceased to lament, in public or in private, over her inability to get that "old-fashioned" husband of hers to participate in her social triumphs. It was much better as it was. He had really been "quite ugly" when she first took up private theatricals. This in strict confidence to dear Mrs. Fadd, who, proud of her own discrimination in discovering Kitty, had been her valued friend and coadjutor in all her subsequent triumphs.

Yes, John Braintree had been a trifle "ugly" when he discovered that, from reading in the Knogood fashionable literary circle, Kitty had passed into acting before the same "select few." But how ugly he really could be she never discovered until one night, coming home from the theater where she had been acting for charity's sake, she found John somewhat listlessly occupied sketching a cottage on the back of a pasteboard box. Her triumphs had been so complete, and life was so very full and sweet just then, that she overflowed in tenderness to all mankind, even including John.

"What are you doing, John dear?"

She wound her white jeweled arms around his neck, and laying her flushed cheek against his caressingly, looked over his shoulder to inspect his work. The touch of her hand and cheek, that unexpected caress, quickened him into oblivious brightness.

"I'm planning a cottage, Kitty, for you and me to live in. See, here is the diagram. It's a modest little affair, but all I'm equal to at present. We won't build here, little woman, in this stony inferno, but—"

A musical, derisive ripple of laughter chilled the words on his lips. Kitty was laughing at him.

"A modest little affair! I should say so, John. Wait until I have been on the stage two years and I will show you what sort of a cottage I want."

"Been on the stage? Aren't you on it now? on it every hour of the time that used to be mine?"

He was facing her, with the crumpled draught of the "modest little affair" gripped in his hand, while his eyes were fairly ablaze with wrath. He looked very "ugly" just then.

"In an amateurish way, yes," Mrs. Braintree untied the silken cord of her opera wrap with languid grace. "Now

John, dear, don't let us have any scenes, for I am determined—yes, determined, John, to become a professional. All my friends tell me I have no right to throw away the talents God has given me."

But in spite of her ladylike protest there was a scene, a very stormy scene—a scene during which the divided current which John Braintree had bewailed in secret widened and deepened into a dark, impassable gulf, that left him standing on one side, and Kitty, bright, radiant, determined—on the other.

It was all done decently and in order. No one knew anything about the violent putting asunder of those whom God had joined together. No one knew anything about the wreckage that lay strewn all about John Braintree's pathway. He saw Mrs. Brintree aboard when she left for a "short visit to Europe," and waved his adieu decorously from the end of the long pier, before going back to the little man whom she had left for his "comforter."

"Papa," asked the little man, looking at John wistfully, "where is my mamma?"

"She is in the swim, my man," said John, putting away the clinging baby touch that irked him that night.

"Will she come back to us?—come back to us soon?"

"Perhaps—very soon perhaps."

But in his heart he knows that Kitty can never come back.

SCISSORS AND PASTE.

A few days ago a soap mine was discovered in California, and now a cheese mine has been unearthed at Palmyra, in Wisconsin, but these are as nothing when compared with the oleomargarine mine which now for some years has been successfully worked by the internal revenue department.

The element of humor is not often found in political platforms, but it crops out largely, though unintentionally, in that clause of the republican platform in Iowa which declares "in favor of protection, provided it does not foster trusts or monopolies."

Tennyson is becoming fonder and fonder of beer as he grows older. He told Edmund Gosse, not long ago, that he attributed his precocious command of metrical language and flow of measured speech mainly to the thorough acquaintance which he enjoyed from early youth with the odes of Horace. His father insisted upon his reciting on successive mornings the whole of the four books of the odes without a break. "Horace was my master," said Lord Tennyson—"Horace and Keats."

Tolstoi, the Russian novelist, although of noble birth, affects the life of a peasant and the trade of a shoemaker. He dresses like a village artisan; his shirt is soiled with soot, trousers begrimed with mud, and his whole appearance is that of a workman, a day laborer, a down-trodden Russian serf.

The English language is spreading. Most of the large cities of Europe and many small ones now have their English newspapers.

The Russian government has begun seizing Harper's Magazine because of certain articles on Russian matters in it. The American magazines will have to follow the example of the Revue des Deux Mondes and print a special edition for Russia.

A new variety of cockroach has been introduced at Philadelphia, coming from South America in the mail bags. They multiply and swarm like locusts.

It is against the law to import laborers under contract, but if any come in that way they can stay, for there is no court with jurisdiction over them. This is the wind up of all the red-tape over the matter.

Calculations, based on the statistics of Carroll D. Wright, show that the workers receive on an average but eight per cent of the fruits of their labor, the rest going to others in the shape of profits, interest, rents and taxes.

Joaquin Miller has become a rich man. Some years ago he bought 2,000 acres near Oakland, Cal. They are to be taken now for town lots.

It is said that a part of Queen Victoria's savings has been invested in real estate in New York city and that each year she draws a handsome income from the rentals.

There are 170,000 Mormons in Utah.

The duck is to China what the codfish is to the rest of the world. The Chinese eat duck raw, cooked, boiled, fried, baked and every other way, and they worry over the duck crop the same as we do over wheat.

It is estimated that a horse can pull twice as much on a macadam road as on a dirt road; three times as much on a road paved with granite blocks as on a macadam road, and two and one-fifth times as much over asphalt as over granite.

Good Protection Talk.

Policeman—"I arrest you." Innocent stranger—"What for?" Policeman—"None of your back talk. O'll find some reason betoon here and the station."

QUERIES AND ANSWERS.

Shifting the Tax.

SALINE, Mich.—Please explain how the single tax could prevent the shifting of its burden upon the consumer when the land holder is also a dealer in commodities?

GEO. W. DAVENPORT.

The dealer in commodities could not shift the single tax onto the consumer—that is he could not add the tax to the price of the goods he sells—because his goods must be sold at the same price as goods that are sold or produced on land that is of little or no value. If he raised the price of his goods his trade would fall off.

W. B. S.

FARMINGTON, Iowa.—I hold that the arguments used to show economic rent the product of population also prove all other values owing to the same factor. This has always been my private opinion, and I am somewhat at loss to answer it. Please give me some light on this point.

SINGLE TAX.

It is quite true that some of the things produced by labor have a value only when they are accessible to population. For instance if a man living all alone in Central New Mexico, away from any railroad, raised a crop of perishable fruit, nine-tenths of the crop would be utterly valueless, for he could not use it himself and could not transport it to those who would use it. If then next year a branch railroad were built to some place near him, thus connecting him with a city (and, as it were, bringing population to him) his crop would be valuable although he himself would do no more work than before. The same would be true if the man made chairs or raised horses or cattle. Now, for the sake of argument we will suppose that even although the railroad comes near him, the man's land does not acquire any rental value, but is still below or at the margin of cultivation, so that under the single tax he pays the community absolutely nothing. He can now get for his extra horses or cows or fruit a large quantity of other things that he wants, in exchange. Why then should he be allowed to retain all this value? Simply because in doing so he is not robbing anybody else or in any way interfering with the equal rights of others to acquire the same value. He is within the circle of exchange and his labor will give him many times as much of the comforts of life as before, but the fact that the land he uses is in no way more valuable than the idle land near him which anybody can have without paying any rent for it, is a proof that his share of the benefits which the presence of population gives is as small as the smallest. If he makes more than other men it will be only because of his own exertions.

But if his land becomes more favorably located than other land in use, then he will have acquired an advantage over other men. This advantage will be expressed in the economic rent of his land and this, and this only, he should pay to the community.

For it is the function of government to guarantee to everyone the right to do and acquire whatever he pleases—the right to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness"—so long as everyone else has an equal right; and to do this it is necessary only to prevent monopoly, that is to prevent the acquisition of special advantages or privileges by any one. To give to government other powers is as much as to say that the citizen was made for the state instead of the state being made for the citizen; or that the community is a different thing and a separate thing from the citizens who compose it.

W. B. S.

Intemperance and Poverty.

Hamilton, Ont., Times.

Drink is the great curse of civilization, and is the root of almost every evil, including the poverty that exists here and elsewhere. —(Globe correspondent.)

Drink does great harm to the individual, hurting his health and his pocket. It would be easy to show by figures that enough money is spent for drink to provide food and clothing and fuel and shelter for all who are hungry, naked and cold. But, if everybody ceased to drink, would the poor get the benefit? Suppose all the Canadians who now drink should suddenly become abstainers, there would be the saving of money now spent for drink and a great addition to the aggregate production of the wealth in the country, because the idleness and insufficiency of labor, due to drunkenness, would cease. To be on the safe side, suppose the addition to the general wealth would be 100 per cent, that is the aggregate of productivity and of saving would provide sober Canada with \$2 worth for every \$1 worth that is provided under existing

conditions with part of the people sober and the rest given to drinking. Would the change abolish poverty? We think not. Look at the records of the past? One man's labor can produce ten times as much wheat, one hundred times as much cotton cloth, fifty times as many newspapers, ten times as many tables and chairs, five times as much railroad iron, and so on through the whole field of industry, as could be produced by the labor of one man before the labor saving inventions of the past century were brought into use. Men got a living by their labor, without this machinery, 100 years ago. Now if increasing the product of human labor from 10 to 100 fold by labor saving devices, has not abolished poverty, why should we expect that by doubling the productiveness of labor by general abstinence from strong drink would abolish poverty? With the greater efficiency of labor, the value of land would rise and wages would relatively fall. The landowners would be the chief gainers. Sober workmen would have to compete against one another for employment, just as sober and drunken people now compete, and wages of labor would keep down close to the minimum necessary to sustain life and encourage reproduction. We do not state this case to discourage sobriety, but to cure a delusion on the part of well meaning people who have only looked at one side of the question. The construction of the St. Lawrence canals, the building of the Grand Trunk railway, the invention of the reaping machine—all these raised the value of land, but none of them abolished poverty. The cause of poverty lies deeper than the question whether men shall drink water or whisky.

Here's a News Item that Neither the Sun nor the Press Have Printed.

New York Times.

Some of the answers which are being received by the American international congress committee of the board of trade and transportation in response to the queries sent to the members are of much interest to the business men who want to find out why they do not do more business with South American states. Isaac Brandon & Co. of 35 Broadway have sent the following letter to Darwin R. James, chairman of the committee:

"While thoroughly in accord with the several measures your committee is to bring before the international American congress, we presume on the strength of your invitation and the personal and commercial relations we have with many of the Spanish-American republics to point out how essential it is for the extension of trade with the republics—

"First—That our markets should afford equal advantage with those of Europe for the exports of such republics.

"Second—That our present limited range of exportable matter be increased.

"Third—That manufacturers be induced to show more consideration in catering to the wants and peculiarities of foreign markets than they have heretofore, both as to designs of manufacture and the important requisites in packing.

"The sole corrective that we can see for the present restricted export trade is free raw materials. This conclusion has been arrived at without political bias, and we are confident that until we are prepared to allow entry of raw material free of duty our neighbors of the South American republics will seek the best markets for their exports. Our manufacturers are handicapped in the legitimate competition for their trade, and the steamship lines will require excessive subsidies to compensate for the lack of freights."

Woolen Predicament of a Pennsylvania Town.

Boston Globe.

A state of affairs has recently arisen in a town in Pennsylvania which demands the immediate attention of the republican managers. The facts in the case are briefly these: A certain quiet town in one of the most fertile counties of the state has been in the habit of contributing its quota toward the noble republican majority which Pennsylvania so regularly rolls up, and of eating the bread of contentment in that state of placid satisfaction

which such virtuous conduct would naturally produce. This bread, along with other varieties of baker's wares, has heretofore been furnished the community by its own trades people, but of late an enterprising baker at a town five miles away has been loading a wagon every day with loaves from his ovens and sending it over to this neighboring village. His bread is particularly good, and is in such demand that the consumption of the home product has fallen off materially. The result is just what would be expected. Was such a thing to be tolerated by American labor, carefully educated in the idea that it is its right to be guarded against injurious competition? Was the "corner stone" to be pulled from under these bakeries and not a baker protest? They have protested, they are protesting, both individually and at meetings of their guild held to consider the situation—and their fellow townsmen go right on eating the outsider's bread.

Now there is something wrong in all this, not only from the point of view of the "out-raged bakers," but from that of the high tariff theorist. To the latter it must seem that the good people of that town have learned either too much or too little from their political and economic instructors. Are not the bakers logically right? Are they to be at the mercy of "foreign competition" even if the foreigner be only five miles away? What has distance to do with the principle of the thing, especially since the result is as disastrous to them as if their competitor were five thousand miles off instead of five? Are they to be protected from invasion across seas only to be struck down at their own hearthstone? And if the people of the town persist in buying where it seems to them most to their advantage to do so, why should they not be forcibly turned from the error of their ways? Are 6,000 people to buy their bread where it is best and cheapest, regardless of the baker's dozen in their neighborhood who prefer to sell it to them at a higher rate? If they are to be at liberty to buy their breakfast rolls where they wish—but the danger lurking in such a precedent to the high tariff principle is obvious.

New England Wants Here and There a Free Raw Material.

New York World.

With the New England iron masters insisting on free coal and pig iron, the bicycle makers clamoring for free steel rods, the woolen manufacturers asking for free wool, and so on, it looks as if the republican tariff on raw materials would be whittled away piecemeal. To aid the process the electrical convention at Niagara Falls calls for free copper as a thing essential to the development of electrical industries. The doctrine of free raw materials is distinctly democratic, but it is rapidly gaining strength in the strongest republican quarters.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and lung affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing or using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 149 Power's block, Rochester, N. Y.

HAY FEVER CATARRH

is an inflamed condition of the lining membrane of the nostrils, tear-ducts and throat. The vivid discharge is accompanied with a burning sensation. There are severe spasms of sneezing, frequent attacks of headache, watery and inflamed eyes. Try the Cure. ELY'S

CREAM BALM HAY-FEVER

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at drugists; by mail, registered, 60 cents. ELY BROTHERS, 59 Warren St., New York.

ANY PERSON CAN PLAY THE PIANO AND ORGAN WITHOUT A TEACHER, by using Soper's Instantaneous Guide to the Keys. Price, \$1.00. No previous knowledge of music whatever required. Send for book of testimonials free. Address The Dorens Magazine, 19 Park Place, New York.

PAINLESS EFFECTUAL

BEECHAM'S

THE GREAT ENGLISH MEDICINE

PILLS

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

For Bilious and Nervous Disorders, such as Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Sick Headache, Giddiness, Fullness, and Swelling after Meals, Dizziness and Brownness, Cold Chills, Flushing of the Face, Loss of Appetite, Shortness of Breath, Constipation, Nervous, Hysterical, and other Disorders, BEECHAM'S PILLS are the most powerful and reliable remedy ever discovered. They are the only pills that will cure all these ailments, and they are the only pills that will not injure the system. They are the only pills that will give relief in twenty minutes. This is no fiction. Every sufferer is earnestly invited to try one box of these pills, and they will be acknowledged to be a Wonderful Medicine. "Worth a guinea a box."

BEECHAM'S PILLS, taken as directed, will quickly restore females to complete health. For a

WEAK STOMACH: IMPAIRED DIGESTION: CONSTIPATION: SICK HEADACHE: DISORDERED LIVER:

they ACT LIKE MAGIC—a few doses will work wonders upon the Vital Organs, Strengthening the muscular system, restoring long lost complexion, bringing back the keen edge of appetite, and arousing with the BLOOD-POUR OF HEALTH the whole dormant energy of the human frame. These are "facts" admitted by thousands, in all classes of society, and one of the best guarantees to the Nervous and Debilitated is that BEECHAM'S PILLS HAVE THE LARGEST SALE OF ANY PATENT MEDICINE IN THE WORLD. Full directions with each box.

Prepared only by THOMAS BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire, England. Sold by Druggists generally. N. B. ALLAN & CO., 345 and 347 Canal St., New York Sole Agents for the United States, who, if your Druggist does not keep them, will MAIL BEECHAM'S PILLS ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, 25 CENTS A BOX. But inquire first of your Druggist. An ordering mention THE STANDARD.



CONCORD CO-OPERATIVE PRINTING
COMPANY (INC.), 104 Elm Street, cor. CANAL, N.Y.
BOOK, JOB AND NEWSPAPER PRINTING.

These cigars are the best, and cheapest in the market for the money. They are put up 50 to a box, and the inside of cover contains a beautiful photo-engraving of the Cat, with the inscription below:

"Have You Seen the Cat?"

Whenever placed on view it is sure to provoke discussion, and is an excellent method of bringing our principles before the public.

Price per box, \$2.75.

A liberal discount to the trade. All orders will receive prompt attention by addressing:

**S. VAN VLIET,
11 Wooster st.**

HOLLAND'S
COFFEE AND DINING ROOM,
143 Fourth avenue,
bet. 15th and 14th sts.

JAN. HOGAN, Principal Agent for James
Hogan, 41 and 43 South 3d St., New York, near Prince St.